

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

His Love for Me!

UNDER an Eastern sky, amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die, —FOR ME!

Thorn crowned His blessed head,
Blood stained His every tread,
Cross laden, on He sped, —FOR ME!

Pierced were His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him did beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat, —FOR ME!

Thus wert Thou made all mine,
Lord make me WHOLLY Thine,
Give grace and strength divine, —TO ME!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do, oh lead
My feet, e'en though they bleed, TO THEE!

—C. F. Baker.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly by
 THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
 18 W. 74th St., Chicago

ANNA C. REIFF, *Managing Editor*
 WILLIAM BOOTH-CLIBBORN, *Field Editor*
 MISS ROSE MEYER, *Assistant Editor*

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

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/8) per year in advance
 OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

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

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly quote "*Latter Rain Evangel*."

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

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

Table of Contents

HIS LOVE FOR ME!.....*Frontispiece*
 NOTES 2
 MARY MAGDALENE..... 3
 WHEN JESUS SANG..... 4
 CALVARY—GOD’S SPELLING OF LOVE..... 7
 THE WORD OF GOD ARRESTS.....10
 THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE.....12
 THE FISHERMAN AND THE SCHOLAR14
 SANCTIFICATION IN THE WORD OF GOD....17
 THE RISEN LORD.....20
 DELIVERED FROM BANDITS.....22
 HEALED OF TUBERCULOSIS.....22
 THE SHACKLES THAT GOD BROKE.....23

To Our Readers

*May the glad dawn
 Of Easter morn
 Bring joy to thee.*

*May the calm eve
 Of Easter leave
 A peace divine with thee.*

*May Easter night
 On thine heart write
 O Christ, I live for thee.*

Stone Church Convention

The Stone Church will hold its 27th Annual Convention, May 3-17, with Evangelist Guy Shields of Amarillo, Texas, as speaker. Evangelist Shields is the founder of the Shield of Faith Bible Schools in the South. He was used of the Lord in the Campmeeting in the Central District of the Assemblies of God, Sebring, Ohio, last summer.

We are also expecting Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pettenger, our missionaries from South Africa, to be with us at that time, and Mrs. Lulu Leader, who is again setting her face toward the Belgian Congo. Inspiring music will be rendered nightly. Services: Sundays, 11, 3 and 7:30. Every evening except Monday at 8 P.M.

Gospel Campaign

ONE OF THE most successful campaigns the Stone Church has ever had was that which closed on March 8th, Miss Mattie Howard, Evangelist. The meetings were scheduled for three weeks but continued on through the fourth with increasing interest and attendance.

The remarkable story of Miss Howard’s conversion, the tragic rehearsal of her seven years in prison, her deliverance from gangland thru the prayers of her mother and other godly women, aroused intense interest. The neighborhood, which had been thoroughly canvassed, came out to hear, and learned, some perhaps for the first time, that there were no depths too deep for the human soul to sink, which the grace of God could not reach. The church was crowded nightly and after the first two weeks our Sunday afternoon and evening services were held in the Baptist Church across the street, because of its more commodious quarters. A number of souls wept their way through to Calvary and the grace of God was magnified in our midst.

*I know my Lord is risen; for I find
 The heart that beat within that bleeding side
 Is beating still for ME, and all mankind,
 And so, I know He lives, tho once He died.*

Mary Magdalene

THE MORNING sun rose clear above the mist
 And peeping thru the leaves its warm rays kissed
 A brow as fair as lilies, eyes as bright
 As twinkling stars upon a winter's night.
 Thru tears they shone, with such an anguished stare,
 As opened wide her heart and showed it bare.
 Her mind went back thru joyous days, now past,
 When He, her new-found Savior, came and cast
 The seven devils out and set her free,
 And she, with raptured soul, had seen them flee.
 And then she'd seen Him hang upon the cross,
 And felt the heartbreak of a bitter loss;
 She'd wept beside His mother as they laid
 Him in the tomb, and she had stayed
 Until the soldiers came and sealed the tomb,
 And set a guard to watch there in the gloom.

And now—the empty tomb! The angels seemed
 To speak but idle tales, as if she dreamed.
 But hark! Was that a demon laughed just then?
 Would they return and bind her yet again?
 An awful fear was knocking at her heart.
 For madness surely now would be her part.
 With body tense and eyes fixed in a stare
 For an eternity, it seemed she waited there,
 And then there came a sound, far sweeter than
 The choicest music ever heard by man.
 The tone was soft and low but vibrant with
 The power and love which Christ alone can give:
 "Why weepest thou?" The question came quite low,
 But how her stricken, anguished heart did glow.

Hope leaped, sprung high, but stern discretion said,
 " 'Tis but the gardener, for your Lord is dead."
 With throbbing pulse and bated breath, she turned;
 With all the longing of her helplessness she yearned
 To own her Lord, but doubt arose and cast
 A blindness o'er her eyes, as in the past.
 "Where hast thou laid Him, sir? I'll take Him hence."
 Her voice seemed dead and cold, the darkness dense;
 Shrill demon laughter trembled on the air,
 And icy fingers reached to touch her there.
 She quivered in their fiendish grasp until
 She heard again His voice, so soft and still:
 He merely spoke her name, but all the power
 And glory of the resurrection hour
 Broke on her sight, and faith returned to greet
 Her risen Lord. She worshipped at His feet.

—*Laura Davies Holt*—



When Jesus Sang En route to the Cross

Sermon by Dr. Will H. Houghton

"And when they had sung an hymn they went out."



OME of us have had the privilege of spending Easter morning in the city of Jerusalem. I remember so well, when, with a little company of other believers, we gathered together in an upper room to have the breaking of bread. It was easy then to visualize yonder scene of the long ago, to see the twelve gathered there, to see Him take those things which represented the passover and to see them translated into terms of something entirely new as He instituted the Lord's Supper. And then after we had broken bread together we went out into the little narrow streets such as He no doubt traversed that day; we went over toward the site of the hill and there, in imagination, we lived over again the event of long ago. It was a high privilege indeed.

Was there ever an hour of greater apparent defeat than this! No one had ever talked so much and accomplished so little! He promised endless life but He Himself was to surrender *His* life and die, and here was a mere handful of frightened followers gathered around Him. Only *twelve* after the ministry of all those years—only twelve, and He had healed *ten* lepers on the road one day. Only twelve, when He had fed the five thousand in the multiplying of the loaves and fishes. Only twelve were left—and they were afraid. As we look at the little company gathered that day—oh the wonder of it—you hear a song, for it is written, "And when they had sung an hymn they went out." Christ singing!

He is presented in this book as the Man of sorrows, but, blessed be His Name, He must be a Man of song. Did you have the idea that the disciples would have sung without *Him*? Did you think the song would have originated with *them*? He was their Leader; they were there to hear what He had to say. They understood that the time of departure had come, for just a little while before He had said certain things to them as recorded in the 16th and 17th of John and had He not prayed for them in preparation for the time of His departure! No, the song did not originate with them. He was

Not Revised by Dr. Houghton

The day of preaching will some day pass over; there may be a day in which prayer will no longer be needed, for the necessity of petition will have passed. But—*song* will ever abide, for there is the Song of Redemption unto Him who hath loved us and hath loosed us from our sins.

to leave them. It was true He was to return to gather them to Himself, but now their Master was to be taken from them. Christ must have started the song.

Have you ever considered the place and value of song in our service of worship? There are few things in this service that will abide. The day of preaching will some day pass over. It may be that there will be a day in which prayer will no longer be needed when we are in the presence of God and the necessity for petition will have passed, but—singing will continue. Song will ever abide, for there is the Song of Redemption unto Him who hath loved us and loosed us from our sins.

Christ started the song—"And when they had sung an hymn they went out." But the disciples were singing too. The eleven now, for one—the one who was to betray Him—was gone, and the eleven are alone with Him, and they sing together. What a strange night this was in the experience of the disciples! They had seen His miracles, they understood Him as God in the flesh—but what a night of mingled feeling of devotion was this! Earlier they had witnessed the scene in which their Master had girded Himself with the towel to wash the disciples' feet, giving them, in picture, some indication of what their duty to one another should be. There was the revealing of the betrayer and their shame, for they must have hung their heads in shame as they saw Judas revealed. Then the breaking of the bread as He said, "This is My body which is broken for you," and now the shadow of the cross has fallen upon the scene. What a marvel that He could sing! for just ahead of Him was the fulfillment of the prophecy uttered by Isaiah in the long ago, "He is despised and rejected of men. A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. . . . But He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

And now the hour had come: Before Him lay the bloody sweat of Gethsemane! Just ahead of Him was the scourging, the mocking crowd, and the stripping! To His sensitive,

pure nature, the shame that He should be stripped in the presence of others! The hour of separation was just ahead when a Holy God would turn His face from the One who knew no sin and yet was made sin in our behalf; the hour in which the awful cry of agony was to be uttered was just ahead. It was all just ahead; He saw it all, He understood it all, but He sang as He faced it all, for, "*when they had sung an hymn they went out.*"

There is one expression given us which helps me to understand and somehow take it in. I remember that it is written that He, "for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." The shame of it all seemed insignificant to the joy of His conquest, the joy that He was to fulfill His Father's will, the joy in the realization of His will from all eternity when He had determined that He would one day become the sinner's Redeemer; the joy of anticipation as He looked ahead to the time when He would gather to Himself those who would believe on Him and trust in Him—for the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame.

There is a strange expression frequently used in the Gospels; the expression concerning "His hour." He used it first at the wedding at Cana in Galilee when He said, "Mine hour has not yet come," and as He approached the cross the expression is used several times. Now before the feast of the passover we hear Jesus saying, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified," and in the high priestly prayer He said, "My hour is come." What was the hour? Back in the council chambers of eternity the triune God planned redemption—a Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world; the ages waited for the realization of the divine plan. There was a period in human history in which sin was so black and guilt so deep that it was necessary for a holy God to visit judgment upon the human race. God judged the world by way of the flood, but that was not the "hour" of the Son of God.

Then there was a day when God called out a man, Abraham, and said, "I am going to give you children innumerable; I will give you a land," but when He started Abraham out in

search of that new land it was not His hour. There was a day, when the people were in bondage in Egypt, held there as slaves. And God said, "I am about to set you free." He delivered them by a miracle and preserved them in the wilderness by a miracle but that was not the hour of the Son of God.

There was a day when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will," and they welcomed to this earth the Son of God—God the eternal One who had become an infant. Antiquity had become infancy; the Father of the everlasting ages had become a Babe in arms—but not even *that* was the "hour" of the Son of God. It was only leading up to the hour. But Jesus said, "The hour is come." So this is the hour, the hour of His death. The hour toward which all the ages had pointed. You may glory in the life of Jesus Christ, and well you may, but far better to glory in the death of Christ. Other men were born to live—He was born to die. Now the *hour* was just ahead.

The corn of wheat dies in order that it might share its life with other corns of wheat, that it might reproduce itself in other grains of wheat. The mystery of that moment when Jesus took

the bread and said, "This is my body," and took the cup and said, "This is my blood"—the mystery is too deep for humans to understand, but I wonder if He didn't also say something like this, "You have lived with me, walked with me, and talked with me for three years. You have had the encouragement of my life and yet there must have been a great deal of discouragement out of my life too." I can imagine Him thinking something like this, "You must realize the uniqueness of my life, that no one else can possibly imitate. But now—now I am going to the cross and this life that was mine is to be broken up and distributed; it is to be made yours." Not only substitution but His life broken up so that it might be distributed and be ours today. His life for the taking. Hallelujah, what a Savior!

There are some practical lessons for our hearts: First, get in sight of the cross and be able to sing. The world has no permanent song but the Christian has. The song of the world

*Because
I live
ye shall
live also.*

John 14:19

is a frivolous thing. Song has been appropriated by the places of amusement, by the gay whose hearts are light only because they have refused to stop long enough to think. What does amusement mean? To muse means to cogitate, to think. But to *amuse* is to be without cogitation, to have thought taken from you—that is amusement. Is it possible that man, made in the image of God can surrender that power to think voluntarily? It doesn't seem possible. Yes, there is the song of the frivolous, but you must get in sight of the cross to really be able to sing. To the Christian it need not have been surprising when the announcement went out for the funeral of a certain unbeliever, that there "would be no singing." Of course not. You cannot sing when you stand by the grave of an atheist, of an agnostic. But you can sing when you stand by the grave of a believer. You have a right to sing then. Yes, get in sight of the cross to sing.

Apparent defeat may open the way to the greatest victory. Apparently this was defeat in the life of the Lord Jesus. Those who placed Him on the cruel tree said, "This is the end," but He said, "This is the beginning." Christ has for every believer a song of comfort. The Book of Psalms from which these Paschal hymns were taken was the comfort book for the children of ancient times and it is a comfort book for the people of God of all times. But the Book of Psalms is only the introduction to the song book of comfort. The entire New Testament tells us not only that God is identified with His ancient people but it tells us of a new identification of God to His people, for He says, "Lo, I am with you always."

There is also a song of courage. The message of the Lord Jesus Christ presented in the Gospel is crystalized into what we call Christianity. Christianity is a religion of tomorrow; it presents a better future; its golden age is not the age of the past, for it looks forward to a better age, the age when our Lord Himself will be here and we are gathered together with Him. Heaven is a glorious fact to those who believe in Jesus Christ. The Christian does not live in the memory of things that have occurred but in the hope of something in the future. In the light of that fact he has a song of courage.

A woman observed a little girl playing. She had noticed for some time that she always had a song on her lips. No matter what happened—

quarrels between the other children or trouble of any kind—this little girl always had a song. One day the woman called her, saying she would like to speak to her, and she said, "Margaret, you seem to be such a happy soul; you are always singing. Tell me about it."

"Well," she said, "I am a Christian and I *can* sing. I am a Christian and I *must* sing. You see things aren't very good at our house; daddy is out of work and mother is sick and the baby has the mumps and there is no one else to sing, so I *must*." Yes, there is a song of courage. Our Lord looked thousands of years beyond the cross to the time when He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Our hearts were saddened by the news of the tragic death of the son of our Dr. Hockman. Young Robert, a brilliant young physician, had made the second highest grade ever made; he had received flattering offers but had refused them and set his face towards Ethiopia because he believed God wanted him to carry the Gospel there. And suddenly the news came of what we call a tragic death from the human standpoint—the news of the sudden snuffing out of the young life. The news reached me early one Saturday morning and in a little while I was out in Wheaton in the home of our Dr. Hockman breaking to him the sad news. As he looked into my face, with a bit of mist in his eye, a tremble in his voice, the quiet smile and peace on his face evidenced the song in his heart as he said, "It is all right. We had hoped to take a journey to Africa in two years to see Robert. But now we may have to wait more than two years to see him, but we will see him again." Thank God for that realization! Those of ours who have died in the faith are not gone forever. Let me add a bit to that story which perhaps few know concerning the young widow of Robert Hockman who had gone to Egypt in order to welcome to this world their babe whom the father never saw. When the sad news reached her she cabled to the family just one message—Phil. 4:7, which reads, "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall garrison your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Thank God for the song. In the midst of today's perplexities and tragedies, thank God for a song—His song.

"*And when they had sung an hymn they went out.*"

Calvary --

God's Spelling of Love

Pastor N. P. Thomsen
In the Stone Church



THINK of God commending His love toward us! After looking down and seeing human frailty, our helplessness, our sinfulness, God says, "I commend my love to you. This is what you need." "Oh," you say, "that is a little far-fetched, making God a salesman!" Let me tell you, you have done nothing to try and sell yourself to God. If there has been any selling it has been on God's part, all along the way.

It was God who first drew near to Adam and called, "Adam, where art thou?" It has been God ever since who has stood outside the heart's door knocking for admittance; it is God who has presented Himself, made His recommendation and designed many ways to reveal Himself to His people: "This is My joy for you." So many times we read, He comes with His recommendation, His will, telling what would be for our best! It has been God that has been doing the recommending. We are saved because He recommended Himself to us. And we are glad for that commendation. That little word "commend" was very intriguing to me as I thought over it. What does it mean when it says, "He commends His love to us"? First of all, it means that He set together His love, He brought it all set together. If you want to know where He set it together, look at Calvary. You will see it all in One Person, Christ on the cross. I think He gathered it from the east and the west. I think He emptied heaven of love—all of love was gathered up in one Person, Christ Jesus, all set together before mankind. If you want to look at God's love, look at the cross. God set His love together. How? By Christ dying for sinners. There was only one way for Him to gather it all up at once and show it to us, and that was by sending Jesus to die for us. Ah, He died for us, and if you want to put a little emphasis on the "us" go back to the sixth verse. "In due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:6), those who were without God and without hope in the world. That is how God revealed His love; that is how He set it together. Another word for "commend" is *introduce*—God introduced His love to us by having Christ die for us.

But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. —Romans 8:5.

What a wonderful introduction to the love of God! What a beautiful way to introduce it! What a striking way, by having Christ on the cross. That is God's method of introduction. He says, "That is my introduction, my way of showing the love I have for you." We have heard of many striking ways of introducing folk, but this is the most extraordinary. I know of nothing that grips my heart more than the story of the cross and the realization that Christ is there as my representative, dying for me. If someone found out I was in debt about ten thousand dollars, and were to come and tell me that he loved me, at the same time presenting me a check to cover the amount, saying, "This is to prove I love you," I would believe him. And when the world stands and looks at the cross of Christ, and God says, "This is my introduction to you," the world ought to realize that He loves them to the utmost.

The word "commend" also carries the meaning of "exhibit" in the Greek. He not only wants to "set this love together," not only "introduces" it to us, but He wants to set it before us as an *exhibit* so that we may frequently look at it and be reminded that He loves us. It is His exhibition of His love. We might read it this way: "But God exhibited His love for us in that while we were sinners Christ died for us." Think of this exhibition! Those of us to whom the death of Christ on the cross means something, to whom it means life, and joy, and happiness, never look at that cross but something within us melts; our hearts are broken as we stand before the cross in view of all that He has done for us. If you are really saved you never can come to this exhibit without realizing that God loves you, and your heart is melted at this exhibition of His love, and you love Him in return. If it causes *you* an emotion, think of the emotion in the breast of God as He looks upon it!

Do you mean to say that God does not remember the cross? There is nothing He remembers more. That cross brings greater emotion to the heart of God than does the whole universe which He created. Some folk are moved with great emotion when they look at

the world and the solar system, and they are spending their lives trying to discover something new. God looks upon all these things placidly, but when it comes to the cross He is moved to the very heart. The world did not cost Him much to create; the universe didn't cost Him much. He spake and it came to pass. He said, "Let there be," and there was. That was all, but when it came to the cross of Calvary, He could not say, Let there be and there was. The cross cost Him anguish of heart; it cost Him separation from His dearest and best; it cost Him a taste of death; it cost Him suffering and pain. He set it on exhibit. It is there before Him, before us. He set it there that we might know that He loved us. And if the cross cannot tell us that God loves us there is nothing in the world that ever can. If the cross doesn't speak to you of God's love then I cannot; no one can. That was God's set purpose in exhibiting the cross, that it might exhibit the love of God.

There is another beautiful meaning to that Greek word translated here. It is, "to stand near." How beautiful! God stood near with His love—"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." While we were yet sinners God stood near with His love, in the person of Jesus Christ. He left heaven's glory in the Person of Jesus Christ. He drew near and stood alongside of sinful men. He stood near to us. Born in humility and poverty, as one of us, identified with man in every instance except in sin. He walked with man, knew his poverty, knew his awful condition. God drew near. Even when Christ was hanging on the cross, between heaven and earth, He was yet so near Christ could reach up and touch Him. That is how near the loving God stood when Christ died on Calvary. What happened that day was simply this: God standing near with His love, presented it to us: "This is my love toward you. This is how much I love you. I am letting Christ die for you." Looking at the cross you see God standing near with His love. God standing near! He came as near as He could. I marvel that He came so near. Our logic would never allow God to come so near if He were truly a holy God, and the Word of God says He is. Our logic would put Him away off into the

heavens, somewhere far beyond the bounds of the universe, out there where we could never touch Him. We were sinners, doing our best to get away from Him. Our logic would not bring Him near, but God broke down every barrier and came near in the form of sinful man. He came as near as He could without touching sin. Picture God planning every way to get near to man! Oh yes, He has been trying to show us that love, been trying to reveal it to us for ages.

The Word of God says, "If we sin, the wrath of God abides upon us," but did you notice how successfully He hid His wrath and began to show love to the first man? There is not a word of wrath, not a sound of anger in His message to Adam. Just a voice full of sadness, a voice that seemingly was filled with all the loneliness it could possibly contain: "Adam, where art thou? I have lost thee. I have longed to put my hand in yours again. I long to bring you back from that dividing line. If there is anything I can do to come over on that side with you, I will do it." And before He had left Adam and Eve He said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." He provided a way for them until it could finally be accomplished on Calvary.

That is the picture I'd like to have you see of God tonight! That love throbbing in His breast, commending itself to you—God recommending love, exhibiting love, introducing love, coming and "standing near" with love. Oh that we might see it!

Another meaning of the word is "approved." God approved His love to us. It is strange that man will disapprove what God approves of, but it is done so frequently. Man thinks he can better God's way. A lady told me recently that it all lay in correct thinking, that if we thought correctly everything would be lovely. The purpose of God originally was not to give us eternal life over yonder, but to give it to man here, so that he could live on and on. Man is always devising some other way but God's, endeavoring to climb up to heaven some other way, but Jesus said, "He that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber." God approving love. If you do not approve of that there is no help for you. That is the only prescription, the only

GOD'S SIDE OF THE CROSS

*When God surveys the wondrous cross
On which His own Beloved died,
His richest stores of heavenly grace
To sinners all are opened wide.*

cure, the only recommendation you will find God's name inscribed under. It is the love that was shown in Jesus Christ. Through Him He is commending His love to us. You will notice there is nothing else that God commends to us, for everything is included in this.

Why did God commend His love to us? If you were a salesman you would not go out into a farming district to try to sell potatoes. You would know they were growing them out there and you would be wasting time trying to sell potatoes to farmers. Just so it would be useless to go to an armless man and try to sell him a car. He would have no need of it. God commended His love to us because we were sinners. Without His love we were lost, and seeing our need He came near with His love. There is nothing we need more, although we think we do. We think we need food, clothing, and comforts, but above all these we need the love of Jesus Christ.

We have no message for the folk who are living their life thinking there is not a single thing wrong with them, but our message is to them that are lost. If we are sinners we are very fortunate. We have the privilege of coming to Jesus, and if we are wicked and vile we are doubly fortunate. It is the folk who have never done anything that we feel sorry for because He didn't come for those folk at all. He came to seek and to save *that which was lost*.

That is where every false religion breaks down. This is where they cannot span the gulf. Look at the founders of any of the cults! There is not a single one of them living today. Every one is dead. The story is told of a missionary in Turkey who met someone who was attacking the resurrection of Jesus Christ and seeking the way of life through Mohammed. She asked him, "When you come to the cross-roads and you want directions, and there happen to be two persons there, one dead and the other living, of whom do you ask directions?" He said, "Why, of course, we will ask the living one." "That is what I am doing," said the missionary, "and I am taking His directions. Your Mohammed is dead. My Christ is alive."

The Hindu expects incarnation, but not resurrection. None can bring us to the resurrection but Jesus Christ. He took another path,

and the path was down and down and down. People could not understand it. Finally He gave up His life on the cross. God revealed His love to us. They put Him in the grave, saying, "We have this Man sealed in the tomb and will hear no more from Him. Now we will break down His influence, and His miracles will soon be forgotten. The cross will overshadow it all." If He had not risen, it would have been "all." Already, on the third day, His disciples who had not heard of His resurrection, said, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done." His miracles, His witnessing were all lost and engulfed in the tragedy of the cross. Why did God let it happen? He wanted to reveal His love. And oh! the third morning someone was sent from heaven to roll away the stone. On the surface one might think the angel rolled away the stone to let the Lord Jesus out of the tomb, but not so. He who could walk through closed doors and through buildings was out of the tomb long before the stone was rolled away. But the disciples never knew that the tomb was empty until the angel rolled away the stone.

Since God exhibited such tremendous love for us what do we owe to Him? Let me tell you that you are surely deceiving yourself if you think you owe something to yourself. You do not owe anything to yourself. You are deceiving yourself if you think you are your own property and can do as you please with yourself. You have just usurped authority over God's property. That is all. It is not yours and if you give it over into the hands of the devil you have become a thief and are liable to punishment. You are "bought with a price." Christ paid the price on Calvary, and you are His.

We are not even honest if we are not wholly the Lord's. If we are walking in paths of sin and refusing to give Him what He asks of us we are not fair. We are thieves when we take what does not belong to us. God will hold us responsible for appropriating what belongs to Him. He will call us to account. He has a right to ask for an accounting of His property. What will we say to Him? May He help us

(Continued on page 20)

OUR SIDE OF THE CROSS

*When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.*

The Word of God

Arrests Bandits



AVE you ever been compelled to look down into the muzzle of a gun or been brought face to face with the possibility of instant death? The experience here related is in no wise intended to glorify man, but is simply to add to already abundant proof a witness to the fact that the Lord God who wrought such mighty deeds through Moses, David, Daniel, and Elijah, is just the same today.

Many times in the past I have heard the old maxim, "Truth is stranger than fiction," but never quite understood its full significance until one Saturday night, the 17th of January, 1931, when God led me through a strange yet glorious experience.

I attended a meeting of the North Shore Fishermen's Club and listened to a most remarkable testimony stating how God had regenerated a man's life which for years had been wrecked and ruined by the awful ravages of crime, booze, dope, and sin of every description, and how He had built it up so that after fifteen years of consecrated and consistent service this man stands today a living testimony to the grace of God. This caused me to reason as follows:

If our blessed Lord and Savior can do that with a body well nigh a total physical, mental, and moral wreck, what could He not do with an able bodied man whose will was consecrated and surrendered to His service? This verse flashed across my mind, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," and voicing the innermost desire of my appreciative heart for all His benefits, I said, "Lord, here am I, show me what you would have ME to do." God took me at my word and sooner than I expected there came an opportunity to witness for Him who loved me and gave Himself for me.

Thinking over the events of the evening, I sauntered down Kenmore Avenue and proceeded to start my car, but discovered that the gas tank was empty. I stepped over to a near-by garage, secured two gallons of gas, poured it into the tank and again tried to start the motor. This time it responded with its usual purr, but

before I could close the door the muzzle of a revolver intruded itself upon my ribs with a man at the other end of it, who exclaimed none too gently, "It's a stick-up. Get over on the other side; I can drive this car."

Upon complying with his order I found myself in front of another menacing weapon manned from the rear seat by its owner who proceeded to inform me that they only wanted my money and my car and would let me out down the road, but warned me very explicitly that they would stand for no "monkey business" inasmuch as they would rather kill ten men than go to jail once. In accordance with the request from my "back seat driver," I tossed over my wallet, the contents of which seemed so to please his fancy that he began to wax chummy.

"You have a pretty nice car here. Got any money in the bank?" was his next remark. "Why yes," I replied, "I might have a couple of dollars but I'm not at all disturbed about your taking this money, neither am I concerned about the possibility of your bumping me off into eternity because I am a Christian. I belong to the Lord and I know that if I am absent from this body I will be present with the Lord for all eternity, but the thing which grieves me is the fact that both of you boys have souls which would be pitched into an endless and everlasting hell if you were suddenly called to meet your Maker, and God says in His Word, 'Sinners are like raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.'"

After painting as black a picture of God's wrath as I could recall from His Word I waited a moment, expecting to be kidded about the Sunday School "line" or feel his indignation heaped upon my head through the butt of his gun, but under the stress of emotion I had forgotten God's eternal and unchangeable promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," and to my surprise this was his reply:

"You know, I never had anyone talk to me this way, and I'll confess to you that you make me feel ashamed of myself, but I am not in this racket for pleasure. I have a mother to support and times are tough. What's a fellow going to do—starve?"

Encouraged by the way in which the Word was working I continued, "Yes, I can see your side of it, but suppose you were able to hold up some one and get a million dollars, you would have to go to hell just the same. Then suppose that by some means you were able to gain the

whole world, and in the end lost your soul, the Word of God says it would profit you nothing. Listen, brother, I believe as firmly as I believe you're in the back seat that 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' for He says so. I don't know just why He permitted this experience to come to a child of His, but I rather imagine that He brought it about for your benefit, that you might hear the word of Life and learn how to get out of this damnable business and get into Christ, who can and will supply your every need and take you home to Heaven for all eternity."

He was silent for a moment, and then replied, "I believe you're right about that. I would like to get a job and go straight and I'd pay you this money back, buddy. Do you think that they would help us up there at that church where you come from?" I told them that our church was located at the corner of Sheridan Road and Wilson Avenue, where the large electric sign on the tower blazed out the fact that 'Christ died for our sins,' and informed them that inasmuch as the church spent eight or nine hundred dollars a month for the poor and unfortunate I felt sure that they would be glad to help them get back on their feet again.

"Well, buddy," he replied, "we're going to give you a break—we're going to let you keep your car, but what are you going to do when we beat it—send the dicks after us?"

I said, "Boys, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will both promise to read these tracts I am going to give you and come up to the North Shore Church tomorrow night at eight o'clock to hear more of this wonderful gospel I'll promise to go straight home without squealing and, what's more, I'll ask every Christian friend I can to pray for you fellows that you will get no rest or peace until you have accepted Christ as your Savior."

"Shake, buddy," he said. "I'm taking a whale of a chance but I'll make good on that promise if it's the last thing I ever do." And with that he pulled out his roll of bills and offered me a five dollar bill to get home on. I refused it, saying:

"You may need it worse than I do. If you will give me a dollar to buy gas, we'll part as friends."

For twenty or thirty minutes our self-appointed chauffeur had been driving us up one street and down another, apparently for no other reason than to give me an opportunity to unfold the Word of Life, but finally he pulled

up to the curb on Clarendon Avenue, and both men stood outside the car listening to the Gospel for five or ten minutes. The chap who had been driving appeared very nervous and suspicious and warned his friend that they were taking too much of a chance standing on the street with guns in their pockets listening to me, but his friend replied:

"I think this guy is a square shooter. If he goes back on his promise I'd feel like burning every church in Chicago."

With further apologies they both shook my hand with genuine fervor and disappeared again into their night of sin. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I had not just awakened from a terrible nightmare, and said aloud, "Praise God, the days of miracles are still with us!"

How marvelous, I thought, that in the short space of twenty or thirty minutes the mighty power of God's Word was able to melt the wicked hearts of potential murderers and cause them to apologize for the robbery, permit me to keep the car, return a portion of the spoils, and depart as if I were some Utopian benefactor or a long lost friend. Truly, "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the *power of God*."

After the men had departed I drove back to the garage to return the borrowed gas can and told the night attendant this story in detail, and God so moved upon his heart that I had the great joy of leading him to Christ, "whom to know is life eternal."

I was unable to be at church the following Sunday evening on account of an attack of the "flu" but two men were there who filled their description perfectly, and I have no doubt God will eventually save their souls.

The experiences of the evening caused me to meditate upon the life that is ours in Christ (Gal. 2:20), and I sought anew how best this life in me could be used to honor and glorify Him. I realized how important it was to hide away His Word in my heart, "against the hour of need," when it could be used to show its power in revealing Christ. Then, too, I saw clearly the value and importance of having a few prayerfully and carefully selected tracts with which to follow up the spoken Word.

My heart rejoiced when, by His grace with my faith stayed on Him, without fear of the snares of men, I had seen Him exercise His power. Men hardened in sin depending upon

(Continued on page 21)

EARLY IN THE YEAR of 1907, two Christian women, filled with the Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4, and a burning zeal to tell others of their wonderful experiences with God, came to Cincinnati from a distant city and found a small group of earnest Christians who were walking in all the light they had. With the coming of these two sisters, these believers heard for the first time of the Pentecostal blessing and they, too, began tarrying before the Lord for His great infilling and thus the Christian Assembly, Pentecostal, came into existence in the city of Cincinnati. The Lord did not disappoint these earnest hearts but met them and confirmed His Word.



O. E. Nash, Pastor

From the very beginning the vision of the Assembly becoming a lighthouse from which the rays of the Gospel message should penetrate into the regions round about, stimulated every heart. They believed if they, the members forming the nucleus of this work, remained steadfast and true to their Pentecostal testimony, that God would honor their faithfulness and cause the work to grow. Trials did not discourage them and though they did not always have a full-time pastor, members of their own group served as leaders and finally their decision was made; they would meet once a week, tarry before the Lord, make their wants and petitions known before Him and surely He who never turned the hungry away empty, would send them a shepherd, one of His own choosing, to feed them spiritually.

Many miles away in the city of Milwaukee, Wisc., two consecrated souls laboring in the vineyard of the Lord were preaching the unsearchable riches of the Lord Jesus Christ. God was blessing their efforts, souls were being saved, believers baptized with the Holy Spirit and sick bodies healed. Their hearts were filled with praise and thanksgiving to God because of His blessing upon them and the souls to

whom they ministered. Seemingly in the midst of their joy and the outpouring of God's Spirit, a fellow-minister contacted them and rehearsed to them the struggles of a little band of Christians in the distant city of Cincinnati and how for a year and a half they had been waiting upon the Lord, beseeching Him to send them a pastor and how much a visit would be appreciated. Consequently, because of their deep desire to witness for their Lord, and their willingness to encourage the children of the King, Brother and Sister O. E. Nash went to Cincinnati for a brief ministry. At the very first meeting God spoke into the hearts of this little congregation that He had not been unmindful of their cries and that now the desires of their hearts should be granted. As one man, the congregation requested that



Mrs. O. E. Nash, Associate Pastor

Brother and Sister Nash accept the pastorate. They, however, felt quite reluctant to accept the leadings of this people as a call from God. Had He not given them a field in which to labor? Was He not blessing their efforts? Many questions arose in their minds but with a promise that they would pray about it, they returned to their native city.

During a time of quiet waiting upon the Lord, God spoke directly into their hearts with that still small voice, saying, "I want you in Cincinnati." Though torn between their desire to continue on in Milwaukee and to be obedient to their God, as soon as home responsibilities could be adjusted, they left for their new field of duty, arriving in Cincinnati November 4, 1927.

The hand of the Lord was peculiarly upon the work from the very beginning of their coming and though the first Sun-



Miss Elsie Nash

The Get Ac

Conducted by

Presenting the story of the
O. E. Nash

day School report showed a total attendance of only 39, their hearts were not discouraged. They found a people who had a "mind to work" and soon new faces were seen in the congregation and again the Lord honored His Word.

Lives were transformed, believers were baptized with the Holy Ghost and many marvelous healings took place.

In February, 1928, Miss Elsie Nash, who was an active minister in a Chicago church, came to be with her parents and to assist

in the work in all its phases. She began seeking out young people; heretofore only the older ones attended the church services. The numbers continued to increase and the visions of long ago were renewed, branch assemblies were opened, not only in near-by communities but also across the river in the State of Kentucky. Out of the group of young people in the Home Assembly, God definitely laid His hand upon His chosen ones and they were sent out to establish the branches and to take up their duties as pastors.

In the fall of 1929, the Kentucky Mountain Missionary work presented itself. As the Lord opened these doors, they were entered and the Assembly cooperated with the pastors in all these efforts. The Kentucky Mountain Missionary work has attracted a great deal of attention and the Assemblies of God (Headquarters at Springfield, Mo.), have taken special interest, as well as other independent Pentecostal groups and other denominational churches who have assisted in the support of the work in this needy field. At the time of the General Council meeting of the Assemblies of God at Dallas, Texas, September, 1935, there were 75 missionaries from sixteen different States, working in seven counties of the Mountains of Kentucky. It was decided by the General

Presbytery at that time that the State of Kentucky should be made a District by itself and that Pastor O. E. Nash should be recommended as its first District Superintendent. A council meeting was called for October 28 at Raceland, Ky., Brother E. S. Williams, General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God being present. At that time the new District was formed and Brother Nash was unanimously elected as the first District Superintendent for a period of two years, still continuing as the pastor of the Christian Assembly at Cincinnati.

Not only has the Lord blessed the Assembly in its home missionary program but also in its foreign missionary efforts. They have their own missionaries on the field besides contributing to the support of a number of others.

Since the coming of Brother and Sister Nash to Cincinnati, each year has shown a steady increase in the local work. Every department of the Church expanded to such an extent that it became necessary to search for a more suitable building. A structure in the down-town



Interior of the Christian Assembly. A scene during the recent campaign. This picture does not show the balconies. Overflow services were conducted Sundays.

section was located with a large auditorium on the first floor and apartments on the second and third floors. The auditorium was leased and they felt their needs were adequately met for some time so far as a building was concerned. However, after a few months they found it necessary, because of the increased numbers attending, to take over two apartments on the second floor to accommodate the Sunday School and also to be used in Junior Church work. Balconies were installed in the main auditorium and at the present time plans are

(Continued on page 21)

Printed Page

on Argue

Assembly, Cincinnati, O.
istor.

When the Fisherman and the Scholar Visited Hallowed Scenes

James E. McGinlay in the great Coliseum Christian Rally



HAVE often wondered how it was that two men, so diametrically opposed in many ways, should have sufficient in common to permit such a blessed time of fellowship as Peter and Paul enjoyed together. What a surprise it must have been to Peter to hear of Saul's conversion!

Saul was the avowed enemy of the struggling Christian church and nothing that Peter had heard concerning Saul of Tarsus was in his favor; it was all of a derogatory nature. I have often wondered how Peter felt that night when he heard the knocking at the door of his little home. He opened it, and for the first time in his life he was face to face with Saul of Tarsus. Think of it! Peter, an illiterate, uncouth, unkempt fisherman; Saul, a scholar of note who had sat at the feet of one of the great teachers of his day. But these two men of such varied natures had had such an experience of the saving grace of God that they could look each other in the eyes and shake each other's hand. Peter no doubt said, "Come right in."

I like to think of them that night as they sat together. Paul said, "Peter, I am anxious to hear about Jesus"; and Peter said, "And I am anxious to talk about Him," and without any further encouragement he began: "You know, Paul, Jesus is a wonderful Savior! I loved Him from the day I left my fishing smack and my nets by the sea-shore. But you know, I never was positively sure concerning Him, and neither were the rest of the company, until one day on the Coast of Cesarea Philippi, when He said to us, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?' Some of them said Jeremiah and others Elijah, but Paul, He looked me straight between the eyes and said, 'Whom do you say that I am?' and something came into my soul that day that I never forgot. In fact, it was so wonderful that Jesus Himself said that I had received a revelation direct from heaven, as I answered Him, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'"

Men and women, as I look over this vast audience and realize that God only knows how many nationalities are represented — English, Russian, Scotch, Swedish, Danish, German, Irish, and many others—I venture to say that if we had come together to discuss our national characteristics or to discuss politics, the meeting

would end up in a row, but instead of that we are gathered together and enjoying sweet fellowship because the majority of us have discovered that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God. That is what breaks down the barriers and enables us to stand together in sweet fellowship. Some of you are educated, some illiterate, some good, some bad, and yet we have each had a special revelation from heaven itself, that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God.

But let us go back to the scene in Peter's home. After Peter had talked for a long time Paul said, "Now do let me get a word in. I tell you, Peter, that that day at Cesarea Philippi was no more wonderful to you than the day I had on the Damascus Road. I had the parchment in my pocket, giving me permission to do as I wanted with the Christians, but about twelve o'clock I was smitten to the ground and I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Saul! Saul!' and I said, 'Who art Thou?' and the answer came, 'Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' I learned that day that what I needed was a good experience of salvation. I tell you, I saw more after I was blinded than I had ever seen before." And so the fisherman and the scholar broke down the barriers because they both believed in Jesus Christ as Lord.

I am thrilled tonight and must confess that my pessimism is being shaken and I feel that something can yet be done if we stand together on this glorious foundation of truth and let a godless world know that we have met a living Christ.

But Paul said, "Peter, we must not be sitting up all night for I have a busy day ahead of me." So perhaps they had a cup of tea together and retired. The next morning Paul was early astir and said, "Peter, let us go," and I see them as they walk down the street together. Peter asks, "Whither are we bound?" and Paul says, "I will show you." At last they stopped and Paul said, "Peter, this is the place where I held the coats of that crowd that stoned Stephen to death, and oh, Peter, my heart is breaking as I think of it! To think that I should ever have been guilty of such an atrocity! To think that I persecuted a servant of the Christ whom I now love!" And he began to weep, but Peter tried to comfort him by saying, "Don't you

know that He has forgiven you?" and Paul said, "Yes, I do know I am forgiven."

I cannot but remember with sadness the years I hated Christians, how I blasphemed His Name and yet, how eleven years ago, for the first time in my life, I entered the house of God and was saved. I know of nothing that humbles us and brings us nearer to God, than to remember the pit from whence we were digged. This old world needs many things tonight but let me tell you what we as Christians need—it is mercy. Every man and woman here ought to thank God that he or she has not treated friends as we have treated our Savior, for if we had we would have no friends. Aren't you glad that Jesus is such a wonderful Savior?

Finally Peter said, "Come with me," and I know where they went next. To the judgment hall! Sure enough, there was the same stone and then Peter began to weep.

Paul said, "What is wrong?"

"Oh," said Peter, "That is where I warmed my hands at the enemy's fire on that awful last night when the Lover of my soul was on trial. And in the hour of His crisis, in the hour when He needed me, I, like a miserable coward, denied that I ever knew Him."

Let us come to that stone tonight and bow our heads and ask God to forgive us for our cowardice. We have often denied Him by our conduct, by our silence. It is easy to be bold at a service like this, but how about tomorrow, at the office, in the school? Will you then tell men and women that you believe in Jesus Christ?

"Oh," said Peter, "the thought of that night breaks my heart. I never did see Jesus alive again after that but after He arose from the dead He sent a message to the disciples that He had risen and He put on a special postscript, 'And tell Peter.'" Paul said, "That is just like Jesus." Peter continued, "When I learned that He had really forgiven me and had made special mention of me in that post-resurrection message, I loved Him more than ever."

Friends, the thing that makes me love Jesus more than ever is that I was such a wretch, such a poor, miserable sinner and yet He was so wonderful to me. There is no friend like Jesus.

But another day the two went together to Gethsemane and as they crossed the brook,

Kedron, Peter pointed to the olive branches under which the Savior had prayed and he said, "Paul, think of it! While He was sweating drops of blood for us, we were asleep, and He came back to us thrice and said, 'Can ye not watch with me one hour?' We told Him we would serve Him and I even said I would die for Him, but we couldn't watch with Him one hour."

I wonder how many here spend an hour alone with Him during the day. I am convinced that nothing but the grace of God keeps us out of hell for our lethargy in this matter of prayer.

I see them as they stand together at Calvary and Paul says to Peter, "Peter, do you know anything about the moral theory of the cross?" Peter said, "What is that?"

"Well," said Paul, "they have a new theory now about the cross." But Peter said, "I know nothing about a theory. If you want the truth about Calvary I will tell you all that I saw. I was actually there when He died. I followed Him afar off. I heard Him cry, '*Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabactani,*' which is to say, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Paul, as far as I am concerned the only meaning of Calvary is that Jesus Christ died for our sins."

He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. I say, friends, that every religion that excludes *that*, is from the pit of hell. This world wants no theoretical Calvary; it wants no mere application of spiritual truth; this world needs to hear that Jesus Christ poured out His life's blood to save men and women from hell. The pathetic tragedy of Christendom is that we are all going to heaven in little groups while the Modernists are pulling together and we quibble about little things when the world is dying without God and without hope.

I can see these two men going on to the tomb—not two angels, but two sinners, saved by grace. I can hear Paul saying, "Peter, what do you know about the resurrection?"

"Why, I know that Christ arose. Why?"

"Well," said Paul, "they are telling us that the resurrection of Jesus just referred to His spirit, that His spirit only is still alive."

"Don't you believe it," said Peter. "I don't," said Paul, "but I just wanted to hear what you had to say about it." So Peter led him over a

LUTHER SAYS:

===== The great stone at the mouth of Christ's sepulchre spiritually signifies the law and the human traditions whereby the consciences are bound and snared. If it is not rolled away from the heart, the risen Christ cannot be found.

bit nearer to the tomb. "Paul, I saw the grave clothes that were around His body and I saw the napkin neatly folded. And I saw the empty tomb."

I used to ask preachers, "Do you believe in the resurrection of Jesus?" But I don't put it that way now. I say, "Do you believe that Joseph's tomb was empty on the third day?" You catch them every time, for many do not believe today that Jesus rose bodily from the grave. But,

"Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus, my Savior.
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord.
Up from the grave He arose"—

Hallelujah, He arose and He is alive tonight.

Before their sweet fellowship was ended they two went to the Mount of Olives and Paul said, "What happened here?"

"He gave us our marching orders here and then while He was yet speaking we saw His form leaving the earth. Yes, we saw the very soles of His feet as He rose higher and higher and—we saw the nail prints in them."

Some people tell us that between the time of the resurrection and His ascension He got another body, but I believe we shall know Him by the print of the nails in His hands and in His feet. He went up into heaven with that resurrection body.

Peter said, "While we were gazing up into heaven we heard an angel saying, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? Know ye not that this same Jesus shall

so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go?'"

Paul said, "Do you believe in the second coming, Peter?"

"I certainly do." "But they tell us now that when a dear old lady gives a sack of potatoes to a poor person that *that* is the second coming of the Lord."

Peter said, "Don't you believe it."

Yes, people even tell us that when the 18th amendment went into effect that *that* was the coming of the Lord. But we are told that this same Jesus whom they saw go up into heaven shall come again in like manner, and we believe that He is coming again in just that way.

The holiday was over. I like to think of them on that last night as Paul was getting ready to leave and he said to Peter, "What are you planning to do now?"

Peter said, "I am going to give my whole life to Christ and if necessary, I will be glad to die for Him."

Paul said, "Have you any money, Peter?"

Peter said, "No. I gave up my fishing smacks and my nets which were my only means of livelihood. But I do not regret that and I can trust Him."

And so they parted. Peter went to Cesarea and he never did stop preaching. The power of the Holy Ghost fell and thousands cried out for salvation. Paul went to Celicia. Peter was crucified and Paul was beheaded and these two sinners, saved by grace, are now walking the golden streets with the blessed Christ in their midst.

HE WAS not a dead King who commanded the intrepid saints of the early church, who led them out on the most sublime adventures of human experience. He was not a dead King who lit the signal fires of the Pentecostal upper room; who held the gaze of Stephen, when, through the showering stones that first Christian martyr lifted his dying eyes to the opening heavens and claimed forgiveness for his murderers. He was not a dead King who took command of Saul of Tarsus, blinded him with lightnings and then thrust him forth to compass the earth with the truths of redemption.

He was not a dead King who went before the cross of Augustine, who tamed the fires for Savanarola, who eased the waves that washed the decks of the *Mayflower*. He was not a dead King who opened up the wilderness before the circuit rider and gave to the first missionaries the islands of the sea for an inheritance.

Jesus Christ is *not* a dead King. In spite of time and change, with all the ardour of those years when faith first came to build an altar in my heart, I answer all my doubts and silence all my fears with, "He is risen!"

He is the Living Lord!

—D. A. Poling.

Sanctification

As Set Forth in the Word of God

Wm. I. Evans
Dean of Central Bible Institute

*"Oh, let me live as if Christ died
But yestertide—
And I had seen and touched His pierced side;
I would rejoice as one who knows
How soon He rose
To tread beneath His feet our unseen foes,
And I would work as if heaven bright
Were not in sight!
What if tomorrow bring that great delight!"*

(Concluded from February Evangel)



IN HEBREWS, chapter 10, beginning with the 19th verse, we read, "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." That is the work of the Blood. If you get defilement on your heart you can work and put forth every effort but you will never be able to cleanse the sin from your heart; only the Blood can do that. "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." Some people believe this to be water baptism but it is not, because you never can be sure that the water in which you are baptized is pure. The Jordan was not pure where the folk in that day received water baptism, and in our practice now, usually in tanks, we have no guarantee that that water is pure. By the widest stretch of imagination it might be pure when the first candidate goes in to be baptized, but after that—! He is talking about the Word.

Turn to Eph. 5:25. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." Jesus said to His disciples, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (John 15:3). And when He prayed for them He said, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth" (John 17:17).

It is taking heed to our ways according to the Word, it is that phase of sanctification wherein lies human responsibility. Being sanctified daily—and again. Is this not more continuous than progressive? If you walk in the light of the Word and keep yourself free from the defilements round about you, you are clean, you are sanctified by the Word. The Blood has sanctified your heart, you have been sprin-

kled from an evil conscience, and your body is washed with pure water by the Word.

Our minds are liable to receive suggestions of evil at any time, day or night; in a moment of holiest occupation evil thoughts may present themselves. The devil will say they came out of the heart, but the devil is a liar. The thing never came from the heart, and if I have the Word of God there I can keep it out of my head even; I can refuse to let it lodge there. But if I am not walking in the Spirit, if I am not fortified by the Word of God, I am liable to entertain that thought, and if I entertain it in my mind it will defile my heart. That heart that was cleansed and sanctified by the blood becomes defiled. Then the devil says, "That's the best you can do. Just go along the best you can." He wants me to go along carrying a defiled heart, living an unsanctified life.

But the Word of God says, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and availing myself of the promises I experience cleansing, then take up my way again. I have learned a lesson. I say, "O God, give me a greater love for Thy Word, help me to keep filled with it; may I live in the Word."

Satan is no respecter of persons: he will strike anywhere. He will put something in front of your eyes in order to defile your heart through your thoughts. He will bring something to the attention of your ear that makes a suggestion to your mind seeking to defile your heart. (Sometimes you can get heart defilement over the radio.) But our business is to keep so filled with the Word of God that we are fortified against the approach of sin from without.

Let us turn to Col. 3:1. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection (the margin says *mind*) on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall ap-

pear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth."

But you say, "'Mortify' means to put to death. That is dying daily, as surely as you live!"

No, "mortify" does mean put to death, but the Word does not tell us to kill sin in the heart, does it? What does it tell us? "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth," and it specifies the sins of which the members are capable. It is the same thing as the washing of the water by the Word. Our bodies are washed in pure water by applying the Word of God to those members. You are to put sin to death before it ever gets inside, for if it gets inside it will defile you. Your business is to keep it from engaging those members, by the application of the Word through the power of the Holy Spirit. If you do not believe that is true, read Rom. 8:13, "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." There it is. In Colossians it is "members," here it is the "deeds" of which the members are capable. Put to death those, and ye shall live.

In the 3rd chapter of Colossians where that exhortation is given, it is just as in the 6th chapter of Romans, on the basis that the old life has been put away. In the 8th verse, "But now ye also put off," the tense of "put off" is past, just as the tense of "put on" in the 10th verse is past: "And have put on the new man." Because you have come to the cross, because through faith in your crucified Lord you have died and risen again in newness of life, you have put off the old man; therefore just shake off these things that would attach themselves to you, keep the Word of God so upon your life in your daily walk that these things cannot attach themselves to you.

Satan came to Jesus and said to himself, presumably: "I see a weak place in His armor. At that weak point I think my arrow of temptation will get in." He drew his bow, sped his arrow, and Jesus said, "It is written." The devil said, "He withstood me there, but I think I see another weak point." Again he drew his bow and the arrow sped. Again Jesus said, "It is written." "Taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Oh, the devil is on the outside! He wants to get sin in, he is trying to get it in. The fact that you are sanctified through the blood of Jesus and that your heart is cleansed from sin,

does not guarantee that the devil cannot inject sin into your heart. If you become careless and cease to walk daily and momentarily in the Spirit, then he will find an entrance for sin. Once more Satan said, "I see another weak point where there is a possibility of my gaining entrance." This time he drew the bow more taut. "This is the word of God," he said. But Jesus was ready—"It is written—written."

Sanctification by the Word is the exercise of men and women applying the Word in their daily walk and life so that the defilement along the dusty highway gets washed off before it ever can enter the purified heart. There is a way to illustrate this very simply. Here is a fortress on a slight eminence. In time of war it is guarded by a few soldiers and a heroic officer. The men are at the guns at every point of vantage. The enemy is outside, at the foot of the hill. The enemy is seeking every opportunity to get into the fortress to control, but the commanding officer walks up and down behind his men at the guns encouraging and cheering them. He is saying, "They are not going to get in, boys. Mow them down every time they try to ascend that rise." And they hold the fort. They keep the enemy outside. But suppose, in the silence and darkness of the midnight hour, one of the soldiers in that fortress sends out a shrill cry, "The enemy is on the inside! The enemy is on the inside!" They rise up in confusion and consternation. Their only hope is to surrender to the enemy, with the desire to save their own lives. That is all. It makes a tremendous difference whether the enemy is on the inside or on the outside, and I believe my Bible teaches me that the enemy of a sanctified child of God is on the outside. If you prefer to believe that you carry the enemy around with you all the time on the inside, I would like to persuade you differently. If you insist that you carry sin with you on the inside and have the fight on the inside, I pity you.

You will notice that practically all I have said so far, pertaining to sanctification, is preponderantly negative. It has to do with putting away sin, separation from sin, and I believe that is where the emphasis is intended to be laid in the Scripture, upon the truth of sanctification. We are earthly creatures, we are in a world of sin, and sanctification to us in such an environment is almost entirely a matter of keeping separated from sin, keeping defilement away, keeping it out of our heads, out of our eyes, out of our ears, off from our hands. Oh, it will

spring right up and seek through every one of these avenues to gain entrance! but thank God, through the Holy Ghost and the Word of God, if we walk day by day with the Lord, it is possible to keep defilement on the outside.

In 1 Thess. 3: 12, 13 we read, "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you: to the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints." And then beginning with the 4th chapter, "Furthermore then we beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more. For ye know what commandments we gave you by the Lord Jesus. For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from. . ." There we are, right back to it: keep defilement away, keep it out, put it to death, put the Word of God upon it in the power of the Spirit as you walk humbly with the Lord day by day; abstain from every defiling, polluting, contaminating thing. But we notice here a positive factor. It is a quality of spiritual life, which serves as an assistant in the matter of sanctification. This scripture says, "Keep full of the love of God, keep occupied in the exercise of that love, increase and abound in it more and more, so that when Jesus comes you will be unblameable in holiness." Now this exercise in love—what is it? It does not mean just receiving the love of God so you are blessed until you are almost overcome. No. It means, let the love of God, in its pure unselfish urgent efforts to serve and bless others, pour itself through you outwardly; keep so busy manifesting the love of God in service to your fellow men, that it will be a tremendous help in keeping evil and contamination away from you.

The great Scotch preacher, Thos. Chalmers, was riding along on a stagecoach, beside the driver. As they came to a very narrow pass in the road where there was a precipitous drop on the right, the coachman deliberately drew back his long whip and cracked the right horse on the flank. Dr. Chalmers said, "My good man, why did you strike him at such a dangerous pass in the road?" The coachman smiled. He said, "I'll tell you. That horse is inclined to get nervous when we pass along that dangerous edge, so when we get there I give him a crack

with the whip to provide him something else to think about."

Dr. Chalmers went home to his study and to the word. He began to think more and more about it. Cracking the horse with the whip gave him something else to think about, so he would not be occupied with the danger on the roadside. As the result of his meditations he wrote one of the greatest sermons—perhaps the greatest sermon he ever preached—and this is what he called it: "The expulsive power of a new affection." That is what Paul is talking about here. Keep so occupied in demonstrating the love of God, work so hard at it, that you are not giving the devil time to reason with you about this temptation and that.

When Nehemiah was building the wall the enemy came near and said, "Nehemiah, we would like to have a conference with you. We want to talk something over with you. We are serious. We have something important to discuss with you." Nehemiah replied, "We are so busy in our important work that we have not time to come down." This member, my mind, may be the avenue of approach for evil, for defilement of my cleansed heart, but if I can keep this mind so occupied with an endeavor to minister the love of God to others, well, maybe if I work hard enough at it I can keep my mind full of the love of God. It is idle minds that the devil can fill. These eyes of mine constitute avenues of approach for evil to enter and defile my heart. It is possible for me to keep my eyes so occupied in the things of God, that the devil does not have so much opportunity. He will try. The harder we fight, the harder he will fight. There is no doubt about it. But there is something thrilling about putting up a fight when you know God is on your side and is going to see you through.

My ears may be the avenues of approach for the entrance of sin to defile my heart; but I can live so in the light of God's Spirit helping me day by day, that my ears are employed altogether for God. And so with the other members; they are possible avenues of approach from without. But thank God, we can be filled with the Holy Ghost; we can walk in the light; we can keep filled with His Word, filled with loving activity and ministry to others.

Frequently on the public highway, because of reconstruction work going on, automobile traffic is permitted only in one-way lanes. Traffic in the opposite direction cannot begin to move

(Continued on page 20)

The Risen Lord

IN A CEMETERY at Hanover, Germany, there was once the tomb of a woman who feared for the safety of her body after death, and who gave directions that her burial place should never be opened. When her body had been placed in the tomb, great slabs of stone were cemented together over the opening; outside of these were bands of steel, and the whole was given the inscription, "This tomb shall never be opened." But, in the fulness of time, a tiny seed fell into a crack between the stones and, finding there moisture and a bit of earth, it began to grow. After a while, by the process of nature, this seed separated the stones until the tomb itself, which had been made so secure, was opened.

Likewise, when Christ's body was placed in the tomb, it was sealed with the authority of the Roman Empire, and a guard was set over it; but all this proved of no avail. The seed of life which was locked in the tomb was stronger than the armed guard; it was stronger than the seal of the most powerful empire in the world. A new life came forth to rend the tomb and to strike the guard dumb. We can hear Christ say, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Life immortal the Lord did bring
From the seed that fell in an open tomb.

A missionary who was preaching in northern India was once challenged by a Mohammedan, who said, "You must admit that we Mohammedans have one thing which Christians have not."

"What is that?" inquired the missionary.

The Mohammedan replied, "When we make our pilgrimage to Mecca we find at least a coffin and the remains of our prophet, but when you go to your Mecca, Jerusalem, you find only an empty tomb."

Thanks be to God, this empty tomb signifies a risen Lord, and the Christian rests in the assurance that because Christ arose from the dead, he shall rise also!

In certain cemeteries, upon the grave-stones of the earlier period, there is often found the inscription, "*Hic jacet*," signifying, *Here lies*, followed by a descriptive statement of the deceased, the dates of his birth and death, and some sentiment concerning his life. How in contrast was the tomb of our Lord! Instead of the sentiment, *Here lies*, the word of the angel was, "He is not here." The message of

hope which should be written in letters of gold over every tomb is, "He does not lie here, He is risen."

Over the grave of the great German painter, Albrecht Derer, at Nuremberg, Germany, is a single word, *Emigravit*. This word expresses the sentiment which the Christian may well cherish. He is emigrated; he is not here; he has gone to a better country.

Dwight L. Moody once said, "Some day you will hear that Moody is dead. Don't believe a word of it. At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now." Moody was not afraid to die. He died in the confident belief that death is but a translation into a greater life. For Moody, and the believing Christian, the grave is not a prison house.

A certain poet pictures a traveller coming to a gate on a mountain-side over which, as he approached he found the inscription, "The Gate of Death." But when the traveller touched the gate it opened to him, and he found himself in the midst of a new world of brightness and cheer. As he turned to look at the gate through which he had entered, he saw written on the other side of it, "The Gate of Life."

The testimony of the angel is the world's bow of promise, "He is not here, but is risen." The verdict of history finds an echoing answer in our hearts. Christ died that we may live.
—*Elim Evangel*.

(Continued from page 9)

that we may take His recommendation, receive the love that He offers us, and say, "Lord Jesus, I open my heart and bid Thee enter in. Come in and take possession of Thine own property." This is simply giving back to Him what is already His.

(Continued from page 19)

until that already in motion ceases. Our bodily members are one-way lanes of traffic. The traffic is pouring through either from a cleansed, filled heart to a needy world, freighted with the things of a loving ministry (1 Thess. 3:12, 13) for the blessing of others, or is entering from an evil world, bearing defilement to our cleansed hearts. Matt. 5:29, 30; 6:22, 23; Col. 3:5-9. Let us keep the traffic moving continually outward engaged in the heavenly ministry of love, so that there will be no opportunity offered for the entering of defilement from without.

—*The Pentecostal Evangel*.

(Continued from page 13)

being made for a still further enlargement.

A busier place cannot be found than the Christian Assembly, 1224 Race St., Cincinnati—busy in the King's business. On Sunday mornings the auditorium is used for the German Church service. Many of the German speaking people attended the regular services but their hearts yearned to hear the Gospel in their native tongue. The Lord laid it upon the heart of the pastor to open German services, supplying a pastor from among their own number. Efforts have also been put forth to minister among the Italian speaking people, and during the past year and a half, many Serbians have found the Lord in this Pentecostal way, so that a fine group of Serbian people are attending regularly. On Sunday afternoon the English Sunday School convenes, the young people and adults assembling in the main auditorium, the Beginners and Primary Children in the upstairs apartments. Immediately following, the regular Church service is held in the auditorium while the Children's Church, composed of about one hundred children, meets in the upstairs rooms for their services. The evening services are devoted to evangelistic messages, through which many, many souls find their way to Jesus Christ. During the week, two services are held for the regular church constituency and one night is devoted to an active group of Christ Ambassadors consisting of about one hundred members. Then too, the Home Department and the Cradle Roll Department are busily engaged in their duties, carrying the Gospel to those who cannot attend, singing, praying and reading the Word to the Shut-ins and young mothers. Volunteers conduct hospital and jail work and thru these channels many souls have heard of the saving grace of our Lord for the first time in their lives.

Surely this is that which the Lord hath wrought, and to Him belongs all the glory.

Pastor's person testimony of meetings held by Brother Watson Argue, February 3rd to March 8th, inclusive:

Beginning February 3rd, we opened a campaign with Brother Watson Argue, scheduled to run for four weeks. From the very first service God manifested Himself in the saving of souls and baptizing believers in the Holy Spirit. A Sunday School contest for the purpose of encouraging attendance increased the number from 348 to a record mark of 748. The interest was so keen that Brother Argue consented to stay on an extra week, closing the meetings on March 8th instead of March 1st. An effort was made to keep an accurate record of those confessing Christ as their Saviour as well as those receiving the Baptism with the Holy Spirit. This record showed 201 salvations

and 54 Baptisms in the Holy Spirit. During the final week, we held a water baptismal service in which 97 candidates were immersed in water. In every service we had very large crowds and on Sundays we were forced to hold over-flow meetings in the upstairs apartments. God is good and we deeply appreciate all that has been accomplished in the last five weeks.

(Continued from page 11)

their deadly weapons, became as little children with make-believe guns before His Word, "the sword of the Spirit." For God confounded the strong and upheld the righteous. He who sends the speaker had also prepared the hearers, as He always does. True it is; *our* God is "a very present help in time of trouble."

Dear friend, is He *your* God?

If you should suddenly be called upon to face death and pass into eternity, would you be prepared?

—Dr. L. C. H.—*a sinner saved by grace.*

* * * *

Dr. Dale was once writing an Easter sermon, and when half through, the thought of the risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. " 'Christ is alive,' I said to myself, 'alive,' and then I paused. 'Alive,' I paused again; 'alive—can that really be true? Living as really as I myself am?' I got up and walked about, repeating, 'Christ is living! Christ is living!' At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yes, Christ is living. It was to me a new discovery. I thought all along I had believed it, but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, 'My people shall know it. I shall preach it again and again until they believe it as I do now.'" For months after, in every sermon, the living Christ was his one great theme, and there and then began the custom of singing in Carr's Lane on every Sunday an Easter hymn.—*Selected.*

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The 29th Anniversary Revival Campaign of Glad Tidings congregation will be held at the Tabernacle, 325 West 33rd St., New York City, May 3-17 inclusive, with Evangelist B. L. Sims of Canada, speaker. The evangelist has an international experience in Gospel work and speaks from a wide range of Bible subjects.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10:30, 3 and 7:30, and daily (except Monday) at 7:45. Afternoon services Wed. and Fri. at 3. Prayer for the sick will be made thruout the campaign. The Tabernacle orchestra, special quartets and choruses, in charge of Ben Cockerhan, will render appropriate music. Young People's Rally, May 16th, 7:30. For further information write, Miss E. K. Schuster, Sec'y, 325 W. 33rd St., New York City.

Delivered from Bandits

ONE EVENING at the end of October, our Chinese evangelist was riding along a lonely road between our outstation and Gashatay (Mongolia). His heart was full of praise as he rode along on his bicycle and thought on the goodness of God. The country was mountainous and thinly settled, and when within four miles of the mission station he was suddenly accosted by bandits who proceeded to strip him of his belongings. "I belong to the Christian Mission at Gashatay," he said to the bandits. "Ho, that is a fine story," they said, "but how are we to know that you are telling the truth?" They took his bicycle, a dog skin and some food, and then started to strip him of his clothing, piece by piece. Mr. Chang was fearless and with great boldness told those 25 bandits of a Savior who died that they might be saved.

After they had taken off his outer garments they led him to a farm-house and started to completely disrobe him. Suddenly they began talking to each other in an undertone, and standing there, stripped, his heart beat fast as he thought they were plotting to kill him. He lifted his heart to God in prayer and soon one of the bandits went out and returned, bringing back everything they had taken from him excepting some of the food which they had eaten. They then released him and he entered the mission at Gashatay shouting the praises of God because of his great deliverance. The bandits sent two farmers along with him and these farmers were astonished at Mr. Chang's deliverance. They said it was nothing but the intervention of God, as banditry and destruction of life were every-day occurrences in that district. —*Thos. Hindle.*

Remarkably Healed of Tuberculosis

MISS Y. G. MALICK of the Full Gospel Mission and Training Institute for Girls, Schweifat, Lebanon, Syria, writes of a most remarkable case of healing which occurred in their mission for the Bedouins of Hauran, Beirut: "A poor woman became very ill with pneumonia in its worst form, which later developed into tuberculosis. She was in the hospital but was dismissed therefrom, the hospital authorities telling her that her case should be attended to at the T. B. Sanitarium. Her husband was poor and having a large family on hand was unable to send her to the Sanitarium and

was in great distress. He came to see me one day in utter despair, saying that his wife was becoming worse all the time. I called up the specialist who had examined her and pronounced her case as very bad, and asked him to take her in if at all possible. He said, 'There isn't a single vacant bed in the Sanitarium and the woman cannot live long anyway.' Seeing the poor husband very exhausted I offered him a cup of hot coffee, but he politely refused to drink it. He and his children had been fasting and praying for four days that the mother might be delivered. Then we knelt and prayed together, feeling that nothing else could be done. He went home somewhat comforted.

"Two days later I received an exultant letter from him, full of thanks and praises to God for bringing his wife back to life, and wishing I could come to help them praise the Lord for her wonderful deliverance. Oh the joy we found in that home when some of our workers went to add our praises to God! They told us how the woman had gone from bad to worse, and was actually dying—her eyes were set, her mouth parched, and from her waist to her feet she was stiff and cold as ice. The men in the neighborhood and their friends did not go to work that morning as they thought there would be a funeral. (People in this country usually bury their dead the same day.)

"The father and his five children were in a small shed at the back of the house, praying. All of a sudden the dying woman began to revive and within two hours she was fully recovered, praising God with the rest of the family and those standing around. This dear woman still maintains a bright and ringing testimony to Jesus her Savior and Healer. We have had other cases of healing in our midst, for which we praise God."

Miss Malick also writes that it has been on her heart for a long time to start a mission in Hauran right on the borders of Arabia, and another in Damascus, there being no Pentecostal work in that large and ancient city where Paul received his commission from the Lord and was filled with the Holy Spirit. Another mission station, she feels, should be opened in Beirut at the opposite end to which they have their Bedouin work. "Naturally," she writes, "starting and carrying on the work of a station requires a good bit of money, but I know it can be done. Shall we limit our God or our faith and ability? or shall we come with the report that 'the people bring much more than enough

for the service of the work? Let us all pray about it, and I am sure the Lord will bless abundantly."

The Shackles that God Broke

AN APOSTOLIC miracle took place in a new mission station opened by Brother and Sister du Plooy in the Northeastern Transvaal, South Africa, three months ago. One day when visiting the station they heard a peculiar noise in the adjoining room, and on investigating they found a boy of fifteen under the power of demons. They began to pray for him and while praying, his bangles of iron fell off without anybody touching them. In the natural these bands which are put on by the witch doctor have to be sawed or cut off, as they are so thick and strong, but the God who opened the iron doors of the prison in Peter's day and broke the shackles, loosed these bands which were a symbol of the enemy's power over him. The boy's old heathen mother was very angry at what had taken place and went around to the villagers trying to make trouble, but God overruled. It brought them to the mission station to see what God had wrought, and the missionaries were able to tell them of what God would also do for them. "Oh, it is wonderful!" they said. "Many of our children have demons too, and some day we will come and have them cast out."

Mrs. du Plooy writes of the zeal and consecration of a native and the response to the Gospel: "We met a native man in the Durban assembly two years ago. He was working there. Six weeks ago he came to his home in Petersburg and brought the full Gospel to his own people who were hungry for the light. He cycled over one hundred miles to ask us to come and open up meetings at his home. We spent a few days there. Crowds of Christians came and drank in the truth deeply. They said, 'The lovers of the people have come!'"

Mrs. du Plooy asks prayer for her husband who has been suffering from a bad heart attack. Will our readers please remember him.

* * *

In this connection we would ask our readers to pray earnestly for dear Bernice Lee, who has labored so strenuously in the leper work in India. As many know, she has been very low indeed with rheumatic fever and serious heart

affection. In the natural little hope is held out for her recovery, but those of us who have seen the Lord work miracles are trusting that He will spare her life for His service. She has been very ill for a number of months and we trust that through these lines some intercessor will be burdened for her deliverance.

Death -- and Life

"Two months before the war," related the late Dr. Jowett, "I was at Grindelwald, a little hamlet 4,000 feet up amongst the Alps in Switzerland. I lifted my eyes from the paper on which I had written the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' when I gazed upon the Eiger, with its mantle of freshly fallen snow, glistening brilliantly in the morning light. I heard the roar of falling waters, much louder after yesterday's rain. The birds were singing blithely. The scents were rising from the meadows like incense from some great altar. Then I turned my eyes away from the mountain, and looked at a house a little way up the road, and I saw that all the blinds were drawn. Death had paid a visit in the night. Up against the house was a field of newly-cut grass, with all its bonny wild flowers withering away, and I recalled the words of the Psalmist, 'As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.' Then I looked at the notebook, and there the words were written, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' What a glad message of contrast! Thank God, if there is a power that maketh for death, there is also a power that maketh for life."

FOR SALE: A tent, 30 x 50, including poles and electric box, \$100. Good condition. Write 614 Julia St., Lansing, Mich.

THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST

By D. Wesley Myland

A God-given exposition of the Latter Rain, showing it to be a fulfillment of prophecy. The most complete work on this subject. "In Deaths Oft," a rehearsal of seven deliverances from death. Heavy paper cover, 55c.

KRYSTAL-PLAX MOTTOES

*Attractive and Beautiful
for Ideal Gifts*

*All the beauty of glass-covered mottoes but
unbreakable, and will not soil. Durable,
all mounted on plywood, lasting.*

The large size, 4½ x 5½, 50 cents each, postage 5 cents.

- 5050 Behold I stand at the door, etc.
- 5055 He shall feed His flock, etc.
- 5035 Trust in the Lord, etc.
- 5036 Prayer Changes Things.

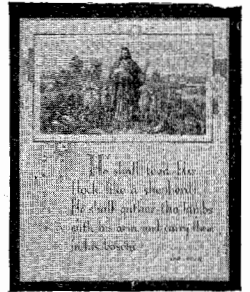
The following are exceptionally beautiful.
Each contain a poem. Size, 7⅜ x 2¼.

- 491 Just for Today.
- 492 What God hath Promised.

These are 25 cents each. Size, 3¾ x 3⅜.

- 2506 Draw Nigh to God, etc.
- 2513 Prayer Changes Things.
- 2502 Christ in Gethsemane.
- 2528 The Lord is My Shepherd.

*We have these in stock and can fill orders promptly.
Splendid for Easter gifts. Well boxed.*



BOOKS ON PROPHECY

(Heavy Paper Cover)

- Startling Signs of Great World Changes 25c
- The World's Desperate Cry for a Superman 25c
- The Harlot Woman on the Scarlet Beast 25c
- Satan's Last Dread Counterfeit 25c
- What of the Night? 35c
- Spiritualism Exposed 25c

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

Signs of the Antichrist

Is the Fascist mark on your food? What is its significance?
Who is the Black Pope? Illustrated Booklet, enlarged, 46 pages.
25c each. Five for \$1.

HELP FROM THE HILLS

By Mrs. A. W. Kortkamp

A book of helpful experiences to suit every walk of life,
an encouragement in faith and an uplift in trial. A book that
will fit into every life. Heavy paper cover. Price, 35c.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

An abridged edition of this classic on the deeper life. A
marvelous recital of her complete submission to the will of
God, which will help Christians today. Born and reared in
the Seventeenth Century the lessons learned are just being
appreciated. **270 pages, 75c by Mail.**

A BIBLE GAME

A fascinating study of the entire Bible for old and young.
Entertaining, instructive, and helpful. When played a few
times one is a master of the characters, cities, and countries of
the Bible. A means of mental and spiritual development. The
best Bible game out. Everybody who plays it once wants one
of his own. Suitable for a gift. **Price 40c.**

TRIUMPH OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM

Mrs. Howard Taylor

The story of two 20th Century martyrs. **Cloth, 80c by mail.**

GARMENTS OF STRENGTH

By Zelma Argue

Courage for the pilgrim journey. An incentive to faith.
Striking incidents from the author's own experience.
Heavy paper cover, 55c by mail.

The STONE CHURCH, 70th St. & Stewart Avenue, Sun., 11, 3 and
7:30; Tues., Prayer Service, 8:00; Thurs., Evening Service, 8:00; Young
People's, Friday, 8:00. Tel., Wentworth 2355. Niels P. Thomsen, Pastor