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The Problem of Human Suffering

By Harvey McAlister

THE BOOK of Job—the oldest of the books of the Bible—bears testimony to the extreme antiquity of the problem of suffering. “Although affliction cometh not from the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” “Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.”

One of the Psalms, containing one of Moses’ sublime and touching prayers, breathes forth a somewhat similar confession. “The days of our years are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.”

Suffering has been a live issue ever since sin reared its ugly head in the Garden of Eden. Unsolvable problem! Unfathomable mystery! Riddle of the ages! Suffering is a fruition of Adam’s sin. “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” The marginal rendering of the Hebrew text in our Authorized Version is: “dying thou shalt die.” The dying condition of the race is as much the result of sin as is death itself, and almost immediately, upon the entrance of sin into the stock of humanity, we read of death, tears, sorrow and pain. Ever

since, this old world has been a sad place—a moral night. The book of Genesis, which begins with the words, “In the beginning God,” and whose first pages portray a beautiful garden scene, closes with the words, “in a coffin in Egypt,” and a funeral scene. Our race is as a procession to the cemetery. Tears have fallen, oceans of them, and they still fall. Hearts—human hearts—have been broken with sorrow, and still break. Poor, suffering, broken-hearted humanity winds its way down the paths of time, deceived by Satan, led captive by him at his will. Who can measure the awfulness of the results of sin? We could draw the picture as dark as human imagination could paint it; call to remembrance the darkest deeds of the darkest ages; look at the moral plight of our race from every standpoint possible; and even then we should have but a partial picture of the awful havoc, and the terrible degradation into which sin has plunged the human family.

He, therefore, who would meet the issue fairly—solve the problem—fathom the mystery—arrive at a solution of the riddle—of suffering, must first of all deal with sin.

The inspired Scriptures are most explicit in their statements concerning the fact that if there had been no sin, then there had been no suffering. “By

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one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Death, in the language of the Bible, stands as the penal consequence of sin. Again it is written, "sin hath reigned unto death." Death is not, as many assert, the tribute that we pay to nature, but the tribute we pay to the dread sovereignty of sin. Deep down in man's heart lieth the root of the evil, for "when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Death, so to speak, is the finished product of sin, and all the entailed suffering, mental and physical, are contributing factors.

The mystery concerning suffering will undoubtedly never be completely solved, nor entirely and satisfactorily explained in this life. We widely miss the mark, however, and fail to view the problem of suffering aright, when we fail to take into account the connection which the foul and malignant being, Satan, has with human suffering. We must never wander in our thinking from the fact that the first cause, and in many instances the immediate cause, of suffering is sin, and the other fact, viz., that Satan was the seducer of our first parents in the matter of their allegiance to God, and that he has been tireless in his efforts for the destruction of the souls and bodies of men ever since.

The Lord suffered Satan to afflict Job for a time. "Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life. So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." But back of Job's sore boils, and back of all the storm clouds that broke over Job's head—calamities great and well nigh intolerable—was Satan. It is most blessed, however, to remember that the Lord, in effect, said to Satan, as He says to the raging sea, "Hither-to shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The New Testament bears the same witness as the Old Testament in this regard. "And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself." Back of this woman's eighteen years' suffering and infirmity was an evil spirit. "And ought not this woman . . . whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed?" Jesus "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil."

Now just why the Lord permits the devil to exist, and allows him certain latitude and liberty—like as it is with a chained dog—is one of the mysteries connected with sin and suffering, and

awaits the end of the days for its solution. Although we are not always able to track the footsteps of Satan through the maze of natural laws and the unforeseen circumstances that bring about our suffering, yet it is well for us at all times to be on our guard, and ever watchful and prayerful against his infernal assaults.

Evidently the problem of suffering was a controverted subject in the days of the flesh of the Son of God, for His disciples asked, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" While it is true that suffering is in the world as a result of sin and the lying deception of Satan, and that suffering in a sinless and Satanless world is an inconceivable thing, yet it is a difficult matter to trace personal afflictions to the individual's sin or that of his parents. In this particular instance, "neither hath this man sinned nor his parents."

Then, too, in order for a full-orbed view of the problem of suffering, we must of necessity recognize the hand of God at work in the midst of our sufferings.

"He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand or say unto Him, What doest Thou." "See now that I, even I, am He, and there is no God with me: I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal." "The Lord killeth and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich: He bringeth low and lifteth up." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

It is no unusual thing to have the sick ask, "What have I done to merit this suffering?" What tortures of introspection many folks of the more sensitive type pass through, when this question is uppermost in the mind! And others, who by all means ought to be exercised about the matter, scarcely ever give it as much as a moment's thought.

It is evident that Paul was not able to trace his "thorn in the flesh" to any personal transgression. It seemed to him to be a great hindrance to his work, and so three times he prayed for its removal. But instead of its being taken away, he received an answer that completely changed the entire aspect of the case, and put a new value upon his sufferings. "And He (the Lord) said unto him (Paul), My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Paul afterwards knew the reason why he was permitted to suffer—"lest he should be

exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations." Thus is revealed a preventive purpose in some sufferings."

Elihu, "in God's stead," in accordance with Job's own expressed wish, interprets the meaning of God's dealings with Job in the matter of suffering. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed. Then He (the Lord) openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction . . . He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread (so ill he refuses to eat), and his soul dainty meat (refuses the dainties even as the ordinary food). His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen, stick out (nothing but skin and bones). Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave (it appears as if he were about to die)."

Sickness, accordingly, is not God's first and chosen language to His creatures, but a secondary method which He is driven to employ when the first does not succeed. And what is the Lord's purpose in all this effort to arrest man's attention? "That He may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man." Elsewhere in the Bible, we read, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." God would prevent a greater calamity by permitting a lesser one, by turning man aside from the evil purpose he has nursed in his heart, and bringing him low in humility.

We shall now consider the remedy. "If there be a messenger with him (some one to deliver a message to him), an interpreter, one among a thousand (how scarce the true messengers and interpreters), to shew unto men his uprightness (or wherein he has strayed and get him back once more on the upright path): then he (the messenger or interpreter) is gracious unto him (not harsh and judging and condemning), and saith (or offers prayer), Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom (the margin reads: "atonement")." And as a result of this kind of treatment, "His flesh (that was so consumed away that it could not be seen) shall be fresher than a child's: he (the chastened one) shall return unto the days of his youth (a new lease of life is granted): he shall pray unto God (he learns to commune with the Lord while set aside with the illness), and He (the Lord) will be favorable unto him."

Suffering is sometimes disciplinary, that is, for "child-training" purposes.

The real meaning of the word "chasten" is to "child-train." It is built upon the Greek word "child." It is the root-word for "child" with the verb termination added to it. It means "to deal with as a child," to "child-train." Weymouth, in his translation of the New Testament, uses the word "discipline."

"My son, do not think lightly of the Lord's discipline, and do not faint when He corrects you; for those whom the Lord loves He disciplines: and He scourges every son whom He acknowledges. The sufferings that you are enduring are for your discipline. God is dealing with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his father does not discipline? And if you are left without discipline, of which every true son has had a share, that shows that you are bastards, and not true sons. Besides this, our earthly fathers used to discipline us and we treated them with respect, and shall we not be still more submissive to the Father of our spirits, and live? It is true that they disciplined us for a few years according as they saw fit; but He does it for our certain good, in order that we may become sharers in His own holy character. Now, at the time, discipline seems to be a matter not for joy, but for grief; yet it afterwards yields to those who have passed through its training a result full of peace—namely, righteousness."

"For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep (the sleep of death). For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord (that is, child-trained or disciplined), that we should not be condemned with the world." 1 Cor. 11:30-32.

It is most important that Christians—children of the Heavenly Father—should clearly apprehend the distinction between the chastening of a father and the judgment of an angry God. The justified believer does not come into judgment, but is, nevertheless, subject to chastening, which is in these scriptures presented as one of the supreme evidences of the Father's love. This is a part of our spiritual education. Patience is the first lesson, and "tribulation" is the text-book, in the school of Christ. And the Lord loves us well enough to hurt us when we need it.

The shepherd of the Orient carries a number of small stones in his bag, and sometimes, when the wandering sheep refuses to come back, one of these painful messengers is flung from the shepherd's sling, and the wounded victim limps back to the fold a sadder but wiser sheep. We shall thank God some day in the clear vision of the

eternal afterwards for such inexorable love.

It is said that a shepherd once pointed to one of his flock that came limping to him with a broken leg and fed from his hand, and said to the one that was standing with him, "You wonder, perhaps, how that sheep broke its leg, and you may be surprised to know that I did it. It was the most willful and intractable sheep in all the flock. It did not love me. It never would follow in the pathway in which I was leading the flock. It wandered to the verge of many a perilous cliff and dizzy abyss. And not only was it disobedient itself, but it was ever leading the other sheep of my flock astray. Therefore I had to wound it and make it helpless and dependent upon my love and care, and now you see how it comes to me, loves me, and follows me everywhere. It is now the model sheep of my flock. No other sheep hears my voice so quickly. None follow so closely at my side. Instead of leading its mates astray, now it is an example and guide for the wayward ones, leading them, with itself, in the path of obedience at my call. A complete transformation has come in the life of this once wayward sheep. It has learned obedience through its suffering." What a commentary on our theme! How hard for us and for Him the discipline of suffering, but how good the "afterwards" and the "peaceable fruits of righteousness for them that are exercised thereby."

The words "son," "child," and "father" occur nine times in the portion of Hebrews under consideration. The Lord is speaking to His own children—members of His own family—the "household of faith." Up yonder is the homeland and the glory; down here is the suffering. Wonder of wonders! The Lord is even overruling the suffering to child-train or discipline His own for the glory. What sweetness and preciousness flow forth from this much misunderstood passage when invested with its literal meaning.

Those who go through this life with little or no suffering are not, as a rule, as thoughtful and sympathetic for others as they might be. Often such are too severe and exacting with those weaker than themselves. A period of suffering sometimes seems almost a necessity in order to give the right perspective in life.

It is the customary thing for us to think of the sick as being ministered unto, rather than as ministering unto others. Yet it is astonishing how ill some folks can be and still perform service of inestimable value in behalf of others.

Manifesting patience under pain is a great service. Some of the worst

sufferers have been the most patient. An impatient patient is really a contradiction of terms. Some are temperamentally more patient than others, while some gain patience at great cost. Perfect patience comes through personal fellowship with the suffering Saviour. Men unmoved by the most powerful of sermons have been stirred to the depths of their beings by an example of Christian patience under great suffering.

A brother of mine is a concrete example of patient endurance and of manifesting the Christian graces under the most trying of circumstances. For many years he has been confined to his bed with arthritis, and now he is unable to move any part of his body—save his arms and hands very slightly. His jaws are even perfectly rigid. I traveled half way across the continent lately to be with him, and, as I thought, to be a blessing to him; but it was the other way around—he was of untold blessing to me. And this is the common experience of those who visit with him. His bedside is a veritable "holy of holies." All are aware that he dwells in the secret place of the Most High, and that he abides "under the shadow of the Almighty."

Our hymnology has been greatly enriched, and afflicted people the world over have been blessed by the singing of "O love that will not let me go," a hymn written by George Matheson during the days of his blindness. Our suffering world would have been the poorer by the loss of the line so full of comfort and meaning in the hours of distress, "O joy that seekest me through pain," had George Matheson not been so sorely afflicted.

Then there is an active service the Christian sick can render. To what greater service could time in the sick chamber be spent than in the lofty ministry of intercessory prayer? Prayer is a personal boon under all circumstances. It is an antidote to pain. And when prayer passes into intercession others besides ourselves are blessed.

What farflung blessings, my suffering friend, you may send forth, day by day and night by night, when sleep her soothing balm denies, by taking large petitions to the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus for missionaries and missionary activities the world around! Then think of interceding for the pastor as he ministers at the regular services and visits among the flock.

Paul made the places of his imprisonment power houses of prayer. By this means he lost all sense of bondage to men and became the Lord's happy slave, the prisoner of Christ. The Ephesian letter contains some of his far-reaching petitions. The Chris-

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The Dynamic of Soul-Winning

"The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?"

For us to become great soul winners it is not sufficient alone that we answer the call of Jesus, and submit ourselves to His training, even though that training progress so far that the thunderous opposites of our nature are tempered by the grace of Christ. Underneath all of our spiritual, mental, and moral equipment there must be the dynamic impulse of a spontaneous spiritual force, compelling our service.

The Samaritan woman, like the fishermen of Galilee, came in contact with the Lord while occupied with her humble daily task. Her soul was as barren and dry as the empty waterpot which she carried. But hers was not an obdurate soul, nor willfully indifferent one. On the contrary, she was so thirsty for some spiritual life that in spite of her prejudice against the Jews—a prejudice produced and fostered by the attitude of superiority maintained by the Jews toward all Samaritans—she would not long conceal her hunger even when conversing with one. Doubtless her surprise was great when she found herself being addressed civilly by Christ, a Jew. Patiently, without regarding her sarcasm and suspicion, the Lord Jesus unfolded to her her need, and His own power and willingness to help. She was a sinner—a great sinner. She had been so steeped in superstitious traditions that her heart was perverted from true spiritual worship. She was tied to the routine of the commonplace in life, with no spiritual outlook. But when the Master who understood her heart spoke to her, the light of divine truth broke through upon her soul, and she was reborn. She knew God; knew that Jesus was the Christ; she could worship God in spirit and in truth.

All of the pent-up spiritual forces of her starved soul were set free. At once they became a mighty impelling force to which she fully yielded herself. *She left her waterpot.* She was not asked to. It was the inward moving of spiritual power manifested in the serene consciousness that all was now well with her soul, coupled with an overwhelming love and appreciation for her Deliverer, that impelled her. Living water was springing up within her. She was transformed into a new realm forgetting everything but the One who had given her to drink. The *spontaneous* dynamic of soul-winning was astir in her, and homeward to Sychar she hastened to pour out the testimony she had to give.

She was not a pedagogue nor a divine. She had no mastery of letters nor wisdom. She was just a new-born soul carrying the burning message of Christ, and her yielding to her newly born impulse of love and gratitude put her message across.

The same deep consciousness of the reality of Christ, the same keen sense of appreciation and gratitude, when allowed to dominate our lives, will work the *same* for us as it did for the Samaritan woman. Not everything is to be done by God, even though without Him we can do nothing. God seeks to work through us. He would touch the wellspring of our natural spiritual powers; He would quicken them into action by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

The effect will be the same, and the results. As the woman left her waterpot, we may turn from the natural things to the spiritual. As she became a soul winner that stirred the city of Sychar, so may we possess the spontaneous spiritual dynamic that makes a great soul winner.

It is when we are in the way of *duty* that we find *giants*. It was when Israel was going *forward* that the giants appeared. When they turned back into the wilderness they found none.—Selected.

Into the army of our Lord the deserter is received with gladness; but he must begin in the ranks, and must prove his fidelity before he is again entrusted with a commission.—Spurgeon.

PREACHING AND TEACHING

The farmer has two ways of planting his seed. In planting corn he scatters it broadcast. In sowing turnips the seed is carefully poured into the drill. The preacher scatters the seed of the Word broadcast. The teacher pours it into the heart as they are able to bear it, "Rightly dividing the Word of Truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.—Sel.

THE GREATEST OF ALL

My greatest loss. To lose my soul.
My greatest object. To glorify God.

My greatest work. To win souls for Christ.

My greatest prize. A crown of glory.

My greatest joy. The joy of God's salvation.

My greatest inheritance. Heaven and its glories.

My greatest victory. Over death through Christ.

My greatest neglect. To neglect so great salvation.

My greatest crime. To reject Christ, the only Saviour.

My greatest privilege. Power to become a son of God.

My greatest peace. The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge. To know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.—Selected.

A HEART OF COMPASSION

A cold heart will not go far in winning a lost soul to Christ. Great soul-winners have ever been men and women of real sympathy and compassion. The Lord Jesus loved His countrymen so deeply that He looked on the eager and ill-mannered crowd on the shore lands of Galilee as sheep without a shepherd. Dr. Jowett wrote of this theme:

"I am amazed how easily I become callous. I am ashamed how small and insensitive is the surface I present to the needs and sorrows of the world. We can never heal the need we do not feel. Tearless hearts can never be heralds of the passion. We must pity if we would redeem. We must bleed if we would be ministers of the saving blood."

The Kansu-Tibetan Border Field

By Louise M. Chenoweth

The Location

The Pentecostal work in Northwest China is located largely in the Chinese province of Kansu. It may also be said to include the adjoining Tibetan province of Kokonor, which has recently come under the military rule of the Chinese.

Kansu is the most northwestern of the original eighteen provinces of China. It is bordered on the north by Mongolia, on the west by Tibet and Chinese Turkestan, on the south by Szechwan Province, and on the east by Shensi. Among the provinces of China, Kansu ranks third in size, but its population is relatively small, being estimated at eleven millions.

Kokonor is the most northern of the five provinces of Tibet, and the only one at present open to the preaching of the gospel. It must be remembered, in examining maps of Kansu and Kokonor, that a great proportion of the border towns, which are included in Kansu for political reasons, are preponderantly Tibetan, with a Tibetan population and, until recently, under Tibetan control.

Outstanding Characteristics

Kansu is in the main, a rough mountainous country. As one approaches the Tibetan border from the east, the roads become more and more impassable, and the mountain ranges tower higher and higher. Consequently the climate of Kansu is for the most part cool and dry, becoming exceedingly cold during the winter months, and exhibiting much less variability than is found in lower altitudes. Normally there is enough rainfall during the spring and summer to produce a good growth of cool-weather crops, but what is generally known as "the rainy season" is not found in Kansu. This part of the country does not produce rice, except in the most southern part. Wheat, barley, rye, oats, and millet are the chief crops.

The people of Kansu are generally more hardy, as well as of a larger physical type, than the Chinese of South and Central China. They are more primitive, being almost entirely untouched by Western civilization. There is very little progress along educational lines, and by far the greater portion are simple country people who ask nothing more from life than that they be allowed to live in peace, and

raise their season's crops successfully, without too much interference from the government, in the form of taxes and compulsory service. They are kind, hospitable, and not easily stirred into mobs, either for political or religious reasons. Their worship is a blend of the three religions of China, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. There is also quite a large sprinkling of Mohammedans who have come into the country from Chinese Turkestan.

There are no railroads in Kansu, only one telegraph line, and of course no electricity or other modern conveniences. Recently the government has undertaken the construction of motor roads, but as it generally takes a long time for the Chinese to complete any project, no one can say how soon these roads will become effective.

The Tibetans of Kokonor are a different people from the Chinese, having a language and customs of their own. They are largely nomads, raising great flocks of sheep and cattle. In contrast to the Chinese, the Tibetans are altogether Buddhist, that religion not only governing them spiritually but socially and politically as well. They are warlike and barbarous, and the high plateaus and mountain ranges of Tibet are infested with robbers, making missionary work, which must be largely itinerant in character because of the nomadic habits of the people, very dangerous at times.

Pentecostal Work in Kansu

The evangelization of Kansu was the first undertaken by two Protestant missionary societies, during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Pentecostal work in Kansu began as an outgrowth from these societies, due to the outpouring of the Spirit with supernatural manifestations in the winter in 1911-12. Pentecostal assemblies were first formed in 1928, and from then on the work has grown until it now covers approximately one third of the whole territory of Kansu, and has a membership of several thousand Chinese Christians.

The character of the Pentecostal work in Kansu has from the beginning been that of an endeavor, on the part of all concerned to conform as far as possible to apostolic teachings and methods. The missionaries expect the working of the Spirit in supernatural power to accompany the preaching of

the Word, and have found the results of this faith most unusual and gratifying. Due to the remoteness of Kansu from the rest of China, the missionary force on the field has at no time been proportionate to the size of the work, or to the magnitude of the opportunity, and largely because of this lack, the native church has developed a strong force of well-trained, Spirit-filled Chinese preachers, pastors, evangelists and teachers. From the beginning of the work an effort has been made, to develop the work along lines of self-support, and self-government, and the native preachers have been taught to depend on God more and less on the help of the Missionary. There have been difficulties in this course, and many serious problems, but the attitude of the Chinese Churches during the recent Nationalist uprisings, has amply repaid the missionaries for their efforts along this line, as well as indicating that in their pursuance of it they were under the guidance of the Spirit. While there is much more progress to be made, especially in the matter of self-support, the blessing of God is resting in a marked manner on the churches of Kansu, and confidence is felt that whatever should happen in China's political affairs, the Pentecostal work will stand the test.

Needs and Opportunities

Far from being content with the attainments and scope of the work in Kansu, those in touch with it realize that only the edges of our great opportunities have been met. Such is the mighty working of the Spirit of God, that there seems no limit to what may be accomplished if we keep pace with the plan of God. In this the work needs the understanding and cooperation of the Assemblies of God in America. There is need for more missionaries,—for missionaries to be leaders in evangelism, of missionaries prepared to undertake the difficult task of training native preachers, of missionaries who are unafraid of hardships, danger, and loneliness and, above all, missionaries who can show toward the Chinese people the Spirit of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life." All the yet untouched sections of Kansu call us; all the desert wastes of Chinese Turkestan, all the mountain camps of Kokonor, all the souls of these men still groping in darkness, challenge us to give of our best, to sacrifice and to suffer, that God's undying purpose to bring the message of salvation to the "uttermost parts of the earth" shall not be thwarted, but shall reach its blessed fulfillment through the humble but yielded instruments that He desires us to be.

One of God's Wonders

The Conversion and Call to the Ministry of a Notorious Bandit, Jail Breaker and One-Time Prize Fighter

J. E. PERKINS

Dan McNally, the subject of this biographical sketch, is thirty years old, but if age were measured by thrilling incidents and hard experiences, what he has gone through in those years would make him much older than that. Eight years of those thirty he spent in the Missouri State Prison, and for three years of that time he endured the maddening loneliness of nerve-racking solitary confinement.

He came from a good family in Virginia, his father having won honor as an athlete in Scotland. His mother was a big-hearted Irish woman, possessing an unwavering faith in the living Christ. She was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The sorrows of life had driven her to know the realities of prayer. His uncle is a coal operator in Virginia and Montana. His sister is married into the family of a senator from an Eastern State.

At an early age Dan wandered from home, finally stopping in Salt Lake City, where his great natural love for adventure led him into the companionship of lawless men. Among them, giving rein to his headstrong, unbroken spirit,—innocent of the home training in the things of God to which every child born into the world is entitled,—he soon became not only a criminal but a leader in crime. Later, falling into company with Jack Dempsey he engaged for a time in prize-fighting.

Soon, however, he returned to the field of crime and became a bandit. Together with a partner in crime, he carried on an illicit drug business. He was then known as Joe Kenney, and under that name he became the head of an extensive dope ring in the Utah city. They did not buy the drugs they sold, but obtained their supplies by robbing drug houses. Finally they robbed a Kansas City wholesale drug house of \$60,000 worth of drugs, were caught, and Dan McNally was sentenced to serve eight years in the penitentiary at Jefferson City as stated above.

Although but eighteen years of age when sentenced to prison, "Kenney" was soon known as one of the most desperate men within the desolate walls of the Missouri prison. He with others planned an escape. In carrying out this mad plan and as they "shot" their way through to liberty, one of his companions killed a guard. They got as

far as Sedalia, where they were all recaptured. The blame for the murder was laid on "Kenney," because he was known to be the leader in the daring break for liberty. The infuriated crowd, with cries of "Lynch him! lynch him!" tore Dan from the guard and dragged him away with the intention of hanging him. They had placed the noose around his neck and were leading him to a telephone pole where they planned to hang him from a cross arm, when one of the guards forced his way through the crowd and rescued him at the point of a gun from his captors. Once again safe within the cold, gray walls of the prison at Jefferson City it was discovered that it was one of his companions who had killed the guard; and once more the life of Dan McNally was spared.

But McNally was terribly punished for his part in the jail delivery, by being placed in the rings. Brutal and unbelievably awful as this punishment is he had to endure it for sixty-eight days in succession. During the day he was hung up by the wrists until he could just touch the floor with his feet, and was let down at night to sleep on a board in a little dark cell. More than once this punishment has driven men madly insane. During this sixty-eight days his food consisted of two slices of bread at night and a cup of water.

Dan McNally became more desperate than ever before. With soul embittered by this torture, he planned another escape. Once more as the leader of a handful of desperate men, he shot his way to the outer walls in a wild, mad dash for freedom. Their plan was to steal a switch engine just as it came inside the walls on its regular trip. Guards were slugged and the desperate men reached the train. Those who escaped commandeered the engine, and, opening up the throttle, pushed towards the gate. One after another were brought down by the rifle fire, until Dan McNally alone remained. Through the gate and out into the open he was the only one to get outside the walls. His liberty was short-lived, however, for one of the guards brought him headlong to the ground with a charge of buckshot. A rifle bullet had splintered the bone in his elbow just prior to this. When he fell, his pistol slipped from his pocket and as he reached for it, the

heavy heel of one of the guards ground his hand into the gravel of the road.

Two colored men took McNally's body, torn and bleeding from gapping wounds, by the head and heels and flung him into a garbage wagon. Those of his companions who also had been shot down were then thrown into the wagon on top of him, and the journey to the hospital was begun. That ride was a telling demonstration of the text, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Speaking of the experience of that day, Dan McNally says, "Immediately after those shots tore through my flesh a numbness settled all over me, and then my body seemed to have caught on fire, and it seemed to me there was not water enough in all the world to put out the flames." He was taken to the prison hospital where the doctors held no hope for his recovery, and yet the days came and went and still he lived on.

While in this condition, hovering between life and death, Dan had a vision. A large book was laid down before his eyes. The open pages were black. It seemed to him that this was the record of his life. In vain he searched the pages for some merit. He had cheated the law because he felt the world owed him a living, but his heart had always gone out to the poor and needy. Many a newsboy he had fed from his ill-gotten gains. Many a poor person had been helped. These to him were good deeds, and he looked for their record in the book. But alas, there was no record of them.

Strange as it may seem to the law-abiding citizen, unversed in the manner of life led by many men doing time in our penal institutions, there is a code of honor of a perverted sort, in the name of which such men do the most daring and self-sacrificing things, calmly and without ostentation, as a mere incident in the day's work. According to the terms of that code Dan McNally hated the law with a terrible hatred, and looked upon its officers as his bitterest enemies, who were to be fought, scorned, and outwitted. According to that code, to be seen talking to a policeman is one of the most despicable of sins, while to "snitch" or tell on a companion in crime is the one and only unpardonable sin in that catalogue of wrongdoing. Those in the

prison who spy upon their fellow prisoners are called "stool pigeons," and their "accidental" death, if the facts could be known, is often the result of the hatred of votaries of this code of honor. According to this code, Dan McNally, while in the Missouri prison, when some of his friends of less enduring constitution than his own were in the rings, would do something to get put in the rings himself, so that when the bread was given him at night he could give it to his friend. He says his constitution was strong and he could hang in the rings and do without food, while his friends could not get along on the amount of food they received. Dan had shared his bread and water time after time in this way. Was not this a noble deed? Why was not it recorded? But all was black on the pages! Then a hand reached down and turned the page. The new pages were perfectly white, not a line nor a mark on them; and a voice seemed to say, "This is what your future could be."

* * * * *

The governor of the State after these desperate breaks for liberty put a new warden in charge, desiring to ascertain what was the reason for such serious unrest among the prisoners. Several months had passed by since the garbage-wagon experience and life seemed to be slowly returning to the wounded boy when one day the new warden came to the hospital to see him and talked with him about his soul and about the Lord Jesus. At first McNally refused all overtures of friendship, but eventually the kindness of the tender-hearted warden won him. Sam Hill, the new warden, was something of a reformer, but yet knew very little about the new birth or the saving and transforming power of the blood of Jesus. Nevertheless when he challenged McNally to let him become his friend, the tortured boy accepted the challenge, and then, to the astonishment of every one, when McNally had recovered sufficiently so that he could walk around, Hill made him a trusty.

This love and display of confidence on the part of the warden awoke something in the bandit's heart which had slumbered there for years. There was honor in the boy, and he would have given his life rather than have violated the trust put in him by the new warden. He had not yet been regenerated, but there was a better self in him which now asserted itself, and he took the course that finally enabled him to leave for good and all the path of crime and to begin living an honorable life.

There was another "something" in his heart that soon also became awakened. This was a hunger after God. He obtained a New Testament and was

at once captivated by the story of the Lord Jesus. He began to desire to become a Christian and confided those aspirations to the priest who occasionally visited him. The priest told him it would never do for him to read this version of the Bible and promised to get for him a copy of the Douay version, which he said would be much better. But poor McNally had, it seemed, asked for bread and had received a stone, for the promised Bible never came.

When McNally was discharged from the prison he sought spiritual help from another priest, but he was simply told to behave himself and not to shoot anybody. Thus, once more his starving soul failed in its search for the Living Bread. The church however must be given credit of providing for his bodily wants, supplying him with food and clothing until he could get work, even though they were unable to satisfy the hunger for the living Christ that was gnawing at his heart.

He met and married a woman of splendid character, and really settled down to hard work. Within two years his firm promoted him to a position of trust and honor, but from this place he was suddenly hurled when his prison record came to the knowledge of his employers—he was discharged. At this time McNally again became almost desperate, and would no doubt have sought solace in his old life had not God again graciously overruled.

Up to the time however, that he lost his job as stated, his dealings with God, notwithstanding the vision, had not brought him to the new birth, though he was conscious of a deep hunger in his heart for God. Disheartened and jobless, one night in a Kansas City cafe he decided to oil up his old pistol and start out once more in crime. Sitting there at the little table he thought it all out, but God intervened. A great fear swept over him and he saw his danger. He rushed out of the place and hurried home to tell his wife that he would have to get religion and the right kind at once. He saw that God alone could keep him straight, and he began in earnest the search for the truth in Christ. He was desperate to get the real thing and God opened up the way for him, permitting him to come into contact with Rev. Harry Swartz, pastor of the Christian Union Church, in Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Swartz had himself at one time served a two years' sentence in the Wyoming State's Prison, and through his influence McNally soon accepted the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour. His soul was redeemed by the power of His all-conquering blood, and since that time he

has been a constant witness to its wonderful, transforming power.

On New Year's night, I was privileged to stand by his side and witness the descension of the blessed Holy Spirit upon him, as He filled the yielded temple with His own glorious presence, baptizing him with the same baptism as was experienced by the disciples at the beginning.

God has definitely called him into His service, and his great love for lost souls is in itself an irresistible power to draw men to Christ. Never does he tire of telling the story of "Him whom his soul loveth," and of His redeeming power through grace. He has told his story in the largest churches in Kansas City,—the story of a wild desperado's life of sin transformed by the gentle touch of the Master-hand into one of grateful service, the story of a hungry heart satisfied.

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can
restore;
Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more."

Dan McNally is, above all else, a soul-winner. His love for the lost is like a fire, burning continually in his soul. He is out on the firing line for the Lord, laboring on the evangelistic field.

WE SPILL WHAT'S INSIDE

On one occasion a nurse in one of the London hospitals complained to the Chaplain-General to the Forces that she had been rudely treated by some of the patients. "Thank God for that!" was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished nurse. "Why," said the Bishop, "if you are carrying a vessel and somebody knocks up against you, you can only spill out of the vessel what is inside. And when people misjudge and persecute us, we can only spill what is inside. In the case of a godless man, he will probably swear. But if you are Christ-filled, filled with the Holy Spirit, you will manifest the gentleness of Christ, and make men astonished."

"Do you ask, 'Why not do away with the Church, if its members make so many mistakes?' Would you take away the lighthouse because careless mariners, through wrong observations, run their ships high and dry upon the shore? Would you put out the lamp in your house because moths and millers burn their wings in it? What would the children do?"

How Did Our Lord Use the Old Testament?

Passages of the Old Testament, cited as they are in all parts of the New with many and many a glance or tacit, unexpressed reference, link all parts of the volume together, and give to it the character of unity and completeness. The contents themselves of the volume do the same. They also give unity and completeness to it; for they are a series of events which stretch from the beginning to the end, from the creation to the kingdom. And prophecies in the Old Testament of events in the New are as quotations in the New of passages in the Old. And thus, in the mouth of several witnesses of the highest dignity we have the oneness and the consistency of the divine volume from first to last fully set forth and established.

This would tell us that it is all the breathing of one and the same Spirit. Scripture itself announces the same; "their self-evidencing light and power," the moral glories, in which they so brightly, so abundantly, and so variously shine, witness that God is their source. And thus the divine origin of the Book, as well as its unity and consistency, is established. And we hold to these truths in the face of all the insult which is put upon them by unreasonable and wicked men. Oppositions of science, falsely so-called, only spend themselves in vain, as angry waves do upon the seashore. God Himself has set the bounds; and these things only return upon themselves, foaming out their own shame.

In the progress of the New Testament Scriptures the Lord Jesus and the Holy Spirit, in their several ways and seasons, use the Scriptures of the Old. This is a sealing of them, if they needed that. But it is so. It is God putting His seal on them after they came forth, as it was He who breathed them before they came forth.

As to the Lord, we shall find that He uses Old Testament scriptures in several different ways.

He uses them as a weapon of war, or a shield of defence, when assailed by the tempter or by the world.

He treats them as authority when teaching or reasoning.

He vows and avers their divine origin, and their indestructible character, and that too, in every jot and tittle of them.

He fulfills them, not withdrawing Himself from His place of service and of suffering, till He could survey the whole of them (as far as that service and suffering had respect to them) as realized, verified, and accomplished.

In ways as these, and it may be in

others, the Lord honors the Scriptures. What a sight! What a precious fact! How blessed to see Him in such relationships to the Word of God, that Word which is the ground and witness of all the confidence and liberty and peace we know before God!

Then when the ministry of the Lord Jesus is ended and He has returned to His place by the Father's side, the Holy Spirit inspires the writers of the Epistles to follow the same course, so that in every one of the Epistles we get quotations from the writings of the Old Testament.

These quotations are found in every part of the New Testament, and are taken from every part of the Old from Genesis to Malachi, and that very largely. So that we have, in the structure of the divine volume nothing less than the closest, fullest, and most intricate interweaving of all parts of it together, the end, too, returning to the beginning, and the beginning anticipating the end. Take, for example, the opening scenes of Genesis and the closing ones of Revelation—garden, tree, river, bridegroom, and bride. In a certain sense we are in all parts of the volume when we are in any part of it; though the variety of communications, in disclosing the dispensations of God, is infinite.

And surely we say these qualities of the holy Book are in the highest sense divine; as its material or contents have in them a comprehension and display of moral glories in all unsullied excellency, which in the clearest manner speak of God unmistakably to heart and conscience.

Surely it is marvelous! And the Book, as has been said, is a greater miracle than any which it records.

And we may say of the Scriptures from beginning to end, that one part of them cannot be touched without all being affected. To use inspired language, "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," God has so tempered all of it together. And I may go farther in the same analogy, and say, the uncomely parts have been given more abundant honor—as, for instance, in the Book of Proverbs, we get as rich and blessed a witness of the Christ of God, in His mysterious glories, as we find anywhere.

Yea, and I will take on me to add, if all other parts, like the members of one body, resent trespass and wrong done to any part, so the Spirit will say of God and Scripture, as He does of God and His saints, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." I am sure of it. God will make

the quarrel of Scripture His own quarrel. "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words," says the Lord Jesus, "hath One that judgeth him."—*B. Evangelist.*

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(Continued from Page Three)

tian church will continue to reap the benefits of these prayers until and after the age draws to a close. And you, by ill health shut-in, may, Paul-like, turn your melancholy moments, your hours of helplessness, your dull days of depression, your weeks of weariness and your protracted periods of pain into seasons of spiritual strength and succor.

A consecrated Christian girl of my personal acquaintance, who for two long years was confined to her bed with a serious illness, and who afterwards was most miraculously restored to health, was instrumental, during her illness, by means of personal testimony and intercessory prayer, in the conversion of upwards of thirty people.

The Lord Jesus Christ has very many wonderful names and titles ascribed to Him, and each of them is significant and deeply expressive of some particular phase of His manifold character and ministry. But the one—more than any other—that carries with it real consolation in times of suffering is "Great Physician." He transcends all description. There have been many great physicians all down the ages. There are many in the world at the present time, but there is, and always has been, just One who holds an unquestionable right to the title, "Great Physician"; for, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so is Jesus higher, wiser, and greater than any human physician. He is the universal Physician. It matters little who you are, where you live, what your circumstances may be, or what your peculiar need! You may not be privileged to behold with your mortal eyes, as did those who lived in the days of His flesh, but you can, nevertheless, realize His own personal presence beside your beds of pain.

"And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, He saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And He touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them. When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

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Children's Sermon

By CHAS. E. ROBINSON

Text: *The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.* Psa. 14:1.

That means that the man who says in his heart that there is no God is a fool. Now we must find out two things, and I want you to help me by answering my questions.

1. How a man says a thing in his heart, and

2. Why a man who says in his heart that there is no God is a fool.

Now you may say a thing just with your mouth or you may say it in your heart. Let me show you. If you go to play with a friend and you do not have a good time, but when you get home you say, "I had a fine time," which way would you talk? with your mouth or in your heart? Yes, you are right, you would talk with your mouth. But if when you get home you say, "Dad, I had the worst kind of a time over at Ted's," how would you talk then? Yes, in your heart. When you say just what you think and just the way you feel, you talk in your heart.

Here is a grown man who is sick in bed. He sends for the doctor and takes what the doctor gives, but he says, "I trust God to heal me when I get sick," would what he says be in his heart or would those words be just with his mouth? Yes, you are right again, such words would be said just with the mouth. If the man trusts the Lord to heal him he will not feel any need for the doctor. But, on the other hand if the sick man is asked, "Do you want some one to get the doctor for you?" and he answers, "No, I shall trust the Lord; please send for the pastor," would he say that in his heart? Yes, for that is just the way he feels. You see a man or a boy can talk in his heart or he can talk just with his mouth.

So we see that the man who says, not just with his mouth but in his heart, that there is no God, is a man who says just what he thinks. God says that that man is a fool.

Now why is a man a fool who says in his heart that there is no God?

Let me show you. Here is a mill where they saw up logs to make boards. Here is the big engine made of bolts and screws and bars and all shapes of steel, and when you put water in the boiler and fire below, the engine runs. This sets the big belt to going and the saws start and you can hear them hum and buzz. Then they roll a big rough log down on to a kind of truck and the truck moves the log up to the

saw just right so that the saw bites into the log and cuts it up into fine smooth boards. Can you see it all and hear it, as I tell you about it? The mill saws log after log after log into fine, smooth, straight boards.

Now there a boy by you and he sees all these flying wheels, and he sees how they all work together, and how nice and true the boards are that the mill makes. If you ask this boy, "Who made this mill?" and the boy says, "No one made it," would you think that boy was talking in his heart or just with his mouth? You would think he was talking just with his mouth, for you would know that there could not be a mill like that and it not be made by any one. In his heart that boy would know that some one made the mill, wouldn't he?

Now I shall tell you about a mill that is far larger than the sawmill. Listen—it is winter now, but in a few months it will get warm; the grass and weeds will begin to grow; the days will get longer and longer; the sun will get hotter and hotter; the birds will come back and begin to build their nests in the trees; the farmers will plant their crops; the rain will fall and the sun will shine and make the crops grow. After a while the fall will come and the crops will be ripe. The wheat and corn and potatoes and apples and all kinds of good things will be gathered, and then winter will come again. You see I am not telling you of a mill that makes boards. What does this big mill make? Yes, that is right. This mill makes grain and vegetables and fruits and flowers, and it is called the world.

Now if you say to some boy, "Who made this world, with its days and nights, its summers and winters, and makes things in the world go so that crops grow, and so that men and beasts have what they need to eat—who made it?" and the boy says, "No one made it," what would you think?

Then if you say to the boy, "You are wrong, God made it," but he says again, "There is no God; no one made the world or the sun or the stars. There is no God," you would think he was talking just with his mouth, would you not? For you would know that some one made this great world, and the things on it that grow, and the people and the animals.

But if the boy, when he said, "No one made it, for there is no God," was talking in his heart and saying just what he thought and felt, you would

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And have we not often felt that if only we could go to Him, as the folks did in the days of His flesh, and pour into His living ears our tale of suffering, that it would bring us a realization of His help and presence that now we cannot know?

But what saith the Scriptures in this very connection? "For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," in other words (positive rather than negative in statement), We have a High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

We all can be, and are, touched with the sight and knowledge of each other's infirmities, up to the measure of our sight, and of our knowledge of such suffering. But our text declares that Christ, our High Priest, who has passed into heaven, is touched with the "feeling" of our infirmities. Every one of us is so absolutely different in his physical, temperamental, mental and emotional make-ups, that no two persons are alike in "feeling"—no two are affected just alike—even though the suffering may be exactly the same in type. To each of us, in our separate make-up, there is an individuality that is as pronounced in suffering as in enjoyment. And that individuality of suffering is absolutely uncommunicable—"It is easily felt, but cannot be tell't," as the Scotch lassie said in explaining salvation. How often do we hear, and many of us say it ourselves, "No one knows how I feel." And not one of us can describe how we feel. The inner or individual side of suffering is beyond verbal description. But Christ, our Great High Priest, knows, and knows so intimately, that "He is touched with the FEELING of our infirmities." He is touched with the indescribable, the unnamable, the "feeling."

"The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

The first thing in Christianity is to receive Christ. The second is to live upon Him.

know he did not have good sense. Any boy with good sense knows that someone made the world, and if a boy says in his heart that no one made it, God tells us that that boy is a fool. See?

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

The Gospel in Foreign Lands

A DIAMOND WON FOR JESUS

Edna M. Dobbins

Many times since I have returned to the homeland some have asked me if it pays to carry the gospel across the sea. It does pay a thousand times, yes. I am sure you will agree with me when you have read of just one case won through one short preaching trip. We (a few of the boys, girls, and myself) went to a near-by tribe, about three hours distance from our station, to spend the week-end. We held services in the different towns of the tribe and had good attentive listeners. When we were ready to leave on Monday four little girls came and begged to be taken back to the mission. After talking with the parents and obtaining their consent, it was decided to take them back to the mission to learn God way.

One of these little girls whom we named Laura was rather a pitiful looking sight. She was very thin, in fact a skeleton, and her body was covered with an ugly skin disease prevalent in Liberia called craw-craw. She was a very timid little creature and was certainly heathen in the true sense of the word. She seemed to be possessed with a wild fear and when the missionaries would call her she would tremble and run and hide herself. We cared for her body and held her up to God in prayer. It was not long until she began to grow strong and sturdy. If you could see Laura now you would not believe her to be the same girl who came to the mission about a year and a half ago. She soon learned that the missionaries loved her, that they wanted to do her good, and be her friend, so that she no longer feared but began to understand what the love of Christ can do.

During our Christmas Convention last year we had children's service every evening. One night when the altar call was given a number of the children began to cry to God very earnestly, some for salvation and some for the fullness of the Spirit. God's power fell and many were blessed. Among those who received a special blessing was Laura. She cried to God to save her and then as she realized the work was done and that she was a child of the King she began to shout His praises. She shouted and praised God until a late hour when we carried her over to the girls' house. The girls told us the next morning that Laura had prayed much of the night. She is still following on to know the Lord and wants to be filled with the Spirit.

Since returning home I have received the following letter from Laura. She knows very little about letter writing but I am going to give it just as she wrote it.

Newaka Mission,
Barobo, Liberia,
Aug. 10, 1929.

My dear Mamma:

Greeting to you in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. I want you must pray for me. Also I want you must pray for my country people. I will pray for you too.

All offerings for Foreign Missions and for expenses of conducting the Missionary Department, should be sent by Check, Draft, Express or Postal Money Order, made payable to Noel Perkin, Missionary Secretary, 336 West Pacific St., Springfield, Mo., U. S. A.

Also I am very glad to write you this few letter.

Your truly girl,
Laura.

Praise God for another soul redeemed from the power of Satan. There are many others like Laura waiting to be won out of darkness into His love and sunshine. Will you help pray them in?



Some of the mission family of girls at Newaka. Laura is second from right in front row.

GLIMPSSES OF LIFE IN CONGO

J. A. Barney

It is 4:30 a. m. The woodcocks and peacocks are rattling out their morning calls in the wild free woods back of the African "rest house." There is scarcely a flicker of dawn, yet all this cooing, crooning, and crowing says that day is at hand. A little animal of ferret nature lets out a few more screeches while night still lasts.

A white man stretches and yawns under a mosquito net on a canvas cot. With all the morning sentinels sending out their calls of approaching day, he pulls himself together, laughs at a weary limb, lights a lantern, calls out to the snoring sleepers in a shed nearby, "Boy, porter, build a fire, heat some water, cook some porridge, quickly, quickly, day is at hand."

A Congo "rest house" is a building containing from one to three rooms, usually with a veranda. Sometimes it is whitewashed but more often it is not. It is supposed to be rain proof but I have seen more than one through whose roof you could see the moon shining. It is doorless and windowless so that bats and mosquitos have free

access. A leopard or snake could enter but they rarely do. The white man usually sets a box or table across the opening. It does not contain an article of furniture. This necessitates that the traveler must carry with him every article that he needs for the journey, —table, chair, bed, pots, pans, tea-kettle, and a supply of sugar, salt, tea, and canned goods. One never knows what they will be able to buy on the route.

After the white man calls for the cook a stir begins, voices are heard, fires begin to blaze in the sleeping shed, about which the porters huddle for it is always cool in the mornings on the Congo Highlands. Maze in the husks, plantains, and other articles of food are heaped on the coals of native food. A porter has a ravenous appetite. Bedding is packed up in the rest house and as soon as the white men have a hot bite to eat, there is a rattle of tin ware. Loads are being tied up and rearranged and adjusted to make every one as comfortable as possible. The inevitable chop box, without which no one makes a journey in Africa, is always the last to be locked. The porters tie their own mats on top of their loads with whatever rations they may have left over from the allowance of the previous evening.

By this time old Sol is appearing. A prayer is offered. Every one seizes his traps and luggage and with a shout or song is off on a fifteen or twenty mile tramp.

No white man can travel without porters except on the motor roads and with motor vehicles. The porter system is forbidden by law on the roads, as it should be, for even at its best it is a hard and nerve racking physical strain. The white man can walk the distance without a load but is more often carried in a "tipoi." But the porter with his forty or forty-five pounds they have to carry for several days in succession.

The fellow who leaves the rest house with a shout at sunrise will be found later wilted and weary beside a brook or on a log by the town. One has pierced his foot with a thorn, another complains of hunger, a third has a lame neck from several days of balancing an awkward sized load on his head, a fourth says he has a bad "in-sides." The white man does not wonder when he remembers the quantity of food he saw him devour the night before.

The most of the miles of every safari are made in the fresh morning

hours. At noon the sun is scorching, the porters perspire, while the white man resorts to that chopbox under the shade of a friendly tree for his comfort. He at least has a quantity of something to drink.

The porters squat about and roast more maize, pass remarks about the sights of the morning, or laugh over some little food-buying affair back in the town. Some of them have the faculty, in spite of weariness and long tramps, to utter comical remarks and keep their fellows in laughter or even entertain the white man.

"I am afraid of no one but the white man," says one. Yet in the very first town where he is a stranger he keeps close to his white man's heels because he says the natives will eat him.

"I wish God had caused me to be born a girl instead of a boy then I would not be a porter," says another. He forgets that the woman is a slave to her husband and carries the load while he walks behind with only a bow and arrow.

Another sighs, "Surely if a woman was an expectant mother on this long trail she would give birth to her young before she ever finished it." Another sings out, "O mother of mine, this load is killing me, I am dying right now." Probably he is the liveliest one in the bunch or he would not have so much time to waste talking. A porter can become so weary that he leaves off talking but this is rare.

Usually by the middle of the afternoon another rest house, like the one mentioned above, appears in a clearing suddenly. One minute you are in the jungle, a quick turn is made and the rest house is before your eyes. A first class hotel on Main Street never looked more welcome, to white man or porter. The lad with the bedding drops in on the veranda sighing, "Thank God, by His strength alone I have completed this day's safari."

Who is this white man? What is his business? Where is he going? are the first questions the village folk propound to the porters. With these answered the table is unfolded, a bath and change of clothes is prepared for the white man. The big drum peals forth its solemn call to bring rations for the white man's porters. A chicken is laid down, with its legs tied, in front of the house, eggs are furnished, sometimes good and sometimes not. Peanuts, corn, potatoes, and sometimes meat are sold. The grounds are made a temporary market. Every one quickly forgets the strain of the day if he has enough to satisfy his hunger.

The white man retires to the chattering riddles of his porters beside their smouldering fires of contentment and

he feels that godliness with contentment is great gain.

"Not one missing: my all for heav'n I claim,

Through the merits of my Saviour's name.

I have chosen Jehovah for my King,
All my loved ones to His throne I bring.

"Not one missing, no member of my fold,

When up yonder shall the roll be called:

Not one missing, but all for Christ my Lord,

Saved by grace, according to His word."

There are always some little things that absolutely refuse to be submerged in the sea of forgetfulness, things one wouldn't mind forgetting because they are so little.

We were walking into a dear little African town one warm noon, and cast about for a place to get out of the sun and rest. We saw what looked like the usual palaver shed near the center. Bondo the carrier of bedding cried out, "Where is the White Man's piazza?" Several came to lift the mats that were hanging down around the open walls and we lodged ourselves.

Later we discovered that this place seemed to be a Catholic school house, and the teacher a fine specimen of a young man with a friendly smile appeared with Mary's image hanging about his neck.

In the course of events we had some hot drink, a chicken was bought, and a porter exchanged. Then we noticed that a goat had entered and was running off with the dish towel. The goat had to live up to his reputation for eating anything. One would expect that a respectable goat would even pass over a dish towel that had been used a few days by travellers for they are abominably dirty things! Everybody took after the goat with a lot of loud talk and rescued the towel. One also wonders whether the Protestants or the goat and towel desecrated the school of the Catholics. But the town is remembered as the place where the goat ran away with the towel but this was clumsy so we call it the goat-towel town. Its real name I have forgotten.

At another place there was a little house open at both sides in the middle. In it sat a young woman on one side of a fire and an old lady on the other side. When we returned several days later there they still sat as it were beside the same fire. The young woman was little and fearful. The old woman was large and bent and gray. When she talked, her voice sounded cracked. She came out to sell the

porters ripe plantains which she wished to exchange for salt. The old bent form with the squeaky voice refuses to be erased from my memory.

Again it was very early of a Sunday morning. It was at sunrise but clouds had hidden the sun's face. A Catholic drum was calling out its solemn peals for prayer at a shed a short distance away. I slipped along a very wet dewy path alone. I came upon a village unperceived. Little brother, I suppose three or four years of age, was dipping his little chocolate-colored hands into a pot that held some water and was starting to wash his face. Little sister just big enough to walk (18 or 20 months old) toddled up without a scrap of clothes on for her morning wash. This pot without doubt was the same family affair from which they ate their rice the evening before. Little brother began to wash the little face of the little elf with his wet hands. He kept dipping them. He washed out the little eyes with gentle fingers and with little beads of water on the brows the black eyes underneath saw the traveller. He disappeared as quick as a vision behind a bush so as not to hinder the good work. But the startled look of that little black rose bud in the dew of the morning has left its indelible imprint on the thing called memory.

MATAGALPA, NICARAGUA

Dorothy B. Radley

We are so glad that our Saviour not only saves but heals. We witnessed a very remarkable healing recently. The baby of one of our believers suffered until, though he was eight months old, we thought he couldn't be over two months, as the child was only skin and bones. The parents had consulted two doctors but they seemed unable to help. After Brother and Sister Schoeneich left, Miss Williamson and myself were called to pray for the little boy. He was very low and the mother was very much worried, for she realized that unless God undertook, her baby would soon be gone. Our hearts were stirred as we saw the pale suffering child and as we lifted up our hearts to the great Physician, He who is full of compassion touched the baby and from that time he started to mend. Now you can hardly recognize that it is the same baby, he has gained so.

A trader, passing a converted cannibal in Africa, asked what he was doing. "Oh, I am reading the Bible," was the reply. "That Book is out of date in my country," said the trader. "If it was out of date here," replied the African, "you would have been eaten long ago."—*British Evangelist.*

-:- In the Whitenened Harvest Field -:-

NEW FIELD

Evangelist G. W. Bishop writes: "Wife and I have just closed a 4 weeks' meeting at Spring Grove, Mo., where we had large crowds and good interest shown. Six were saved and one reclaimed. This is a new field."

SUCCESSFUL IOWA CAMPAIGNS

The Steinle Sisters, Dorrance, Kans., write: "Recently conducted 2 campaigns. At Jefferson, Ia., 28 saved, 6 baptized with the Holy Spirit; at Alta, Ia., 14 saved. God mightily blessed both meetings. Many afflicted were healed. Next campaign at Lake City, beginning Dec. 1."

GOOD ALABAMA MEETING

Mrs. C. A. Gullahorn, Thomasville, Ala., writes: "Evangelist Morris Kullman and wife, of Tulsa, Okla., have just closed a 3 weeks' revival at the Full Gospel Assembly. Though weather conditions were unfavorable for the meeting, 14 were saved and 3 received the Baptism with the Holy Spirit."

REVIVAL AT IRVINGTON

Evangelist and Mrs. Meyer Tan-Ditter write: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Just closed a very good meeting at Irvington, N. J., where quite a number were saved, several backsliders reclaimed, and 16 filled with the Holy Spirit. It was a wonderful meeting. The saints were uplifted and God was glorified."

NEW CHURCH

Pastor L. D. Warren writes: "We bought the Christian Church at Mortonville, Ky., on which we have only one more small payment to make. There are only a few of us and it is wonderful how the Lord has helped us in the matter. We secured Sister Oda B. Teets, of Aurora, W. Va., for a revival. Prejudice seemed broken down, 5 or 6 saved, 2 refilled and one received the Holy Spirit. A class of Christ's Ambassadors was organized with 16 members."

INTEREST AWAKENED AT FOWLER

Pastor Jesse W. Plank, Fowler, Calif., writes: "We procured a large theater building in the central part of town in which our revival was conducted by Lillian Powell. God blessed in a precious way. Interest was so aroused that we are retaining this hall at 6th and Main Sts., for our place of worship. Council ministers are invited to stop over when passing through. Residence address, 911 6th Street."

A GROWING WORK

Brother A. R. Horst, Canton, Ohio, writes: "On Oct. 23, Evangelist L. A. Hill, of Lancaster, Pa., came to Bethel Tabernacle to conduct a revival, which was to have closed Nov. 3, but interest was so great the meetings continued until Nov. 10. The Lord gave us a gracious revival with 30 or 35 saved and reclaimed

and 15 filled with the Holy Ghost. A number testified to healing. The services were well attended and the assembly was greatly helped. The revival continues, as souls are being saved and filled at the regular meetings. The assembly membership has quadrupled in four years under the ministry of H. L. Harvey, now of Toledo, and G. F. Lewis, present pastor. The assembly is assuming full support of Florence Marker, one of our number who is going to Liberia. Any visitor passing through Canton is invited to attend Bethel Tabernacle, Elgin Ave., N. W., half block from Lincoln Highway, opposite Water Works Park."

HUNTSVILLE MEETING

M. L. Yates and wife write: "Just closed a very successful meeting in the Fairview Methodist Church at Huntsville, Ill. Services have not been held there for more than 4 years. Several were saved and reclaimed and the people in the community revived."

BIBLE CONFERENCE

Pastor C. W. Sigafoose, Monrovia, Calif., writes: "The Full Gospel Assembly has just closed a 2 weeks' Bible conference with Frederick W. Childe, teacher and chart lecturer, and John H. Kennedy as musical director. Interest was very satisfying. People of other churches were enlightened as the different events in connection with our Lord's glorious appearing were made plain."

BRIEF MENTION

Word comes from Ironton, Mich., of a successful meeting there in which many heard the full gospel for the first time and received the Word gladly. Three were saved, and many renewed their covenant with the Lord, and some are tarrying for the Holy Spirit.

Pastor Clyde C. Jones, Weverton, Md., reports a 2 weeks' meeting conducted by Sister Mary C. Brown, in which the Lord graciously blessed and one received the Holy Spirit.

FELLOWSHIP MEETING

Pastor H. J. Ketner writes: "The Northern Colorado fellowship meeting was held at our assembly, 1808 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., Nov. 6. The Lord met with us in a wonderful way. Twenty-three ministers were present and a good many assemblies were represented. We opened our mission here Aug. 18, and the work is in good condition. Many souls have been saved and sick bodies healed. We are in a revival now with Brother Ray L. Sherman. All Council brethren passing this way will find a hearty welcome."

METHODIST MINISTER BAPTIZED

Brother E. R. Winter writes: "We have conducted 10 revivals in Central and West Texas since last March. A number have been saved, reclaimed, and filled with the Spirit. We spent one week last month at Draw where a Methodist minister who had

been saved 52 years was filled with the Spirit. Four others also spoke in tongues as the Holy Spirit came upon them. We are now pastoring at Corsicana, and at Jester, 10 miles southwest of Corsicana, conducting 3 services a week at each place and God is in our midst. Five were at the altar at Corsicana last night, 4 of whom prayed through to victory. Any brother passing this way will find a cordial welcome among us."

VARICOSE VEINS HEALED

Up until August 8, 1929, I had suffered for months with varicose veins and cramps in my limbs. I would have to walk the floor half the night, unable to either lie down or sit down because of the pain. As I was seeking the Lord on that memorable day His saving, healing, and baptizing power came down upon me so that I was saved from my sins, healed of my diseases and baptized with the Holy Ghost, evidenced as in the house of Cornelius by my speaking in other tongues. My life was turned from darkness to light. Now I can do my work in happiness, and sleep in peace. Praise the Lord!—Virginia Brown, R. F. D., Box 33, Auburn, Calif.

HEALED OF GASTRIC ULCERS OF THE STOMACH

In the summer of 1926, I had trouble with my stomach, began to vomit and gradually got worse. I turned to the arm of flesh and in December, 1926, I had an operation. The surgeon didn't do anything to the ulcer, but said I would die. He wouldn't let my wife leave the hospital that night. Prayer was offered for me and I began to mend. January 4, I went home, the doctors telling me that possibly in from six to twelve months I might be able to work. I went to work on January 31, and have been at work ever since. In July 1927, my stomach began bothering me again. I was prayed for several times but did not get complete deliverance until I made a final decision to trust in the Lord instead of the doctors. Then I was definitely prayed for and the power of God struck me so that I fell. The power of God surged through me and I was completely healed. Praise the Lord. This November 2, 1929, I am still well and rejoicing in the saving, baptizing, and healing power of God.—Robert L. Walker, Luke, Md.

Pastor Geo. A. Jeffrey vouches for the truth of this testimony.

CEREBRO SPINAL MENINGITIS HEALED

On the 29th day of August our daughter Dorothy was taken seriously ill. On the following day a doctor was called. He advised taking her to a hospital, which we did. When a laboratory test was made at the hospital, it was found she had cerebro spinal meningitis.

A treatment of serum was given her at 2 p. m. the same day. Apparently there was no change. Another treatment was given her the next day, Saturday, and still

apparently there was no change. Saturday night she turned for the worse. The special nurses we had day and night both gave up all hopes for her recovery.

On Sunday morning my wife and I went to see her. We found her worse. We called the doctor by phone, and he said, "She is very bad, with scarcely any hope left." She was growing worse every minute. He also stated that I was almost sure to lose her as her tongue and throat had been paralyzed for hours, and she had taken neither medicine nor water. Her head was drawn completely against her back and she had a burning fever of 105 degrees. In the meantime we had been praying in our home for her. My wife, the three children left at home, and I joined hands and promised God if He would heal Dorothy we would strive harder than ever before to serve Him. We had called at the home of Brother Felicy, the pastor of the Pentecostal Assembly at Phoenix, and requested prayer. We had also told God if it was His will to take her all we had to say was, Amen, Jesus.

In the meantime I seemed to get help. After the doctor told me hope was gone my faith seemed to hold on. I went at once from the doctor's home to the Assembly at Eleventh and Garfield Sts. and asked Brother Felicy to go to the hospital after services and anoint and pray for her. I wanted to obey the Word of God. Brother Felicy, my wife, and I went into the room. The minister anointed her and we asked God to heal her. At the time she was unconscious and looked as though she would go at any time, as she had such a burning fever. But when we prayed a sweet peace came over me; all I could say was, Amen, Jesus, have your way.

Within thirty minutes after she was prayed for, which was about 12:30 p. m. the doctor came to see her and told the nurse what a change he saw in the child, saying he believed she would get up again. By seven o'clock the same evening she had become rational, had drunk three glasses of orange juice, and had called for her mother.

We simply trusted God and left everything in His hands. We went to church Sunday evening and during prayer God came down on us and blessed our souls. With it came the evidence that Dorothy would be raised up. After services we started home in the car. When we were nearing home the blessed Spirit came down upon me and I began to praise God along the road. When we got home I was almost prostrate on the seat. I told my wife that God would heal Dorothy. After we had retired, the Spirit came and ran through me like electricity. I praised God until way into the night. It seemed I was absolutely exhausted, but after it was over I had a peaceful calm I never experienced before, and the evidence of our baby's being healed was more real than ever before. Praise His great name forever!

The following Saturday morning we moved her home. All the time after the Lord had touched her she knew everything that was going on in the room. Twenty-four hours after she was prayed for she cried to go home with her mother and the nurse had to keep her from going to her mother.

The only difference now and before she

took sick is that she has lost some flesh. She is absolutely healed, well, and sound. The nurses said that God healed her. The doctor said that the turn was so quick it had to be divine help, as she was beyond human aid.—Arthur Murphy, Phoenix, Ariz., Route 1, Box 196-A.

I can vouch for the truth of the above testimony, as I saw the little girl before she was raised up and after. To God be the glory.—Pastor Henry A. Felicy.

NOT YOU, SURELY

When tea was first introduced into this country a person favored a friend with a pound of it. It was exceedingly expensive, and when he met his friend next, he enquired, "Have you tried the tea?" "Yes, but I did not like it at all." "How was that? Every one else is enraptured with it." "Why," said the other, "we boiled it in a saucepan and threw away the water, and brought the leaves to the table; but they were very hard and no one cared for them." Thus many people keep the leaves of form and throw away the spiritual meaning.—Spurgeon.

IS THIS YOUR PICTURE?

"I went to a dying son in Dallas, and did my best to win him, and finally I said to him: 'O, my boy, how much your father is interested in you!' Then searchingly he looked at me out of his deep, sad eyes and he said, 'What is that?' I said: 'Your father is so interested in you. He sobbed about your religious condition to-day as we talked. I have come to you at his request.' And then he looked at me long and hungrily and said, 'Isn't that strange? Father never said a word to me about religion at any time.'

"Strange? Why it is horrible! Strange? Why it is atrocious! Strange? Why it is monstrous! Strange? Why it is a criminal! Why, that kind of conduct feeds hell on hope, and is enough to put crepe on the door to God's heaven above! Parents, speak the all-important word now to your children. Oh, ye that love the Lord, get you to-day at this task, like you ought—this task of winning souls."—Truett.

SPOKE IN TONGUES BEFORE HEARING OF PENTECOSTAL MESSAGE

When I was fourteen years of age, my brother who was sixteen, was called away, and as this was the first death in the family, of course it was a terrible shock, for we had never thought of death. God has to speak sometimes in a way that seems hard to us, but the death of my brother brought my mother back to God. She had been a Christian, but had backslidden and loved the dance and worldly ways, and was leading us to dances.

On account of her grief, my father moved us out in a country place in Arkansas, near his sawmill. At this place, a revival meeting was being conducted by a Baptist preacher, in a Methodist church. One night after Brother Ritter had given the altar call, my mother was working at the altar with those who were seeking salvation and she was called upon to lead in prayer. My father and I were sitting in the rear of the church,

and as my dear mother raised her hands and face upward to God, and began her humble and beseeching prayer, with her dear face all a-shining with the glory of God, she was a beautiful sight. As I looked on Mother kneeling there with her hands raised toward heaven, I arose without realizing what I was doing and went to my mother. I kneeled beside her and put my arms around her. The next thing I knew they were laying me on a bench, services had been dismissed and all were going home. I never knew until next morning what had happened. My father told me I had shouted all over the house, and talked in some sort of "Dutch talk" they could not understand. (Any language he could not understand he just called it Dutch.)

I know the speaking in tongues is real and truly from God, for at the age of fifteen without the teaching, or knowledge, or excitement, I was completely lost in the power of God and spoke in tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance.

How I do praise the dear Lord that He has kept His hands on me and has brought me back to Himself, and has so wonderfully blessed me.

Praise His holy name!—Mary C. Rodgers, 763 Chatsworth, San Fernando, Calif.

A TESTIMONY

After the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost, I thought, "Now I will just go ahead and work and witness in public." But instead of that the Lord began to take me down, down, down. I just couldn't understand this at first. He was breaking up the fallow ground. I kept low at His feet, will-

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ing to be broken that the Holy Ghost might work unhindered. I didn't care if all friends forsook me, just so the Lord could get His way in my life. The Lord began to give me such great compassion for souls, such as I had never known before. He gave me great burdens. Many times He would take sleep away from me so that I might intercede for Him. I also had to go through many tests and trials. I asked Him why I had to go through so much and He said, "It is for My glory." After that I told Him I would go through anything just so I could be used for His glory and for the salvation of souls. Oh, how I praise God for the going-down process.

If we want to be used of Him we must first be willing to have our hearts broken so that the tears flow freely for souls who are hell-bound. Oh, the strength of God's great love for perishing souls! How He yearns to find some who are willing to be broken and so let Him give us His own great compassion, which passeth all understanding, that He may pray and travail through us.

There is no limit to what God will do through any person who is wholly yielded to Him. Has God changed? Look how He gave the spirit of intercession to Abel Clay in Finney's day. That humble man was willing to be hidden, just so that God could pray His prayer through Him.

When we pray for a revival we must first of all things believe that He will give us what we ask for. If we believe not we make Him a liar. To start out with an unswerving faith is half the battle. This is the victory that overcometh, even our faith.

The Lord taught me that to be continually asking is not necessary. After we have fully believed we can just shout and praise Him for the answer, and the Lord Himself will give us the burdens and will give us the strength to pray through.

We shall have no excuse to bring to Him in that great day, if we refuse to take advantage of His great promises for the salvation of souls. He has won the victory. He said, "It is finished," for the whole world. All the promises of God in Christ Jesus are yea and in Him amen, unto the glory of God through us. May the Lord show each of us the great possibilities that are ours if we will believe.—Sister Josie Ingberg, Hendrum, Minn.

CANCER GONE AND HUSBAND SAVED

I had suffered for ten years with this dreadful disease. I refused to be operated on and decided to trust the Lord. During August, 1926, I felt the constant eating away at my vitals. Sharp pains would dart through me in all directions.

Having been converted, I earnestly sought the Lord in my sufferings, and searched the Scriptures for light on a holy life. *I earnestly set about straightening up my life.* I went to a number of people and made things right. In one case I went seventy-five miles to ask a woman to forgive me for the way I had treated her. I came to see the sin in the way I had nagged my husband, and I humbly asked his forgiveness.

Our pastor, Brother H. L. Harvey and his wife, together with the deeply spiritual people in our church, held on for me in prayer. *Finally the mighty power of God*

was manifested in my behalf. On Dec. 26, 1926, feeling too sick to go to the church, I sent a request for prayer. At the very time they prayed at the church, I felt a distinct tearing loose of the cancer from its position in my side. I threw up my hands and cried out to my husband, "I am healed, I am healed, I feel the cancer tearing loose." Before daylight, the great hideous thing with long roots came out. I showed it to my husband who was greatly overcome at the sight.

Through the great salvation which so sweetly changed my life, together with the miracle of my healing, *my husband was quickly brought to the Lord.* We are happier now than ever before. He had used tobacco for 38 years, but all desire for it left him instantly when he found peace with God. Hallelujah.—Mrs. Jonas Hodge, 1130 Cleveland Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio, Feb. 25th, 1927.

Mrs. Hodge is sound and well to-day, July 25th, 1929, and is a happy and earnest work, with her husband, in the Assembly of God, 313 Elgin Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio.—Pastor Hermon L. Harvey.

St. Augustine being asked, "What was the first thing in religion?" replied: "Humility." And what is the second? Humility. And what is the third? Humility.

Spiritual happiness is possible under all circumstances.

Communion with God has the effect of making us joyous.—Bonar.

Forthcoming Meetings

Pray for all forthcoming meetings. Notices of meetings should be received by us three full weeks before the meeting is to start.

ATTICA, IND.—Revival services beginning Dec. 15, Sister Kelson, of Dayton, Ohio, in charge.—Pastor Archie Brown, 115 W. Jackson St.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Revival services beginning Dec. 15, to continue 2 weeks, or longer, Corner Lancaster and Dittmar Streets, Brother Floyd Hawkins in charge.—Pastor O. W. Edwards.

OPEN FOR CALLS

EVANGELISTIC OR PASTORAL.—Experienced in both ministries.—Calvin L. Windsor, Elk City, Okla.

PASTORAL OR EVANGELISTIC.—In full fellowship with General Council. Reference: C. A. Lasater, district superintendent, 1900 South R. St., Fort Smith, Ark.—W. C. Aytes, Sidon, Ark.

EVANGELISTIC.—I will be leaving Estella, Okla., for California about Dec 15, via Southern route. Any assembly en route desiring my services may address, Evangelist Shelt Webster, R. 1, Estella, Okla.

EVANGELISTIC.—Evangelist Earl W. Clark, in charge of Indianapolis Faith Home and Fourfold Gospel Tabernacle, feels led of the Lord to give some time this winter to revival work. Any one desiring his services may address, 3911 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—W. C. Aytes' address is changed from Hot Springs to Sidon, Ark.

FOR SALE.—Conn C clarinet in good condition, Boehm System. Price \$25.00.—Gabriel Carlson, R. 1, Box 20, McGregor, Minn.

NOTICE.—There is no Pentecostal work here. Two rooms in our home open for services. Any Council brother passing through will be entertained in our home over night or longer.—Brother Frank, 1308 E. 4th St., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

WANTED.—Old Evangels and other used full-gospel literature for free distribution by workers identified with Bethel Temple, L. F. Turnbull, pastor. Large quantities are needed. Mail to Mrs. Ida E. Cummings, 5421 Longfellow St., Los Angeles, Calif.

WORLD MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS
Nov. 22nd to 30th inclusive

- All personal offerings amount to \$1,734.04.
- .80 Holt Assembly Holt Fla
 - .84 New Bethel Assembly of God Fort Smith Ark
 - 1.00 Christian Unity Mission Detroit Mich
 - 1.05 Assembly of God S S Flippin Ark
 - 1.05 Beggs Assembly of God Beggs Okla
 - 1.08 Assembly of God S S Willow Springs Mo
 - 1.50 Pentecostal Mission Granby Mo
 - 1.50 Gospel Mission La Grande Ore
 - 2.00 So Side Pent'l Church Wellington Colo
 - 2.14 Draw Assembly Tahoka Tex
 - 2.15 Women's Missionary Council 37th St Assembly Austin Tex
 - 2.53 Trinity Pent'l Church 13th & Benton St Louis Mo
 - 2.80 Miami Assembly Miami W Va
 - 3.00 Christ's Ambassadors W Laurel Assembly Laurel Miss
 - 3.00 Christ's Ambassadors Humboldt Kans
 - 3.00 Assembly of God Yazoo City Miss
 - 3.10 Assembly of God Princeton Mo
 - 3.10 Assembly of God Milan Mo
 - 3.20 Greensburg Assembly of God S S Greensburg Kans
 - 3.25 Pent'l Assembly of God S S Guthrie Okla
 - 3.25 Auburn Pent'l S S Auburn Wash
 - 3.38 Busy Bee Missionary Band McGrew Nebr
 - 3.75 Assembly of God Afton Okla
 - 3.85 Dyer Assembly Dyer Tenn
 - 4.00 Pe Ell Assembly Pe Ell Wash
 - 4.00 Young People's Class & Christ's Ambassadors Goose Creek Tex
 - 4.07 Assembly of God Noxapater Miss
 - 4.25 Pentecostal Church Stamford Conn
 - 4.26 Assembly of God S S McCracken Kans
 - 4.35 Pentecostal Assembly of God High Bridge Ky
 - 4.85 Jester S S Jester Tex
 - 4.87 Assembly of God Church North Venice Ill
 - 5.00 Missionary Society Auburn Wash
 - 5.00 Assembly Stanfield Ore
 - 5.00 Women's Missionary Society Pent'l Church Dunsmuir Calif
 - 5.00 Full Gospel Mission S S Coalinga Calif
 - 5.00 Assembly of God S S Avant Okla
 - 5.00 Sunday School birthday offerings North Loup Nebr
 - 5.00 Christ's Ambassadors Irvington Pent'l Assembly Newark N J
 - 5.00 Christ's Ambassadors Russellville Ark
 - 5.05 Mt Zion S S Riverton Iowa
 - 5.10 Assembly of God Cairo Ill
 - 5.47 Assembly of God Beulah and Golden Valley N Dak
 - 5.52 Assembly of God Tuolumne Calif
 - 6.10 Bald Hill Assembly Haskell Okla
 - 6.28 Full Gospel Tabernacle Denver Colo
 - 7.13 Assembly of God McCook Nebr
 - 7.90 Busy Bee Band Humboldt Kans
 - 7.91 La Crescenta Pent'l Church La Crescenta Calif
 - 7.94 Assembly of God Church Sedalia Mo
 - 8.00 Bible Class Springfield Ill
 - 8.00 Sumas Pentecostal Mission Sumas Wash
 - 8.00 Women's Missionary Council Wichita Falls Texas
 - 9.00 Assembly of God Knox City Mo
 - 9.05 Snyder Pentecostal Church Snyder Wash
 - 9.28 Assembly Whistler Ala
 - 9.87 Full Gospel Assembly Glendora Calif
 - 10.00 Sunday School Class Palisade Colo
 - 10.00 Young People Our Saviour's Church Chicago Ill
 - 10.25 Assembly of God Church Ninnekah Okla
 - 10.66 Assembly of God Collinsville Okla
 - 11.00 Bethel Tabernacle Ladies' Missionary Society Oakland Calif
 - 11.10 Full Gospel Assembly Brea Calif
 - 11.50 Full Gospel Assembly Dayton Ore
 - 11.80 Peniel Bible Institute Dayton Ohio
 - 12.00 Pentecostal Assembly of God Inkerman Pa
 - 12.00 First Pentecostal Church Lonaconing Md
 - 12.17 Assembly of God Senath Mo
 - 12.65 Assembly of God Grand River Iowa
 - 15.00 Assembly of God S S Flint Mich
 - 15.25 Full Gospel Mission Palo Alto Calif
 - 16.30 Assembly of God S S Douglas Ariz
 - 18.00 Truesdale Assembly of God Truesdale Iowa
 - 18.00 Assembly of God S S Burkburnett Tex
 - 20.00 Pentecostal Tabernacle Buffalo N Y
 - 20.00 Assembly of God Ewing Mo
 - 20.85 Full Gospel Tabernacle East St Louis Ill
 - 20.90 Busy Bee Pentecostal Mission Concord N H
 - 21.20 Bay View Gospel Tabernacle Milwaukee Wis
 - 21.93 Church of God Four Square Wenatchee Wash
 - 23.16 Egeland Free Mission S S Egeland N Dak
 - 23.20 Mehida Pentecostal Assembly Canaan N H
 - 24.91 First Pent'l Church San Bernardino Calif
 - 25.00 Witherbee Pent'l Assembly Witherbee N Y
 - 26.00 Pentecostal S S Wilmington Del
 - 26.84 Busy Bee Band Pittsburg Kans
 - 28.30 Full Gospel Crusaders Trinity Tab St Louis Mo
 - 29.00 A group of pledgers Palo Alto Calif
 - 29.00 First Pentecostal Assembly Mercersburg Pa
 - 29.71 Gospel Tabernacle Alton Ill
 - 30.00 Students' Missionary Band Enid Okla
 - 31.96 Assembly Atwater-Winton Calif
 - 32.00 Bethel Church Sisseton S Dak
 - 33.30 Full Gospel Assembly Monrovia Calif
 - 33.96 Pentecostal Church Latah Wash
 - 34.30 Busy Bee Band Joplin Mo
 - 34.70 Pent'l Church and S S Long Branch N J
 - 35.17 First Pentecostal Church S S & C A Miami Fla

- 40.50 Christian Workers' Union Framingham Mass
- 42.19 Assembly of God S S Springfield Mo
- 50.00 Pentecostal Prayer Band Assembly of God Allentown Pa
- 53.19 Glad Tidings Assembly Escalon Calif
- 56.00 Pentecostal Gospel Mission Millvale Pa
- 59.17 Bethany Temple Everett Wash
- 60.00 Gospel Lighthouse Tab Asbury Park N J
- 75.00 Full Gospel Mission and S S Houston Tex
- 90.00 Full Gospel Tab Association Fresno Calif
- 91.36 San Diego Pent'l Full Gospel Tab San Diego Calif
- 95.93 Pentecostal Tabernacle Tacoma Wash
- 102.25 Pentecostal Mission Bellingham Wash
- 129.01 Ohio State Christ's Ambassadors
- 135.15 Full Gospel Church Baltimore Md
- 160.00 Students' Missionary Band Central Bible Inst Springfield Mo
- 179.50 Pentecostal Tabernacle Wilmington Del
- 285.00 Pentecostal Church & S S Scranton Pa

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|---------|---|
| 338.00 | Bethel Tab German Branch Milwaukee Wis |
| 373.15 | West Central District Council |
| 430.18 | Upper Room Pent'l Mission San Jose Calif |
| 440.00 | Assembly of God Peckville Pa |
| 699.00 | Glad Tidings Tabernacle New York N Y |
| 1485.76 | Pentecostal Church Cleveland Ohio |
| | Total amount reported |
| | \$8,334.02 |
| | Home missions fund |
| | \$ 77.26 |
| | Office expense fund |
| | 73.41 |
| | Deputational expense fund |
| | 14.81 |
| | Reported as given direct to missionaries |
| | 1605.16 |
| | Reported as given direct to home missions |
| | 22.15 1,792.79 |
| | Total for foreign missions |
| | \$6,541.23 |
| | Amount previously reported |
| | 16,567.39 |
| | Total amount to date |
| | \$23,108.62 |

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