

Not By Might, nor By Power

The Pentecostal Evangel

By My Spirit saith the Lord

HOLY BIBLE

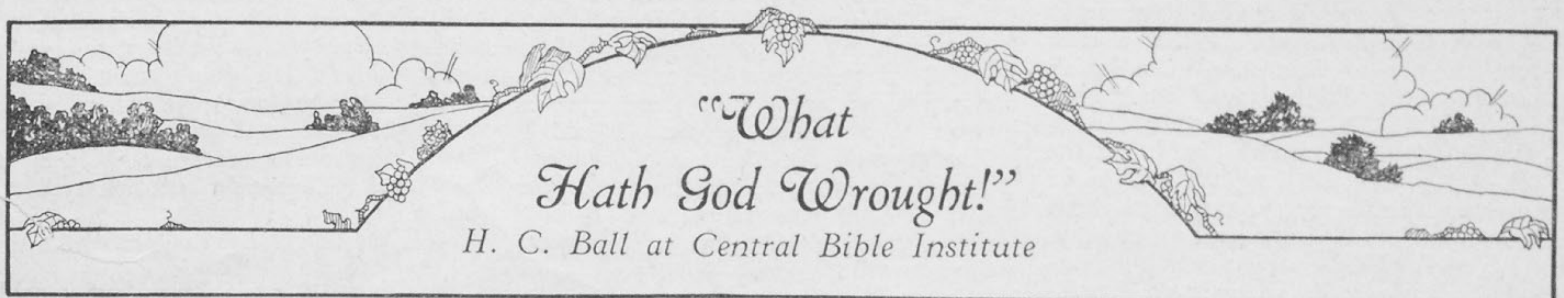
The Whole Gospel to the Whole World

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WHEN I was in Springfield some twelve or fourteen years ago, and spoke to the students, I believe we had some twenty or twenty-five Mexican ministers and about that number of assemblies. Now the Lord has given us some two hundred ministers on our list and I suppose about the same number of assemblies also. We thank God for this growth. We thank Him for every trial, we thank Him for every hardship.

Many of our Latin-American students will come to me and say, "Have you a little church, a little parsonage, somewhere where I can take a pastorate?" And I say, "No, not now. But we have that town, that place, unoccupied. You go out there and open up the field, and the Lord will bless you, and eventually perhaps some day you will be pastor of some church."

A Boy Called

I might for a few moments give you a little personal history. The Lord led me in a mysterious way to the Mexican people from Iowa, my home state. The first time I saw the Mexican people I thought they were Indians. I was traveling through Kansas and going to Mexico for my health, and I said, "Mother, see

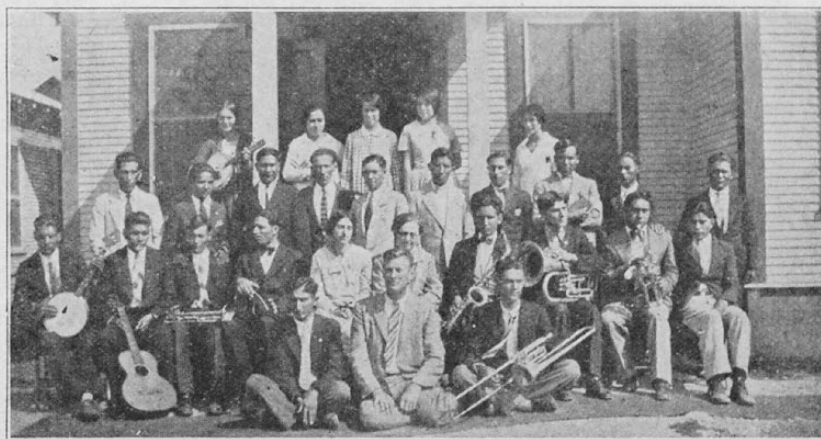
the Indians!" She said, "They are not Indians; they are Mexicans." They had told me stories about how treacherous they are and how they will stick a dagger into your back. I feared the Mexican people. I had no special love for them. As a matter of fact, I despised them for their poverty and degradation. They seemed to have no ambition in life; they did not seem to try to improve their condition. And so on, year after year, in New Mexico and in Southern Texas, until I was saved.

Shortly after I was saved one night in a missionary service in a Methodist church, the Lord definitely called me to work among the Latin-American people. I felt the call. I thought I must go to work at once and do something

for the Mexican people right in our home town. There were many Mexicans there, but we had no Mexican church. The Lord laid it upon my heart to preach salvation to the people in my home town in Texas. Without knowing the language, I planned to hold my first service. I looked around for a Spanish hymnbook and a Spanish New Testament. A Mexican who could speak some English had taught me a few Spanish words, and I notified folks of our first service. They tried to talk to me in Spanish and I could not answer.

On Sunday afternoon I went to the schoolhouse and waited for my first audience. Only two came that afternoon, a man and a woman. I happen to have her picture with me now. She was my first convert. She was a Roman Catholic. They looked around the schoolhouse and they looked at me. I was not much more than a barefoot boy, only fourteen. I finally stood up before them and sang "In the Sweet By-and-By" in Spanish, and I said "Let us pray." I led in the Lord's prayer, and then I gave the New Testament to the man and asked him to read the 12th chapter of Romans, but he could not read. I gave it to the woman and she be-

(Continued on Page Five)



Brother H. C. Ball (in light clothes, kneeling in front row) together with students of the Latin-American Bible Institute, San Antonio, Texas

Be sure and send at once for new missionary poster. See page nine.



In God's Hands

James Salter
at Central Bible Institute



Many people are puzzled about the thought of a call to the mission field. What constitutes a call? If you see a coal bucket that is empty, that is a call for you to fill it. If you see a person in difficulties, that is a call for you to help him. A call is a God-given sense of a need, and if you are half a man you will rise to meet it. When Isaiah saw the need did he say, "Lord, send Jeremiah"? No! he said, "Send me." The emphasis was on the *send*, not the *me*. If you make sure the call is of God you needn't worry your head about the depression. God has gold up in heaven. They make the streets and buildings out of it up there. There is no depression there.

"He Left Us Black People in the Dark"

Now I am going right to the Congo for a while. About 22 miles from where we are located there is a valley. We had longed to get into that valley. We went to the Lord and said, "Lord, you get us in." The way was opened.

I used to sit with the chief and reason with him, but it was hard. He would sit on one leopard skin and I on the other. One day especially I watched the lines on his face, and the corners of his mouth. I saw a hardness and a cynicism gathering in full.

"God," he said, "is a white man like you. That is God. He no time for my black folk."

I tried to argue with him. He said, "I'll show you. Come!" We walked to the edge of the village and there in the lava were some indentations. He began to count. "Look," he said, "one, two, three, four, five, six." "What are they," I asked. "What are they? Don't you know?" "No," I said, "I don't know." "Those are God's footprints. One night when it was very dark God passed here. He was in a hurry to go to you white folks. He left us black people in the dark on His way to the white people. That is God." That was tradition, and I could see that he believed it all. When a man's like that, it is no use to argue.

We sat down again, and I tackled him from a different angle. Then his face softened, a different expression came on his countenance. He tugged at his whis-

kers and then at his hair. "Look, sir," he said, "for me you come too late. Too late! You come too late!"

Had he stabbed me he couldn't have hurt me more. He saw it and said, "Never mind. Don't trouble about me. Go and tell my people before it is too late for them." I didn't need telling twice. Up and down the villages, day and night, we went. But there were a quarter of a million people. I said I would go and find them a missionary. But first I went to talk to the chief. The Spirit of God pressed me and I said, "Chief, you must believe. You must believe now."

He looked at me and said, "You come today just once. You want everything to change the first time you come. I have been this way for years and years and years, and you come once and expect everything to change at once."

"But chief, you must believe now." The urge was on my soul. The sun set, we were still there. The moon arose, we were there. The moon was at the meridian. It is going down, one, two, three o'clock. We were there. "You must believe now." Finally both he and I had the witness that he had believed.

I told him I was going to sleep for an hour or two before the sun was up, for then I had to be off. When I was ready to go they were all there to see me off. "Are you going?" "Yes." "Must you go?" "Yes." You won't forget our missionary?" "No. You shall have a missionary as soon as ever I can find one." I can hear their voices now, "Don't forget our missionary."

Just outside the village I heard the cry, "To arms. To arms." The whole village was on the move, but it is too late. Soldiers from another district had lain in ambush all night. The first to die, pinned to the ground by a spear, was my old friend, the chief. I had to spend a night with him; it was his last chance to believe, and he took it. "Don't forget our missionary."

"That Is the Last Word"

Crossing this time towards the river there was an unusual chief, on the main line of traffic. Traders had come and given him their stuff and also their liquor.

They told him, "Don't have a missionary." He said, "All right, I won't have a missionary." I went over and asked him, "Chief, wouldn't you like to have a missionary in your village?" No, he would not. I reasoned, pleaded, urged, but he was adamant. "I am the chief, and I do not want a missionary in our village." I asked if that was final. He said, "That is the last word." I told him, "That is unusual. I am going back to pray."

I went back to the house, and later a boy rushed into the hut, "Sir, have you heard?" "Heard what?" "He's dead." "Who's dead?" "Chief so-and-so." It was the chief I had been talking to, who didn't want a missionary. You would have taken a forty-year lease on his life—big and strong, well over six feet. He had gone out into the bush and an elephant had put both its tusks right through him. He didn't want a missionary and he has gone where there are none! The next chief that followed him died in six months' time. The next chief said, "Give us a missionary."

What About Divine Healing?

Back in Europe a friend of mine said, "Jimmie, may I introduce a friend of mine to you?" "Yes, surely." By his side was a fine fellow, a good six feet of humanity. "Jimmie, this is a friend of mine. Mr. Salter, Mr. Taylor." This fellow took my hand and nearly made pulp out of it. He said, "Can we spend some time together? Give me a day in the near future." He said, "I am the house surgeon of the university. I am a graduate of Trinity College."

He took me to Cambridge. Instead of admiring the architecture, he rushed me right through to the museum. All around the place on shelves were tumors, cancers, and all kinds of floating things. He took me up by the side of a cancer and said,

"Mr. Salter, if you met a person with one of those, what would you do. Do you think the Lord could heal it? Here's a great big tumor weighing about twelve or fourteen pounds. What would you do if you met a person with one of those?" We moved on to some gall stones about the size of both of my fists. "Do you think He could heal a person with those?" He just held me up to those things all the way around.

Finally he pointed to a swinging door. "Go in there." I went in. There were two or three thousand medical students, and the bulk of them were in that room. Arms and legs were everywhere, and bodies with heads off. The students were all busy. "Come here, Brother Salter, and have a look at what they are doing." I didn't want to look, but he just held me to it.

"Brother Salter," he said, "after all I have shown you I want to ask you a question. Do you still believe in divine healing?" I said, "Taylor, you have shown me about as bad as I have ever seen. I won't answer your question. I'll leave you to answer it. You have shown me what you have to show. Come with me and I'll show you something.

"In 1915 I was a member of a party of four. One of the party was dying. Sunday morning they buried him. I was in a bad condition, and the captain said, 'Don't fill that grave. The other one will soon be ready for it.' When that captain came back to the cabin expecting to find a corpse, he found yours truly very much alive.

"Now, you call an ordinary temperature 98.8. But here's a person with 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, and still alive. What happens when the temperature gets up to 107.8?" He answered, "They just burn up to a cinder. There is only one chance. Get him into some water as cold as you can get it. It may bring the temperature down and save his life." "All right. They got the water and they got the patient ready. His temperature dropped, but he didn't."

"What can you do for black water fever?" I asked. "We can nurse them and give them special care. We cannot heal it," he replied. "For a week I lay with black water fever. I didn't know whether I had one head or a series. I didn't sleep for a week. Burton was upset. The native Christians were upset. They dispatched one of the natives to look for me. From village to village he went until he found me. 'Oh, sir, let me pray for you.' My natives had gone with the exception of one. They said, 'They all die with that.' This one boy stayed and kept my lips moistened with boiled water and cold tea. When the native began to pray I went fast asleep. Singularly I did not awaken till morning. When I did awaken my head was all right. My legs didn't hurt any more. I was all right. I made an attempt to dress when the boy made a move to snatch my trousers away. 'Don't, don't,' he cried. 'Go back to bed. You'll soon be all right.' He thought I had gone light-headed. I told him it was all right as Shalumbo had prayed for me. I was ravenously hungry.

"I said, 'Give me something to eat.' He came back with a can of beans. I could have eaten the can and the beans. I opened the can and ate the beans. If you have had any experience in nursing, you know that is not the kind of stuff to feed convalescent patients on. Taylor, have a good look. The leading specialists in Europe challenged me. They were troubled about where the poison in my system went. Where have your sins gone? What difference does it make where they have gone.

"At another time they pulled the sheet over my face and left the room. They said, 'He's had some bad times, but this is the finish.' As far as they were concerned it was. The natives were having a convention that Saturday afternoon at three o'clock and I was supposed to speak. But here I had been left for dead. Suddenly God immersed my whole body in something sweet. I sat up completely healed. God did that. The convention began and I was there.

"When my arm was smashed at the elbow, on the third day I didn't know I had had a broken arm. For weeks I cried like a baby with my nerves all shot to pieces. They made arrangements for me to go home. But one day God touched me and when I got out of bed I didn't know I had a nerve in my body. In the face of what I have told you would I be honest if I did not believe in divine healing? Answer your own question."

A New Recruit

Taylor looked at me and said, "When are you going back to the Congo?" "About Easter." "Would you take me along?" "Do you mean it?" "Yes." "On certain conditions I will." "What are they?" "First, that you stand square on God's Book as regards divine healing. Secondly, that you receive the Holy Spirit, speaking in other tongues."

He resigned as the house surgeon. He resigned from Cambridge. He sought and received his Baptism. When Easter came he went along with me. He went to the territory where the two chiefs died. He worked in a big cannibal district, an untouchable part, but God let him go through wonderfully. When he married he took his young wife into that territory for their honeymoon trip, and held meetings. When Mr. Burton got into this territory he heard an old man saying, "I have tried all kinds of black meat, but wouldn't I like a bit of white!" Now they have 60 natives working in that territory. Every village of any size has a church building in it, and many of those places have a fine assembly. Many have been saved and many have been filled with the Spirit, and today Mrs. Taylor with her three or four children can travel alone among them without any trouble. God, through that one life, has changed the whole face of that territory. I don't say that cannibalism has ceased entirely, but what little there is left is so ashamed of itself that it hides away.

This is my motive in telling you of this young man. Will you be God's man and God's woman in God's place? I am not asking you to go to Congo. I believe the best place and the happiest place for any man or woman is right where God wants them. If God wants you in Congo, you are out of place anywhere else. There is nothing like dropping yourself right on

to God. Put yourself unreservedly into His hands. That is life! That is peace! That is happiness! The best place in all the world is right in the center of God's will.

Shall we put ourselves there?

Note.—Since this address was given, Brother Taylor has laid down his life for the Lord in Africa.

To Help the Little Ones

Which should receive the most care—the tree that has grown to full stature and is no longer in danger of being twisted out of shape, or the tender young sapling that is so easily bent in any direction? The sapling, of course, so that it may be kept straight and erect until such time as it is firmly fixed in the right direction.

Which should receive the most care—the adult whose character is already set, or the tender growing child whose future may be influenced by so small a thing as a whisper?

Realizing the need of the young people for spiritual help we have not only provided a Sunday school quarterly for them, but a paper as well, in order that we might exert every possible effort to influence them for Christ. But in times past we have not as amply provided for the Primary children as we have for the older ones. We have repented of our negligence and are now providing a Primary Quarterly that will aid both the S. S. Teacher and scholar, and also a Primary Story Paper. The Primary Quarterly follows the regular S. S. lesson, but the Primary Story Paper is not intended for use in Sunday school but rather, like our other Sunday school papers, to be taken home and read. It is intended as an additional aid in directing the spiritual growth of the little ones during their most impressionable years. The school influences of today are so awful that something must be done for the children if they are to be saved from sin and unbelief. Evolution is being taught in the lower grades. In the Primary Story Paper the outstanding stories of the Bible are told week by week, in consecutive order, in such a way as to show up the awfulness of sin, and yet show the loving tender kindness of our heavenly Father. The best way to offset error is to plant the truth.

It will take three years for the Primary Paper to tell the whole story of the Bible. But at the end of that time each child who has kept his papers will have a lovely Bible Story Book of his own. The price is only 25c a year (25c for 52 copies); or 6c per copy per quarter, in quantities.

"One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being *your* rights, you may give them up."

Raised from the Dead



"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Acts 26:8.

A wonderful thing has happened in our midst in these days. We have received the story from the lips of the father himself, whose daughter was restored to life after being dead more than fourteen hours. No doubt there are those who, as in Paul's day, "when they heard of the resurrection from the dead, some mocked;" and as in the time of Christ, "would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." But the fact that there are scoffers and doubters cannot annul our experience nor ought it to silence our testimony. Our joy and unalterable satisfaction is that we are serving the Lord Jesus Christ "who is the same yesterday, today, and forever," and our longing as we publish this testimony is that others may attain like precious faith.

The story is as follows:—

"On Friday, September 21, at 10:30 a. m. in Vina del Mar where I live, I received a telegram from Los Andes telling me that my daughter Mary, twelve years of age, had died there in the hospital. At 1:30 p. m. from Los Andes they called up my son who is employed in the Sewer Company in Vina, telling him to notify me to come and bury my daughter.

"I took the train at 5:50 in much affliction of spirit. The car was full. I heard an inner voice that said, 'Speak and do not be silent,' so I spoke of the Gospel to my neighboring passengers. I do not know why I talked to them of Lazarus and how Jesus raised him to life.

"I reached Los Andes about midnight and was met by my brother, who is unconverted, and two others who are Christians. We went direct to the hospital. The doctor had given orders that I should be admitted at whatever hour I should arrive. My daughter was lying in the ward where she died, her bed separated from the others by a screen. The Mother Superior and two other nuns received me and led me to the bedside.

"I uncovered the face and felt a testimony within me that she was not dead, and said to the Mother Superior in the presence of all, 'My daughter is not dead.' There were eleven persons present, several nurses and the doctor besides those already mentioned. I asked permission to pray and lay hands on her. The Superior said, 'Let us help him, too, for these people have much

faith in their God.' All knelt except my brother and one of the nurses. Praying, I laid hands on her and said, 'In Thy name, Lord, for Thou art almighty. Thou hast power to raise this child, for Thou hast caused me to believe she is alive. The power of God fell upon all present; the two others fell to their knees and several began to pray aloud.

"I felt the child move under my hands and then she sat up, and on seeing me said, 'I wanted so much to see my father.' Then she said again, 'I am very tired because the Lord took me to heaven and I saw all the places that are for my family. Papa, are my brothers and sisters all well?'

"All were much excited and many were the comments. The doctor said, 'But how is it possible that this girl has risen alive when with all my science I saw that she was dead?' for the Superior believed she had only had an attack. One of the nurses said, 'When one of these evangelicos, who believe only in God, come here, the nuns treat them badly as if they were bad people. But from now on we are going to attend them well, for we see that their faith is directly in God and He hears them. Here there have been two cases. A Japanese who was sick and the doctors could do nothing, called on God and was healed.'

"The Superior went to the bedside and stroking the girl's hair said, 'How is it possible that this little girl is here alive when we had her here from ten in the morning dead until after mid-night?'

"I wanted to take her out at once, but they begged that she remain till she could get stronger."

The child is the daughter of Adrian Arevalo, ill of tuberculosis, sent to the home of her uncle, then to the hospital as the last resort, which failed, as we have seen. She is well today.—W. C. Hoover, Box 4145, Valparaiso, Chile.

A Furnace in Answer to Prayer

David Wellard, Syracuse, N. Y.

We were in need of a new furnace for the Church. In fact, we should have bought one long ago, but the depression was here and, like a great many others, we made that an excuse for muddling through a little longer.

We needed a furnace and something must be done right away. An agent for furnaces looked the building over and promised to install a furnace which could take care of all our needs, and for which

we could pay in small monthly installments. This was fine, and we felt our problem was settled.

After weeks of experimenting, the firm which had installed the furnace, finally decided that the furnace could not do the work promised, and they had better remove it.

You can imagine how embarrassing this was, for we had given away our old furnace. This would leave us with no furnace, in the middle of winter and with a growing congregation and an increasing Sunday School.

We remembered how God had helped us in the past eighteen months, enabling us to build a new foundation under the Church, redecorate the entire interior, and install new lights, besides building new Sunday School rooms, etc.

Why not ask our Heavenly Father for a furnace, or the money with which to buy one? As the work belonged to Him, we were convinced that He was more interested in it than we were, and we soon discovered that He was.

I telephoned the firm and gave them permission to remove the furnace, and that afternoon when returning from a funeral, a man in the car asked me what I would do for a furnace. I told him we were trusting the Lord and He would help us in some way. The undertaker, who had heard the remarks, apologized for intruding in our conversation, and said they were fitting their parlors with a new heating system and would have a large furnace to dispose of.

We looked at this furnace and it was just what we needed. It cost nine hundred dollars to install eight years ago, and our other furnace was a toy compared with it.

The question was—could we afford to buy this furnace *now*. Even the small sum asked for it seemed large to us at that time.

However, as God had led so far, why not go to Him again and ask Him to undertake? This we did, and at our prayer service we definitely and earnestly took the matter to the Lord, and later that same night the senior member of the undertaking firm was awakened with the thought of the furnace in mind, and after thinking it over, decided they could not sell the furnace but that we *must accept it as a gift*. This, to us, was a definite answer to prayer, and is but an added proof that God is anxious to move on our behalf if we only dare to trust Him. It has also convinced us that there is no depression with God.

"Your salvation is *His* business; make His service *your* business."

"God pardons like a mother that kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness."

"What Hath God Wrought!"

(Continued from Page One)

gan to converse with the man, and she preached for me my first sermon! She talked a long time with him and I could catch a few words as she conversed. One was "protestante" and another was "catolico." I did not know what these words were at first.

As I heard them over and over again I decided "catolico" must be Catholic and "protestante" must be Protestant. As to her message, I had no idea what she was talking about. She had been in the Methodist church and had heard the gospel and she understood a few of the principles of the gospel, and she was taking my place and doing her best to tell this man what I wished to tell both him and her. The next Sunday she came back and brought her children. In a short time the Lord gave us a revival in the Methodist church. I was not a Methodist but I knew the Lord as my personal Saviour. He sent us a Mexican preacher, who held a meeting for us and organized a church with twenty-two members.

Pentecost for the Mexican Church

Some years after, Pentecost came along. I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and talked about my experience to the Mexican church. At first they quit me. We had the schoolhouse, but did not have a soul there for two Sundays. The next Sunday they all came back again, and the schoolhouse was filled. They told me after the service that the Methodist preacher had asked them if they believed in my testimony. They said, "Why, it is according to the Bible." And he became angry, and they left him. They all came back to me the next Sunday and I had them from that time on. I preached Pentecost and the Baptism in the Holy Spirit all during those months in 1915. January, February, and March went by, April and May; and I had a few converts from Roman Catholicism, but my Mexican members did not receive the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. I could hardly get them to seek it. They had never seen a Mexican receive the Baptism and I had not either. I began to wonder if the Mexicans could receive the Baptism in the Holy Spirit! Of course I knew that the Bible said "upon all flesh," and I knew that they were included, but why they could not receive the Baptism I did not know. Of course in their hearts they doubted; they were afraid. Those fears kept them from receiving the Baptism.

Around the 4th of July Brother Hale baptized some Americans and also thirteen Mexicans in water. After that service we went back to the schoolhouse to have a time of fellowship and prayer together, and as we gave out the sermon that afternoon the people for the first

time began to praise the Lord—real praise. Tears were coming to their eyes as they knelt by the altar; and in a short time one old sister was talking in tongues. I can never forget that! I felt like Peter must have felt in Cornelius' house that day when he heard those Gentiles speaking in tongues. He certainly must have cried and rejoiced and praised the Lord. That is how I felt that afternoon. I praised God that one Mexican had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. I went over to her son and said, "Robert, your mother has the Baptism in the Holy Ghost." He came over to see her, felt her, looked her over, listened to her talk in tongues. She said, "Yes, son, this is from God. This is all right. Go ahead and get the Baptism and talk in tongues." He fell down in front of her, and the first thing we knew he was baptized in the Holy Ghost. At that time the power was spreading, and the first thing I knew nine had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit that day. Oh, it was wonderful!

Do you know, I did not have to tell a single soul about that service, because those Mexican people shouted and rejoiced and carried on, so that people heard them for miles around; and by the time I left the service and commenced to tell folks what had happened they said, "We know all about it. We heard you folks shouting down there." It went like wildfire, that Pentecost had come to the Mexican people. In a short time people were coming with babes in their arms, walking twelve, fourteen, fifteen miles to be in our services. They would come from all around. It was perfectly

wonderful. The Methodist people had said that within six months there would not be anything there; but after six months we had a flourishing church with a real revival going on and people receiving the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, being saved and filled with the Spirit, from nearly all the churches, that is, the Methodist church, the Baptist church, and the Catholic church.

The priest did all he could to hinder the work, but finally the priest left; it got too hot for him, and he had to leave. His members would tell him that they had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and he quit striving against us. The work went on and on. It is going on, hallelujah, gathering strength day by day, and we are looking to the Lord to save and baptize many others before He comes, if He should tarry a few days more.

Captive Mexico

I am going to tell you something about the condition of our Mexican people. The Mexican people do not seem to prosper in the United States. They have always been poor and they are still poor; they have always been depressed, and they are still depressed. Mexico seems to me a very pathetic nation. As one journeys through Mexico one meets with thousands of beggars. At every railroad station there are many beggars, on the streets there are many beggars, going from house to house, begging on the streets, begging at the railroad stations, clothed in rags. You go into their homes and see how they live—in extreme poverty—how poor most of them are, and one wonders why it is this way. Why are they so poor?

The history of Mexico explains why they are so poor. One reason is, the Roman Catholic church has become so very wealthy. The priests have lived in great cathedrals, in fine buildings, but they haven't many schools, not many hospitals. They have left that for Protestant America and for other Protestant lands. Where they have been in control they have not done much for the people, but they have amassed great wealth. When the people died they would leave their wealth to the church expecting it to pray their soul out of purgatory, until finally, in Mexico the church became the possessor of over sixty per cent of all the wealth and real estate of Mexico—and the people became poorer and poorer all the time.

The priests opposed the education of the people, and everything in their power was done to keep the poor and middle class people from receiving an education. The highest class are quite well educated and live in nice homes, but the poor and middle class, the mixed people and the Indians, are always in extreme poverty. They were kept more

*Words of Counsel
by Daddy Welch*

In divine healing the doctor is on the inside.

* * *

People are baptized in water, not in words.

* * *

There is no backbone in "I'll try;" but rather in "I will."

* * *

God can develop a mushroom overnight but it takes years to develop an oak.

* * *

God can use ANYBODY if He can get the necessary co-operation.

* * *

God is not impulsive. He acts with deliberation and never in judgment until His mercy can be extended no longer.

* * *

Natural things must be anointed and governed by the Spirit of God before they are truly fruitful.

or less in poverty, until finally Mexico enacted laws that divorced the church from the state. The idea was to benefit the poor people. Mexico went to the extreme, because as she disposed of religion she passed laws which make it very hard for the gospel to enter into Mexico and to make much progress there.

But despite all these laws in Mexico we have in that country two states which are liberal toward the gospel. In the other states they allow us to have only three ministers who are known publicly as ministers of the gospel. But we have saints coming together secretly, and in spite of hindrances, the Lord is blessing and a Pentecostal revival is sweeping on, day by day, in a wonderful way. Men can never stop the gospel of Jesus Christ. They have tried it through the centuries; popes and governments have burned and crucified and killed God's children, but they have never been able to stamp out Christianity. It cannot be done!

I believe our Pentecostal work in Mexico is in better spiritual condition now than ever before, and it is because they work under great opposition and tremendous difficulties. The pressure has been terrible at times. Sometimes preachers say they wish we had some of the difficulties of the preachers in Mexico. It would stir us up. We would labor and work like they are doing, and the work would spread and grow as it is growing in Mexico. In spite of persecution we have a fine group of young people in Mexico City preparing for the ministry. While the church is despised and persecuted yet these young men and women feel the call of God to preach the gospel. They have chosen the ministry as their life work. Why? Not because it opens an avenue of gain to them, but because they have a passion for souls in their hearts. The Lord has called them and they are going out to preach the gospel.

Over in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California we have had the Mexican people with us for centuries. They have been born there, they have always lived in our country, they have never seen Mexico. The great majority of the Mexican people in our own country have never heard about Jesus Christ as we know Him. When we opened our Bible School twelve miles from the city of San Antonio we began to hold services in the chapel. At the present time we have 38 students. Our chapel has been filling up every night and on Sundays when we have services with the people of Saspamco. We asked them how many had ever seen a copy of God's Word and only three raised their hands. We asked them how many had never been in a service before, and the great majority raised their hands. One old

couple who seem to be seeking the Lord, have lived in Saspamco all their lives and they told me they had never heard the gospel before. Just think of that! Right here in our own country. These people living here, having been raised here, right at our very door, and they had never heard the gospel of Jesus Christ before! And how poor they are.

As we journey along the border we see their little homes. A brother told me that in Argentina he had never seen poverty on such a great scale as he saw it among our Mexican people along the border. The American people hold them down as much as they possibly can. They will not give them a real chance to prosper. The Mexican people have to take the hard work, the poorly paid work.

One thing I can say about the Mexican people, they are great lovers of homes. They love to have flowers in their homes, and when they are saved they clean up their little homes, and they clean up their persons too. We had an old couple come to our church in San Antonio years ago. These old people were so dirty we could hardly be close to them, but they came to our services and were saved. When we baptized them in water you should have seen them come from their dressing rooms. The woman came out in a nice clean pressed white dress, and he had on a white suit and it was nice and clean. And from that time on in that home there was the greatest transformation, and in their bodies too. They kept themselves clean, and they had the joy of salvation. Now they are with the Lord living in those wondrous mansions up there. I am sure they had an abundant entrance into heaven.

Latin American Bible Institute

I will tell you a little bit about our Bible School among the Latin American people. We started our Bible School in

a very small way in 1926, and as it grew we did not have very much room to expand. Our greatest number of students I believe was about 29 one year. We had a building that would accommodate only about 15 students, so of course we had to have outside students. These are called "externes" in Spanish—the day students of the Bible School. Our school grew as far as it could grow crammed in between our publishing house and the local church. We had no campus, no place for boys to play except in the street. The Lord has now given us a farm outside the city of San Antonio. We felt the need of getting this farm several years ago, but held back. Really, my faith was not sufficient. I had seen God do wonderful things but my faith was not sufficient to meet this new need. But finally I said "yes" to the Lord about the farm and asked Him, "Where, Lord?" A man came and said, "I have the farm for you." He took me to see our present farm of 165 acres, and the Lord seemed to say, Yes, to me, and finally we bought the farm. We have built a barn and also a little house and we are occupying the farm.

This year we have 38 students, and I wish you could see them. We are working out in the country near Saspamco, and the Lord is blessing the students as they go out to spread the Word. As you pray, God is going to send us students from Mexico and Central America and South America and the West Indies. When God's people agonize and pray and get under the burden, God is going to move and bless and save souls.

Our students are feeling the call to go to Mexico, to South America, to Central America, and to other Spanish countries. One of our students, a very humble young fellow, felt the call to Central America. A brother was going to Nicaragua, but there was no provision for this student to go, not a cent for his fare. This student told me, "Brother So-and-so feels I ought to go to Nicaragua, too." I said, "I cannot do anything for you now. I would like to." Well, the next thing I knew, he was with this brother in Mexico City. He had gone that far, he had that much fare. The Mexican people there helped him and gave him his fare as far as El Salvador. When he got to El Salvador they helped him across to Nicaragua. It shows what God can do for these Spanish students. If you have not the money, if you have a call from heaven and are willing to go through, if you are willing to step out in simple faith and trust the Lord alone, He will meet you, He will honor your faith, and He will open the way for you.

Send 25 cents for large Sample packet Tracts.

Not By Might, nor By Power
By My Spirit, saith the Lord

The Pentecostal Evangel

STANLEY HOWARD FRODSHAM
EDITOR

CHAS. E. ROBINSON --- MYER PEARLMAN
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

NOEL PERKIN
MISSIONARY EDITOR

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The Passing and the Permanent

A Review of Current Life and Thought in the Light of Scripture

THE BADGE OF SHAME

But He who scattered Israel had made the promise: "I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen." Joel 2:19. "The yellow badge, which Jews were forced to wear in the ghettos of medieval Europe, has been revived in the Germany of 1936," reports *B'Nai Brith Magazine*. "All Jewish prisoners in a concentration camp in Berlin are forced to wear a yellow armband with the letters 'K. L. Columbia' printed on it."

A SKEPTIC'S TRIBUTE

Wrote Bernard Shaw, noted cynic: "Why not give Christianity a trial. The question seems a hopeless one after two thousand years of resolute adherence to the old cry, 'Not this Man, but Barabbas.' Yet it is beginning to look as if Barabbas was a failure, in spite of his strong right hand, his victories, his millions of money, and his moralities. This man, Christ, has not been a failure yet; for nobody has ever been sane enough to try His way."

ROBERT E. LEE'S HOPE FOR REVIVAL

After a Gospel address in Washington College of which Lee was president, the noted general took the preacher by the hand and said, "I want to thank you for your talk, sir. You struck the very keynote of our wants. We poor sinners need to come back from our wanderings to seek pardon through the all-sufficient merits of our Redeemer. And we need to pray earnestly for the power of the Holy Spirit to give us a precious revival in our own hearts, and among the unconverted."

EVERY WORD IN THE BIBLE IS TRUE

"Last month," says *The Prophetic News* "Professor William Henry Barton Jr., of Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History, operating the Zeiss projector in the new Hayden Planetarium, ran celestial time backward and shewed how the Star of Bethlehem, seen by the shepherds, might have been a planetary conjunction. In 8 B. C. Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars were very close together, as the projector shewed on the vault of the Planetarium dome. When the projector was run slowly forward, the planets merged, and shone brilliantly as one."

GERMANY NOT ALL PAGAN

The *Latter Rain Fellowship* tells of "a company of young men may be found (in Germany), who are formed into a 'Christian Storm Troop,' giving due attention to physical training, but at the same time concentrating on the study of Jesus Christ and His message. The leader of this group, Baron Friedrich von der Ropp, was at the Keswick Convention this year, and was greatly helped in his own spiritual experience. He has gone back to his company to tell them of the deeper things of salvation. One of his friends has said of the young men who are gathered about him: 'An ardent desire is spreading among our people for true salvation, to fill their hearts with peace, and make their way sure. Our people have been stirred to the depths by National Socialism (Nazism), and have been called to political and patriotic deeds, but this mighty stream of emotion can only find its firm banks in the true service of God.'"

THE FOLLY OF CLEVERNESS

"What is the reason that very clever people have been so consistently blind?" asks Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-general of Canada. "The only explanation I can give is that they are too clever. They over-intellectualize the world. They are too logical. They make history a simple pattern of cause and effect, which is not the truth. They do not allow for the unseen accident. They have no flair for the imponderable things which cannot be put into a straightforward argument. They work wholly by intellect and are lacking in instinct."

The only reliable interpretation of history is that given by "holy men of God" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter 1:21.

Questions and Answers

Is there any difference between the Church of Christ, the Body of Christ, and the Bride of Christ?

Personally, I believe they are three terms used to represent the same thing. The Church of Christ would be the outcalled people who took Jesus as their Lord and Head, the Church which Jesus promised to build. Matt. 16:18. The terms Bride and Body are used interchangeably when they refer to the Church. See Eph. 1:22, 23; 5:25-27, 30. Some teach that as a rib was taken out of the body of Adam from which was made his wife, so the Bride will be taken out of the Body of Christ, the Church. The fact remains, however, that the rib was taken out of Adam before the woman was created. As the rib was taken out of Adam the Church is taken out of Christ through the atonement which He, the last Adam, made.

Does the Bible tell us where the devil is now?

The Bible tells us that he is "the prince of the power of the air" (Eph. 2:2); that we wrestle against principalities "in the heavens" (Eph. 6:12); that Satan is "the god of this world." 2 Cor. 4:4. It is indicated that not until during the fulfillment of the book of Revelation will Satan be cast out of the heavens, perhaps referring to the atmospheric heavens above us. Rev. 12:7-9. Although Satan now has freedom in the heavens as has been mentioned, he is also busy upon the earth. Job 1:7; 1 Peter 5:8.

Where does the Scriptures say that those who take the Lord's Supper unworthily will receive damnation to their souls?

The Scriptures say, "Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." 1 Cor. 2:27. Verses 20-22 give some light on what Paul meant here by "unworthily." Verse 29 says "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." The correct meaning of damnation here is judgment and the character of this judgment is explained by Paul to be chastisement in verse 32.—E. S. W.

MUSSOLINI AND ETHIOPIA

Dr. Thomas Chalmers writes: "Mussolini, if left free by other nations may carry on till he gains control of the land. But it will not be for long. God has spoken on this matter. Ethiopia must remain free to become an ally of Russia in her future invasion of Egypt. When Russia makes her great march against Palestine and Egypt, two prophets of the Lord declare that Ethiopians will aid her. See Ezekiel 38:5; Daniel 11:42, 43. The coming war may lead to the revival of the real Roman Empire in Europe. Its extension into Africa outside of Tripoli is divinely foredoomed to failure. Praise God!"

PREPARING A NEW EXODUS

We read in *Jewish Chronicle* that plans for the transfer of 100,000 young German Jews, over half of them to Palestine, within the next four years, were outlined to the National Conference on Palestine at its opening session in Washington on Sunday, by Mr. Simon Marks, member of the Anglo-Jewish mission to the United States. Twelve hundred delegates were present. The plan outlined by Mr. Marks provides for the transfer of German Jewish youth first, and subsequent emigration of their relatives. "The alternative is the complete breakdown of the structural life of German Jewry, with a stampede to other countries, involving wasteful costs of relief," Mr. Marks declared. He pointed out that no basic solution is possible other than the overthrow of the Nazi regime.

SOVIET WAR PREPARATIONS

The Soviet Government is reported to have included in her budget the sum of \$2,960,000,000 to build up three defense services. Its air force, already "one of the most powerful extant," according to *News Week*, "is scheduled for expansion," and "the nation is building a surface and submarine fleet which should eventually reach the level of other navies." The sum named above is nearly twice last year's expenditures for these purposes. The universal conscription by Hitler, to swell the German army to half a million, and the proximity of Japanese troops to the Siberian border are the reasons given for this new expenditure. The Red army in the U. S. S. R. is announced to be 940,000 men, the largest in the world.

Looking into the last days the prophet declared, "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: prepare war, wake up the mighty men." Joel 3:9.

HOW MANY CHRISTIANS?

The Reformed Church Messenger presents the following facts: "According to an investigation made by *Living Church*, it is estimated there are about 692,400,000 Christians in the world, of whom 522,596,000, or about five-sevenths, belong to the various Catholic bodies, and 169,802,000, or about two-sevenths, to the more than 200 Protestant denominations. It must be remembered that this means professing Christians and does not attempt to figure out how many of these are 'the real thing.' The *Presbyterian Banner* reminds us that if the Protestants counted in all the children as Roman Catholics do, the Protestant numbers would be about doubled. Perhaps; but then Protestant families may not be so large. At any rate, the appalling number of 1,167,610,000 inhabitants of this old world remain among the non-Christians, nearly twice as many as 'those who profess and call themselves Christians. Surely there is plenty of work for us all.'"

The Sunday School Lesson

Jesus Teaches True Values

Lesson for March 22. Lesson Text: Luke, chapter 12.

I. THE CURSE OF COVETOUSNESS

The Rich Man's Folly. Jesus warns against the curse of covetousness, telling the story of the rich farmer who had a magnificent crop. This man took no thought of the poor and needy around, but immediately planned to pull down his barns, and build larger, congratulating himself that he now had much goods laid up for many years, and so could eat, drink, and be merry. But that night an unexpected and unwelcome visitor knocked at his door. The Angel of Death brings word: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The world counts the prosperous wise; but the man who has treasure on earth and none in heaven, making no preparation for eternity, God designates—a fool.

Judgment on Covetousness. There are today many like Ahab, dissatisfied with the much God has given them, who look with covetous eyes at some neighbor's vineyard. There are many with a Jezebel spirit, determined by fair means or foul to possess that which belongs to another. But as sure as judgment overtook the covetous Ahab and the scheming Jezebel (1 Kings 22:29-38; 2 Kings 9:30-37), so surely will judgment come to such as are of a like spirit.

Great Gain. Contrast the apostle Paul, writing from the Roman prison, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Having the presence of the Lord with us is worth more than all of earth's millions. "Let your conversation (or, manner of life) be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have."

The Unhappy Rich. Some years ago Thomas A. Edison was interviewed on his birthday. He had as his guests in his Florida home at that time, Herbert Hoover, Harvey Firestone, and Henry Ford. The reporter enquired if he were happy. The inventor admitted that he was not and added, "I am not acquainted with any one who is happy." Evidently his famous and wealthy guests knew naught of that which is the portion of the humblest child of God—"joy unspeakable and full of glory." Booth once asked Cecil Rhodes, the South African millionaire, "Are you a happy man?" Rhodes replied, "Happy? I—happy? Good God, no!" What a comment on the Master's word, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

II. CONSIDER THE RAVENS

"Take No Thought." Literally, "Be not anxious for your life." The Lord says to us, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make your requests known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds." This was one of George Muller's favorite verses. He prayed about everything, and God not only sent in enough to build and maintain five great orphanages

and to feed and clothe ten thousand orphans, but also the Lord gave him hundreds of thousands of dollars to give away to missionaries.

"God feedeth them." The Master pointed to a bird that is not always in great favor—a raven. They build no barns nor storehouses, but they never fail to get their portion from the bountiful hand of their Creator. Said David, "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." Psalm 145:16. He provides not only for the birds and beasts and insects of the land, but also for the "things innumerable" of the great and wide sea.

Abundant Provision. I heard one saint testify: "I never worry. I have not had a blue day since I was saved. I know my Father will take care of me. What farmer will feed his chickens and starve his children? My Father takes care of all His birds, His sparrows, and His ravens, and He will not overlook me, for I am one of His children." An old preacher, R. C. Chapman, who lived until he was nearly 100, once received \$500 with the condition that he keep it for himself. Chapman replied, "You surely would not deprive an old man, who has trusted alone his heavenly Father for 70 years, from having this privilege to the end. If the gift is unconditional it will be gladly received." The donor agreed, and by nine o'clock that night every penny had been given away to different missionaries.

III. CONSIDER THE LILIES

God's Creation. Every lily preaches us a sermon on faith, assuring us that He who

Seed Thoughts

Gathered by Alice E. Luce

"God's children are immortal while their Father has anything for them to do on earth." (Fuller, an ancient historian)

"David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when it was dipped in the ink of affliction."

"Men complain because God has placed thorns upon roses. Wouldn't it be better if they thanked God for putting roses on thorns?"

Samson first slew the lion, and then out of the same lion got an overflowing portion of honey.

There is honey and to spare in every Horeb (dryness) where the Lord leads His child. With honey out of the stony rock shall He satisfy thee.

"When prayer leads the van, in due time deliverance brings up the rear."

Every school course has its tests, upon the passing of which depends promotion. God's training school of this earthly life would not be complete without its tests.

Paul greeted Apelles as "approved in Christ." Rom. 16:10. The R. V. marg. reads: "Christ's tested one."

"A holy life is a bright reflector behind a Christian testimony." It is the tests that polish the reflector.

clothes this simple flower of the field will not fail to clothe us. All around the things that are seen preach to us about the invisible Creator. Rom. 1:20. God tells us to go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise. The ant makes preparations for the days ahead, while sluggish man makes no provision for a long eternity. Learn a lesson from the coney who makes his home in the rocks. Happy the man that makes his eternal abode in the Rock of Ages, that Rock that followed Israel, ever affording abundant streams of refreshing—and that Rock was Christ.

Consider the Heavens. Look up at night at the myriads of stars and consider the heavens, the work of God's fingers. When David did this he began to feel very small and said, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Brother Noel Perkin recently visited the Planetarium in Chicago. The lecturer said, "We do not reckon distances in the heavens by miles but by light years. A light year is approximately 5,847,096,000,000 miles. There is one planet in the heavens that is two hundred billion light years away. In fact, there is no end to the infinitude of space." And yet the infinitesimally small is as wonderful as the infinitely great. Says Westell: "Place any of Nature's atoms that you will under the microscope. What a fund of interest and wonder are opened up before our eyes! A mere needle-prick in the world and unseen very often by the naked eye, what a wealth of detail and beauty that tiny speck portrays, proclaiming in its own way the Omnipotent Designer as loudly as the starry heavens themselves!"

"Your Father Knoweth." The heathen are always clamoring for temporal things, things to eat and drink, but the Lord does not want us to follow their example. His word to us is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Seek first a place in that kingdom and then to further the interests of the Lord's kingdom. We will not have to clamor then for temporal things. Our Father knows our needs and will not fail to supply.

"Fear Not." To those who had left all and followed Him, Jesus said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Some of them had given up a precarious living as fishermen, and they were to receive in the days to come—thrones! As we give of our means for the bringing of souls into God's kingdom, we shall be laying up treasure for eternity and our Lord tells us that when He comes His reward for the faithful will be with Him.

"Consider Him." The things of Nature tell of God's creatorship and care, but the Spirit of God bids us above all to "Consider Him." Heb. 12:3. The whole complaint of Jehovah against His people is told us in Isaiah 1:3, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Consider Him who left all and for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich. Consider the ravens, consider the lilies, but above all consider Him who provides them with food and clothing, and who will supply us not only with temporal things, but also with the eternal.—S. H. F.

Special Missionary Supplement



Are you like
the man who
says:

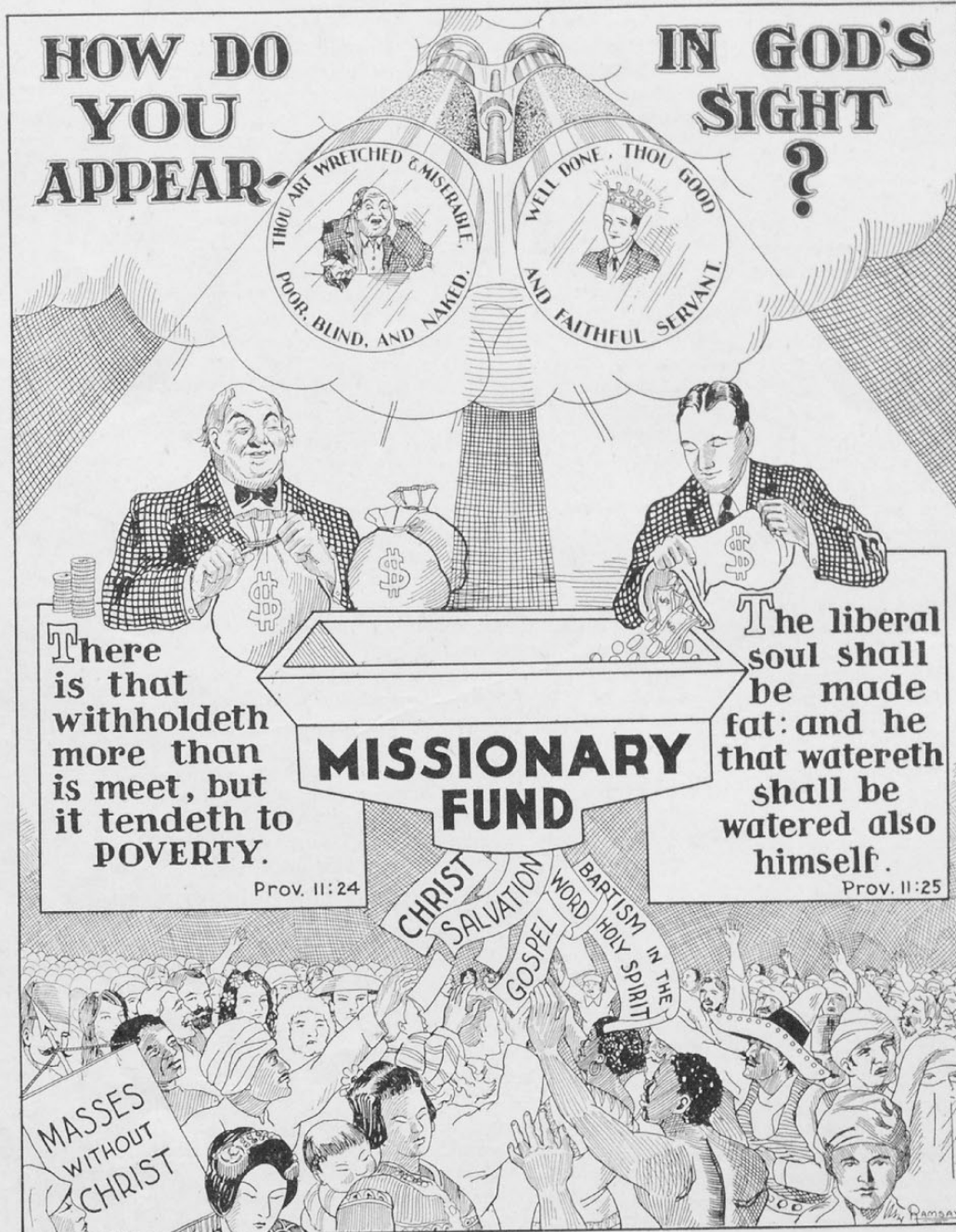
I may
need this

For me
and mine

For a
rainy day

See what
I have done

The Heathen
—Ugh!



Or—
do you
say:

God will pro-
vide for me

Give ye them
to eat

That they
might have
life

Give and it
shall be given

God First,
Others Next,
Myself Last

This cartoon may be had as a poster, size 20 by 26 inches, upon request from the Foreign Missions Department, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri. We are not making any charge for these posters, but should be glad if those asking for them could send a dime to help with the printing and postage.

His Last Chance

By Ida George, F. W. Africa

Like Andrew of old, who eagerly brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Christ, so Danyore brought Nakele. Nakele was slow to believe that Jesus Christ could and would actually take the very desire for sin away but eventually he was convinced and gladly accepted Christ as his Saviour, too.

Nakele had worked a while for a mulatto doctor and had learned some of the habits of western civilization while in his employ. He enjoyed his cigarettes and even when out of work he manged to get money to satisfy this intense craving. Nakele had seen the change in the life of his brother, Danyore, and had observed the joy and satisfaction obtained from his faith in God. Naturally, Nakele desired this joy, too, but what about that terrible cigarette habit?

His little knowledge of French made it easy for him to read the Mossi Bible. Precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the Holy Spirit was performing His work and Nakele was being drawn closer and closer until one night he surrendered to Christ, willing to do any thing in order to be forgiven his many sins.

Oh, the abundance of joy that was his and that intense hunger to know God's Word! It was not till the third day that he had time to think of those forgotten cigarettes when, lo and behold, he found the desire was gone. Jesus Christ had actually taken it out of his life. He was clean! I shall never forget the expression of his face when he realized the extent of Christ's saving power in his life. Needless to say that we all had joy unspeakable and full of glory that evening.

Time went on, the Mohammedans were angry for Nakele had been a strong Mohammedan for many years. Threats were made, persecutions were his until he hearkened to their threats, weakened and finally lost all his peace with God. Carelessly he lived and shiftlessly he went from one town to another, then back home again, still feeling the price too great to pay for he was far from the Shepherd's fold.

One of our evangelists went to Nakele's village to live and as usual was faithfully preaching whenever possible. He saw Nakele a number of times and talked to him about his soul. It was late one afternoon when again he sat native fashion telling the sweet story of old. Turning to Nakele who was near him, he pleaded with him once more, saying that Jesus Christ is not a dead man but a resurrected Christ, so unlike Mohammed who died and who still remains in his grave, powerless.

Finally Nakele, with a struggle in his heart by having a desire to yield, turned to some of the old native respected village men who were in that gathering also and asked if they believed this "God News" whereupon they said an emphatic "NO!" The struggle was over and Nakele made his decision with those old Mohammedan men of his village.

The next morning Nakele was found in his hut—DEAD! Someone subtly gave him a poisoned kola nut which he ate and which

caused his death. He died in his sins—a lost soul—having rejected a forgiving Lord but a few hours before. It was thought that some Mohammedan had poisoned him, fearing that he would again yield to the Christian faith.

How gripping this truth seems to me when I think of our great responsibility of praying for these converted heathen. If you had dared to pray—if I had dared to pray for Nakele at the time of his bitter persecution, would he have been enabled to overcome the tempter of his soul? Suppose the Spirit tried to whisper to your soul or to my soul to pray for Nakele when he was hearing his last call to repentance and we failed! Alas, another young Mossi man went out into an endless eternity where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth—a doomed, lost soul.

AN APPEAL TO CHRIST'S AMBASSADORS

In response to the appeal for our South China District Bible School in the Evangel, during the months of September, October, November, and December of last year two sisters sent \$60.00 each, the \$120.00 being sufficient to pay the expense of two students for one year. A number of brethren and sisters sent \$5.00 each, enough to support a student for one month. A smaller number sent smaller amounts. We thank all of these friends for their contributions. We praise the Lord and take courage. But from the young people of our Sunday Schools and Christ's Ambassadors, to whom we especially appealed, and from whom we expected the most generous response, nothing has come.

Will not the young people in our Sunday Schools and Christ's Ambassadors in the homeland who are doing so much for the advancement of God's kingdom in their own assemblies and for foreign missions, even in some instance pledging the support of a foreign missionary, also assist the students in our Bible school? Surely no other kind of missionary work offers a greater yield upon the investment than that given to enable native Christian young men in heathen lands to secure a knowledge of God's Word, which shall fit them to go out and carry the light to their own people, the most of whom in China still "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."—J. W. Ledbetter.

Note: All offerings for this purpose should be plainly designated, "Student in South China Bible School," and sent to FOREIGN MISSIONS DEPARTMENT, 336 West Pacific Strtet, Springfield, Missouri.

An occasional offering, designated for "Expense of Missions Department" will be greatly appreciated. This is our only means of maintaining this end of our missionary work, since we deduct nothing from any missionary offering for this purpose.

WHY?

"Why was the missionary offering from our assembly not published in the Evangel?"

"Why have I not received a letter from the missionary to whom I sent an offering a short time ago?"

"Why didn't you send me a receipt for an offering I sent you?"

These are just a few of the questions which come to us nearly every day in the Foreign Missions Department. A little explanation of a few points might be of help to our contributors, both of personal offerings and secretaries sending missionary money from their assemblies and other organizations.

The first question mentioned could be answered in several different ways—first, it may be that the one sending in the money forgot to tell us that it was from the assembly so we thought it was given personally by the party sending it in. Since only assembly offerings are listed by name, and all personal contributions are summed up in one total, it would appear that the assembly offering was not reported. Whether large or small, individual or from an assembly, all missionary money is reported each week.

Secondly, an assembly may think that their offering has not been reported because someone did not see it printed in a certain issue of the Evangel. Since our printing department has, to have all material for publication in their hands more than two weeks ahead of the date of the paper, contributions do not appear in as early an issue as some might expect.

We make up our report of missionary money each week on Tuesday. This report appears in the Evangel dated two weeks from the following Saturday. For example: All offerings received in March between the 4th and the 10th will be included in the report which we make up March 10 and will be published in the Evangel of March 28.

The second question usually can be answered briefly—"Let patience have her perfect work." It takes at least three months to receive a reply from most foreign fields if the missionary is able to answer immediately, which he sometimes cannot do.

The third inquiry is quite a frequent one. We make out a receipt for each contribution received by us. If you do not receive a receipt for any money you send us, it might be well to inquire about it as there is a chance that your offering did not reach us or that our receipt to you went astray in the mail.

It also might be well to exercise a little caution in sending in money and not send currency unless it is registered. The safest way is by money order, check, or bank draft. For amounts less than one dollar stamps are quite convenient.

Other misunderstandings might be avoided by observing the following suggestions: When you want your money or any portion of it to be sent to some particular missionary, it is necessary that you designate plainly each time when sending in your offering that it is for that one. When no designation is made we place the money in our general foreign missionary fund to be used where it is most needed. It is not sufficient to inform us once whom you wish to help and then expect us to send your money to that one each time you send it to us. We are sorry that we are unable to remember all these instructions from time to time but when one considers that we receive offerings

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Pioneering in Peru

Walter Erickson



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Erickson and Wesley

"Thou Art the Man"

In the winter of 1920-21 there was a scarcity of horse feed on the prairies of Saskatchewan, so we turned the horses loose and let them rustle, gathering them up from time to time for water. Once, however, the horses strayed. My brother Leif rode into the country twenty-one miles north of us looking for the horses. There he found that revival services had been started and many were being saved. He was invited to the services and at the close of the Sunday morning service he accepted the Lord. He went out to look for horses and stumbled into a kingdom. One night when he came home from prayer meeting (it was in the dead of winter and three o'clock in the morning) he said, "Walter, I have decided to take a definite stand here for Christ." I said to him, "If there is anything to religion, how is it that so many people go crazy over it?" His answer was, "It isn't religion that makes men crazy; it is the lack of it."

The next morning I went to North Dakota and when I returned the neighbors told me that some preachers were in my brother's home. At first I did not know whether to go home and face the preachers or to stay with some of the neighbors until they were gone, but I finally decided to go home. I found that they were very friendly. They won my confidence. I went with my brother to a prayer meeting eighteen miles away, and that night the Lord transformed my life.

Some Christian friends of ours were very much interested in missionary work and they urged the necessity of praying for the Lord to send forth laborers into the harvest field. I began praying and the Lord said, "You are the man." I entered Glad Tidings Bible School, San Francisco, in 1923 and was graduated from there in 1925. Immediately I began making preparations for the foreign field. I had no support but for many months I worked and put all my money into an outfit for South America. My brother Leif sailed for South America in 1924. I continued working, and finally a lady in California sold a small piece of property, the proceeds of which paid my passage.

When I was praying about going to South America some friends in San Francisco called me into their room and asked me how much it would take for my outfit and fare, and I told them about three hundred dollars. They said, "Let's pray that the Lord will send you the money." They were people of means and I felt sure the Lord was laying it on their hearts to give me the needed sum. Finally they left San Francisco and I wrote a letter asking them about it. An answer came from them in due time saying that they were sorry they had not been able to raise the money. Later when I did get to South America I came down with malaria. The brethren prayed for me but the Lord didn't heal me. Finally one day the Lord said, "Do you remember the time you asked those people for three hundred dollars? You write them now ask their forgiveness for having written to them and I'll heal you." I got up, wrote the letter, and the next day my fever didn't come back. A number of years have passed since that time and the fever has never come back. The Lord sent me the three hundred dollars but in His own time and way!

I landed in South America without a cent pledged or promised, and it took the folks at home some time to remember that I was on the foreign field. I went to Peru in 1927 and joined my brother Leif in the city of Huaraz at an altitude of ten thousand feet in the heart of the Andes. After laboring there for a number of months we left my brother's fellow missionary in charge and moved on to the city of Caraz. We were unable to obtain a suitable hall for gospel work so we started prayer meetings in our own home. Sister Flora Hogan had labored in that town several years before. She had met opposition to the extent that the sub-prefect offered her mules to escape from the persecution, but she said, "If I am going to die I'll die right here." She left fruit and when my brother and I arrived we found fruit remaining, two men, one a tailor who literally lays hold of the Lord in prayer. The first night in our prayer meeting just those two men came, but they read the Bible and then got down for prayer. It seemed as though heaven came down in our midst that night. They gave out tracts all over the town and one man's family began to step out one by one for the Lord.

Protected from Bandits

One time when I was going from Huaraz to the coast the Lord led in a most wonderful way. There were two routes we could take—the shorter which led up over a great plateau of the Andes, and the longer which would take us up over the Black Range of the Andes. I decided to go over the plateau, and one night after meeting I left Huaraz at fifteen minutes to twelve, accompanied by a young native brother. Just as we left town I felt a definite check in my spirit to go the other route although it was longer. We stopped to pray about it, and as I still felt definitely led of the Lord

to go the other way we turned our mules around, and at four o'clock that morning we were right on top of the Black Range of the Andes, fourteen thousand feet above sea level. After I got to my destination I heard that three men had been killed by bandits on the other road. The Word says the Lord will guide us, and we do praise Him for guiding us that night.

Jehovah Jireh

A few months before our baby was to be born we decided to go down to Lima where my wife could be properly cared for. We left Caraz with about enough money to take us to Lima and have a little left over, but certainly not enough to pay the expenses which we felt we should have. The Lord sent in enough for our current expenses through an answer to prayer. The baby was born on September 9, and although the doctor did not charge anything for his own services, there were other expenses which we must meet. Three or four days before my wife was to leave the hospital I began to be burdened about our expenses. A brother and I prayed for two or three mornings about the matter and the burden lifted. The very morning my wife was to leave the hospital I went up to Lima where I found a letter for me with a check for fifty dollars, sent through Springfield to Caraz, and forwarded from Caraz to Lima. Before I called He answered!

Jehovah Rapha

My brother Arthur was suffering with T. B. and the doctor gave him up to die. In fact he was given only two months to live. But God called him to the foreign field in that condition. He got several ministers and Christian workers to pray for him and the Lord healed him instantly. He went to the hospital for a physical examination and they said he was perfectly well.

It was 1928 that he came to Peru, and he has labored for six years in one of the most trying climates on the coast. He is
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Walter Erickson on top of the Andes, elevation 14,000 feet

The Tale the Totals Told

The graph on this page is a picture of our missionary receipts for the past fourteen years (foreign missions, only), which will no doubt be of interest to many. Those who have contributed faithfully toward the General Council missionary program will be happy to note the general rise in missionary receipts; those who have not been so well acquainted with our work and have not had much part in it may be interested in a few facts from this chart.

Our banner month was November of last year, when our foreign missions total reached \$28,734.21. The record before that was \$27,506.49 in July, 1930. Another high point was reached in July, 1931, with \$26,106.03.

Considering the yearly totals, 1929 holds the record with more than \$265,000 and 1930 followed closely with only \$500 less. Then followed the awful days, known as the "depression," when our work suffered great loss, especially during 1932 and 1933. It is encouraging to see, however, that since August, 1933, when missionary receipts dropped back to the thirteen thousands, the trend has been steadily upward, and we are thankful that it is still going up in the new year of 1936. January of this year, surpassed only by the banner month of November, reached a second pinnacle of \$27,686.93.

Our graph tells us that in May, 1922, we had only \$7,600 to send to our missionaries, and it makes us wonder how the work could have been maintained in those days, but it must be remembered that our missionary force was also much smaller than it is now.

The Need

We are somewhat encouraged by the good increase in missionary funds the past two years, but we dare not feel too prosperous over it when we consider our greater responsibility and remember that during these same

two years 44 new missionaries were added to our list. Fare and support for these new workers, together with the general increase of the work in many of our mission fields, such as the opening of new stations and outstations, the erection of chapels and other necessary buildings, the maintaining of Christian day schools and Bible schools for the native workers, as well as many other phases of mission work, demands that our funds be greater.

The Possibility

From our 1935 General Council report we learn that the number of assemblies affiliated with the General Council shows an increase of nearly 23 per cent and the membership of the assemblies a similar gain for the past two years. It is logical, therefore, and only reasonable that missionary giving should increase correspondingly. We regret to discover, however, that of our 3,149 affiliated assemblies, nearly 1,200 gave nothing at all through our Foreign Missions Department for foreign missions during 1935. We must mention that more than 300 of these have started giving to missions since the beginning of this year.

The Task

Millions in other lands have never heard the gospel of Jesus Christ. Thousands of others are begging for a missionary. We have a list of workers who are ready to be sent out to them just as soon as their fare and support can be arranged.

One cent per second will only maintain our present work, with nothing left for advance moves. One cent per day per member of our fellowship of 166,000 would allow us to more than double our missionary force and send workers to enter many open doors. Many lands are opening up as never before; others may soon be closed. Shall we accept the chal-

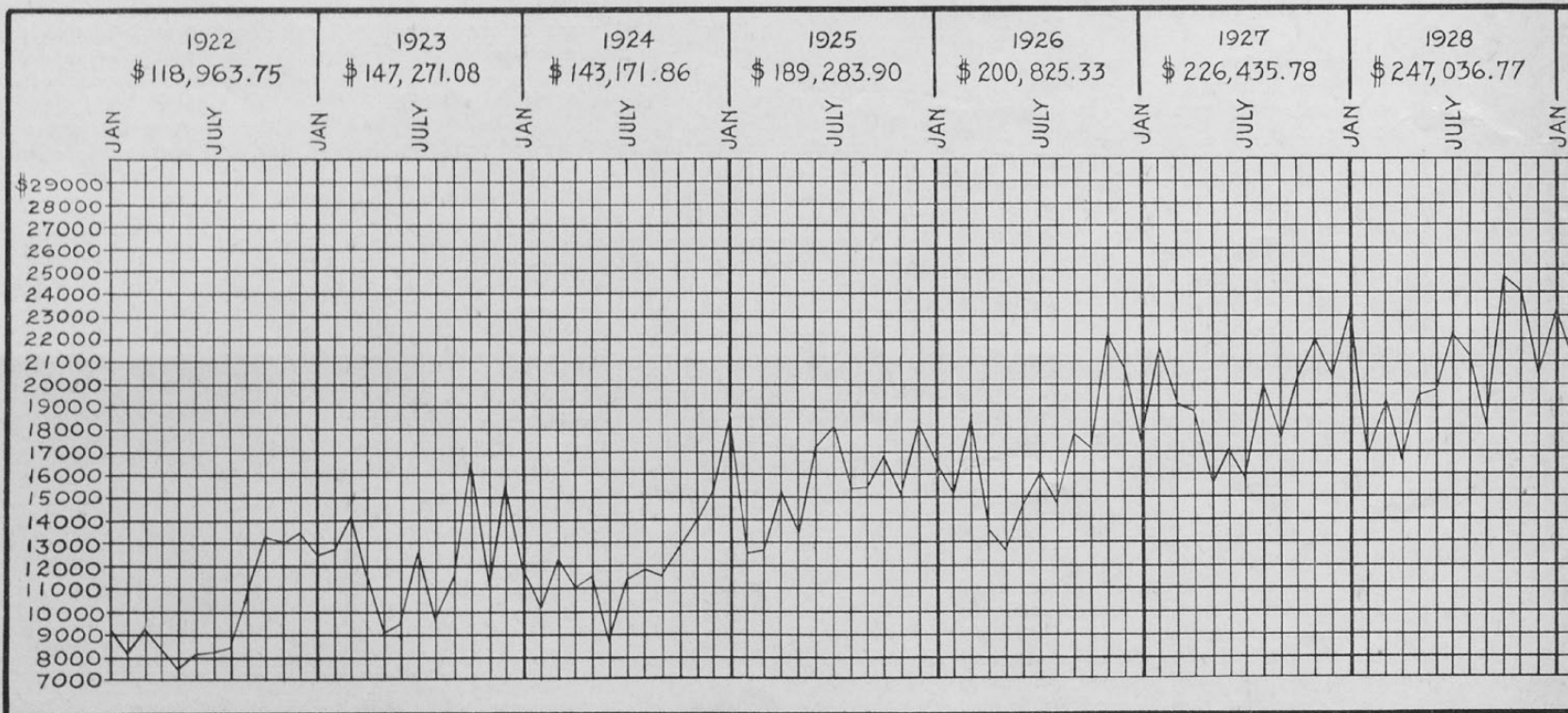
lenge? Shall we rise to the opportunity? Missionary funds are on the increase. Let us keep them going up through 1936.

DISBURSEMENT OF MISSIONARY FUNDS

Inasmuch as there are many who are unacquainted with the manner in which our Missions Department distributes the funds entrusted to our care, it might be instructive to state as clearly as possible the way in which offerings are handled from headquarters.

1. All Funds are Used Exactly as Instructed by our Contributors.

That is to say, any money sent in for some particular missionary is forwarded to that missionary without any deduction being made by the Missions Department for the expense of handling the same. In addition an advice slip is sent to the missionary advising him of the name and address of the donor so that acknowledgment may be made by the missionary direct to his contributor. Should someone wish to send a special offering for the missionary's work, this would be so specified in our remittance and not taken as a part of the missionary's personal allowance. The same rule applies in any other offering that is designated for some specific purpose. If, however, some of our friends wish to help a missionary purchase some article for their work but do not state this is the purpose of their offering, and simply send it in stating it is to go to a certain missionary, this amount would be considered as a part of what the missionary would use for his personal maintenance until further advice is received. There is not enough money comes to our department undesignated to make a special personal allowance for every missionary; thus, it is necessary for us to take into consideration offerings designated for the missionary's personal use as a part of his monthly maintenance. In this way if one missionary has a considerable amount designated for him and another has very little, we try



to make up the lesser offering so that as far as possible our missionaries are given equal consideration.

2. Funds Designated for Non-Council Missionaries are also Forwarded without any Charge being made.

3. Funds Designated for "Missions" without specifying any particular missionary are divided among those under regular appointment who may be in need.

For example:
 John Doe of China has designated from friends\$27.00
 Missions Department adds from Undesignated, or General Missions Funds 23.00

Total sent to John Doe at end of month...\$50.00
 Helen Smith of Africa has designated from friends\$50.00
 Nothing is added from the Undesignated, or General Missions Funds, since Miss Smith has enough without extra help.

4. Funds sent in for outgoing missionaries are held until missionary appointment is assured and sailing arranged.

We feel that this policy is the best since there are cases at times when a prospective missionary is unable to go to the field for some reason or another after having collected a considerable amount of money. This money being held in the department is then made available for the use of some other missionary by permission of the donors; or, if the donors should prefer, it would be returned to them.

5. Any Contribution designated as a special offering would be considered as extra and forwarded in this way when requested.

In other words, should some of our missionaries' friends desire to send them a special gift, which they wish to be over and above anything else that they might receive, all that is necessary is for the contributor to mention this and it would be sent to the missionary as extra.

None of our missionaries are guaranteed any fixed salary, but we do try to cooperate with them in arranging a living allowance so that they may not be unduly burdened over financial affairs. Of course, since each missionary has been given considerable liberty to exercise his own initiative in the development of the work on the field, many have assumed considerable responsibility for their work which the department is unable to supply. Thus they are bound to look to God for the supply of these extra needs. What we mean by extra needs are such as: rent of chapels for preaching purposes, funds for support of native workers, cost of maintaining orphans, etc. The department is always glad to advise those who may be interested to write us concerning the relative needs of our different missionaries, and if any wish to have their offerings sent to some special missionary in order to get a letter from the field but are uncertain who is in the greatest need, the department is always pleased to arrange for such offerings to be sent to needy missionaries with the request that an acknowledgement be sent to the donor direct.

6. Expense of Missions Department.

Inasmuch as we have emphasized the fact that all missionary funds are directed exactly as requested, the question will naturally arise in the minds of some as to how the Missions Department is supported. The only offerings that we have been authorized to use for the support of the Missionary Secretary and assistants in the Department, as well as for postage, cables, office supplies, etc., is that money which is sent to us designated for Expense of Missions Department. We, therefore, do appreciate any offerings sent to us for this purpose inasmuch as we are dependent upon the kind cooperation of our friends for the efficient carrying on of our work.

Important. Inasmuch as it has been the policy of the General Council from the very beginning to administer all missionary funds exactly as requested, and there has been a sincere desire to carry out this policy at all

times, we are not only glad when people write us if they have any question concerning our methods, but request that anyone write us who may be in doubt about any matter at all relative to the administering of our missionary funds.

WANTED—MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

One of the greatest needs today is for more qualified young people to offer themselves for missionary service. We want young men and women who are qualified not only physically and educationally, but spiritually, who throb with missionary purpose and passion to share a Saviour, who themselves have had vital and satisfying experiences of Jesus Christ, who know Him personally as a Saviour from sin and as the Lord of life; who are qualified through the Holy Spirit in personality, message and spirit to go forth on a spiritual mission to the ends of the earth.

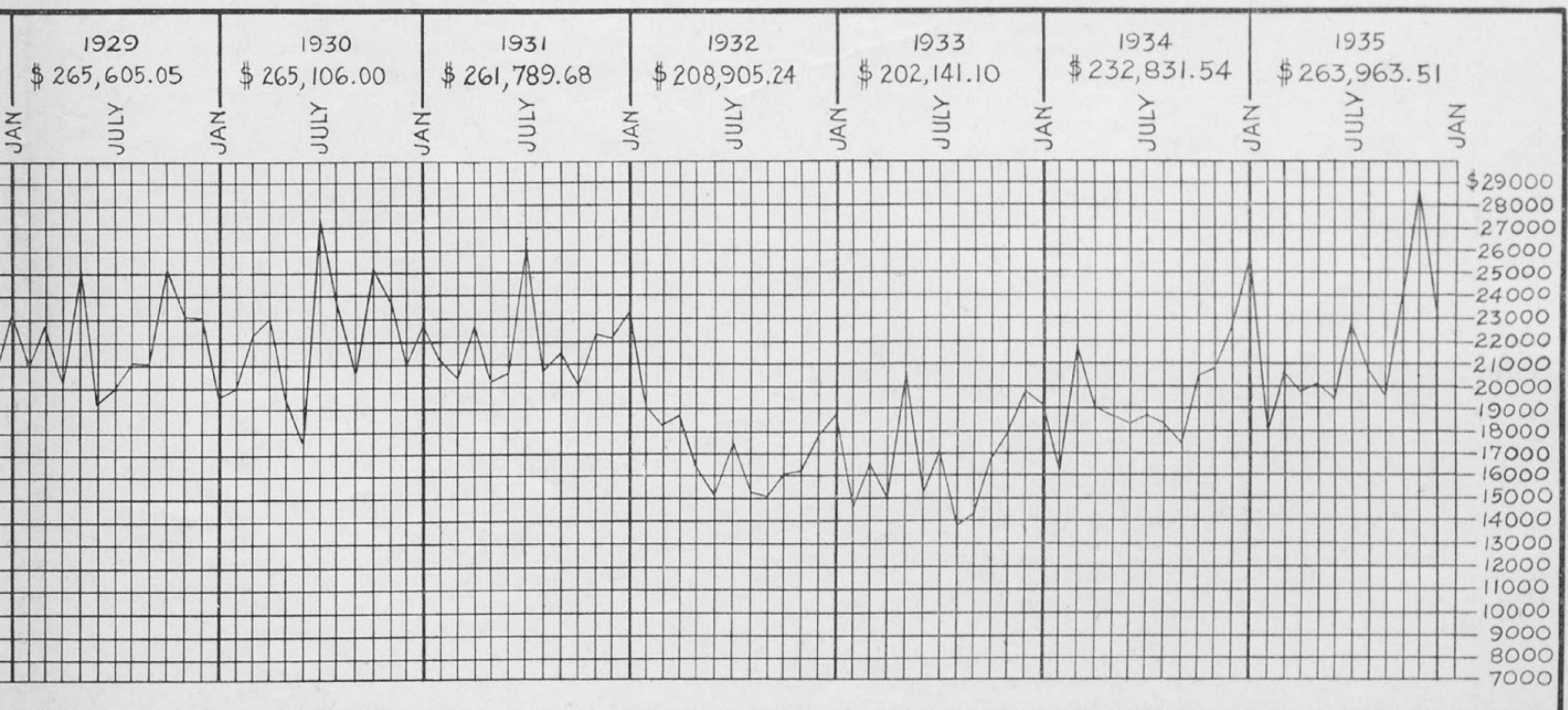
IS YOUR ASSEMBLY GIVING TO MISSIONS?

One pastor, before his assembly became self-supporting, led it to give regularly to all benevolences of the church. Within three years after the founding of that church, by an act of great faith and through tithing, that small congregation of wage-earning people took on the full support of a missionary to Africa.

In another assembly sixteen classes in a Sunday school took sixteen shares of financial support in sixteen mission fields in sixteen different countries. In this way not only was the giving of the boys and girls stimulated, but their imaginations were stirred and their spiritual responsibility was awakened.—Selected.

It's not what you'd do with a million
 If riches should e'er be your lot,
 But what you are doing at present
 With the dollar and quarter you've got?

Send an offering today for missions to THE FOREIGN MISSIONS DEPARTMENT, 336 West Pacific St., Springfield, Missouri.





A Forgotten People Come to Light



By Katherine Cooke, India



Miss Katherine Cooke

About one hundred years ago, before the English had brought railways into North Bihar, a missionary came down the Gandak river in a boat, stopping en route at the villages along the banks of the river, preaching and distributing Gospel portions. Arriving at one village, named Muriaro, he spent the day preaching the gospel and leaving Gospels with those whom he thought could read and returned to his house boat for the night. He had had a very tiring day so fastening his boat securely to a tree, he ate his supper, spread his mattress, rigged up his mosquito net, crawled under and went to sleep.

In the night he was awakened by the sound of something swishing through the water, and thinking it was only a crocodile or alligator, of which the river is full, he reposed himself for sleep again. But just then he heard a whisper. "Sahib, Sahib, wake up." He sat up with a start and called out to know who was there, when a naked form climbed into the boat, saying softly, "Don't make any noise Sahib, I have come to talk to you. Today you visited my village, and as I followed you about from place to place, the words which fell from your lips were sweet to my heart. I have never heard such words before. Is it true that there is pardon for sin in this life and salvation from transmigration? I am a poor man of low caste and there is very little hope for me and my kind. We cannot worship in the temples, and I am too poor to go on pilgrimages or pay the priests to worship the idols for me. I have tried my best and kept all our feasts faithfully and have repeated the name of Ram millions of times. But still I have no peace in my heart and it does not add much to the weight of righteousness which is needed to free me from rebirths in the form of some animal or other. I must pay the penalty for my sins and perhaps after thousands of years I might store up enough righteousness to enable me to enter paradise, and be free from this earth.

"But you tell of a Righteous One who has given His life for our redemption and that we can obtain pardon just by believing on Him, and when our body dies, our spirits will go straight to His heaven and not have to roam bodiless throughout this earth or take birth in countless shapes and forms through the years. Can it be true that this Jesus Christ is God instead of Ram, and did He really give His life for us? I have not been able to sleep for thinking of it and so came to see if your boat was still here. Tomorrow you may depart and I shall never know if this is true

or not. I cannot read the words in the book you gave me."

Persecution

So the missionary explained to the man the plan of salvation and he then and there accepted Jesus as his Saviour. The missionary was greatly encouraged and stayed in that place for a week teaching and preaching, and through the testimony of this one low caste, others believed and were baptized, that is they were sprinkled with water. This missionary was not Pentecostal. Still, the change of heart was there and these people really believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and gave up their idols. The missionary had to go away, but promised to send them a teacher. They were too poor to support a preacher, so the Mission had to take on that responsibility.

In the course of time a preacher came and a little mud brick church was built. By that time there were several families of Christians, and then a Brahman and his family were converted. This created a terrible stir in the country round about and the time of great persecution began for the Christians. They were not allowed to draw water from the well, and they had great difficulty in growing enough grain on their little bit of land, to keep them from starvation. Just as their rice or wheat was coming along nicely, they would go in the early morning and find that during the night someone had brought their cattle into the fields and they had eaten it all up. The grass roofs of their houses were mysteriously set fire to and there were many other forms of persecution, and no one could name the culprit. But during this persecution their number increased until there were about fifty of them.

There came a time when they felt they could stand the persecution no longer, so a delegation was sent to the magistrate of the District who lived in a distant town. This magistrate who was an Englishman, took the part of the Christians and issued an order that hereafter anyone found persecuting the Christians should be heavily fined, and since the people did not have much money to pay fines, it meant they would lose their land. Thereafter open persecution ceased, but as is usually the case, when the Christians could live with a degree of comfort and peace, they seemed to lose the sense of the value of the great blessing they had received, and by degrees lost their zeal and first love. Their children grew to manhood and womanhood and married, and I am sorry to say that some of them were persecuted to renounce the Christian religion and marry among the Hindus and go back to the old superstitious ways. I must say that these Christians had very little teaching beyond salvation; they knew nothing about Holiness, and the Lord's soon coming. The missionary who had visited them was a German Lutheran, and as time went on, funds got scarce as Germany herself lost the vision. Then

came the World War and all Germans had to leave India. So poor Muriaro was left to itself.

The third generation of Christians had to go elsewhere to seek work, for although the persecution had stopped, still the heathen landlords had worked deceitfully and quietly, and had pressed the people so hard, that when crops were poor they could not pay the land rent, and consequently had to lose their land. Several families were absorbed into heathenism again and others left the place to seek work elsewhere. So there were just a few families left, and these Christians, while they still took the name of Christ, seemed little better than the heathen, except that they did not worship idols. They little by little neglected to keep Sunday for the Lord's service, and then neglected to testify, and went to their fields on Sunday as other days. Still one could tell some difference, for the Christians had learned to be clean and when I first saw these people I knew they must have had Christian training sometime or other, for their clothes were so clean in contrast with the filthy clothing of the other villagers.

Discovered!

A son of the Brahman convert, while still a young man, had to leave his birthplace to seek employment. He landed in the "Regions Beyond Mission" and was trained by them and became one of their evangelists in a distant city. Now he is an old man, so the Mission has given him a small pension and he and his wife returned to their birthplace to end their days. They were heart-broken when they returned to find the few remaining Christians in such a condition and the little church in ruins. The people had been too poor to keep the church in repairs and the Bihar earthquake had finished its destruction. So this old man and his wife announced Sunday morning services on their little mud verandah, but very few came to them. He felt like Jesus did when He returned to Nazareth, that, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." So he and his wife began to pray that the Lord would send a missionary to preach to the people and bring them back into the strait and narrow way.

Last winter during my peregrinations through the District, I came across this place. I had never heard of Muriaro, and did not know there were any Christians (so-called) round about. But as I came here and saw the place and realized it would be a good location for village work, it seemed as though the Lord would have me choose it for a permanent location, that is to put up a little house here and use it for headquarters. At that time I did not know the history of the place, neither did I know that this old man and his wife were praying that the Lord would send a missionary. When the cool season came and I could go into

tents again, I felt I should come here for the winter at least and see how the Lord would lead. But after I came and saw the great need of a missionary here, I felt that I must stay and trust the Lord for a house.

I arrived on a Friday and pitched my tent in a mango grove, not far from the huts of the Christians, and Sunday morning we had our first meeting. Of course they all turned out, because of curiosity if not for anything else. During the service, the old man I have mentioned before, got up and with tears streaming down his face began to confess the sins of his people. He said they were like the Israelites whom God had called out and blessed, and then they had backslidden and failed to testify to the heathen around them, and God had punished them. Now they were old and poor and their place of worship had perished, but God had had mercy on them and had not consumed them in His anger, but had sent a missionary among them to teach them and bring them back to the fold. Since then we have had regular meetings.

I have had to talk to them rather straight and have only given them the Word of God; some of them have become angry and have not come to the last few meetings, but that does not discourage me for I know if they are angry they must be under conviction and surely the Holy Spirit will work in their hearts. Others are glad for the teaching and eager to come to the meetings. During the week they are busy all day, for they have to work very hard in order to get a living, but on Sunday afternoons they all gather around sitting on their haunches on the edge of the grove and out in the road. My tents are pitched in a grove right on the corner where three roads meet, so we get folks coming from different ways and they all stop to listen.

The Crisis

In November when it came time to cut the rice I wondered what the Christians would do on Sunday, for once they start cutting, the rice must be all cut before they can rest. They cut by hand with a hand-scythe about six inches long, so it takes time. For years these backslidden Christians had not stopped for the Sabbath, but had kept on at their work.

When Sunday came I was up before dawn praying for them that the Lord would help them to trust Him to take care of the grain over Sunday while they were in church. I rang the bell as usual and at 8:30, they all came trooping into the tent. I can tell you I was happy and we had a good morning meeting, then again in the afternoon they came over to help in the open-air meeting. The next week was the threshing time. They thresh in the old Bible way. Choosing a hard piece of ground, they place a bamboo pole in the center and yoke six or eight oxen together. The grain is piled up on the ground around this pole and the oxen tread it out with their feet. Not everyone can own oxen, but those who do possess them, rent them out to the less fortunate ones. So everybody waits their turn to thresh their grain and when it comes around they have to take it.

Sunday came again and I wondered if the Christians would leave their precious grain stacked and damp, or whether they would take their turn and get it threshed out. So again I was up long before dawn praying for them and I was made so happy when they all came trooping to church as usual, all clean and bright. The next week was another trial for

them, for the grain after it has been threshed must be spread out in the courtyard to dry, and someone must remain to keep off the greedy crows, parrots and other birds, not to mention the squirrels who inhabit the trees around by the dozens. But again they came to church and left their grain spread out in the courtyard to dry, and I am sure the Lord kept it safe for them. You know when they are so poor even a few grains of rice count. After the rice is all dried out it is stored in urns made of mud, and will last through the year if used wisely.

I feel that the Lord has caused these people to win a great victory and believe that He will work in their hearts and make them a witness to the heathen round about. They sing lustily, but I am afraid you would not receive much inspiration from their singing. It is impossible to teach them the correct tunes and I am not going to waste time trying. My voice is not strong when I try to lead, and they soon drown it out.

In this District of over three and one-half million souls there is only one mission station, and around about here are dozens of villages which ought to be visited, but in the slow moving ox-cart we can only make about six miles a day, that is counting the time spent in the villages. If you could see the people who surround my tent every day and those that follow me about in the villages, your heart would bleed for them, they are so full of sin and so filthy and blinded by superstition and such sores and sicknesses afflict them. It would seem impossible for the Light to penetrate their darkened minds. But nothing is impossible with God, and nothing is impossible with him that believeth, and I do believe and know that the Lord will do marvels. It does not say that all will be saved, but it is our responsibility that all should hear the gospel. Several of the high caste people have come to the tent to talk about Christianity and several have asked for Gospels and Bibles. So I am encouraged and know the Lord is working. Still He needs you as well as me, and while you remain faithful at home with your prayers and offerings, we can carry on here and do our best to spread the Gospel.

MEET OUR OUTSTATION FRIENDS

I am writing this letter while sitting under the shade of a borrowed tent, pitched in a beautiful mango grove, near the outstation of Ghentali, in India. Although it is early in the morning, I already have plenty of company, for it is almost as good as a circus to the villagers to watch the Sahib and his laughable ways. The little kerosene stove on which we do our cooking is a constant marvel, for it burns by itself, without cause or reason, and is not consumed by the fire which it makes. Our food, coming as it often does from tin cans, makes eyes pop open with wonder. In a country where fingers are the only known brand of silverware, heads wag over the novelty of spoons and forks; and people stand aghast if we touch our food with the left hand for this is anathema—worse than poison—in India. An Indian friend of mine was so unfortunate as to lose his right arm, and when I last saw him, his relatives had to feed him, lest he lose his soul along with his arm through eating with the remaining left hand.

As I sit and write, my every act is noticed and appraised by twinkling black eyes which are jealously guarding every slit and crack

in the tent, and even the writing of this letter to you will doubtless cause tongues to wag for months to come, through speculation as to the nature of this typewriter. Interruptions are many—a man wants a bit of gasoline to rub on his rheumatic limbs; a baby boy is brought to be made better, but there is no hope, for the poor lad has entirely lost his eyes. A dog enters the tent to drink water from the wash basin, and is driven off with a shoe, which must again be retrieved. A flock of goats and cows pass by, and we must watch as we type, lest the straw huts of the camp disappear down hungry throats.

Today is "hat" day here in the mango grove, and thousands of people will be thronging about, all day long. The Indian "hat" is a great institution. It means more to the Indian than Sunday to the most devout church goer, or Friday afternoon to the most restless school boy. There are no stores in the average village, where the people can buy their mustard oil, spices, salt, pieces of cloth, tobacco, and other requisites of Indian living. Likewise there are no places where they can sell their products—rice, lac (from which shellac is made), straw, hand-woven cloth, and a limited assortment of dwarfed vegetables. Barter is carried on for many of the things which change hands; for instance, for a young buffalo a man will give his goat, a hundred pounds of rice, half a dozen bamboos and a month's labor in the fields, with a handful of hot peppers thrown in. My trombone has become a regular feature at many of the "hats" of the District, and has drawn countless thousands to the hearing of the gospel.

While staying in camp we are having daily meetings with the Christians, and are trying to get them hungry for the Holy Spirit. Being out here in the jungle, where they have no regular teaching, they do not have the opportunities that the Purulia Christians have, and work with some of them is very discouraging. Notwithstanding all the glowing missionary talks which you have heard, there is a very dark and discouraging side to missionary work. Indian Christians do go back to the world and to sin, and when they do go, they seem to hit the very bottom of the pit.

But, praise God, there is another and brighter side of the story. There are those converts who have drunk the dregs of the prodigal's cup and are now reclaimed and are leaders in the Christian community. There are those who have received the Holy Spirit and are now constant and zealous overcomers. And so our prayer is that these village Christians may become filled with the Spirit and with all His transforming power. Please remember them in prayer, and remember us also as we labor on here in India.—M. L. Ketcham.

FAREWELL TO BETTIAH

From a recent letter from Miss Edna Wagenknecht, who is moving to Hardoi to take up work in the new North India District Bible School with Miss Marguerite Flint, we glean: "Soon there will be a real change and I shall be in Bettiah no longer. It is really like leaving home all over again, for this has been home to me in India.

"I shall miss the familiar scenes, the dear village people whom I have known for the last eight years; my village Sunday School, our dear girls here, coworkers, and my own sister, Hilda. This district has grown precious to me, for God has worked, and there are some outstand-

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

PIONEERING IN PERU

(Continued from Page Eleven)

now in charge of our Spanish Publishing House, bringing out a monthly paper with a circulation of about two thousand, a Sunday School paper with a circulation of about fifteen hundred, several editions of our own song book and tracts, and a four-page paper which comes out from time to time.

Scattered throughout all the mountain region of Peru are hundreds of towns and villages. They are scattered on the steep mountain slopes or hidden away in the deep valleys or perched on the high ridges of the Andes. We saw the spiritual need of these people, so we bought mules and penetrated into the interior with the glad tidings of the Saviour. We crossed the Great White Range of the Andes, climbing in some places to an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet, and working our way into that vast territory. We have given out mule loads of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospel portions. We worked our way into many towns and opened up new territory. Finally we had a list of more than a hundred towns which we visited as often as we could. Some we visited every month, others we got back to every year or so, and some were so hidden away in the interior that we could not get to them more than once every two or three years. We saw that through Christian literature printed in Spanish we could reach more people and send the message to encourage those to whom we could not go very often.

Pioneering in Printing

When I went to Peru I took a mimeograph machine along which had been given me for my brother. Neither one of us had any experience in printing, but we bought news print paper, cut it the right size with a butcher knife, and started to print a four page paper. We had no mimeograph ink but took common printers' ink and thinned it out with gasoline, and later with olive and linseed oil. When my brother Arthur joined us in 1928 he brought a small press with him, and we began printing a twelve page paper. The paper soon outgrew the press. We had one made but it didn't work very satisfactorily, so Arthur went to Lima to look at cylinder presses. The kind we needed cost many hundreds of dollars so he took some measurements, drew a few plans, came home to Trujillo (where he was stationed), and built a cylinder press in a month which not only did the work but cost less than twenty dollars.

He saw from the first that the people liked the paper much more if it had pictures in it. He started putting in cuts that he engraved by hand on linoleum. Later he learned zinc engraving and then he went down to Lima to try to learn the secret of photo engraving. A company there offered to teach him if he would buy their camera which cost four hundred dollars. He finally found an American who taught him how. He bought a lens for about twenty-eight dollars, built his own camera, and he now does his own photo engraving. The first press wore out at the end of a year as it was built largely of wood, so he built another. When I left in March, 1935, he was working on a still larger press.

Outpouring of the Spirit

The outpouring of the Spirit in Peru came

through a healing. There were two girls staying with my brother and his wife, and one day one of the girls went out to a mill stream that flowed by the house to get a pail of water. The force of the water carried her in and in trying to catch herself she either broke or dislocated her wrist. When she came in my brother Arthur (who had just arrived from the States) said, "Let's pray." A few minutes later she threw both hands into the air entirely healed. Then suddenly she began speaking with other tongues as they did at the beginning. We continued to pray and another girl who was with us at the time received her Baptism, and also the daughter of a visiting missionary received. As we continued to pray another girl received and was also healed of T. B. Seven years have passed and her healing still stands. That evening the native brethren came in for Bible study but no one thought of studying—everyone wanted to pray. That night three more were baptized with the Holy Spirit. From our home the fire spread to other stations and outstations, and it is still going, praise God!

A few years ago Communism began to spread in Peru and it manifested itself in one revolution after another until the whole nation was swept with bloodshed. It greatly hindered the work for a while because men got their eyes off God on to material things. But now, by the grace of God, we are happy to say that the gospel is again going forward in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, and souls are being won for God. We are happy to announce that recent news from the field tells of new victories won for Jesus, and we pray that the Lord will hold the doors open until Jesus comes that we may have the privilege of laboring for God in that needy field.

NOTE: Our staff of missionaries in Peru now numbers 13, all of whom are on the field except our Brother and Sister Walter Erickson, who expect to return soon. Word is continually coming to us of the manifest hunger on the part of the people there to hear the Word of God and also to receive the printed Word. It seems that a new day is breaking for needy Peru.

NOTE: A few weeks ago we appealed through the Evangel for help to send a linotype to our Brother Arthur Erickson, which would greatly increase the output of gospel literature for Peru. A number have responded to this plea and a number of offerings have been received for this work, but thus far not enough to purchase the machine.

A letter from Hugh P. Jeter, recently returned from Peru, informs us that he has been looking around for a suitable linotype and has found a good used one at a reasonable price. If a few more of our friends could help with this fund, it would enable us to send this machine on to Peru and help in this work of getting the gospel into the hands of thousands of these people in their own language.

Send all offerings for missions to FOREIGN MISSIONS DEPARTMENT, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri.

WHY?

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from about 2000 contributors each month, it is plain to be seen that this would be impossible.

In regard to supporting native workers and orphans on the foreign field, be sure to mention the name of the missionary in charge because the money will be sent to the missionary for the support of any native, rather than to the native direct.

If you are the missionary secretary of an assembly, but your post office address is different from the name of the place where the assembly is located, be sure to state the name of the city or town where the assembly is. Also please give the correct name of the assembly each time.

Another point of importance is that you should give your name and address on the offering form or in your letter rather than just on the outside of the envelope, since the post mark often blots out the name and address so that we do not know whom the offering is from and to whom to send the receipt.

We deeply appreciate the kind co-operation of our friends in the missionary cause and it is our desire and intention to use every missionary contribution exactly as the donor intended. We are more than glad to investigate any misunderstanding and to do all we can to correct it. If we can be of assistance to any of our friends at any time, please feel free to call upon us and we shall be more than happy to help.

IS IT TRUE?

"Is it true that when we send our missionary money through the Foreign Missions Department, Springfield, Missouri, nothing is deducted for the cost of handling it and the maintenance of the Missions Department?"

Yes, this is entirely true! Every cent which comes to us for missions is used exactly as the donor requests.

"How, then, is the Foreign Missions Department maintained?"

We depend entirely upon freewill offerings designated "For the Expense of the Missions Department." Some have not known how the home office is kept up and therefore have never had much part in this end of our missionary work, but others have given quite liberally for this work from time to time. Help for this phase of the work is always greatly appreciated.

FAREWELL TO BETTIAH

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ing sacred spots—the old tree on the village road where God so miraculously and instantly healed a poor old Hindu man of rheumatism; the little grass hut in one village where the child was raised up from fever, and then the hut in the village where I have my Sunday School. There, dear little Ramkuwari lay dying, just a bundle of skin and bones, but God answered prayer. Little Ramkuwari does love Jesus, and her eager little eyes just seem to drink in the words at Sunday School. She will likely be married soon now, but I believe the message is deeply rooted, and she will not forget. How we should like to keep her, but Hindu caste binds.

"In a few weeks Miss Flint and I expect to move on to Hardoi, where we shall be busy in the Bible School. It is a real privilege to have a part in the training of these girls and to see them grow in God. My future address will be Hardoi, U. P., India."