

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Do We Want God?

IF WE WANT God as much as the astronomer Herschel wanted the distant stars, with such sincerity that he would sit all night on a balcony in the wintry winds with an awkward telescope; if we want Him as much as Edison wanted an electric filament, so as to experiment with six hundred different substances that he might get his radiant light; if we crave Him as much as did Koch, who risked his life a hundred times living and working with tubercular bacilli that he might know the way to conquer death—if we hunger like that for God, we will not complain about difficulty, we will quit arguing and postponing and begin this very hour our quest for Him!

—Robt. M. Barlett in *Christian Conquests*.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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On the Air

OUR READERS will be glad to know that seven of the Full Gospel Pentecostal churches in a combined effort are broadcasting over WIND (560 Kilo.) every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights from 10:30 to 11, Central Time. The seven churches are, The Stone Church, 70th and Stewart; Full Gospel Assembly, 538 N. Laverne St.; Bethel Temple, 1900 Washington Blvd.; Lake View Assembly of God, 3142 N. Racine St.; Humboldt Park Pentecostal Church, Cortland St. & Nebraska Ave., all of Chicago, Gary Gospel Tabernacle, 8th Ave. & Connecticut, Gary, Ind., and Hammond Gospel Tabernacle, 5547 Sohl St., Hammond, Ind.

We invite our readers to "listen in" and to pray that as the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ goes forth it will reach the desperately needy and that those who are satiated with sin will be constrained to look to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

Several years ago a man who had financial reverses thought he would end it all. He went to his apartment and with pistol in hand turned on the radio so others in the building would not hear the shooting. It was the sacred concert over WMBI that was on the air. The sacred music and the Word of God arrested his at-

ention and as he listened, conviction seized him, and instead of taking his life he surrendered it to his Savior. God grant that the incorruptible seed, the Word of God, as it wings its way over the air and enters homes, will also enter sin-stained hearts and bring forth a harvest.

A New Department

CALLING the attention of our readers to the article on Page 17 on Sunday School work, it is our purpose to run an article on this subject monthly containing practical suggestions, helps, aids to teaching, and material of an inspirational character to help build up the Sunday School in general. Teachers have said to us, "I have sufficient helps along the line of Bible study, but to be able to give out the knowledge so it will grip the pupil and be of vital help, is my concern."

We are not claiming originality in these articles, but there is much material from which to glean which we desire to pass on to those who have not the privilege of securing it first hand.

If those wishing information regarding special supplies for use in the Primary and Junior Departments will write us, we will be glad to help them make their departments more efficient.

How Much Owest Thou?

The New Testament Standard of Giving

Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church, Oct. 28, 1934



IN LUKE'S Gospel 16:5 we read these words, "So he called everyone of his lord's debtors unto him and said, How much owest thou unto my lord?" I wish to speak from just these words, "*How much owest thou unto my Lord?*"

It has been a problem of many to know exactly what they should give. People have asked me innumerable times, "How much should I give?" "Should I pay tithes?" "Should I pay more than a tithe? Might I give less?" "How much do we owe?" and so on. It is not a question of how little we can give and get by, paying only the amount we owe. It is, How *much* do we owe the Lord? I'd like each one within the sound of my voice to ask himself the question, How much do I owe my Lord? Do I owe Him just a tenth of what I receive or do I owe Him more?

The first matter I wish to consider is the question of the tithe. I said in my preliminary announcement I would not preach from Malachi 3. If you will look into your concordance you will find that "tithes" and "a tenth" are mentioned times without number in the Old Testament, but when you come to the New Testament the subject is very much like the Sabbath Day; it is conspicuous for its absence. Whenever you find it, it will be in connection with the earlier economy. But do not think for a moment that you are going to get by in paying a tenth or by paying less because I make that statement. Not at all.

In Hebrews, 7th chapter, more mention is made of tithes than in any other New Testament passage. Yet after the Holy Spirit states that the priesthood being changed there is made of necessity a change also of the law (v. 12), we find no further mention of tithes in the Word.

You will notice from a study of the question that the tithes were to be paid in two places; in fact they are mentioned in the plural in the Old Testament. They brought one tithe up to Jerusalem and laid it before the Lord in His temple and there was another tithe out of what was left which was for the Levites in their own locality. That is 19%. There is also a question of a third tithe being required of them every three years, as in Deut. 26:12.

Some have made much in their mention of tithes of Matt. 23:23, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Remember that Jesus when He was on earth obeyed the Mosaic law. He is speaking here to the Pharisees and the economy had not yet changed. These words then do not carry much weight to the Church. Some emphasis has been given to the word in 1 Cor. 16:2 where Paul tells them in Corinth that they were to lay by on the first of the week as the Lord hath prospered them. I agree with that instruction to apportion their money, but it might mean 50% as well as 10%. It might mean 75%. It doesn't prove what percentage we are to give.

Now I would like to take you over to the Psalms which bear out many statements in the New Testament and which I believe will help us. "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering, and come into His courts" (96:8). When a king today holds a royal court in any of the Indian states he sits under his canopy on his throne, which simply means a pillow or bolster, or if it is a higher court he actually sits upon a gilded chair, but they never come before his presence except they leave a gift, gold if possible. As they come they lay their offering before him. Should the Lord not expect as much from us? In the Old Testament times when the Israelites had their temple, they always brought an offering when they came to worship. If they were poor they brought turtle doves or even a handful of meal or a cruse of oil. No one thought of coming into the presence of God without an offering.

In these days we take everything for granted with unthankfulness. That is a sign of the last days (2 Tim. 3:1, 2). We come to church and expect the Lord to give us blessings, and we walk out giving little or nothing in return. Surely since God gives us blessings He will require us to give to Him as much as lies in our power.

I would refer you to a passage in Romans, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether

we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Is that true? We are the Lord's because He purchased us. Paul uses the expression frequently that he is the Lord's, His love slave, His bond-servant, bound over to Him absolutely. I do not believe we are the Lord's, in the fullest sense, until we give ourselves to Him completely. When a person is sold under slavery everything he has goes to the one who buys him. That was one of the reasons they did away with slavery. The poor folk were like cattle. The wife, a slave, was owned by the master; the children they brought into the world belonged to the Master. When we give ourselves to the Lord do we give Him all we have? "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." What a different doctrine from that of a lot of folk: "We can do just as we please. We can buy what we please. We can take an automobile ride on Sunday instead of going to church, if we please. We can contribute our money, if we please." I want it to sink into our hearts in this connection, that we are not our own. Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. If we realized that, we could not buy or sell as we pleased; we could not choose our own plans. We are not our own. This is just as definite a doctrine as that we are saved by the blood. We do not own ourselves, hence we cannot claim anything; everything belongs to the One who owns us.

In Matthew 25 we have the story of a man travelling into a far country, and as he left his servants he gave to one five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his ability. Now I would like you to notice the 18th verse: "He that had received *one* went and digged in the earth, and hid"—his own money? No, "*his lord's money.*" As Christians I believe that which comes into our hands is the Lord's—not one tithe, but every cent of it; not 10c on the dollar, but 100 cents on the dollar. Not necessarily for us to put it all in the offering-box but it is the Lord's nevertheless, if we are His. He will see to it that we get food and clothing and a roof over our heads, if we count it His.

In 1 Cor. 4:1, 2, "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful." I believe that our relationship to whatever God gives us, should be that of steward, and He may call us to account at any time concerning our stewardship. He may ask for our

books. What have we done? We are stewards; everything is ours to use, but we are to give an account to the Lord how we use our possessions.

Just to see what they did in the New Testament church, turn to Acts 4:32, "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." All agreed that their possessions belonged to the Lord. Some might think it strange that after laying money at the apostles' feet anyone should die. I have a feeling that Ananias and Sapphira laid down more than 10%; probably 50%. Perhaps they retained only 10%, but because they lied about it and said that was all they received from the sale of their property, it didn't make any difference how much they gave, they forfeited their lives. And let me say it takes a great deal more to bring a revival than simply bringing the tithe into the storehouse. Some have said, "If we could get folks only to pay their tithes we would have a revival." Don't you believe it. It takes hearts that are right with God to pray down a revival. If you gave 90% you wouldn't get a blessing if your heart was not right.

I want to bring you what I consider the New Testament law in regard to giving. There are two wonderful chapters on giving in Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, 8th & 9th chapters. It is strange, but I do not find any word of the tenth or tithe in this epistle. This Corinthian Church was built up on Gospel truth, why should this instruction be missing? Paul, talking about giving to the cause of the Lord says, "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." The Lord doesn't even want your tithe if it is given grudgingly, if you are throwing it in because of debt. "God loveth a cheerful giver." If we are living up to this standard I do not think we will be satisfied by giving only tithes. After we have paid our tithes twice over, if we see God requires of us to give more it is up to us to do so; otherwise we will be failing Him. I never could feel it would be right for a millionaire to give one hundred thousand dollars and keep nine hundred thousand for himself. God requires him to give according to his ability.

In Mark 12:30, we read, "Thou shalt love

the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." Please notice the "*alls*" in this verse, and if that doesn't take in all our earnings I do not know what it does include. We have an expression these days, and to a certain extent it is true, "Money is power," implying that our strength lies in property or in prowess. Whatever it is, we must love the Lord with all our strength. It is not to build up ourselves, but to build up the work of the Lord. If, in the early days when money was scarce the poor Christians, many of them slaves, were able to reach nearly every known country with the Gospel, and the company of believers grew from just a little handful of 120 to hundreds of thousands who claimed full salvation and hearts filled with His Spirit, what could we not do if we followed the New Testament pattern, for we are wealthy compared with the Early Church? We should have long since reached every land on the face of the earth and given the Gospel to every soul. We should have scaled the mountains and crossed the seas, but we haven't done it. Today Americans are spending 200 times as much on chewing-gum as they are on foreign missions. They are spending about 500 times as much on cigarets and tobacco as on foreign missions. On cosmetics they are spending hundreds of dollars to every dollar for foreign missions, and sometimes that is true in circles where they profess a great deal. We think nothing of spending three, four and five dollars for pleasure and when the missionary basket comes around we put in a quarter. God gets the scraps.

I'd like to have you notice another little scripture: Luke 21:1, 2, "Jesus looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And He saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites (one-fourth of a cent). And He said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all: for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had." There are a lot of folk in these days who reason like this: "I have to watch out where my money goes." Yes, we are accountable to God, and I believe we should know, but when we give to His church and to His cause someone else is responsible. There were many things transpiring in the temple in that day of which Jesus would not have approved. There was doubtless much misuse of money as some of the priests were corrupt, but Jesus never rebuked the people

for putting their money into the treasury of the temple. He didn't say to the poor woman, "Here, woman, they have enough. Do not put in those two mites. You go out and get yourself something to eat." Probably she was hungry. It may be she didn't know where she would sleep for the night. What did this woman do? Cast in her ten per cent? She cast in *all her living* and received a commendation from the Lord many of us would be glad to have. The New Testament teaches we should *consecrate* to the Lord our all, *all*, ALL! Not, "I will give my house and lots because I do not want to own anything." That is not what I am advocating, or what the Bible means. It means our "all" is at God's disposal. I am emphasizing that the New Testament goes far beyond the tithe system.

One more scripture: Mark 14:8. Jesus was in the house of Simon the leper at Bethany, and there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious. And she brake the box and poured it on His head. And there were some who were indignant and complained about the waste. A lot of folk accuse us of wasting our money and time going to a foreign field. There have always been people like that. "Why this waste? It might have been sold for more than 300 pence and given to the poor." "Why did you waste it all on the church? Why didn't you go out on the street and give ten cents here and ten cents there?" But what did Jesus say? "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me." You let folk alone when they are giving to the Lord. Do not murmur, "They have plenty." Obey the still small voice.

Then I notice this little expression: "She hath done what she could." Would to God when we stand before Him He would say it of us! As I look back over my life I feel many times I could have given more. I do not think it could be said of me, but I would desire that above everything else for the Lord to say of me, "He hath done what he could." Not what I ought to do, not a legalistic tithe. No, but "what she could." All to the length of her ability, to the stripping of herself, all that she could. And I feel the New Testament asks of us to do as much as we can. Then the dying millions in the regions beyond will hear the story and God will bless at home in a measure that He has hitherto not done. May He help us to give according to New Testament principles.

The Jew

God's Great Timepiece

Otto J. Klink in Bethel Temple, Chicago

It is very apparent that the hatred of the Jew which has recently revived in different parts of Europe, is unmistakably revealing itself in American life today. While it is plainly God's method of driving the Jew out from among the nations back to Palestine, far be it from any Christian to take any part in this maltreatment. Let us bear in mind Christ's words, "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."



THE Jewish question is a very old one. You will find the Jew everywhere. You will find them leaders of Anarchism and Bolshevism, sowing discord in and among the nations. Jews are leaders in Atheism, Infidelity and Socialism. In everything destructive you will find a Jew. According to Mr. Rohold, a Jewish missionary, the Jewish nation has given the world twenty-six false Christs, and some of them are still living in the city of Jerusalem.

Yet everything we enjoy religiously, we owe to the Jew. The Bible was written by Jews. Peter was a Jew; and so was John the beloved disciple; Luke the physician was a Jew; and Mary the mother of Jesus was a Jewess. The Gospel you and I enjoy today was preached to the Jew first and then to the Greek.

The glorious church God founded on the day of Pentecost was not a Gentile church. It was Jewish. All things came to the Jews first and later on we Gentiles were grafted in. Bear in mind that we are indebted to the Jew for everything we know and have, spiritually speaking, concerning the one true God and His Son Jesus Christ; and for this reason alone we have no right to persecute or hate the Jews. They are set aside for a little while till the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in, but as soon as the number of the Gentiles is made up, then God will turn again to the Jews and they will be the leading nation.

Let us go into the Bible for a few minutes and see what we can find about this marvelous Jewish nation. The Jew is still God's ancient, chosen people, and God has given unto him great, wonderful and marvelous promises. Some have been fulfilled, others not yet, but as sure as God is reigning in the heavens, He some day will fulfill every one of the promises given unto the children of Israel.

Turn with me to Genesis 12:3. Here we see the fate of the man who hates or persecutes the Jew. "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee." Hatred against the Hebrews started in Egypt. The first Anti-Semite was Pharaoh, and you know his end. It didn't pay old Pharaoh to persecute the Hebrews, and it has not paid anybody else. They are God's people. Every nation on the face of the earth that has persecuted and mistreated the Jew has had to pay for it. I do not have to remind you of how Spain, and Turkey, and Russia persecuted the Jew. And if the reports of persecution of the Jews in Germany are true, she too will have to pay.

The Jews are God's blessed people, and He will never forget the promises He has given unto them. That is the reason America is enjoying more prosperity than the rest of the world. The Jew was persecuted in Russia, Spain and Turkey. Our government said, "Come over here, you persecuted people, and help us make a great nation out of the American people." The Jew came, and we have about four million of them in North America. In New York there are 1,701,260 Jews, making that the largest Jewish city in the world.

We are going through the greatest depression ever experienced by mankind since the dawn of history, but God has given us a way out of it. Read it in Psalm 122:6, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they shall prosper that love thee." That is God's prescription.

Jerusalem was destroyed many times, but every time it was rebuilt, while Babylon, Nineveh, Heliopolis, etc., went down never to rise again.

The Jew is the miracle of history. When Napoleon Bonaparte got into Italy and camped near the city of Milan, he called the Archbishop to him and said, "Give me proof that there is a God, and that the Bible is His inspired Word." The Archbishop pointed his finger to General Messena, a Jew, the greatest general who fought under the flag of France when Napoleon Bonaparte was emperor. There are about 16 million Jews in the world, and every last one of them is a proof of the existence of God. As a race they have kept clean. Theirs is the purest racial blood on earth today. Their average life is one-third longer than ours. Their death rate

is seven per thousand. Our Gentile death rate is fourteen per thousand. The Jew as a race has not degenerated.

When Disraeli, the great Jewish statesman of England, was scorned by an English nobleman for his Jewish birth, Disraeli replied: "My ancestors were princes and kings in the earth when yours were savages."

God declared, "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation" (Exodus 19: 5, 6). But the Jew did not understand God and backslid, bringing upon himself the punishments prophesied.

In Deut. 28:37 we read, "Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all nations." This was said to them in the wilderness, before they got into Canaan. Is the Jew a by-word among the nations now? Yes! There isn't a nation on the face of the earth that hasn't given the Jew a nickname. In the Hebrew this word "byword" reads "Shininah." What do you call the Jew when you give him a nickname? Sheeny! Perhaps you didn't know that was in the Bible and that in calling the Jews this name men are fulfilling a prophecy given four thousand years ago.

Read verses 49 and 50 of the same chapter, and you have a prophecy that was given fifteen hundred years before it was fulfilled. Rome is the nation of the eagle, the far-off nation of iron, the nation of a fierce countenance. The prophecy was given before there ever was a city of Rome, before anybody knew anything about a Roman empire. God said, in substance, "I will send the Roman into your country. A fierce nation whose language you shall not understand, and they shall be as swift as eagles." The Romans got into the country all right, and they were there when Jesus Christ was born.

Deut. 28:53 tells us, "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee." That prophecy was given in the wilderness. When the Romans captured Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D., the Jewish historian, Josephus, got into the city and into a Jewish home. He opened the drawers of a dresser, and there he found the half of a roasted baby, its own mother having eaten the other half.

The 64th verse of the same chapter reads,

"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people from one end of the earth even unto the other." Did God do it? We know He did.

The Jew, according to the word of God, is scattered among all nations. These prophecies all cry out, "Fulfilled! fulfilled! fulfilled!" If you deny the inspiration of the Word of God then explain unto me the Jew. You cannot do it; no higher critic can; no infidel can.

Turn to Jeremiah 31:10, "He that scattered Israel will gather him." The Jews are going back to Palestine. The growth of the Jewish population in Palestine is remarkable. From 55,000 in 1918 it has grown to 200,000 at present. Jewish colonies now number 130, and the land held by Jews has increased twelvefold. They came out of 64 nations.

We read in Isaiah 60:5 (R. V.), "The wealth of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." Did it?

During the Middle Ages, the Jews were not permitted to own or even to lease land. Agricultural life was denied them. They were compelled to live in cities, where, in order to gain a livelihood, they engaged in business pursuits. The business genius they have as a people today is the accumulated result of training through centuries of business experience. The Jews control the money market, the motion picture industry, the tobacco industry, the clothing industry, jewelry, grain, cotton, magazine authorship, 50 per cent or more of the meat packing industry, and the loan business. God fulfilled His prediction to the very letter. Jews founded the Bank of England, the Bank of Amsterdam, the Bank of Hamburg; to them is due the stock exchange and the promissory note. Everywhere history records the same phenomenon: The Jew is a builder of business. When Spain expelled the Jews in 1492, her commercial importance suddenly declined; the same was experienced by Italy and Portugal when the Jews migrated from those countries northward. The cities of Hamburg and Frankfurt in Germany, and of Bordeaux, Marseilles and Rouen in France rose to a marvellous prosperity after they had opened their doors to the Jews.

It may be well enough to remember, too, that it was the Jews who discovered America. Columbus, on the side of his mother, Susanna Fonterassa, was of Jewish descent. A Jew, Louis de Santangel, financed Columbus' voyage across the Atlantic. The first white man to set foot on American soil was a Jew, Louis de Torres. The Revolutionary War was financed by a Jew, Hyman Solomon. Brandeis and

Cordozo, Jews, are well known judges of the Supreme Court. The Governors of three of our states are Jews. No, God has not forgotten the Israelite, "they were mingled among the heathen and learned their works" (Psalm 106:35, 36).

In Hosea 3:4 we read, "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king and without a prince." Fulfilled! This scripture verse alone is a death-blow to "Anglo-Israelism," for the Anglo-Saxon nations have never been without a king or president. Can any rational being believe that the Angles, Saxons, Vikings, Danes, Jutes, Normans, etc., that now make up the English speaking people were really Israelites in disguise?

Once more! "The three greatest international lawyers of modern times were: Jellinck of Germany; Leon-Caen of France; and Asser of Holland, Jews."

In the realm of Music we find such Jewish names as Strauss, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein. In Philosophy: Spinoza, Bergson, Feuerbach, Schopenhauer. In Science: Steinmetz, Ehrlich, Einstein. There wasn't a man in the U. S. A. during the world war who had more power than Bernard Baruch, a Jew, who was made food administrator by President Wilson. And so we could go on, but this will suffice to prove that *God has not forsaken the Jew.*

Now I call your attention to Isaiah 54:8, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment." This is what Paul has reference to in Romans 11:25, "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." Let's see if we can find out how long this "moment" of God lasts. Leviticus 26:24 reads, "I will punish you yet seven times." From Dan. 4:16 we gather that "the times of the Gentiles" are of the same duration, that is "seven times." In the Revelation we learn that a period of seven times is a period of 2,520 years and from Ezekiel 4:6 we learn that it is scriptural to count a year for a day. This means the times of the Gentiles will last about 2520 years. When did the times of the Gentiles begin? Prophetic students have disagreed as to this point; there are four important dates from which we may reckon, or at which the times of the punishment of Israel or the times of the Gentiles might begin.

First 606 B. C. That year marked the first siege of Nebuchadnezzar against Jerusalem, in which Jehoiakin surrendered. (2 Kings 24:1.) Let us deduct 606 from 2,520 and we get 1914. Now what happened in the year 1914? The

Gentile nations were angry with one another and started the World War.

Second. 603 B. C., when Jehoiakin rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar. Let us now add 3 years to 1914, and we get 1917. Did anything remarkable happen in 1917? On Palm-Sunday of that year the Jews met in New York to appoint their "congress" to regain possession of Palestine. On November 2nd, 1917, the famous Balfour Declaration was born, in which Great Britain stated that she "viewed with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." On November the 9th, General Allenby captured Jerusalem from the rule of the Turk. *This meant "the beginning of the end" of the World War.* (Read Luke 21:24.) 1917 was the end of the Hegira Calendar of the Turks. They accepted the Gregorian Calendar in their year 1335. (Read Daniel 12:12.)

Third. 598 B. C. This year marks the death of Jehoiakin, and would bring us to the year 1922 A. D. On September 11th, 1922, the British Mandate over Palestine was officially proclaimed. Sir Herbert Samuel, the first Jew since the days of the Maccabees, was appointed High Commissioner of Palestine.

Fourth. 586 B. C., which marks the fall of Jerusalem, capture of King Jedekiah, burning of the temple and breaking down of the walls. (Jer. 52:7.) Reckoning 2520 years from that date, we are brought to the year 1934. I am expecting great things from the Lord in the near future, Hallelujah!

During the war the Allies were in an awful fix. The English had run out of glycerine. Our boys had not gotten over there yet. The French and English were fighting with their backs against the walls of Paris. They couldn't make any ammunition. There was a little Jew exiled from Russia, by the name of Chaim Weizmann. He was a professor of chemistry in the University of Manchester, England, and while working in his laboratory he invented a mighty explosive without the use of glycerine. He went to the English War Department and said, "I have invented a most powerful explosive." They tried it out and found it to be the most terrible explosive known.

When the government asked how much he wanted he said, "Not a penny; just liberate Palestine. Give Palestine back to the Jew. That is all I ask." Thus the Balfour Declaration was born, the English government promising to give Palestine back to the Jews.

The English began to manufacture that explosive according to the formula of Professor Weismann. They packed it in tin cans, loaded it upon ships to be sent across the English channel to France—but every ship blew up. At first it was thought that German submarines were to blame, but it was discovered that as soon as the ships began to roll on the choppy waves of the channel the powder exploded. Dr. Weizmann was asked for a reason. He could not answer, but said, "I'll ask God about it." Reading the Old Testament his mind was directed to Job 38:22, 23, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?"

"What does this mean, oh God," cried Weizmann; and God showed him. After that they packed artificial ice and snow and hail around the tin cans filled with the explosive, loaded them upon allied ships—and not another ship blew up! The situation was saved by the miraculous intervention of God.

The war came to a close, but the English did not live up to their promise. The year 1919 rolled around, nothing happened. In 1920 the Jews became dissatisfied and in April the Zionist Society had a world-wide convention in London, England, to protest against England and the Allies. Weizmann again was leading the meeting, and on April 24, an old man in that great company of Jewish men got up and said, "Folks, we are without hope." He went down the aisles with tears streaming down his face and down his long white beard, saying, "Let us disband this meeting. Let us sing together for the last time our national anthem, the Song of Hope, the Hatikvah."

The whole audience rose to their feet and sang that Song of Hope, when a messenger boy rushed upon the platform and gave a telegram to Dr. Weizmann. The Doctor read it and cried out, "Stop singing our Song of Hope, for all our hopes are now realized. The League of Nations in session in San Remo, Italy, has sent a telegram saying that they approve of Palestine's being the national home of the Jew." And now this same old Jew rushed out into the streets, went to the flag staff, pulled down the Union Jack, the national flag of England, and raised into the air the national flag of Judah and Israel, a blue flag with a white background. For two thousand years that flag has been trampled down into dirt and dust. But in April,

1920, for the first time in two thousand years, that flag was flown in the city of London, England.

When Herbert Samuel came to Jerusalem, Chief Rabbi Kuk of Jerusalem blew the ram's horn and the "Magon Dovid" was flown on Mt. David. It was there they heard the ram's horn and saw the flag. Let us read together Isaiah 18:3, "All ye inhabitants of the world (God is speaking to every man in all the world) and ye dwellers of the earth, when an ensign is lifted up in the mountains, see, and when the horn is blowing, hear." We are living in the days of marvels. Jesus said, "When ye see these things, know that it is near, even at the door." Sinner, listen! Jesus is coming! Christian man and woman, Jesus is coming! Thank God! Are you ready to meet Him? "When ye see these things, *know* that He is near, even at the door! Amen."

With the Lord

Letters from India tell of the home-going of Mrs. Amy Sugar, wife of Joseph Sugar, on Dec. 23, 1934, from heart trouble. Miss Vaux of Lakimpur, where Brother and Sister Sugar were working, writes that she and the Sugars were out in camp giving forth the Gospel in a new territory. On Dec. 23rd Mrs. Sugar was unusually happy, tho Brother Sugar was depressed, having, as it later developed, a premonition of coming sorrow. They had gone to their several tents for the night and at 10:30 Brother Sugar spoke to his wife who had retired, but received no answer. Without a warning she had slipped away—"In such an hour as ye think not."

It was a sad journey when early on the following morning they drove to Lakimpur. These are some of the hardships a missionary hasn't counted on, laying away a loved one at a moment's notice, and but for the "I am with you always," such experiences would be hard to bear. They had to cut down trees to build a coffin, and in compliance with the law buried her that same evening, Christmas Eve. When hearts the world over were rejoicing in Christmas festivities our brother and his family (two boys) laid away their precious treasure. May God comfort their hearts and wipe away their tears.

"We read God's sentences best when we read them through our tears. A tear is a telescope through which we see the distant and hidden star."

The Rewards of Pioneering

C. B. Hurlbut



JUST before Jesus was taken up into heaven He gave His followers this charge, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Gospel, we believe, is nothing less than the Full Gospel message.

Around thirty years ago God poured out of His Spirit in Latter Rain power; and we boast that it was, and still is a great revival, which indeed is true. Nevertheless a survey will reveal the fact that even here in America the vast majority of the people have not this message. Should we not examine ourselves and ask the question Why? Have we who have received the fulness of the Spirit and been endued with power from on high for the express purpose of becoming His "WITNESSES" been faithful to the charge? To illustrate: Recently an assembly in a country town advertised for a pastor; soon there were on file around fifty applications for the vacancy, while at the same time there were an hundred or more towns within a radius of half a day's drive where there were no assemblies giving forth this Full Gospel message. The Holy Spirit continues to repeat the charge "Go ye." Our various Bible schools are turning out increasing numbers of well equipped workers, yet, few it seems are seeking the neglected fields.

For the encouragement of qualified workers, filled with the love of God for the lost, and endued with power and wisdom, and who are willing like Paul to roll up their sleeves and work with their hands while they preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, I submit the following testimony:

In 1913 while a deacon in one of the large Presbyterian churches of Oakland, California, I was handed some literature by Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, and later attended some of her Monday afternoon meetings in the Danish Hall. The convincing scriptural messages, the fervency and the sanity and power demonstrated in those meetings convinced me that there was a depth and power in the Gospel to which I was a stranger. To the credit of the church to which I belonged I would say that it contained many true children of God, and the pastor, a spiritual man, believed in and preached the very near coming of Jesus; but Sister Montgomery's meetings caused me to hunger for the deeper

way, and I sought the fulness of the Spirit. The Lord satisfied my heart and filled me to overflowing on Thanksgiving Day, 1915, in Sister Montgomery's chapel.

About this time I came in contact with several outgoing and incoming missionaries; their messages stirred my soul, and I asked the Lord what He would have me do to help get this Gospel to "every creature." I could not preach, but I could work and give, and could ask the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest. For some years I had been conducting a fairly prosperous contracting and building business, but competition had gotten so keen in this line that most builders were either not making any money, or doing business at a loss. This worried me for I did want to be able to give. A relative from Saskatchewan, Canada, while visiting the San Francisco world's fair in 1915 gave me a glowing report of profits made in wheat growing in Canada. This conversation impressed me, and I felt that the Lord would have me give up building and move to Canada where more money could be made for the support of missions. Missions had become my hobby, and still is; and if I read my Bible correctly it is our Lord's hobby for this poor old lost world in this year 1935.

Arrangements were made to leave for Saskatchewan early in the Spring of 1916. Before leaving, however, the Lord in a most miraculous way showed Miss Mabelle Robertson, who had been associated with Sister Montgomery in her work, as well as myself, that He would have us labor together; so being joined together of the Lord we went forth. I bought 320 acres of good land on crop payments in a good wheat growing district near a small town with two flourishing churches. No Full Gospel message had ever been preached in this part of the Province. The churches refused to receive our testimony, so we were soon led to start cottage prayermeetings, and Mrs. Hurlbut, whom the Lord had anointed to preach, did not shun to declare the whole council of God. He honored the message, souls were saved and believers filled. Our intentions had been to raise much wheat and give all we could spare for the spread of the Gospel, but God had another plan. During our seven years in Canada we did not raise one good crop; a succession of crop failures

was the order during those years throughout most of Southern Saskatchewan. But, praise God, if the wheat crop was poor the soul crop was excellent. And as for missionary offerings we had a record during those years of crop failures of a few families of farmers sending about \$1,000 direct to the missionaries in the space of a year's time. All collections went for missions.

About nine miles from our farm was a small town, said by some to be one of the most ungodly in Southern Saskatchewan. The Presbyterians had preached there for years and finally gave it up as useless. An invitation was sent to us to hold a meeting in the hall, rent free. How God did work in that meeting! Hardened sinners wept under the melting power of the Holy Ghost as Mrs. Hurlbut preached the glorious Gospel message. In a short time God saved the devil's ringleaders and completely transformed that community. Those were glorious days; space forbids a record of the many miracles of grace. One outstanding case was the salvation of Leif Erickson whose stray bronchos (like Saul's asses) had led him 20 miles from home in the search. He accepted an invitation to attend a Sunday afternoon meeting and was gloriously saved. Soon he led his two brothers, Walter and Arthur, to Jesus. God called Leif to South America, and he at once left all to follow Jesus, equipping himself for missions at Glad Tidings Bible Institute, San Francisco, then on to South America, his brothers following in his footsteps a year or so afterward. Now the three Erickson brothers as missionaries to Peru have a record that reads much like the Acts of the Apostles. They have been in and out of prison, Leif was stoned and left for dead; but these boys were of the stuff that knows no defeat when the Master leads on. They have made many extended trips through dangerous regions of the high Andes Mountains, preached and scattered literature in scores of Indian towns in many of which are native converts carrying on the work. Through the agency of their printing press they are sending out hundreds of thousands of tracts and periodicals and doing a work which God is honoring in that dark land. Just roughnecks, diamonds in the rough whom God directed to where they could hear the Gospel story, but trophies indeed for which any worker would greatly rejoice and praise God.

In 1923 we felt the California pull, and left a band of precious sacrificing saints. Brother

Robert J. Craig, then District Superintendent in San Francisco, hearing that we were returning to California wrote us suggesting that we visit a certain assembly. On arriving in S. F. some time later we found he had reserved this assembly which was one of the best in the state, and advised us to go at once. We had no leading to go, but felt led to a railroad town of some 5,000 where there was no Pentecostal work. Upon investigation we found no suitable place to hold meetings, but were led to a town of 700, four miles distant where we found a nice vacant Congregational church which we leased for a year at \$5 a month. The pastor's study and church kitchen were converted into living rooms, and in this old, deserted church God again worked. For three years revival fires burned. Praise our God, when He works no man can hinder. An old judge who had been prominent in county and state politics, who had not been inside a church in 25 years was induced to attend a prayermeeting; he came, as he said, out of curiosity, but immediately recognized the power of God and became a strong advocate of the Pentecostal faith. This old judge, a strong personality, was an outstanding character whose influence was used of God for the furtherance of the Gospel in that place.

After three years the Lord opened the way for us to work in the larger railroad town. A six months' lease on one of the best lots in the city was secured with an option to purchase for \$1800, payable \$500 down, the balance \$25 monthly. While working at my trade as a carpenter I had laid aside \$400, with which I bought 10,000 feet of second-hand lumber for \$100. I erected a tabernacle that would seat 300, covered the outside with tar paper and lath, and was ready to open with a sawdust floor when an elderly couple presented us with a purse of \$100 for the flooring; this money had been laid aside for their burial expenses, but God had told them to give it for the floor. They obeyed and the record is written down in that book above.

Our first evangelistic campaign lasted five weeks; many souls were saved and the building was packed every night. The balance of the money for the completion of the building including an addition of two Sunday School rooms, a parsonage and a garage on the rear together with the first \$500 payment on the lot was raised as fast as needed. Note: this railroad town had had a record of being Gospel

proof; other churches had tried campaigns without success; but this Tabernacle was specially blessed of God and became an object lesson to other pastors of the town, who were real friendly, and in a way co-operated. This work has continued to grow, and is, I believe, one of the good, progressive works of the state.

After five years' labor with this assembly we again felt the pull for the prairies of the Central Northwest. Proving God with a fleece we resigned the pastorate, and announced that we felt God's call to a certain town in North Dakota. We packed a few things in our sedan, motored to the place, and found that as in Canada, the Pentecostal message had never been preached there. Had we made a mistake? We could not even rent a place where we could live in the town, but God, hallelujah! had a furnished house, rent free, ten miles out in the country. First we commenced holding meetings in a school-house, then in a theatre in town. The people were so hungry they packed the buildings. Afterwards church opposition thinned our ranks, but God was in the work, and soon a small company commenced to seek Him in earnest. At the end of one year a large concrete basement one block from the business center was deeded to us without charge. Five hundred dollars was raised and a basement tabernacle, seating nearly 300, was built. Afterward a parsonage, and later on a garage all paid for as fast as built, all during years of depression when in that portion of the state crops were very poor and prices still worse. Several evangelistic campaigns added to the church, and now after six years there is a nice assembly of consecrated saints with a band of young people that are on fire for God, some of them talented and being prepared for service both in the school of the Holy Spirit and in Bible School.

Looking back over the past 19 years of pioneering is a joy; indeed it is thrilling! Lost souls saved, believers filled with the Spirit, sick bodies healed, a number of workers thrust forth into the home and foreign fields, walls of prejudice broken down and glorious victories won. At all times missionary offerings have been emphasized, while the pastoral offerings were never stressed. We believed in, practised and preached tithing. No missionary board ever backed us, but we had the backing of the One who promised, "The Lord will provide," and He never once failed us.

Did Satan ever oppose? He certainly did, both from without and within. At times lack

of finances threatened disaster, but at the crucial moment the God who had promised to supply all our need would give me a job, or otherwise supply. The Word instructs, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and I believe it was from the Lord to do carpentering, painting, shoveling gravel and pitching grain, as well as preaching the Gospel. Our needs were always supplied; never was there a day when we lacked food or clothing. Now at the age of 65 we are hoping to be of further service in this blessed work. The fields are still white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few.

Many who have heard the charge "Go ye" but find no opening must be overlooking the vast American harvest field, where there are tens of thousands of neglected towns in which are thousands of vacant churches, and very many thousands of hungry souls that need this Full Gospel message of life and power.

Sinning against Light

CHARLES G. FINNEY tells us about a school-teacher who attended an old time revival and there went to the altar and got saved. God put upon him a passion for lost souls; he felt he had a call to work for God but he put it off and said he would settle it by midnight. He sat down to meditate and as he was doing this he saw himself just a poor preacher with a few souls bowing at the altar. Then he seemed to see himself as a great lawyer pleading his case with the judge, and he said, "Heaven or hell, I will be that lawyer," and when he said that he damned his soul in a judicial sense. One day while he was pleading a case before a packed audience he dropped dead and they carried him out; his career was ended. You cannot take it with you. But thank God, when you have a real experience with God it will carry you through the valley of the shadow of death and into the very presence of God.

Some of you may remember a great preacher who went up and down the land swaying great audiences with his wonderful voice. But one day his mind broke and they took him to a Sanitarium and there the saints called on him. They said, "What is the trouble?" And he said, "Oh nothing. It will soon be over and I will be on the left side and you will be on the right." "What do you mean?" asked some of the saints. He said, "I have sinned against truth. The first thing I did was to lie in the

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of Faith Tabernacle, Binghamton, N. Y., and the testimony of the pastor, John Kellner.

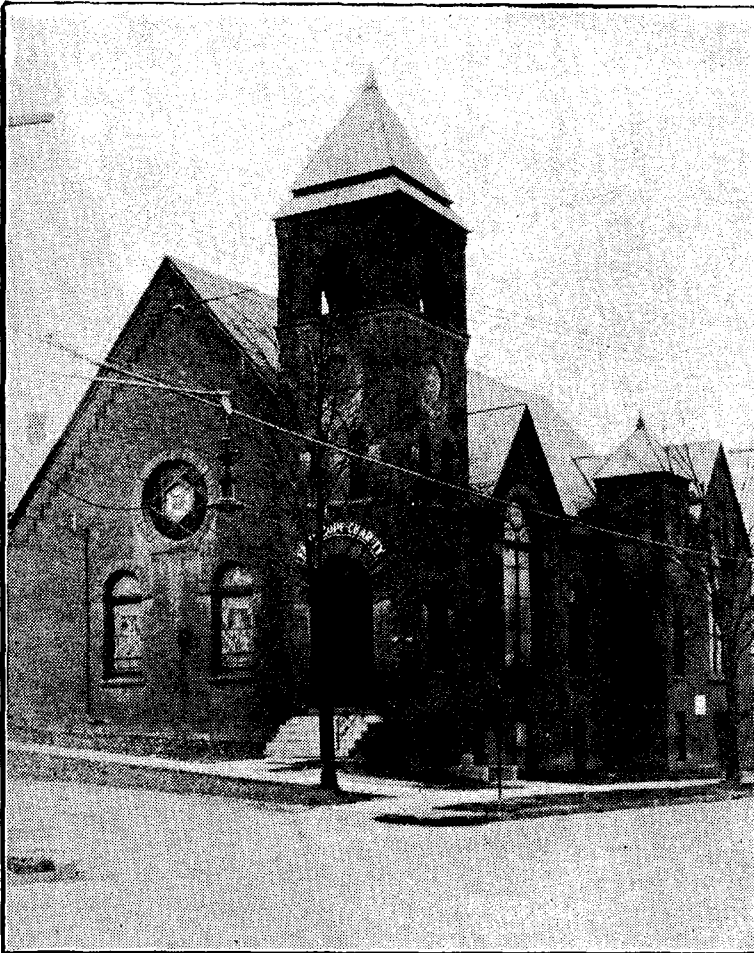
IT WAS on the 5th of February, 1916, just nineteen years ago, that John Kellner first went to Binghamton, N. Y. His home city was New Castle, Pa., where, in June, 1911, in the seclusion of his own room at the midnight hour he gave his heart to the Lord and was born again. Alone with his God he earnestly sought the Lord; the light of heaven shone into his heart and he knew that he had passed from death unto life.

Later he received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and experienced the healing power of the Great Physician in his body. He felt the hand of the Lord upon him for the ministry and began preparing himself, studying in a Bible School in Findlay, O., and also in Chicago, Ill.

The call to a convention at Troy, N. Y., convened by a school-mate, Clinton E. Finch, then pastor at Troy,



Pastor and Mrs. John Kellner



Faith Tabernacle, Binghamton, N. Y.

proved to be the stepping-stone to his present work. While ministering in this convention he was approached about going to Binghamton to act as pastor of the little assembly there. He hesitated to accept but made it a matter of prayer and felt it to be the leading of the Lord to go at least for a time. He expected to stay but a few weeks, but weeks lengthened into months and months into years until he could look back upon a continuous ministry in that city of nearly fifteen years, under the blessing of the Lord.

In the beginning the little group of saints which numbered but a handful, worshipped in various homes and missions, but in December, 1919, they purchased a 13-story brick building at 34 Tayntor Ave., and many precious souls found the Lord in this place which they occupied for eight years. When the growth of the work demanded larger quarters they bought their present church

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Out of Famine -- A Deliverer

Dr. Charles S. Price at the Lake Geneva Camp



AS I WAS in prayer the Lord brought to my heart some new thoughts that He had given me on the translation of Elijah. I wish to speak about the marvelous supernatural, lifting up of this mighty man of God when the Lord had raised up a successor upon whose shoulders the mantle of Elijah should rest.

Elijah was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, for Elijah came out of a famine, and so did Jesus. Elijah came out of a period of darkness when no rain had fallen upon the country. The flocks could find no place for grazing and the herds could find no water. Israel had transgressed. The blessing of the Lord had been lifted from the nation and God was dealing with Israel in this seemingly harsh way because in His great heart love He wanted to bring them back to Himself. Sometimes things that seem on the surface the will of God, things that God has allowed to come into our lives cannot really be said to be God's will—sometimes when disaster overtakes a family people say, "That is the will of God." God may have permitted it, but you could not say that fundamentally it was the divine will. It is the Divine will that you walk always in the light of His Word, that you be in that spiritual condition where you can reach up and take the promises of God. It is the divine will that like Adam in the days of old you walk in the cool of the evening with your Creator and commune in peace and fellowship; but when you wander away, go back into the world from which you have been rescued, back to the flesh-pots of the world and sin, it is not God's will when calamities come into your lives. I know He permits them, and perhaps He sends them as correctives, you might say, but God's perfect will is that you walk continually in the light of His Word. Then the peace of God shall be your inheritance.

So the heart of God breaks at the sight of the famine. It is opened wide with grief when His children have to be dealt with. And sometimes we are persuaded that these measures after all are not punitive; they are remedial. God is not punishing us for our transgressions, "The Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the punishment of us all." When the hand of the Lord descends upon you in judgment, when you go thru the flame, when the streams are dried, per-

haps you have gotten out of God's will and He has to take you deep into the valleys, deep into sorrow, that your heart may yearn for the joys that once you knew. He has to take you into the path of turmoil that you may pray once again for peace; take you into the valley that you may yearn for the Mount of Transfiguration where you can come in contact with the Lord Jesus Christ.

As Elijah was called out of the famine, so Jesus came to minister in a time of spiritual famine. Malachi, the last of the prophets, had been laid beneath the green sward, and for 400 years no prophetic voice had been heard. Then came the voice of a man who was to proclaim the Coming One—not deliverance, but a Deliverer; not a new system but One who was to bring in Himself all that mankind needed, and out of that four hundred years of spiritual famine and darkness there came walking with majestic mien Jesus of Nazareth, the only Begotten of the Father.

When Elisha was plowing in the field Elijah saw him and said, "That is my man." God had said to Elijah, "I want you to do some anointings. It is time for you to go home." "Yes, Lord," said Elijah. "And among others to whom I want you to go is Elisha. He is plowing in the field. Touch him with your mantle and he will follow you." Just so the Lord said to Paul, "I want you to write a letter to that young fellow who was converted in your meetings. He comes from such a fine family. His mother was such a wonderful woman, and what a marvelous Christian his grandmother was! I have chosen him, Paul." For Paul the sun was sinking in the western hills. He knew it. He was writing his biography to his son Timothy. "I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory. I am going, Timothy. I am waiting for the tramp of the executioner, but Timothy, my boy, my heart's desire and prayer are for you." Paul's whole concern was for this young man, Timothy. Not for himself. Somebody had to take the new torch, emblazoned and illuminated by the power of God. "Timothy, make full proof of your ministry. Preach the Word, and the things I have told you."

I pray that God will burn it into our hearts

that upon us is resting not only the responsibility for the salvation of our own souls, but that we are Christ's representatives on the face of the earth, to preach the Gospel, and to take it to the remotest places of the earth. I know I am saved, that I am washed in the blood of Calvary's fountain. I know I have been delivered but I tell you I shun the possibility of becoming a professional evangelist and losing my passion for souls. I sometimes ask myself, "Am I what He purposed I should be when He picked me up at that meeting in San Jose and put His arms around me?" He has a plan for our lives. When He looks at us will He say, "I am disappointed in you"? I often think as we meet together in our love-feasts, meet together for prayer, that we should intercede for God not only to bless us in our souls but to make us efficient in His service. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

When I was in Jerusalem I said to one of the ladies in Miss Brown's Mission Home, "I wonder if you could get me permission to get into the leper institution here?" She called up on the telephone and the next morning at ten o'clock I was in the leper institution. I shall never forget my feelings as I walked over the threshold of that institution that is operated by a German Protestant Society and a sweet little sister met me at the door. I could tell that years ago she had been a beautiful woman, but now the lines were deep on her face and her hair was sprinkled with grey. I was wondering at the time just how old she was. She seemed to be young and yet her face showed the marks of time. For an hour we chatted, and she told me she had been there 25 years. "Are you ready to see my patients?" she asked. She took me into a room and the first soul my eyes rested upon was a man with all his fingers off. They just rotted away, and his eye-balls were nearly dropping out. I recoiled momentarily from the sight. The man, who was unable to use his handkerchief was in such pain and had the water running from his eyes. He looked at her and said something in Arabic. Then I saw that nurse take her own handkerchief and go up and wipe the tears from the leper's face. One after another we visited until I had seen every leper in the Institution. There was only one man who could speak English and with him I chatted for a little while, standing at a safe distance. When I got to the door I said, "Little sister, you are a brave little heart. I am going to pray for you. I will often think of you here in this

hard place." She said, "Oh brother, this is the happiest spot on the face of the earth. I could not be happy anywhere else but here." I asked why. "Well, it was Jesus who put me here. A place like this can be happy when you are in the center of God's will." She went in there to a living death.

I came out of that institution and drove my car around the hill yonder and stopped it in front of Gethsemane. I asked the guard, "Where did you say Peter and John knelt?" "Well, we do not know exactly. The only old olive tree that is left is that old one over there. We are pretty sure Jesus knelt there." "May I go near?" "Yes, you may." Off came my hat. I did not know the spot, but I seemed to hear the words, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." I looked up and said, "Master, if You could pray that prayer can I not pray it too? You put that little girl in the Leper Home and she is happy there because she is in the center of Thy will." Beloved, that is what we need. Oh to sink into the depths of divine love and know we are in the center of the Divine will! There is no peace on earth half so sweet and half so glorious as the center of the will of God.

"Elijah, there is that plow-boy!" "Oh Lord, You do not mean that a plow-boy can be a prophet?" A slave-boy can become an emancipator, a river thief can become a Jerry McCauley, the apostle to the lost, a gypsy boy running bare-footed over the Devonshire towns can become a preacher. Amos said, "I was a herdsman, the Spirit of the Lord fell on me and I was obliged to prophesy." God can come to a sheep-herder or a plow-boy, and fill him with His own Spirit and he can become mighty in the service of the Lord. But we want to be sure of our call, to know it is God's will; not our will concerning God but God's will concerning us.

So I see the twelve yoke of oxen in the field. Eleven men are plowing in the front and in the rear comes Elisha. Elijah comes near and touches him with his mantle. But he did not leave it there. Elisha started in his trail of Elijah all over the country after that mantle. He heard and felt enough to become hungry and so he followed with a persistency that would not be denied. Elijah knew what he was after but he kept testing him and proving him, and asking him what he wanted. Oh you church members, when you have had one touch of

Pentecost you may as well surrender, for you will never be satisfied with anything else! never be satisfied with formality after you have had a touch of the glory! never be satisfied with the coldness after you have had a touch of the fire! You think Pentecost is a back number. Let me tell you it is sweeping the world. There are three hundred churches in Sweden on a line south of Stockholm; 45% of the Baptist ministers there are filled with the Holy Ghost and have spoken with tongues. Three of the Baptist colleges in Sweden are entirely Pentecostal. Brother Petrus has a church of 5,000 members, and the brother who wrote the book, "The Power of Pentecost," was decorated by the king last year, and that was the book that won the prize. When a king will decorate a man for writing a book like that, I say, "Glory!" This Pentecostal Movement is God's answer to apostasy, and hungry folk are coming in and being filled with the Spirit.

Elisha got a little touch of it and he didn't need two invitations to follow Elijah. Neither did he bring his oxen with him. He would have had a hard time dragging the oxen and the plow. Friends, if you want to get anything out of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, say good-bye to everything. Elisha went with him to Gilgal. Gilgal is a word that means "circles." I suppose that everybody has been to Gilgal. I was there at one time, preaching around in circles. Nobody got saved, nobody was filled with the Holy Ghost—just dried up formalism, ritualism, no beautiful moving of the Spirit. Elisha said to Elijah, "Where are you going now?" "I am going to Bethel." Bethel means "the house of God." That is a splendid move to make from Gilgal, the place of running around, to the house of God. You had better hunt up the Holy Ghost church in your town. But this is not the end of the trail. Elijah said, "Oh you had better stay here!" Listen! If Elisha had stayed Elijah would have been most disappointed. When he looked over his shoulder he said to himself, "Oh I am so glad he is coming!" You say, "I didn't get my baptism last night. I am going to stop seeking." Are you going back to the plow? God would never give you a hunger for something and refuse to satisfy that hunger.

Elisha didn't get the mantle in Bethel. The Ministerial Association came out and stood on the hill. They always stand afar off. They never get very close to the power. They need to anoint their eyes with eye-salve so they can

see and get their ears in tune. They said to Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master today?" And he said, "Yes, I know it. Hold your peace." When Elijah said, "You had better stay here, the Lord hath sent me to Jordan," Elisha said, "I will do no such thing." On they went to the Jordan and that is the place of power, for Jordan means *flowing down*. And when they came to the river Elijah took his mantle—there was no particular power in the blanket, no particular virtue, but it seemed to be a kind of sceptre. The Lord uses such insignificant things. When He wanted to give Moses a sceptre He took a stick he had in his hand and it became a rod of power. He can take a worm and thrash a mountain. A Spirit-filled worm has more power than a Modernistic mountain.

So Elijah took off his blanket and smote the waters and the Ministerial Association were sitting on top of the hill looking on. Elijah went over on dry land and he looked over his shoulder and there was Elisha trailing along. And when Elijah asked him what he wanted he said, "I want a double portion of thy Spirit." Elijah told him he had asked a hard thing but if he saw him when he was taken away it should be done as he had desired. Nobody can ever have that power unless they see Jesus in His resurrection glory, not as a Teacher or Philosopher, but Jesus, the Incarnate God; the Son of God who came from the ivory palaces to die on Calvary's cross for a lost world.

While Elijah spoke the horses came down and I can see him stepping into the fiery chariot. His blanket came fluttering down and Elisha picks it up; throwing it around his shoulders he starts back to the Jordan. He looks at the rushing water and taking off his blanket he says, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" and smote the water. And the Lord God of Elijah said, "I am right here, Elisha," and He parted the waters for His servant to cross over. Oh friends, do not develop an inferiority complex! Never mind the other crowd. The power of God is with us. I'd sooner be filled with the Holy Ghost than have Rockefeller's millions. Don't go around with your jaws dropping and developing that self-pity complex. You have the promise of the Lord, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

So Elijah went to heaven and Elisha was left to carry on. Luther is gone, Wesley is gone, Finney and Whitfield are gone and we are left

(Continued on page 22)

The Sunday School Laboratory

The Custodian of Childhood, Youth and Adulthood

By S. S. T.

SOMEONE has said that the Sunday School is the religious custodian of those of every age from the cradle to the grave, and to make it more personal, every teacher is the spiritual custodian of every boy and girl, of every young person in his individual group. Now a custodian is one into whose keeping has been placed a trust, some valuable possessions. A master makes some trusty servant the custodian of his stocks and bonds; a king often appoints custodians over public funds and frequently grants a custodiam, or lease, committing certain grants of land to a chosen custodian.

One day, the Master of all masters, the King of all kings, placed into the hand of every real Sunday School teacher, a lease, granting to us the custody over some of His most valued possessions, when He gave the commission. "Go . . . teach." Never was treasure more precious than these plastic minds, these immortal souls in earthen vessels, compared to which stocks and bonds and mere real estate fade into insignificance.

With this grave responsibility before us, that of being custodians of living jewels for His crown, must we not all admit that we accept our task far too lightly, that we often shirk our God-given opportunity? What a solemn aspect this job assumes as we realize that before us are boys and girls for whose destiny we may some day be called to give an account, boys and girls whom we are molding either into a Twentieth Century Moody or Spurgeon, or—a Dillinger. Hidden within those roguish boys or giggling girls are potentialities which will be used either for good or evil, depending upon our instruction and direction.

Said a prominent and honored official of one of our largest American cities, "But for the fact that I was induced to leave my gang one Sunday morning and attend a Sunday School,

*"I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.*

*I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.*

*I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.*

*I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him nevermore."*

I might have turned out to be one of the seven criminals which that very gang later produced." Every Sunday his teacher was molding a vessel which Satan had designed for evil, into one that was to carry and let flow therefrom, the love of God and great service to humanity. To a minister who was complaining of his small congregation, Mr. Spurgeon said, "It is as large a one as you will want to give an account for in the day of judgment." How applicable is this to every Sunday School worker! Are we so discharging our duty, are we putting into the task every ounce of energy and God-given zeal possible, so that we will not be ashamed to give an account of our teaching in the day of judgment?

But how are we to meet the situation? Perhaps the first essential is to realize its importance, to have a real vision of the possibilities of the Sunday School. The teacher who faces his task in the light of the above realities, will not come to class with little or no preparation, will not go through the class period as a matter of form but will pack every one of the 60, 90 or 120 minutes allotted to him with vital, spiritual truths both in the worship and teaching period. He will bear in mind that the entire session is a school and not a social.

The teacher who really catches a vision of what a church school should be, who gets a vision of what his teaching or lack of it can produce either for good or evil, will avail himself of every possible means to fit himself most adequately for the task; first of all by having a thorough knowledge of his text Book, the Bible, and then to educate himself in the most effective methods by which to drive home these precious truths. One of the greatest laws of teaching was most strikingly put in force by the Master Teacher, the Lord Jesus Himself,

(Continued on page 22)

The Power of the Gospel in the Habitations of Cruelty

Turning from Human Sacrifices to the Great Sacrifice—the Lamb of God

W. B. Baerenwald

(Continued)



AFTER graduation I received a call to Oakland, California to help a Brother Carlson who was supplying there while home on furlough from South America. After I had heard a few messages on the great work in South America I became very uneasy and restless and I began to pray much for that country, never dreaming that I would be called out to that field. Then Brother Carlson left the work for a few weeks and the night before he returned I had a peculiar dream. I thought I was in a mountain region, preaching to a large congregation of Latin-American people. It was all so real. To my surprise, the next day Brother Carlson stepped into my room and said, "Brother, you are coming along with me to South America." At once I replied, "Praise the Lord, I will go."

Before leaving I wrote to my folks at home telling them of my plans to go to South America but in reply received only a severe lecture; they said there was plenty of work in the United States, why should I go so far away. In January, 1928, we sailed for Colombia, South America and we arrived about ten days later. We went from the coast to a city called H. . . , and from there took the railroad for a distance of about forty-five miles; then went on the river for about 150 miles to the capital city, Bogota. The brother who had charge of the church in the southern district, met us and we stayed there for three days and from there we went further inland to the district in which we planned to work.

I shall never forget the first dinner we had there and our visit to the mayor's home. It was a nice cottage about 18 by 26 feet and on one corner they had built on an addition; the family occupied one side of the house and the stock the other side. They had eighteen children in the family and all of them were saved and rejoicing in the Lord. They gave us a very special dinner consisting of rice, beech nuts and cocoa beans which tasted very good.

On the third day we started off again for a more southern point. It was the last lap of our journey with four in our band; we took enough food stuff with us to last us two weeks and also had many other necessary things with

us for the work. After we had travelled about a day and a half we were overcome by a large group of mountain bandits who captured us and held us there for three days, taking away all our belongings including the money we possessed between us all which amounted to only \$4.50. On the night of the third day, about eleven o'clock these bandits led us up the mountain and there at midnight they turned us loose. We knelt down and offered praise to God that we were unharmed physically and we felt confident that even though we had been robbed of all our provisions God would find some way of meeting our need for food. As we rolled up in our blankets on that mountain side we asked God to protect us. In the morning two of our Indian guides were looking around and within twenty feet of the place where we had rested for the night they found a large boa-constrictor twelve or fourteen feet in length. Surely God had protected us. They killed the snake, skinned it and rolled up the skin and when we reached the next city we got \$14.60 for the skin.

The people of this particular city were very uncivilized and belonged to the most savage tribe of that district. They were just having their annual thanksgiving feast at this time. Each tribe has its own form of worship and speaks a different dialect. The temple in which these people held this feast was a very large place, with just a roof and no walls excepting a bit of a stone wall in back of the altar. The altar had sort of a sanctuary and there they had their god and farther back was a large fiery furnace. On each side of the altar stood a native priest dressed in white robes and in front of the altar was a large padded rug in which were sticking, and exposed about half an inch, thousands of needles. There was also a kneeling stool about ten inches high. Underneath the altar was a large pan filled with what seemed to be oil and this was burning continually and was to symbolize the burning of incense. We were not permitted to come very near the front but were near enough to see all that was transpiring. First we saw the people bringing to the altar various kinds of fruits and vegetables. The people bringing the offering would go to the kneeling stool, take off their shoes and

stockings, then walk over that padded rug filled with needles and place their offering upon the altar. Then they would bow down and the native priests would open up the damper and a cloud of black smoke and flame would come out upon the sacrifice to consume the offering. They brought not only fruits and vegetables but gifts of chickens, lambs and other sacrifices. There were about twenty-five live animals offered as living sacrifices upon that altar, but we were yet to witness something more horrifying. Soon we saw mothers arise carrying little children and we thought, "Oh God, surely they will not offer these children upon that altar!" But it was all too true. We tried to interfere but the crowd held us back. One was a father and mother, a negro couple who had had twenty-two children. They had already offered up four of their children as living sacrifices to their god, thinking they were doing him a wonderful favor and thereby gaining his love. And now they came with their fifth child. They pulled off their shoes and stockings, walked over that padded rug, offered a prayer and while their little girl was bound upon the altar she waved her hands with a smile upon her face. The entire audience knelt as the native priest opened up the damper, the smoke came out and we heard just one little groan as her body was consumed by the fire which leaped from that fiery furnace. About five minutes later another family came with a girl three years of age and following them there came a boy of about fourteen; then a girl seventeen years of age came and offered herself as a living sacrifice.

After witnessing these horrible sights we could neither eat nor sleep but prayed and fasted that God would in some way open the way for us to put a stop to these human sacrifices in this territory. Five months passed before we could get any assistance from the government. As I saw the sincerity of these people I wondered what God could and would not do for us if we were as fervent in our worship to Him. I feel sure if we had been more steadfast in our devotion to our God in this country we would not be suffering as we are today.

But we praise God that He began to work in that place and just two weeks after we had witnessed that scene in that temple, we saw that very father and mother who had offered up the first child, coming into our mission one night. We talked to them concerning their souls' salvation and after they had been with us three days God poured out His Spirit and they both

gave their hearts to Him. After a further time in prayer they received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. When they became acquainted with the true and living God how they were filled with anguish as they realized what horrible sins they had committed in throwing their children into the fiery furnace! They prayed and fasted and pleaded with God to forgive them for this sin. We assured them that God had surely forgiven them and they were very happy and praised God. They did not wait for further instruction but went back to their own people and within a period of six weeks that one family had gathered together over two hundred families, all of whom had offered living sacrifices to their gods. They brought them to our mission where we told them of Jesus.

One night after midnight we heard a rap at our door and were rather frightened as we thought it might be mountain bandits but when we came to the door there was our negro brother who said he had some of his friends with him and wanted me to come out and talk to them about God and our Savior. We went out and sang a few hymns and then invited them to retire for the night. The next morning at four o'clock we began our service with them and that was the beginning of one of the greatest revivals I ever witnessed in South America. Twenty-two fathers and mothers gave their hearts to God that very morning and about the same number received the Baptism of the Spirit. How they rejoiced and sang praises unto God! They did not want to leave but stayed through that day and the next also and we had services both afternoons and nights, till about eleven o'clock. Today that negro brother, his wife and four other members of the family are our leading missionaries in that city.

Following this revival we left the place to go forty-five miles further into the district. On the way we were cast into prison. They treated us quite badly but on the afternoon of the third day they were to release us and had given us orders to leave the city at once. The jailer and two assistants brought us our lunch about 2 o'clock and from that time on things began to happen. We were down on our knees praying that God might touch some souls before we left so when they came with our lunch they called us to come and get it. As we did not respond, being so intent on praying, he came and lashed us over our backs with his whip. When he saw that we continued in prayer he locked the gates and stood outside watching us. We prayed that

God might touch this jailer's heart, and that the Gospel might shine into his soul, and even while we were praying God began to work, for after watching us awhile he knelt down with his head to the ground. As we saw that, we couldn't help but sing praises unto God. Suddenly the Holy Spirit struck him and he fell to the ground. His two assistants became so frightened that they ran to the village telling the people all along the way that something had happened to the chief jailer who had fallen dead before the jail. When we arose to our feet to see what had happened we saw hundreds of people outside the gate looking in and trying to see who we were. We sang some hymns and played a few numbers on our instruments and soon this jailer began to speak in other tongues and some of the natives understood him. Many began to cry to the Lord and while this man was still speaking the Holy Spirit came upon the others. When the jailer got to his feet again he came immediately and released us saying, "Come on! Come on! Give us a Bible lesson." Brother Carlson delivered a message and that service went on till the following morning at 6 o'clock, fourteen giving their hearts to the Lord at that time. This jailer and one of his assistants became our workers in that territory shortly after.

And so God continued to work. We made many other calls, some were very successful and others not. When we returned at the close of the year 1932 we went to the city of Telgori. This city had been much upon the heart of a brother for many years. His oldest son had lost his life at the gates of this very city when the natives had pierced his body with spears and swords and he was killed for the sake of the Lord Jesus. Ever since that time the father had a great burden for this place and suggested that we go and try to give them the Gospel. Thereupon Brother Carlson, Brother Nelson, myself and two native workers went to the city of Telgori but we found them just as savage as they had been in the year 1928. The minute we came near the city, the gates were opened. We walked on with the people who gathered about us and began to tell them of our mission in coming to them, but it was all of no avail. They captured us, took Brother Ben Nelson and tied his hands together, and while some of the crowd took us to the jail the others led Brother Nelson and one of the negro boys to the city limits; there they tied Brother Nelson to the stake and burned his body alive. The negro

who watched the horrible scene told me that Brother Nelson was a faithful servant of the Lord to the very last, praising God in the midst of the suffering. While the smoke was enveloping his body he was pleading with God that those men might be won to Jesus Christ and then as the end drew near he sang the doxology. The lad told me that the flames never touched our brother's body although the smoke enveloped him, but God took him home ere the flames covered him. We had worked together side by side and I always found him to be most faithful to his Lord. I only pray that God may raise up many more like him who will be faithful even unto death.

It was just about three weeks later that the daughter of this very chief who had tied Bro. Nelson to the stake came into our mission unknown to her father or any other member of the family, and there she gave her heart to God. She soon became our little missionary in that city. God gave her a marvelous experience, baptizing her in the Spirit and filling her with a great love for the people of her own village. She went back to tell her father of what God had done for her but she was cast out by her father and mother and told never to return. However she came back as far as the gate and there she knelt and pleaded with them and told them about Jesus Christ and His love. While doing that God began to work and He showed the father that Jesus was the true and living way and before long he and the entire family gave their hearts to God. They came to our little mission and spent a period of five weeks with us at which time we instructed them in the Word. Then they went back to work among their own people. The little girl became a real missionary, first to her own family and since then about two hundred have given their hearts to the Lord from that village alone.

Brothers and sisters, we need today as never before in the history of the world men and women who are not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and who will be willing to take up the cross and follow Him, if needs be even down to the valley of the shadow of death. There are millions of people in Colombia who know nothing about the true and living God. We cannot even scratch the surface of what we would like to do. We praise God that the Federal Government has done much for us. They have opened schools and in 1932 they took a rigid stand regarding the offering up of living sacrifices, making a law to forbid any such practise in that

district. They have about fifty men who are to report any such a sacrifice and this is entirely due to the Christian work and the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We do praise God for having had the blessed privilege of bringing the Gospel of salvation to that needy people.

Set Apart for Death

(Taken from the Special Martyr Number of "The Gospel and the East," the organ of the Baltic Russians work.)

OVER THE STREET of a little city which lies on the way to the frightful Petchora, gray dawn was hanging as there came from the prison a company of about 200 people under a heavy guard of soldiers of the Secret Police. These last were all dressed in furs. The company consisted almost entirely of clergy, of whom the most had only summer clothing on. They belonged probably to the southern governments. They had wrapped up their heads on account of the cold with all sorts of cloths, under which could be seen disheveled beards and gray wisps of hair. On their feet they had rough hemp shoes wrapped around with rags. They carried on their backs, in little sacks, all their possessions. They have hardly gone 1000 steps from the prisons—and already one sees tottering forms; and they have yet about 400 miles to go through ice fields and the Tundra. The north wind blows so fiercely that even strong men could be thrown down—not even birds fly in this country at this time of the year. How many will reach the end of the way?

Any one who saw this march would recognize among the prisoners two old priests who already were going for the second time into banishment. In a letter which came from one of them, he told something of that party of suffering. Not half of them reached the Petchora. They had perished on the way, of exhaustion. Some had their feet frozen and were left behind, a prey to the wolves and the fearful frost. The two priests came safely to the Petchora and wrote:

"We have built us a little hut. There is no place here for human beings to live. Now and then the gypsies come to us looking for reindeer, but they come very secretly, as they are forbidden to speak with exiled ones. We live on fish. We have no bread, and it cannot be sent to us as the post only comes here once in three months. We made the hut quite big and have taken others in with us. There were 7 of us,

but two died of scrofula. It is bitter cold, as we live north of the polar circle. Often when we wake our beards are frosted over. We don't despair; we thank God that we can live here in peace. The others have to help by the geological work, dig for naphtha, etc. They are not free but live in Barracks under guards and know no rest. But we can even read the Holy Gospel. Pray for us sinners! It is hardly possible that we shall see each other any more. A gypsy promised to send this letter, if possible. We do not know if it will come into your hands, or not."

Well the gypsy proved himself true. Let us be true too and fulfill their request to pray for them. —*Trans. by J. T.*

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which they call Faith Tabernacle. It has a seating capacity of 500 and was purchased in April, 1928, also a ten-roomed parsonage adjoining.

It was thru the united efforts of Brother and Sister Kellner, for he married in Binghamton, that the work outgrew one place after another, for they preached a Full Gospel and demonstrated to the people of that city that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. Christ was glorified in the salvation of souls, in believers being filled with the Holy Ghost and healings and miracles were wrought in His Name. Mrs. Kellner is also a preacher and ably assists her husband in the services. She preaches regularly on Sunday evenings in the evangelistic services.

In 1930 Brother Kellner received and accepted a call to the pastorate of his home church at New Castle, and for four years he had a ministry there under the blessing of the Lord. God signally blessed his work in New Castle in that the church and Sunday School attendances more than doubled during those four years.

But the church at Binghamton had never quite become reconciled to their shepherd who had been with them nearly fifteen years, leaving them, and at the end of four years they asked the Kellners to return to Binghamton to again take up the work.

It meant days and nights of prayer to ascertain the will of the Lord. Here were these new souls the Lord had given them in New Castle, and the large increase of attendance of church and Sunday School made it very attractive in the natural. In Binghamton was a work for which they had travailed in soul

and loved tenderly, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children." "Lord, which shall it be? We have no will but thine," they prayed. And the Lord led them back to Binghamton in October, 1934, to labor again with the saints at Faith Tabernacle.

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who so frequently used the most homely objects of life to bring home a spiritual truth. The woman at the well was taught the lesson of the living water through the avenue of her knowledge of that water which she was drawing. How tactfully He led her from the known into the unknown! And as we follow His methods and give forth the truth both by word and example, and water our efforts with prayer we are bound to see transformed lives. Have you ever taken your class record with you into the prayer closet and laid the names of your pupils individually before the Lord as Hezekiah of old spread his letter before Him?

Oh there are unending possibilities in this field of Sunday School work! Today in the United States alone there are *thirty-six million children* between the ages of 15 and 25 who are not being reached by the Gospel. What a challenge this presents to the Christian world! The Communists are snatching them at an early age. What a tremendous crop from which can come our gangsters and criminals in the not-far-off years! And unless the Church of Christ makes a tremendous effort to gather in these thirty-six million, thousands of them will be forever lost. The task demands of us our very best.

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to carry on. And if Jesus carries we too will be gathered home, and some of the young men and women from these Bible Institutes will take our places. God grant that they will be preaching the same Gospel!

When Jesus finished His work He ascended in the presence of His beloved disciples. He started up and up, getting smaller and smaller until the clouds received Him out of their sight, up beyond the range of sun and moon and stars, until just as He was entering the gate His mantle fell and it came fluttering down to the earth and separated into 120 pieces and wrapped itself around the shoulders of the waiting disciples. And Peter preached to the multitude

that came together because of the noise, and said, "*This is that* which was spoken by the prophet Joel!" And the 3,000 conversions proved that the mantle of Jesus had fallen upon the disciples.

"HELP FROM THE HILLS"

(A Review)

The above is the title of a new book by Mrs. A. W. Kortcamp, which gives help to the Christian in every walk of life. The writer gives stories of her own experience in eight principal divisions:

Answers Concerning Conversion, Healing, Guidance, With the Children, Financial Help, Miracles, etc., etc. The remarkable answers to prayer are most inspiring to faith and send Christians to the Word of God. Under "Financial Help" there are answers to prayer all the way from one cent to money for a car, and the stories are told in such a homey, attractive manner they are interesting to young and old. An attractive feature is a helpful poem accompanying each incident. The following is culled from the book:

*"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door.
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where giving is o'er.
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look,
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand the offering took."*

God had laid the tract work on my heart. I was running short of tracts, and I had found that even during our most poverty-stricken times, I could get tract money in answer to definite prayer. I figured it out that \$2.00 was the amount I needed, so wrote the letter, "Enclosed find \$2.00 for which please send me the following tracts. . . ." Holding the letter up to heaven, I said, "Now, Lord, I've written the letter, and I'll put it here in the dresser drawer till You send the money."

Early the next morning there was a knock at our door. One of the members held a letter in her hand. "I've received the strangest letter from Miss D. . . of Granite City. She said she was so strongly impressed yesterday that she must send \$2.00 to Mrs. K. . . that she had no peace till she did it. She asked me to bring it over and, to appease her curiosity, to find out what you wanted with the money." I went to the dresser drawer and took out the letter, "Enclosed find \$2.00 for which please send me the following tracts."

Heavy paper cover, 125 pages, 35c by mail. Orders may be sent to Mrs. A. W. Kortcamp, 2307 - 7th Ave., Moline, Ill., or to us.

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"God has recently worked a real miracle of healing in our colored mission," writes Mrs. Anna Richards Scoble," and it has caused quite a stirring among the people who knew of the dying woman's condition."

The woman upon whom this miracle had been wrought was past seventy. She was a maternity nurse among the poor colored people, dying with diabetes and a weak heart. Five doctors examined her in the hospital and told her that her case was hopeless; that she was too old to be cured. They sent her home to die, but the Lord instantly healed her thru prayer and she is at her work. Her old, wrinkled face shines with the glory of God. The healing was a great encouragement to the missionaries who find it increasingly hard in these days of apostasy to make men and women see their need of God.

* * *

Another remarkable healing was sent to us by Frieda A. Boyer, Battle Creek, Mich., who writes as follows:

"I want to thank the Lord for sparing my life so that I may be able to send forth this testimony to glorify Him. On August 28, 1934, I went to the doctor for a physical examination. I had been feeling badly for quite a while and it was thought the cause was in my tonsils. The doctor found them in a very chronic condition and it was decided that they should be taken out as soon as I was physically able. I was in a badly run down condition and my vitality was very low. I was also rapidly losing weight. The doctor asked me to return on Aug. 30th with a specimen for analysis and he would then be able to give me a final report. Upon returning home I went immediately to bed feeling very weak. I gradually grew worse until I was rushed to the hospital upon request of the doctor, having found my case to be sugar diabetes in the last stages and curvature of the spine.

"I had had three convulsions at home and on reaching the hospital I had another and then went into a coma, whereupon the doctor requested that my mother call for the minister. Thru the earnest prayer of our pastor, Rev. A. N. Trotter, my mother and the nurse, I was brought back from death to life. Praise the Lord!

"Shortly after my arrival at home my tonsils were completely healed, altho I had not fully consecrated myself to the Lord. The night I made my full consecration to Him I felt the healing power of God upon my body. The next morning the diabetic test was perfectly normal. I was saved, healed and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit all within five days. Glory to God!"



(Continued from page 12)

train about my daughter's age. I told the conductor that she was under twelve just to save a dollar and that one sin led to another. Later they trusted me with some money and I misappropriated it. I kept icing my soul against God and against truth until one day I discovered that His Spirit had left me. I went to the altar time and time again but heaven was as brass. Now it will soon be over." They diagnosed his case again and said there was nothing wrong so they let him go. Then he went to another revival and prayed at the altar but he got nowhere with God. After the revival was over some boys were fishing along the stream and they saw a dark figure walking; when no one was looking he took a plunge; the boys reported it and the officials searched and got him out and found it was this man who had influenced thousands for God—gone into the caverns of the damned because he sinned against truth. He had gone just a little too far.

God has called us to a standard and demands that we go through with Him. There is a reward for those who press through and if you have started out in Pentecost for God's sake wind up in it. The reason the power has lifted from some of our churches is because we are a group of people that have white heat light above any other group in the ecclesiastical body but we have walked over truth and sold out for some paltry thing but when we come back to the Cross the heavens will break upon us and souls will be baptized at the altar, tears will stream from penitent sinners and God's power will be so wonderful that we will feel we can hardly wait until the next meeting.—*L. B. Statts in the Stone Church.*



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PSALMS 4:2

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing [falseness]? Sē'-lāh.

Ps. 12.2; 31.6,18; 69.7-10.

PSALMS 88:13

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent [come before] thee.

Ps. 5.3; 119.147.

(Facsimile of type showing corrected renderings in brackets and references after each verse.)

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