

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

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HOW ASHAMED I am when I think of the Klondike, of those determined fellows climbing up into those rocky fastnesses over toils unimaginable and privations all but unendurable! and they do it merely for grains of yellow dust.

Souls are the fine gold of the universe. Shall we sit in our easy chairs and expect them to fall into our laps? Nay, let us go forth into the "Klondikes"! Undismayed by obstacles, unmoved by rebuffs, the splendid zeal men show in their pursuit of perishable wealth, let us manifest in our supreme, our heavenly calling, the search for souls.—*Amos R. Wells.*

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Coming Meetings

THE STONE CHURCH (70th & Stewart Ave.) which is having a little historical sketch on *The Get Acquainted Page* (p. 12) is entering into a unique Fall Campaign, Oct. 4th and continuing for three weeks, with Miss Katherine Kuhlman and her Assistant, Miss Helen Gulliford, both of Denver, Colo.

This issue of the paper is being distributed by hundreds of copies in the neighborhood of the church, and a hearty invitation is extended to the readers of these pages to attend these special meetings. If you love good, spiritual music and have a need in your soul, come and receive an uplift.

Miss Kuhlman is in charge of The Denver Revival Tabernacle, a building seating over 1500. She has been preaching since she was twelve years old, and has been much used of the Lord in ministering in the shops and hospitals in Denver. She is deeply consecrated and has a vision for lost souls. Meetings will be held every evening except Mondays at 8 P.M. Sundays 11, 3 and 7:30. We invite the children to an interesting and growing Bible School at 9:30.

With the Lord

ANOTHER warrior has laid aside his armour and answered "here" to heaven's roll call.

Frank Nicodem, who, for eighteen years has labored untiringly for India's boys, passed away on Aug. 28, on his mission station, Rupaidiha, North India. Two or three times during his service in India Brother Nicodem was at death's door, but God had always raised him up. Though much prayer has ascended for him in his last sickness, some of our missionaries having special days of fasting and prayer, yet God did not see best to answer, and he passed away with inflammation of the heart.

Brother Nicodem had a wonderful conversion. Brought up in a Catholic home he was saved when a very young man and filled with the Holy Spirit. He was consequently driven from home and afterwards received a call to India where he labored since 1918, having charge in later years of a Boys' School and Orphanage.

He leaves a wife and six children. Mrs. Nicodem (*nee* Ruby Fairchild) whose consecration and zeal have equalled that of her husband, needs special prayer at this time. The

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Fellowship

In the Cross and Crown

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE
At Byron (Wis.) Camp

(Continued)



AFTER our Lord Jesus Christ gets the young Christians yoked up and they are rendering beautiful service with the blessing of God upon them, when He has them so close to Him that they can look right into His eyes and they are pulling along together, He begins to deal with them on other lines than merely serving Him, for that is not the end of the program, though some may think it is. Some people have the idea that if they just serve Him till the trumpet blows they will be ready to enter in, but let me tell you that is only the beginning. Most of this service has its counterpart symbolized by the next thing He tells them to take. They have taken the yoke and now we find, about four chapters further on, that there is still something more for them. For we find Him saying to His disciples, "If any man will follow Me, let him deny *himself*, and take up his cross and follow Me."

But we might question, "A cross, right when we are moving along down the road of wonderful victory and power? A cross?" Yes, that is the next thing He has for us. Never try to load a poor *sinner* up with a cross. He has nothing to do with it. Get him to take the yoke if possible but not the cross at first. And remember that we are not now speaking of the Cross of Calvary—that belonged to Jesus. He tells us to take *our own* cross. It were as if He said, "Now I have you exercised sufficiently and have you in good running order, and it is time for you to take up your cross and follow Me." Why does He do that? Because the cross is a symbolic term. The yoke is the symbol of service, the cross is the symbol of suffering; the crown is the sign of authority, and the palm is the symbol of victory. All of these are symbols or pictures.

The Lord is speaking of the invisible crosses that face every heart that is actually serving the Christ in this yoke life. Every bit of spiritual service issues in suffering and it is necessary that we suffer—it is a part of this cycle of which we have been speaking.

*"Sufficient for each conflict,
Sufficient for each cross,
His grace will compensate thee
For every earthly loss.
No task which lies before you,
No enemy you face,
But you find the Master
Provides sufficient grace."*

You thought the yoke was given so you could serve the Lord? It was not that *only*. It was that He might, through the medium of service, captivate you so you would then take up the cross. He could thus move you into still another phase of this fellowship. So He draws a halt to all this activity.

You thought you were pulling along beautifully, but that was only to get you started. Did you not know that what you *are* is of far more value than anything you *do*? The worker is always of more consequence to God than anything he can ever do and yet it is the work which seems to captivate thousands and thousands of Christian workers. To all such whose vision is filled with the work they do for the Lord let me say, "You have your focus wrong; the vision is all right but the focus is wrong; never focus it upon anything you do. It is *you* He wants and not so much the things you will accomplish.

For instance, I am convinced that the Lord sent me to this camp, not primarily for any help I may be to you but He is crucifying me and leading me into deeper fellowship. I would have been willing from the natural to do most anything else. I would far rather peel potatoes than come here and be crucified, but He said, "No, I have somebody else to peel the potatoes." I could do many other things for Him but He wouldn't thank me for it. He says, "If you will do that which I am asking of you, then I can not only get something done for my kingdom but I will also accomplish something in you and through this I will be able to stamp upon you a little more of the divine image until we all come to the full stature of Christ." So He draws a halt to this lovely picture of service and says, "Now take up this cross. It is not Mine, but is for you alone." This does not mean that we cease to serve Him. We are now conscious of a cross and its place in our life.

But you say, "If Jesus died on the cross, why should *I* have a cross?" That you might do the very same thing that He did. The cross is a symbol of suffering, of crucifixion, and He

wants your heart and life brought through the death process.

Being saved, sanctified, baptized and used in His service—all that is but preliminary to getting you ready to be placed upon that cross. The Paschal lamb was standing in all its perfection without spot or blemish, sanctified to the Lord, but Jehovah didn't say, "Tie that perfect lamb to the door and when the death angel passes over he will see this beautiful lamb and pass over." We are not saved by life but by *death*. Do you want to live? Then take your cross. What is your cross? You will have to learn to interpret your own cross for yours is not like anyone's else. It will be a cross fitting your whole concept and disposition, and more than that, your *will*. Whatever you are *in your will*, determines your cross. What may be a cross to you may seem like a joy-ride to another. It is that which will crucify the "I" in you that will determine your cross; whatever sort of a cross will do away with that "straight up-and-dicular" pronoun, will be the one He means you to take.

He has shaped it and brought it to you but He leaves the taking of it to your own volition. He doesn't lay it upon you. That would spoil it all. It is the surrender of your being to the cross that He wants. Take it in faith, always remembering that on the other side of that cross there is a further step to this cycle to which He is calling us. We have that to encourage us.

Let me admonish you—never make your own cross. How easy it is to make crosses for ourselves! I remember years ago when I first came into this teaching and the Lord, leading me out on this line of thought, began to search my heart and to crucify me. I thought sometimes I would almost perish. I have even lost flesh under the awful pressure of what the Lord was trying to show me. Sometimes the reaction of it would nearly overwhelm me and yet I told the Lord I wanted more of it; I told Him I wanted to know the philosophy of it, the meaning, even though it took my life. He created that hunger in me; it was a God-made hunger. And He began to feed me with some of these luscious things of the Spirit which come *only* by this process. I saw that I should be crucified and I endeavored in my own strength to let this crucifixion work in my heart and life. I found I was not progressing, so one day while on my knees, the Lord, as it were, leaned over me and whispered, "Now just wait a bit. I know how to make crosses. I worked in a carpenter shop

and I know just how to shape them." I knew well what He meant—I was not to do anymore of this self-crucifying business. You know why? Because every time we make a cross for ourselves we always pad it somewhere with a cushion. But when you allow Him to form the cross He has a unique way of managing it all. Take up the cross He has made for you, but don't shy off. Hundreds of people have side-stepped their crosses. Oh, they will not miss heaven because of it but I know some things they will miss over there!

He says to us, "Deny *yourself*." Now don't you go and start denying yourself of *things*. He doesn't ask you to do that. It is this miserable, evasive, hateful, ruinous thing in us which we are to deny. Don't you hate it! You may deny yourself of *things* till you are skin and bones and still retain that hideous thing that wants to rise up and be "It" and *say* and *do* and *have*, when instead, it should always be "Christ in you the hope of glory." I can of myself do nothing, but "I live," as Paul says, "yet not I"—not this terrible *ego*, but "Christ liveth in me."

When He says, "Deny *yourself*" He is striking at the fundamental *element* again—the "I" in us is the only *thing* that wants to live in us. God knows that and is saying, "If you continue to allow that 'I' to move under the power and realm of the creation in which it is born you will die a wreck." If you are unsundered and unsaved all you need to do to get to hell is to keep on having your own will. Don't think for a moment that you have to go out and commit adultery or lie and steal to be lost; if you keep on allowing that ruinous self-will to exert itself and remain unsundered to God you will land in hell.

That is why God always asks for our surrendered will. With my will I have power to attain, by the power of choice, the highest place in God or to wreck my life. God never coerces anyone. He asks us to take up our cross, to deny ourselves—deny that which wants to rule us. Every time you feel it rising up deny it. You know when it comes. Did you ever have a secret meeting in your own heart? Do you know those movements in your heart of hearts? God knows them and He would like to have us honest enough to sit down with Him, as little broken-hearted children, and face our failures, call them by their proper names. Would it not be profitable to admit that we are miserable failures? But instead of that we begin to make

excuses and say, "Well, if so and so had not done that it wouldn't have happened." One time the Lord gave me a little glimpse of this miserable thing that lives within and I was sick in bed for three days as a result. Yes, and I was saved and sanctified too. Have any of you here ever discovered that you were not absolutely perfect after you were baptized? If you think you are a finished product you are deceived and I would far rather deal with an honest sinner than with you in that state. God wants reality. He knows that this "I" will go forty miles out of its way to make itself prominent or to spare itself. It is all a part of the colossal ruin of Adam. I have often thought that if our hearts were all hung on a wash-line from here to Jerusalem we wouldn't be able to pick out our own. In the natural we are all of the *same clay*.

Now Jesus says, "Being identified with Me, take up your cross and follow Me." Where will you follow? He walked from Bethlehem's manger to the city of Jerusalem and lived a most wonderful life. Is that the only place where He walked? And did He go right from there to heaven? True, there is that lovely picture of the Mount of Transfiguration where Jesus stood in the perfection of manhood. But He was *more* than that. He is that Lamb that must be slain. He went down from that Mount to the demoniac of humanity at its base, and later on climbed up Golgotha's hill and made His exit from Calvary. Are you to follow this Jesus just where His miracles are being performed? That would be interesting, but you will have to be careful. He will lead you right through Gethsemane to Calvary. But there is something wonderful about it all, for as you find your Gethsemane and your Calvary you will also have the fellowship of this Jesus whom you so love. You will share in the fellowship of His suffering. Remember that every bit of spiritual service issues in suffering. Service that rides in a band wagon and is announced by bugles and banners doesn't amount to much; it may roll on for a time but by and by you will hear the wheels creaking so you better get off and get down on the ground. The bride of Christ doesn't get to heaven on a bandwagon. He has other means of locomotion. You will find it in Genesis. Remember the camel.

As we follow the Christ in His walk we find that He grew in wisdom and knowledge and in favor with God and man. From the human

aspect He has the favor of men and they like Him; He was a fine young Jew. Then something happens. God leads Him to be baptized in the Spirit and through a terrific pressure He becomes partaker of that inward revelation of God the Father. Now God is truth and therefore this Jesus must be a revelation to the world of what truth is. He becomes the embodiment and personification of truth, inasmuch that He can stand up and say, "*I am the Truth.*" No one else could have done that.

And the moment He declares Himself to be *truth* the attitude of the people changes instantly. In the synagogue where He has always been welcome and in perfect harmony with all the people, when He takes His place in the Messiah's chair and dares to say to them, "This day is this prophecy fulfilled in your ears," what is the reaction? They hate Him and would have killed Him. What has happened? His personality has not changed, but He has taken it upon Himself to be identified with God in *truth*, and truth is the thing they hate. Always distinguish between the two—personality is an evasive thing, but *Truth* is dynamic. Oh yes, the philosophers wanted to know what truth was but when they had the very embodiment of truth in their midst they rejected it. They would rather get it second, third or fourth hand; they are afraid to get too near the fire and they fear that direct truth might inconvenience them. So they seek to get rid of Truth by throwing Him over the precipice, but you cannot get rid of truth that way.

He had not really served in anointed ministry up till that time; He was simply that beautiful thirty-year-old young man, but just as soon as He begins to serve in the capacity of truth He ceases to be in favor. Listen, the ministry which does not demand a price of us is not worth anything. And it is a strange thing, but the more you embrace that truth the greater become the desire and hunger in your heart for more of it. A spiritual ministry dealing with *truth* is the most costly service.

Now why do we suffer in our service? It is in our catalogue. Any Christian who thinks suffering is not on his program has a mistaken idea. On Calvary Jesus met every other condition; He met the entire sin problem and made provision for it but He never put suffering out of the program. He uses suffering to serve us. But don't let yourself get crushed beneath it. Suffering, if borne in the Spirit and to the

(Continued on page 21)

I Shall Search

When all of the wise and the prudent have said what they have to say,
And out of the law and the prophets have taken the thunders away,
And out of the Book of Beginnings have taken the wonders away—
I shall search for a new religion, with a pillar of fire by night,
And a Red Sea cleft through the middle, and an ark, and a white dove's flight.

I shall find me a Garden of Eden, with a serpent scorning the sod.
And a girl, wide-eyed with wonder, and a man in the image of God;
And the flaming sword of an angel, and the flaming Word of God!
I shall look for a new religion that can overthrow proud Baal,
With a manna white as the hoar-frost, and a Jonah saved by a whale.

When the grand old tale of creation is told in the form of germs,
And the evening and the morning look forth on the trail of worms,
And the burning words of the prophet are reduced to their lowest terms—
I shall need a new religion, all fire and mystery,
Too big for a brain like mine to hold, or the eyes of the wise to see.

When the mists of doubt shall settle round the steps of the Nazarene;
When the little lost lamb shall cry in vain, and the pitiful Magdalene,
And out of the old, old story shall vanish John three sixteen—
I shall look for another Savior; and to whom shall I go—to whom?
Who can show me another Calvary, and another empty tomb?

But what if from babes and sucklings is rendered the final word
To the wise of earth, and the subtle, who reason away my Lord?
What if the blood of the martyrs cries out to a risen Lord?
Ah, then I will search the Scriptures! On my knees I will search and see
How the glorious Light of the ages is the Light of Life for me!

—Ruby Weyburn Tobias.

Why We Believe the Bible to be the Word of God

EVANGELIST WATSON ARGUE
In Chicago Tent Meeting



HIS AFTERNOON I feel the Lord would have me speak on the subject, "Why we believe the Bible to be the Word of God." To me one of the most important questions in religion is this, Is the Bible the Word of God? If it is, then we know that Christianity has a foundation on which we can stand; we know how the world was created and the origin of life; we have a guide in this life and we have a picture of the life beyond the grave; we know there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun.

If the Bible is not the Word of God then Christianity has no foundation; the props would be swept from beneath our feet. We would know nothing of the creation nor how life originated, and we would know absolutely nothing of the life beyond the grave.

We would like to present several reasons why we believe the Bible to be the Word of God. The first reason is that Jesus endorses the Bible and gives it His stamp of approval. He claimed it to be the Word of God. Turn to Mark 7: 10, 11, 13, where Jesus says, "For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, Who-so curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say. . . he shall be free, making the *Word of God* of none effect." Here the Lord explains that some of the people had been going contrary to the teachings of Moses and in so doing they were "making the *Word of God* of none effect." He did not say, "the word of Moses"; so we discover that Christ at this time called the writings of Moses the *Word of God*. Now the writings of Moses constitute one of the most important parts of the Bible, the Pentateuch. And I believe if we accept the first five books as the Word of God it will be easy for us to accept the rest of the Bible. The enemies of the Bible, those who are seeking to destroy this precious Book, almost invariably begin by attacking these first five books, but Jesus settles the matter for us when He refers to the writings of Moses as being the Word of God.

We also find, in Matthew 5:17, that the Lord Jesus puts His approval on other portions of the Old Testament, for He says, "Think not

"Put God's Word in the heart and there will be no place for the cheap tinsel of a worldly life."

that I am come to destroy *the law, or the prophets*: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

Now I would like to couple with this John 10:35, which says, "The Scripture cannot be broken." Since the books of Moses and the books of the prophets are the inspired Word of God and since we read that the Scriptures *cannot be broken*, then we must believe all the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, to be *the Word of God*.

Now if you will turn to Luke 24:44 you will find the Savior endorsing still more of the Bible. Jesus is speaking to His disciples after His resurrection and after He has miraculously appeared in the room when all doors were shut. He reminds them that "all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and *in the Psalms*," concerning Him. Now in these three divisions, the books of the Law, the books of the Prophets and the Psalms, the Lord really referred to the entire Old Testament. As you know, the Jewish people do not accept the New Testament and the old way of dividing the Old Testament was by these three divisions; they constituted the entire number of Old Testament books. So we find that Jesus put His approval on the entire Old Testament, which stamps it as the Word of God.

But now how about the New Testament? Someone might suggest that since this was written after Jesus lived, it is possible that the writers may have forgotten much of what they heard and perhaps forgot some of the essential doctrines which were taught by Jesus Christ. But in John's Gospel, 14:25, 26, we have a passage which assures us that this is not so, for we read, "These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, . . . shall teach you all things, and *bring all things to your remembrance*, whatsoever I have said unto you." As I read this in connection with the thought of this message I rejoiced greatly. We believe that is our foundation for the New Testament, along with other Scriptures, such as, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." I

believe if you accept the authority of Jesus you will be compelled to accept both the Old and the New Testament as being the Word of God. Now the question is, Can we accept the authority and endorsement of Jesus Christ?

If you were on a jury in a court-room where various witnesses were brought in to testify against a certain case, and you knew some of these to be thieves, and to have a police record, you would not be able to put much confidence in their testimonies. But let us imagine that someone came on the witness stand whose life you knew to be beyond reproach, a man who lived a clean, upright life, and was well esteemed—if such a man came on the stand, you would naturally put a great deal of confidence in him.

Let us imagine that we are all members of a great jury in a court-room and that the One on the witness stand is the Lord Jesus Christ, and that He is declaring the Bible to be the Word of God. Let us look at His life. If, when Jesus was here on earth, He had lived like a thief, or a drunkard, and could not be trusted, let us reject his testimony and put it to one side. But when Jesus was on earth He lived the purest, the holiest life that was ever lived. If we cannot accept His testimony, whose could we accept? He was in the world of sin but the world of sin was not in Him. And not only did He live a wonderful life, but He performed mighty miracles. No other person has ever been able to do what Jesus did; He healed the sick, raised the dead, turned water into wine and took a little boy's lunch of five loaves and two fishes and fed a multitude. So in view of all this we are compelled to accept His testimony of the Bible being the Word of God.

The second reason for our believing the Bible to be the Word of God is because of its wonderful unity and harmony. The Bible consists of sixty-six books, thirty-nine in the Old Testament and twenty-seven in the New. It was written by about forty different authors, and the writing of the entire Bible covers a span of hundreds of years. Some of the first writers wrote their books, passed away and were buried hundreds of years before some of the other writers were even born. They had no opportunity of discussing with each other what they were to put into this Bible. Then, too, the Bible was written by men from various walks of life; the highest and the lowest. It was written by kings, and by shepherds, by fishermen and at least one doctor. It was written in three different languages; the New Testament was

written in Greek and the Old Testament in Hebrew, with the exception of some small parts which were written in the Aramaic language.

One would think that a book written under such varied circumstances and by so many writers, would naturally be a book of discord. But if you read the Bible with the help of the Holy Spirit, you will find it to be the greatest Book for unity and harmony that has ever been written.

Now the third reason is because it is scientifically correct. We do not believe that the main object of the Bible is to teach science; its chief aim is to deliver men and women from sin, and yet it does not violate the highest realm of science today.

Sometime ago a man who was very prominent in science threw out a challenge to the Christian world. He said he would never believe the Bible unless the Christian world could give him an answer as to the beginning of five things: time, space, matter, force and motion. If that great philosopher had taken time to read the first words in the Bible he would have had his answer. We read there, "In the beginning"—that is time. "God created the *heavens*"—that is space. It is such a vast space that man has never been able to penetrate it. He may go fourteen miles or so into space but that is as nothing. Then he wanted to know about *matter*. We read, "God created the *earth*." That is matter. He also wanted to know about *force* and in the second verse of Genesis it speaks of the "*Spirit of God*." The Spirit of God is the greatest force in the world today and if you do not believe it just let His Spirit strike you and you will agree that that is true. But what about *motion*. It says that "the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." There is *motion*. So we believe the Bible is the Word of God because it is scientifically correct.

Our forefathers used to believe that the earth was square. It remained for Columbus to make his famous journey in 1492 and prove to the world that the earth was not square but *round*. And since then the boys and girls in our schools have been taught that the world is round like a ball. But long before Columbus ever discovered America, the Lord inspired Bible writers to tell about the world being round, for in Isaiah we read, "He . . . sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

I have a few friends who are dentists and have conversed with them about certain matters. I was told some time ago that it has been dis-

covered that our teeth actually have a skin although this was not discovered until comparatively recent times. It may be something new to the dentists but long before a dentist ever hung out a shingle the Lord inspired Job to write, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Now the fourth reason for believing the Bible to be the Word of God is because of its power to change men's lives. It is not hard to believe in the Bible when its message has changed and transformed your life. A drunkard, a dope fiend, a gambler, and even murderers can be saved through the message of the Lord Jesus. We have had the privilege of leading quite a few murderers to Christ. I was once invited to preach to five hundred young men in a penitentiary and was told that there were at that time three murderers in the death-cell awaiting the electric chair. On invitation, I spoke with them and tried my best to point them to Jesus, and before I left that night they were able to give a real testimony of sins forgiven. It was nothing else but *the Word of God* that changed their lives. When holding a campaign in another state a murderer wended his way down the aisle and was definitely saved. In a tent meeting a woman who had killed her husband, attended the services, got under heavy conviction, rushed to the altar and was definitely saved. So we believe the Bible because of its power to change men's lives. There is a common saying that a stream cannot rise higher than its source, and certainly a Book which can go down into the mire and filth and lift a person out of that condition into fellowship and communion with a Holy God, surely such a book came from God.

Then we believe the Bible to be the Word of God because of the way it has been able to stand against all the attacks of its enemies. In the history of books, no other book has made as many enemies as has the Bible. Some have used vast fortunes to try to destroy this Book but they never succeeded and never will, for the Lord has promised that *heaven and earth shall pass away but His Word shall never pass away*. If it were merely a man-made book it would have been done away with long ago, but man did not make it and man cannot destroy it. God made it and God will not permit it to be destroyed.

Have you ever stopped to think what an enemy of the Bible would have to do to destroy this precious Book? Some might think it to be an easy task, but it is too big a job for any one

man or company of men. Just imagine an infidel coming here this afternoon and saying that his main object in life was to destroy the Word of God and put its message out of existence. We would take great pleasure in telling him a few things he would have to do in order to accomplish his task. It is claimed that there are five hundred million Bibles scattered throughout the world today. These average in price about \$1 each. The infidel would have to have a fortune of five hundred million dollars with which to start. Then he would have to have much more money than that because he would need travelling expenses to go into every continent, country, state, city, village and hamlet and into the interior of all countries where the Word of God has gone. As the owners were found he would have to persuade them to sell their Bibles and then destroy them. There are many people who would be willing to part with their Bibles for very little, but some of us who love the Word would not part with it for the world, if we thought we could never get another copy.

But just suppose that every Bible in the world could be thus disposed of, that infidel would just be on the first rung of the ladder that had many rungs. We would have to send him out again, to all points of the world to destroy all the other books that contain a portion of the Bible. The books which have been written by our Bible teachers, by missionaries and pastors, books on the Sunday School lessons as well as hymn books—all such would have to be destroyed. Did you know that our hymn books contain the Word of God? Turn to that grand old hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," and you will find that the words are taken from Isaiah 41 and 43. But supposing he could accomplish this enormous task, let me ask, Would the Word of God be done away with then? We would have to say, "Mr. Infidel, your task will not be accomplished until you destroy every picture and every painting that is based upon the Word of God." We find them in our homes, our libraries, in the stained glass windows of our churches, and these all speak to us of the Word of God. How often has the picture of the Last Supper preached a sermon to human hearts! The same is true of the picture of Christ in Gethsemane.

And if the infidel could do all this do you think the Word of God would be destroyed? No. We would have to send him to the cities of the dead—the graveyards. "Surely I won't

find the Bible there," he might say. But we could escort him around and show him on some tombstone the words engraved, "*I am the resurrection and the life.*" Then we could take him to another which says, "*He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live*"; and on still another, "*And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes*"; and again, "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*" So his task would not be accomplished till he had gone, with a sledge hammer, and shattered all these tombstones.

There are many more we might mention, but last of all the greatest task would be to destroy the Word of God in human hearts. We could send him to hundreds, to thousands and millions of the Lord's precious children throughout the world who can say with the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." That infidel never could destroy the Word of God hidden away in our hearts unless he destroyed every one of us, and even then he could not destroy it, for we would take it to heaven with us.

*"Holy Bible; Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."*

It is an old book, but it doesn't need any crutches to hold it up. It is still "quick and powerful" and its pages shine brighter than gold.

Then one last reason why we believe the Bible to be the Word of God is because it satisfies the human heart. We read of some commodities, "They satisfy," but usually it is the more you get the more you want. And in some ways that is true of the Bible. I have said that *the Bible satisfies you with an unsatisfied satisfaction.* It tells us where we are and whither we are bound. Can the Evolutionist, the modernist, the infidel give you anything that will meet the desires of your heart? Read the books on evolution and you will find that instead of giving any positive statements, they are filled with such phrases as "It must have been," and "We may well suppose." Darwin wrote two books on Evolution and in them he uses the expression, "We may well suppose" over eight hundred times. That may satisfy some but I want something more than eight hundred "*supposes.*"

What does the modernist offer? He looks at the Bible in a skeptical way and says you cannot believe it all. "You cannot believe the story of the Virgin birth; it just didn't happen that way." Then he tells us that you cannot believe that blood shed on the cross nineteen hundred years ago can save anyone today. When the modernist gets through there is not much left. If there were one miracle in the

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The Good Old Bible

*Since I have been converted, old Satan and his folks
Keep bothering me with questions in the form of
foolish jokes;*

*I have only one good answer, and this is it, my friend,
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

*I believe that Pharaoh's army was destroyed in the sea,
That Moses and the Israelites from bondage were
set free;*

*I believe that fearless Daniel went into the lion's den;
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

*I believe the Hebrew children walked through the
burning fire,*

*That Ananias was struck dead because he was a liar;
I believe that good Elijah to heaven did ascend,
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

*I believe that King Belshazzar saw the writing on
the wall,*

*When Daniel translated it, he knew it meant his fall;
I believe that God's warning on that king did descend,
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

*I believe that faithless Jonah was swallowed by the
whale;*

*That Paul and Silas were set free from out the Roman
jail;*

*I believe the jailor's family were all converted then,
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

*Some doubt there is a devil; there is no hell, they say,
I do not care for either—I'm not going that way;*

*My future home's in heaven, Eternity to spend;
I believe the good old Bible from the beginning to
the end.*

Experiences which Help on the Pilgrim Way

Snatched from the Jaws of Death



REAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised." Psa. 48:1. "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer." 2 Sam. 22:2.

'Twas the month of January. One of those dreaded prairie blizzards was sweeping over the frost-bound city of W. . . ., Manitoba.

Alone, on special duty, I sat beneath a darkened light by the bedside of an obstreperous patient, who that same afternoon had been admitted to the erysipelas ward, located in the right wing of the Isolation building, Room No. 4.

This beautiful spacious building, so splendidly equipped, had just the previous week been opened to the public. But somehow the telephone unfortunately had not yet been installed. This was a serious drawback as it cut off the possibility of a "rush" call for medical aid in case of a sudden emergency.

The next wings of this building contained the Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria wards. The nurses, because of the danger of infection, were not permitted while on duty to visit, borrow, or converse with one another, no matter how urgent the circumstances might be.

My patient, S. . . ., was the first person to be registered in this ward, and the only patient in at this time.

He had been a pugilist, but was now, from all appearances, a hopeless drunkard. He was brought to the hospital in an ambulance, battered and bruised from his last fight. He was also suffering from erysipelas and delirium tremens.

The doctors had left strict orders that he should be given not more than one-half ounce of brandy every two hours. But S. . . . craved continually for more. He pleaded, swore, begged, raved, and demanded that I should increase the quantity. Then when he found that I could not be persuaded to disobey the doctors' orders, he turned his wrath from the doctors upon me, vowing vengeance, and calling me dreadful names.

As I looked upon that wicked face, painted black with iodine, but blacker still with sin, and saw the vindictive fire snapping from his cun-

ning, beady eyes, my very soul shuddered and a dark cloud hovered over my spirit.

At 2:30 a. m., the storm without had not abated. The angry winds whistled mournfully through the open shutters, while drifts of shifting snow were hurled relentlessly against the window panes.

At this hour S. . . . became very quiet. I naturally thought that he was exhausted, that at last he was going to sleep. I praised the Lord for this prospective blessing and prayed that He would bring me safely through this troubled night.

In about fifteen minutes, however, S. . . . opened his eyes, and in quiet tones called me saying, "Nurse, I am quite sick. Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, S. . . ., what can I do for you?" I anxiously inquired.

"Well, bend your head a little lower, Nurse, and I will whisper in your ear, for I don't feel like talking loudly."

According to his request I put my left ear close enough to his lips to catch a whisper—and next moment I knew nothing more!

Just how many moments I was unconscious I do not know. He had evidently struck me, as my left ear and temple were painfully swollen for several days afterwards.

When I regained consciousness I found that my enraged patient had his knee planted heavily on my chest; while with one hand he grasped my throat; with the other he held my hands. A stream of oaths flew from his angry lips. And I heard him say, "You won't give me any more brandy, eh? . . . You won't, eh? . . .!" I was all this time, absolutely unable to speak or to move.

I began to feel faint and dizzy; my head seemed to be increasing in size until it felt as big as a waterpail, and then suddenly the size of a tub.

Just then a panorama of my life passed swiftly before me and the foremost thought it left in my mind was, "Oh, that I had only served the Lord better!"

Presently I felt that my eyeballs were touching my cheeks. The next moment my head

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the Story of The Stone Church, Seventieth & Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Niels P. Thomsen, Pastor.

IT WAS HIS DESIRE for self-effacement that prompted the founder of The Stone Church so to name his congregation. Resigning from the Zion Movement, he loved the truths of

Divine Healing, the Second Coming of Christ and kindred themes and felt led of the Lord to rent the commodious stone church at 37th & Indiana Avenue, which had been built by the Christian Church but was at this time unoccupied.



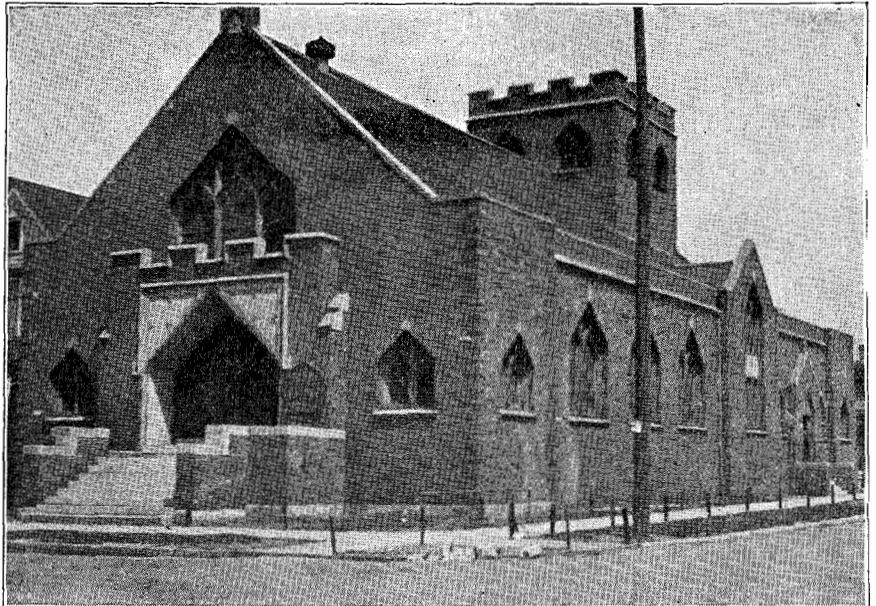
Wm. Hamner Piper, Founder

step of faith—only one woman had told him she would go with him if he would open up a work, and she left the city the following week. But God was leading Wm. Hamner Piper, and when he held his first service in the vestry of the church on Dec. 9, 1906, he faced a company of 150 sympathetic listeners.

In due time the main auditorium with a seating capacity of nearly a thousand, was cleaned and redecorated, and occupied by the growing congregation which assembled on Sunday afternoons from all over the city. For more than a year there was a steady increase in numbers and interest. Then news of the Pentecostal outpouring in the West

and other places reached Chicago, and the pastor of The Stone Church began to investigate. He saw that the teaching was scriptural. Had he not preached a series of sermons on the Holy Spirit and circulated Dr. Gordon's book on that subject among his congregation? But rumors of some extravagances, a pamphlet against this "new thing" written by a prominent holiness minister caused his interest to lag and he closed his heart to further light.

But God has His way of bringing about His purposes. The audiences dropped from 500 to 125, without any apparent cause, which led to deep heart-searching. At the same time God so withdrew Himself from His servant as to cause him great anguish of soul. He felt himself almost forsaken and yet not conscious of any known sin. After days of agony and nights of prayer he was brought to see that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit as poured forth upon the Early Church, with signs following, was for the believer today. While he recognized the tremendous prejudice against the present-day outpouring, at the same time he realized in his heart that God was calling him to accept these truths and that they should be taught in The Stone Church, regardless of the consequences;



The Stone Church, Chicago, Ill.

that though he should lose half his people, it would be better to find secular employment to help meet the expenses of the church and a large family than to keep back the truth from his people.

On the last Sunday in June, 1907, he announced to his congregation that he was opening the church to the Pentecostal message, and beginning that evening they would have a series of meetings to tarry for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. These meetings were put in charge of Elder F. A. Graves, the sweet singer of Zion, Miss Marie Burgess (now Mrs. Robt. A. Brown) and Miss Jean Campbell (now Mrs. L. C. Hall). To all who opposed this move he said, "Come and see!" For many weeks the Spirit of God was poured out nightly, and many received the Baptism of the Spirit, among the first being the pastor's wife. The church became a power-house of blessing, signs and wonders were wrought in the Name of the holy Child Jesus. Ministers and Christian workers from all over the city came to see what God was doing. A 25-day Convention (called for 10 days) with meetings three times a day, in which the power of God fell like rain, was one of the early landmarks.

The four years that followed were years of numerical and spiritual growth. Pastor and people were busy working among Chicago's lost. The days were filled with ministering to the sick and suffering, delivering the demon-possessed and the oppressed. A Gospel wagon was one of the aggressive features of those early days. The summers were spent on the streets—three times a week with three meetings each night in different localities, the pastor sometimes speaking to four and five hundred a night.

But strenuous duties brought their toll. The Stone Church was plunged into deepest sorrow through the death of its beloved leader, who passed away on Dec. 29, 1911, after 17 days of severe illness. He was in the very height of

his ministry and it was an overwhelming blow to the church, but God overruled, as He always does, and put His Spirit upon a weaker vessel. He led Mrs. Piper to take charge of the work and she had the loyal support of a strong band of men and women who pledged her their whole-hearted assistance. For two years the Lord signally used her in directing the work, bringing in able and consecrated speakers and missionaries. It was during this period that



Pastor Thomsen and Family

the Lord gave the great 1913 Revival, a meeting that was felt in influence and power throughout the world. Large numbers received the Baptism of the Spirit and were called into the ministry, both at home and in foreign lands. People were healed of incurable diseases, some while sitting in their seats. In one campaign in which the truths of Divine Healing were emphasized and demonstrated the large auditorium was crowded, an overflow meet-

ing held in the vestry, and hundreds blocked the sidewalk, unable to get in. The meetings continued every night for over a year.

After two years Mrs. Piper, feeling the burden and the responsibility of the work too great, resigned and moved to California. There were many struggles in the days that followed. The church passed through deep waters of trial. Twice the congregation was divided, but again God overruled and built us up, and instead of one strong, central church, there are three or four lighthouses standing for the truths of Pentecost.

It was in October, 1908, that *The Latter Rain Evangel* was launched. This is one of the oldest papers in connection with the Pentecostal Movement, now entering with this issue its 28th year. The editors consider it a sacred trust committed to them by the founder, whose dying words were, "Go on with the paper."

In 1919 the Church purchased our present location, which has been the scene of blessed revivals. We have enlarged on the early days because of the Pentecostal outpouring when

God came down and "kissed the earth," and in memory of one who laid down his life for the work.

In the years that followed we had some of the deepest and ablest teachers of the Word among our pastors as well as those on the evangelistic type. We think of Pastor Philip Wittich, now with the Lord, who, as a Bible teacher, stood second to none; of Evangelists Hardy Mitchell and Ben Hardin, who have been widely used in soul-saving campaigns, of Pastors Kelso Glover and Bert Williams, combinations of both the evangelist and the teacher—all with "diversities of gifts but the same Spirit"; they ministered not only to The Stone Church congregation but through the paper to the whole world.

Brother Thomsen, the present pastor, has just entered his fourth year, and there is a spirit of growth and expectancy in our midst. The growing Sunday School, which reached an attendance of 364 during our recent campaign, in the hardest month of the year, is badly in need of more room, and the church is considering expansion to meet this need.

The Church has always had a missionary vision. For a number of years our missionaries have labored on every dark continent. At one time we had fourteen that went out from our midst. Some of these are now laboring in the homeland and two are with the Lord. At present we have ten whom we stand by financially, though as a church we pray regularly for every missionary whose needs are known to us. A stranger dropping into our Sunday afternoon services will learn, through the triangle of prayer, of our outposts in South and West China, of others in South and East Africa, Egypt, North India and South America, for then we remember our faithful co-workers who lift up Christ in these dark lands.

During our recent tent meetings with Evangelist Watson Argue, we had some very gratifying results. Three sisters fasted and prayed that God would give us ten souls the first night, and eleven came to the altar seeking salvation. Practically every night souls were saved and the last night of the campaign was one never-to-be-forgotten. Sinners lined the altar and wept over their sins, the brooding presence of the Spirit of God hovering over that large audience and drawing souls to the Savior. Special music by the choir, happy choruses and instrumental selections all helped to make the meetings a success.

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Bible that we felt was not true, we would lose confidence in all the rest of the Bible. We will either have to accept it all or reject it all. The modernist leaves you without hope.

What about the infidel? Ingersoll used to say, "I do not say there is no God. I simply say, I do not know. I do not say there is no life hereafter. I simply say, I do not know." The evolutionist, the modernist and the infidel all say, "I do not know." But the Christian can plant his feet upon a firm foundation and can shout with all the power of his soul, "I know." He can shout, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." He can shout, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Does he know anything else? Yes, he can shout, "I know I have passed from death unto life," and "I know that when He shall appear I shall be like Him." It is wonderful to be able to say, "I know."

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When God was Satisfied

PASTOR NIELS P. THOMSEN
In The Stone Church

"He shall see the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."



HIS PROPHECY in the Fifty-third of Isaiah is a most beautiful prophecy concerning Christ and His redemptive work. To my heart it speaks with a force that no other scripture emphasizes. It brings the cross so near, and reveals my own condition, my privileges and possibilities. It shows not only the love of Jesus but that of God the Father. His love for us is portrayed in this 11th verse. We need not remind each other that we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. And because of that sin the way to heaven was shut to us, the way to God's presence was barred. A middle wall of partition had been erected, a veil had been hung to hide His glory from our vision and there was no entrance. The heart of God the Father was not satisfied with us. It could not be because of sin. It was impossible for us even to make our approach to Him. We didn't know how, for sin stood in the way.

But now we read these startling words, that God the Father sees the travail of His Son and it satisfies Him. Nothing more does He ask, no other demand does He make; no other sacrifice is required. He cannot ask anymore. All He asks now is for us to identify ourselves with that work, claim it as ours, believe that the work done on the cross was done in our place, in our stead. We now have access to the Father because of that work. He let the bars down; He tore away the middle wall of partition, He rent the veil and says, "You can come in now, My heart is satisfied."

There is one expression here I'd like to dwell on, and that is, "the travail of His soul." In speaking of the suffering of Jesus Christ we are prone to magnify His physical sufferings. We talk about the spitting upon Him, the plucking of His beard, the pushing into His flesh the crown of thorns, the nails thru His hands and feet, the spear in His side, the awful agony of waiting for the end while hanging on the cross. It wasn't *that* that satisfied the heart of God. That could not satisfy Him. If it could, maybe I could bear that too. The physical

"In the same proportion that we discern the inward spirit Christ had from the last supper to His death on the cross, in that proportion can we drink of that Spirit, until we can suffer, bleed and die, in our measure, with the very same disposition He had."

suffering was only incidental to the whole program. Back of it all and deeper than all was the travail of the soul of the Son of God. That was suffering that was indescribable. There is suffering there that the scriptures do not attempt to depict—only hints are given here and there of the intensity of that suffering. The suffering of His soul superceded any physical affliction that man could put upon Him. There was the curse of God on a soul that had been righteous, that had been pure, that had been holy, without spot and without wrinkle. In His holiness He had stood before the Father; in His holiness and righteousness He had walked before Him, and suddenly upon His soul fell the weight of human sin. The Father turned His face. Not that He could not bear to see His Son suffer, but He cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance. He could not smile upon a scene of that kind anymore than He could smile on your sin and mine, anymore than He is pleased when you and I fail Him. You are not hearing the voice of the Father saying, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." In a sense He is well pleased with the work He has done. He knows His heart will be satisfied, but sin must be dealt with. And in the person of His Son, God is dealing with your sin and mine.

Now you and I know that sin does not cause extreme physical suffering. Many a sinner has gone through life without a sick day, drops off into the grave with scarcely any pain. Though all physical suffering may be traced directly or indirectly to sin, yet sin does not always cause suffering to the body, but it will cause suffering to the soul. God could deal with sin, not so much in the body of His Son as in His soul.

I am certain that the physical suffering did not cause the tremendous earthquake. It was not His physical suffering that caused the elements to become disturbed, the sun to hide his face; it was soul suffering that caused the upheaval in nature, extreme agony that went to the depths of His soul, and when you think of the tortures of the damned in hell being heaped upon this One who was sinless, and realize that He in His soul was suffering just what they are suffering away from Him and will be suffering

away from Him throughout the eternal ages—when you realize that it is soul suffering that grips you in the very depths of your spirit—there God was dealing with His Son when the sin of the world was laid upon Him. It was the travail of His soul, the agony of His soul that God saw and was satisfied.

I do not know whether in heaven they mention much about the physical suffering of our Lord, I do not know whether they speak of the thorns, the plucking of the beard—I think there is something of far deeper significance. They look down into that soul and see the agony He bore for you and me. God forsakenness! the only evidence that we have of it is on the cross, for God hides the scene from us. He doesn't hide the cross, He doesn't hide the physical suffering. It is the only thing you and I can understand, in a way, but the mental and soul suffering of Jesus Christ are hidden. Only one little outburst of agony from that scene on the cross—the cry of Jesus when He says, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" It is misunderstood on every hand. Some said, "He is calling for Elias. Let us wait and see if he comes." Others looked on blankly, some probably saying that He was receiving His just dues for saying that He was the Son of God, that God was punishing Him for His blasphemies. They didn't understand it.

One little out-cropping of that soul doesn't fit into the rest of the picture; it is these words, "I thirst." They offer Him vinegar and water but that is not what He is thirsting for—it was that deep thirst of His heart that had been created from the very beginning when He said, "In the roll of the book it is written of Me, I come to do Thy will, O God." Away back in the beginning His heart reached out to lost humanity. That thirst had carried Him down to Bethlehem and the manger. It had carried Him to the place of sacrifice, to the cross. And on the cross that heart-thirst of His is crying out. Do you know a spiritual thirst is far more intense than that of the physical? When your soul desires one thing above everything else, it is that one thing that grips your heart and sets you going regardless of all else. Jesus says, "I thirst." Can you not see there that soul-cry of His? He is saying to His Father: "This is the overwhelming agony of my soul. I am

thirsting for souls, that they shall believe on Me." Nowhere do we read in Scripture that God was satisfied because of the physical suffering of Jesus, but I do read that His heart was satisfied because of that *soul anguish*: "He shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Since that day God has been satisfied—not necessarily with you and me, but with Jesus; not necessarily with the way you and I accept what He has done, but with the work that has been accomplished by His Son. There is nothing He can add to it nor anything He can take from. It was a perfect work. We are reminded of the language in the first chapter of the Bible: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." When Jesus died on the cross God the Father, as it were, sat down at the completion of that work and said, "My heart is satisfied." Viewing it from the standpoint of human need, from God's standpoint, it is a perfectly satisfactory work, but we find people who are not satisfied. They would like things a little different. How frequently they find a flaw and criticize the redemptive work of Jesus. If not in word, they criticize it by their actions. God has done all He can and I shall accept it as God's perfect work for me.

Then you remember the words of Jesus just before He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." He cried, "It is finished." Do we realize all that that means? the completeness of the work? the fulness of it? God's heart is satisfied. Where is our place then? Our place is in the Rock.

*"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From the riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power."*

And if you find a place in that Rock it will save you from the guilt and power of sin. It is a place of safety, a place of refuge, and if we find that *place*, accept His redemptive work, accept Him as our Substitute, God will be satisfied with us. For He not only looked upon the work back there and was satisfied, but He is looking at it today with satisfaction. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever."

How an African Chief Changed a Missionary's Text

Mrs. Pauline Henry Davidson at the Byron Camp



WANT to tell you briefly how an African chief changed my text. In going to Africa I was very desirous of learning the native language as quickly as possible, so I sat up late at night and got up early in the morning to study the language. The Africans are very ready to laugh at a missionary if he makes any mistake, so I determined not to be laughed at, and when the time came for me to prepare my first message I wrote it all out very carefully and then went and sat under one of those large spreading trees, where snakes and numerous bugs are crawling around, to read and study my message. It was there that I repeated over and over again this sermon, for I did not want those Africans to laugh at me.

Finally the day came and I sallied forth down the jungle path to preach my trial sermon to the Africans. Now I had preached many times over in this country before ever going to Africa; I had spoken to large audiences and in many different places, but this was something different. I went down to the chief of the village whose name, literally translated, means "king of the flies." I always said he was well named for there were so many flies around him. When I came to him that day he had two boys, one on either side, shooing away the flies, as was the usual custom. I said, "I will preach to you today if you will call all your people together." Now calling his people together meant his forty wives and his innumerable children. He said, "Yes, I will call all my people together," and added, with a pleased look on his face, "It makes our hearts very sweet to have you come to us and preach in our language." So he called his people together and we had our songs and prayer and then I began to preach.

My knees were shaking but I went on with my message, noticing now and then that the chief looked very pleased and very interested. After a while I noticed that he turned to one of the men to say something and what I understood him to say was that I had plenty of sense. Well, that was enough to feed anyone's *ego* and I felt good about it, but as I went on preaching I noticed that he began to assume a far-away look. Then he reached over and got hold of a cocoanut and began to chew on it. Now

that is always a sign that there is something drastically wrong or that something was bothering him.

I was preaching about sin and it was hard for me to tell what effect my words were having upon this old chief. After a while he turned to me and said something about my having "plenty of salt." I still didn't know what he meant and between his puzzling looks and strange remarks I completely forgot my sermon, for I had memorized it and it simply took wings. I stood and looked at the old chief and said, "What do you mean about me having plenty of salt?" And he said, "In our language, 'having plenty of salt' means that your words are hurting our hearts." Those words, "hurting our hearts," pierced through me and like a flash of lightning I remembered the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, found in the fifth chapter of Matthew, when He was speaking to the multitudes and said, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

How glad I was to tell that old chief that Jesus had sent me to Africa because I had salt. And friends, you and I have salt for a needy world today. That old chief said, "Your words are like salt to my heart." Why? Because I was preaching about sin, telling them that God would not look upon sin and that they could not hide it from Him and could not get to heaven with sin in their hearts. I had told that man that his heart was full of sores and his mind full of everything that was unlike God, and my words were like salt to a wound.

We all know what salt can do. I have been told that during the world war when they ran out of antiseptics they used large barrels of salt to serve the same purpose. Now you know if you put salt on an open wound it hurts, and so it is with the Gospel when we take it to darkened hearts. It burns and penetrates and purifies the heart of an African, a Japanese, a Chinaman or whoever needs Jesus, and while it hurts, we find it always cleanses.

Africa, as I have seen it, is nothing but an open sore. It has been lacerated and torn by the enemy, and not only is this true of Africa, but of all other heathen lands. We see in them nothing but a picture of woe, of agony—India with her child widows, Africa with her people bowing down to evil spirits, and other countries

bound by superstition. What this old world needs today is real salt. God is looking for men and women who will say, 'Yes, Lord, I will be salt for You.' Oh, it is much easier to be sugar but God has not called us to be sugar; He has asked us to be salt.

Missionary life is not a romance. All *that* disappears the moment the ship leaves you standing on the shore of a heathen land. And when you have climbed up a mountain for two or three hours when the thermometer is 110 degrees in the sun and you see those natives in all their nakedness, their filth and dirt, there is not a bit of romance left to missionary life. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I found myself in one of those native villages. As I saw those heathen in all of their sin and idolatry I cried out in my heart, "Oh God, how can I ever preach the Gospel to these people?" But it was only a matter of two or three months till I became greatly attached to them. God gave me a great love for those people. If God calls you He will put that divine love in your heart so that regardless of anything that happens, you know you are in the will of God.

I want to say that God is working on the Gold Coast, the field in which I have been laboring. At the present time we have two churches established and three mission stations. God is moving on in marvelous victory. I want to tell you about a tiny lad who attended our Sunday School regularly. One day I noticed that he was not present among the other three or four hundred boys and girls who always gathered under the trees. I missed him, as I had always been attracted by his radiant, happy face. Later on as I was walking through the village I noticed the witch doctor going somewhere. I have always been curious and so I decided to follow him and see what was going on. He had on all his fetters and bangles around his feet and his followers were walking along behind him, beating drums. I knew that something was wrong, that somebody must be ill. That stirred up my curiosity all the more as I had never witnessed the procedure of a witch doctor before. To my surprise I found they were going to the very hut where this Sunday School lad lived, so I became still further interested and followed right along and went right into the hut after them. No, I had not been invited but we invite ourselves in Africa. I saw the mother standing in one corner and the little fellow lying next to the wall having a very

high fever. His mother was wringing her hands and pulling her hair, not knowing what to do. The witch doctor looked at the child, then spoke to the mother and asked the father to go out and get some blood. He told him to kill a chicken and take the blood and bring it in. As the father brought the blood in the witch doctor took a knife and cut the little fellow's thumb and then poured the blood down the boy's throat. I thought to myself, "If that boy doesn't die from the original illness he will surely die now," because the tin can the witch doctor used was rusty and filthy. Then he went through all his forms and ceremonies, bowing down and lifting up his hands and worshipping the evil spirits. Then finally the doctor said, "Your boy will not live," and with that he went out but I stayed behind. My heart was torn for that poor African mother for I knew that to a mother her son meant everything. She was down on the floor beating her head on the mud floor and wailing and moaning. I went over to her and said, "Don't you know that our God can do something for your boy?"

She looked up and said, "Oh, white woman, what do I know about your God? You people haven't been in our country long. You told us something about your God and what He can do, but you haven't been here long enough to make us feel sure. We don't know what your God can do."

I said to her, "If our God touches your boy will you believe and let us teach your boy about God?"

Hope came into her face, her eyes brightened as she said, "Yes, white woman, I will, if you will save my boy."

I said, "I cannot save him, but I have a God who can."

I felt somewhat like the old prophet, for I wanted God to do this, and yet there was a bit of unbelief and I thought, "Oh, if that boy dies now this soul will never come to God!" But I rebuked that thought in the name of Jesus Christ and claimed the victory. I definitely claimed that lad's life. The mother just stood and looked on; she didn't understand it; she couldn't understand it.

How dark it was as I walked home that night! And all night long the enemy kept me awake listening for the sound of funeral drums, but the next morning about five o'clock something stirred me and I heard a little faint voice crying on the outside. I put my head out the

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Hand-Picked Fruit from the Kentucky Hills

Miss Florence Heatter at Young People's Meeting in The Stone Church



MY YEAR'S SERVICE down in the Kentucky Hills has been full of experiences, and I have said since I returned, that it seemed as though I had lived five years in one. Every day brought its own experiences, and you couldn't plan a day's schedule if you tried. You might make out the schedule but before you got out of bed you might find it all shattered.

One of the things I have marvelled at is the way God adjusts His children when they undertake to work there where everything is so different. We, of course, do not have the modern conveniences there and we have to change our whole mode of living. One of the first things we find is that we have no faucets but we don't go around murmuring and saying, "Will I ever get used to carrying my water?" We just take our pail and start down the road, walking two good city blocks for water. The Lord enabled us to meet every situation and to me it was very precious to see how He adjusts us to every new circumstance.

The same is true concerning our meals, for we are not able to get the things you have here. We could easily say, "How will I ever eat these beans and corn bread all the time?" but we don't do that, and I believe the Lord adjusts our digestive organs so that we really enjoy the food there. It means much to me to see how mindful the Lord is of these details.

Before I went to the Kentucky Hills there were a number of questions that came to my mind. I had heard a good bit concerning conditions and I wondered how I would endure some of the hardships, but this is the promise given me, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." I thought that was a very good promise and enough to hold anyone and so that big question mark was erased. But you know, the enemy is always on hand to bring up something else, and soon I began wondering how I would ever be able to bring the Gospel to those people. I had heard that they spoke somewhat different down there, but as I was praying about this the Lord gave me a very sweet promise, found in Psalms 81: 10, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

I thought that was very fitting and I have reminded the Lord of that promise many a time. Just one instance: a little boy, two and a half

years of age, had died in our community and they sent for us to come over. The people down there have what they call a "burying" when the body of the dead one is interned; then six months later they have the funeral, and a year later they have a memorial service. I had never been to a "burying" and had no idea what I should do, but that promise came to me and I said, "Lord, I am going to this service and You will have to show me what to do." The family had said there was to be singing and speaking and it sounded to me that it might be quite a lengthy affair, so I just told the Lord I would open my mouth wide and He would have to make good His promise.

We got into that little humble home and found it just filled; it was so stifling that you could hardly breathe and the air was such that it almost made one faint, but I kept my eyes on the Lord. We had singing for a long time, till I thought they were about sung out and then I decided it was time for speaking. The Lord had given me a little thought and I knew the best thing to talk about was salvation, for there was no use talking about the little dead child. As I opened my mouth God gave me the words to say and we had a very gracious service; there was every indication of the presence of the Lord in our midst, and a real stirring for God even though it was a funeral service.

Then I had also heard that one often had to do hard manual labor there; you have to be a carpenter and know how to do all sorts of things and the question arose in my mind how would I ever have the strength for such labor. The enemy said, "You will surely break down in no time," and he even used some of God's children to remind me of that, for they would say to me, "You don't look as though you would be able to stand the hardships and the work." But I have always believed that when God sends He gives the enabling, and as I was praying concerning this matter He gave me the promise, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And God has provided the needed strength and I have proven Him under all circumstances.

I would like to tell you of some outstanding experiences we have had in connection with the work. After we had been in that community about two weeks we received a call from one of

the homes, not by telephone, of course, but they came to our place to tell us that one of the young girls was very ill and wanted us to come and pray. It was an extremely destitute home and we found the girl, about twenty years of age, lying on the old-fashioned iron bed. We tried to talk to her about the Lord but soon discerned that she had no spiritual understanding at all and yet she was somehow reaching out for God. So we began to pray that the Lord would give us the right words and that she would be able to grasp the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. Soon I saw that there was a faint glimmer of understanding in her face and that she was beginning to grasp the truth that she was a sinner and needed the Lord Jesus. As we continued to talk, she cried out to the Lord, asking Him to pardon her sins. Our hearts leaped for joy, for we knew that the Holy Spirit was doing His work. Before long that girl was shouting the praises of God. And what a transformation takes place when God comes into a life! The very room seemed transformed and we felt we were on holy ground. I well remember how hard it was even to enter the room, for it was so dark, but after God broke through His glory so filled that room that it seemed like heaven and I can still see that girl's face as she praised the Lord. God did a real work in her heart and life, raised her up from her bed of sickness and there are four members of her family who have come to Christ since that time. What a privilege is ours in serving Him! If nothing else had been accomplished than the salvation of that one girl I would have felt well repaid for my year's service. I would like to ask prayer for the other five members of that family who are still unsaved.

We do not see the people coming to the Lord by the tens and twelves, but just one by one. But they count well the cost before they accept the Lord and I believe He is giving us fruit unto everlasting life. I would like to see the entire community saved, but it has been the burden of my heart that He would raise up a group who would stand true to Him till Jesus comes, and if He answers that prayer I will feel repaid. How many times we hear them saying, "I just feel in my heart I want to go all the way with Jesus," and I know God has put that determination in their hearts.

Let me tell you of another girl, fourteen years of age. Her mother was saved in her younger days in some other part of the state but her father is an unbeliever. He told us that some-

how he had never been able to grasp the Gospel although he did have a desire to be good and honest. The three of them came to the service one night and I can see them now as they sat in that church. We were led to speak on the Coming of the Lord, a truth which had never before been presented to them. Do you remember the reaction it had on your life when you first heard of His Second Coming? I well remember the effect it had on mine, and I understood the response that was in some of these hearts as they heard this truth for the first time that night. In telling of it in her own words, the young girl said, "When the altar call was given something said to me, 'You better go to the altar. You better go now.'" She thought she would go, but her legs seemed as heavy as lead and she just could not get up. Then she thought, "I'll look at my mother and father to see if they feel like I do." But as she turned to them it didn't seem they were affected as she was, but that voice said, "You better go now." "With that," she said, "I went one step forward in the aisle and the leg which had seemed as heavy as iron felt perfectly natural after the first step, and it was easy then to get to the altar." The Lord wonderfully saved that girl and she is one of the most promising in our community. Many a time she has told me that just as soon as she get big she wants to be a missionary right in the hills of Kentucky. I believe God has His hand on that young life. She can quote more Scripture than many an adult. In our Daily Vacation Bible School we had spell-downs in Scripture verses between the boys and the girls and invariably this girl would be the last one to sit down. As I realized the work of grace in her life my heart just bubbled over and over again to hear her say, "It is so wonderful to have heard the Gospel!" Is it a sacrifice to be in service for the Lord? I say No, it is a high privilege!

Let me tell you of another conversion, this one of a man seventy-five years old. He had known the Lord in his early days but somehow the enemy had tripped him and he had fallen back into the ways of sin. I suppose you know when once you slip back, the usual procedure is to go further into sin than you had been before you ever knew God. Such was the case with this man; he surely drank the dregs of sin. Many times when we prayed in his home and showed him that his days were few and that he would soon have to face his God, over and over again he would say, "I know. I always knew

that the Word of God said, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' but I never knew the reaping would be so hard. I never dreamed that this is what I would have to reap." We would urge him to forget the past and get back into fellowship with God, but he would say, "I can't. The Lord won't hear me." He had a real desire, however, to find God, and said, "I would give anything in the world if I could know Jesus as my Savior." We told him that since he had this desire it was impossible for him not to find God, for the very desire proved that God was striving with him. Weeks and months passed by and it seemed the break would never come. He always said there was something standing in the way. Then, just five weeks before I left the work for my vacation, we had special meetings and one night the Lord Jesus got hold of that old man. As the Gospel message was given out the light flashed in upon his soul and he made his way to the altar, and I tell you, there was some weeping and crying out to God.

That is one phase about the work I like: you never have to persuade them that they are saved; when you once get them to the altar they weep and cry until they break through to God.

So, in a very wonderful way the Lord reclaimed that seventy-five-year-old man. I can still see the glory of God shining out in his face and the day before I left the mountains he followed the Lord in baptism. He had been baptized when he was saved before but he felt he had since gone so deep into sin that he should be baptized over again. It was a real testimony to the entire community that this man meant business with God. Practically all the years of his life have been wasted but I know he means to spend the remaining years for God. Pray that the Lord will restore to him the joy he once knew and make the people in that community know that God can save the most wretched and vilest sinner. I believe that is one reason God saved that man—to be a testimony to the people, that God can save to the uttermost.

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window and who should be there but this little lad. I was so surprised and said, "Why, I thought you were sick!" I shall never forget that little lad as he said, "I have been sick but Jesus came. He took sickness all out of my heart."

Friends, missions do pay. I went to Africa to give my life to her people. I was ordered home, a victim of sleeping sickness; five doctors said I could not live and on the voyage home I had to have special care all the way. I was carried from one ship to another in England, but this afternoon, in the face of all I have suffered, I can say with all my heart, "Missions pay." I have been in evangelistic work, in pastoral work and now in missionary work, but I must admit that missionary work is the hardest of all. But God is not looking for chocolate soldiers, He is looking for men and women with the courage of their convictions, and who, even if it means death, are consecrated enough to say, "I will go where He wants me to go." I have suffered, and yet if you should ask me today what my earnest desire is, I would say with all my heart, "Let me go back and give my life to Africa in the service of my King."

(Continued from page 5)

glory of God, will issue again into a new fellowship with Him but it cannot be entered into unless you come the way He has designed.

Now let me read from Romans 8, "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we *suffer* with Him that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." We are candidates for heir-ship. That is, it belongs to us *if so be that we suffer with Him*. Where is He bringing us? To a place of glorification with Him. That is our final destiny, but it comes by way of the yoke—but don't stop with the yoke—by way of the cross, but don't stop at the cross—by way of suffering, but don't stop at suffering. Move on. He wants us finally to be glorified with Him. I love Him because that is His divine arrangement and program.

We are all heirs, but there is a great difference between being an heir and actually getting into your possessions. Did you think just because you were an heir you would get it all the next afternoon at 2 o'clock? There is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," you know. He says we are candidates for heirship, and we may become joint heirs—yoked, or joint heirs, with Him IF. Oh that little conditional "If." Is it on condition that you receive the Baptism? No. On condition that you are a Christian?

No, you have all that to start with but that is merely to get you inside the school-room door, and puts you in the first seat where you are looking at the letter "A." Now you have all the remainder of the time to study out these intricate things of God.

Children in the primary department are heirs to all the education of High School and University but we don't go to them and say, "I love you so that I will just put you in High School today." Yet people think God will do that very thing. It is ridiculous. No, He says we shall be joint-heirs in that glorification, in that unveiling, in that mystical union that He had with the Father, IF we suffer with Him. Have you learned to suffer? That strange crucifixion is to qualify you with capabilities that will make it possible for you to reign with Him.

Yes, our reigning with Him requires qualifications. I was once a teacher in public school and learned some lessons there. I have taught in all departments for we were required to take the children on up through the grades and through High School. While I always had a certain amount of fellowship and understanding with every grade because I adapted myself to my pupils and loved the children, yet I learned that, with all my devotion to them and all my interest in their welfare there was one thing I could *not* do—I could not impart to them in one day, qualifications or ability to land them in the High School classes or send them to college. All I could do was to keep eternally setting before them their lessons, teaching them, coaching them so that one day they would be able to adapt themselves in their new realm. How ridiculous it would have been for me to take a child in the early grades and transplant him right into a high school class! He wouldn't know how to adapt himself. And do you think that some day the Lord will come and take us up and then come around with a bunch of crowns and say, "Now here is your crown"? and "Here is yours"? or "Here is a pair of wings for you and a golden house"? Is that what fellowship with the Son consists of? Is that the deep spiritual understanding that you learned when you were in the yoke with Him? when your face was close to His? when you were so close that you understood the intimations of His heart, and felt the warmth of His nature? Ah, no! It was then that you received something that *transformed* you until finally you found you were not the same creature that first went into the yoke with Him; you found

yourself in perfect union and in love with this mystical Christ until you were partaking of His glory. Do you want this fellowship with Christ? If so, it will cost you everything you possess, but it is worth it all. Let all else go; become detached and liberated from everything earthbound and move along with Him in this blessed fellowship, first in the yoke, then in the cross and its suffering and eventually you will enjoy that supreme fellowship of reigning with Him.

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began to swim away into space. At this instant I felt as though something had wrenched from within my heart. Instinctively I realized that this was my spirit preparing to leave my body.

Quickly from the depth of my innermost being my distressed soul cried, "God!"

"When the waves of death compassed me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; in my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God: and He did hear my voice out of His temple, and my cry did enter into His ears He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me: for they were too strong for me." 2 Samuel 22:5, 7, 18. Glory to God! Hallelujah!

The very moment the cry went forth from my soul the answer came back from heaven. Glory to His name! For at that very instant there came into our midst a terrific report as of an explosion, resounding through the empty halls. My patient cried aloud, "O God! I'm shot," then fell with a thud to the floor. With the explosion came also total darkness.

Struggling to my feet, I found the room suddenly electrified by the power of God! Heaven literally came down into that room. I know the angelic hosts were there. Glory to God! The place was filled by the presence and the glory of the Lord. My patient lay in silence as though dead, while I stood, with all fear gone, in the midst of His glorious presence, praising the Lord with my entire being for having heard my soul's cry, and thus snatching me from the very jaws of death!

"Who is like unto Thee, Lord, . . . ? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out Thy hand; the earth swallowed them up." Exodus 15:11, 12.

Groping my way as quickly as possible along the dark hallway leading to the diet kitchen, I lighted the tallow candles, and hurried joyously

back to my patient. This man who had intimidated me by his duplicity and strength had no longer any power to make me afraid. For now I knew that God was my friend, my protection, and that He is "a very present help in trouble." *Psa. 46:1.* "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Amen!

On returning to the room I discovered the floor was glittering with particles of glass, and on reaching for the electric light globe I found it had been smashed into countless tiny pieces.

Taking my patient by the hand I soon got him comfortably back to bed. Then suddenly, with tears in his eyes, he turned to me and begged me to forgive him, over and over again. His heart was full of deepest regret over the cruel way he had acted. He also fully realized that it was none other than the Lord who had wrought the miracle which restrained him from committing the terrible deed that was in his sinful heart.

"Oh, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" *Rom. 11:33.*

From this hour S. . . . was a changed man. The drinking, swearing and offensive mannerisms had passed away. He was very penitent, docile and gentle. We could not have desired a nicer and more obedient patient.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." *Psa. 50:15.*

"Therefore will I give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praises unto Thy name." *Psa. 18:49.*

Therefore "The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall He thunder upon them." *1 Sam. 2:10.—Mrs. M. E. Thorkildson in The Pentecostal Evangel.*

(Continued from page 2)

burden of training six children without a father seems too great, but we remember another widow in India who was left under similar circumstances and God wonderfully wrought, so we ask our readers to stand in faith and prayer for this family so bereft, that God will be a husband to the widow and a father to the six fatherless children. If anybody would like to remember this family in a substantial way we shall be glad to forward all offerings.

Miss Zelma Argue sends us the following:

"The Canadian Pentecostal work has suffered the removal of a real pillar in the faith, in the homegoing, on Aug. 22nd, of Rev. Wm. Lloyd Draffin, pastor of the Bethel Pentecostal Church of Windsor, Ontario. Mr. Draffin was visiting in the home of his mother in Ottawa at the time, and on the night previous had preached in the Ottawa assembly under a very rich anointing.

"For years Brother Draffin had been pastor at Kitchener, Ontario, and the substantial tabernacle there was built under his ministry. Also, for some years he had served the Canadian Council as Supt. of Western Ontario, an office later held by Pastor J. H. Blair of Hamilton.

"The Ottawa press said, 'Beloved by all who knew him, Rev. Mr. Draffin was well and prominently recognized throughout Ontario for his kindly ministrations, genuine spirit of friendliness, and his keen interest in his fellowmen.'"

BIBLE SCHOOL NOTICE. The Northwest Bible Institute, Seattle, Washington, opens its 1936-37 term, October 1st. The Institute offers a complete three year course in Bible training and preparatory work for Christian Service.

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Love and Fame

I looked for Fame,
And Love came
Fluttering by,
And paused awhile
With bated wings to sigh;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled,
And then I looked for Love—
But Love was dead.

—W. T. M.



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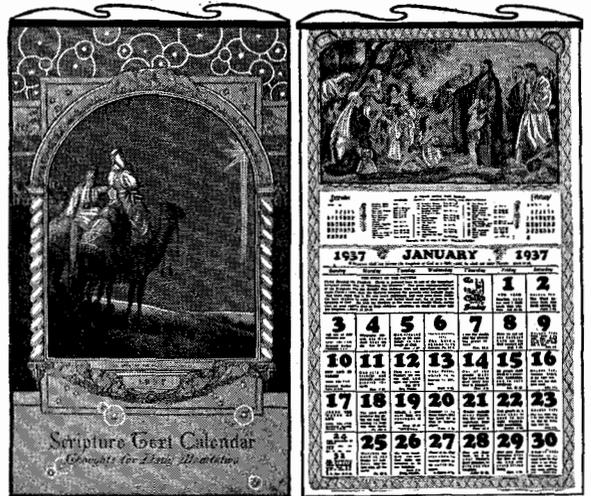
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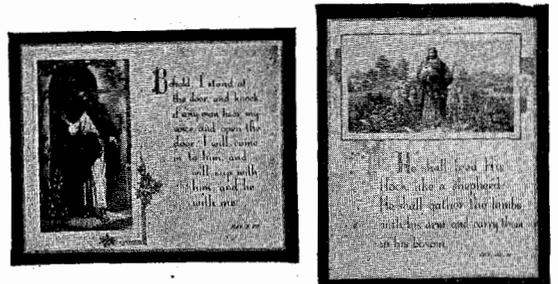
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Miss Katherine Kuhlman, Evangelist from Denver, Colo., will hold meetings at the Stone Church, 70th & Stewart Ave., from October 4th to 25th inclusive. Meetings every evening, except Monday, at 8, Sundays 11, 3 and 7:30. Sunday School at 9:30.

Niels P. Thomsen, Pastor.