



NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD

The PENTECOSTAL EVANGEL

 THY TESTIMONIES ALSO ARE MY DELIGHT AND MY COUNSELLORS



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Ten Days in a Lifeboat

A Story by Paul A. Kitch, missionary to French West Africa, telling how the ship on which he was returning to America was torpedoed

THE Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." I thank God for again sparing my life and the life of my boy, and for bringing us back to the United States safely.

I left this country five years ago with my wife and little son Paul. After studying the French language in France for several months we went to French West Africa to labor for the Lord among the Mossi tribes, taking up our post in Tenkodogo, Upper Ivory Coast.

In 1941 we laid to rest in Africa our two-year-old baby girl. Seven months later my wife went home to heaven also. She died of typhus. I was so low with the same disease at the time that they kept the news of her going from me for a whole month. Our boy Paul was also down with it.

Some did not think I could live; but God was gracious and brought me through. As soon as I was strong enough I packed up our furniture, straightened up our affairs, and moved to Ouagadougou, where for several weeks I was convalescing.

When I was sufficiently strong we began looking for a way to return to America, and early in October we left Africa aboard an American cargo vessel. We were torpedoed in the South Atlantic after being some three weeks at sea.

Several days before the torpedoing eight-year-old Paul became very much alarmed, and after a lifeboat drill he said, "Daddy, what should we do if we were torpedoed by a submarine?" I said, "Well, Son, we have two homes—one in America, and one in heaven with Jesus and Mother and Sister. If God allows us to reach America, it will be wonderful, or

if He takes us home to heaven instead, that will be wonderful too, for we are ready." (Paul had been saved in Africa. One day after I preached to the Africans on salvation, he came to me with tears in his eyes and said, "Daddy, I want to know Jesus as my Saviour and have



Him forgive all my sins." I questioned him and prayed with him, encouraging him to believe the Lord, and I am convinced that he was saved then and there. He has a childlike faith that Jesus will take us through any situation.) After this, Paul said nothing more about the danger of being torpedoed.

There were about eighty on board—nine passengers and the crew. One was a missionary with whom I had blessed fellowship. Each evening we had a devotional service together. Usually it was in the dining room. None of the crew members were permitted by the captain to attend (though I know some of them eavesdropped at the door), but we invited our fellow passengers, and occasionally one of the gold miners would attend, or one of the Pan-American Airways men who were returning to America.

There was no other gospel service on board during the long voyage. We wanted to have a service with the crew but the captain said it was against the rules for passengers and crew members to mingle together. However, I did witness to the officers and a number of the passengers, and as I walked the deck I sometimes saw members of the crew reading New Testaments in secluded spots.

On the night of the torpedoing we were having our devotional service in our cabin. Our Bible reading was the fifteenth chapter of Luke—the lost coin, the lost sheep, and the lost son, each of which returned safely after a time of anxious waiting—and we knew that, though we had been in a far country and were yet a great way from home, our Father's eye of love and care was upon us. After reading we had a season of prayer and closed by repeating "The Lord's Prayer" together.

Paul and I were still in our cabin when without warning there was a great explosion. It was about 7:15 p. m. The lights immediately went out. The darkness was inky black. I quickly took a
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For the Name of the Lord Jesus

WILLIAM E. LONG AT THE CENTRAL ASSEMBLY IN SPRINGFIELD

I AM ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts 21:13.

I happen to be an American. When I was a youngster I got a special treat out of seeing the Flag go by and hearing the National Anthem played, and I haven't changed any. It always thrills my heart. Today I have been very deeply stirred by the sacrifice that our men are making for this country.

A few days ago I talked to a lad on the train. He was returning from furlough. His feet had been injured seriously in a plane crash, but he had not been discharged. I asked how it felt to be a casualty. He said, "I am not a hero, nor am I trying to be a hero. I just have a job to do, and I am trying to do it. I am trying to forget I want to be back home with my folk, and I'm trying to be happy in getting my job done, for after all I have as much at stake as anyone else." I like that. If he had just gone out because he liked the sound of the bugle, he might have changed his mind when he got where there was no bugle sound.

We have a lot of Christians who like to praise God when everything is enjoyable, when they are in a spiritual atmosphere, but you have to have more than that to stand the test when things are tough. It is all right to have enthusiasm when in a red-hot meeting (and I like camp meetings and other times of fellowship and inspiration as much as anyone), but you have to have more than the blare of the trumpet and the enthusiasm of a crowd to stand the test. We must arrive at the place where we see we have a job to do and we set our face in the direction of getting it done.

There isn't much said about sacrifice these days. We don't hear much about martyrs. Too much emphasis is put on success as it appears in dollars and cents and buildings and things we can see with the natural eye. But men and women who faithfully serve God will be rewarded according to faithfulness and not according to natural accomplishments. Sometimes in my ministry I have seen churches with pastors who have labored more faithfully than I have, and yet have had little or nothing to show for it. I have felt ashamed of the things God has blessed me with when I have seen the poverty and sacrifice of some of my brethren. I know that God is going to reward us on the basis of our determination and willingness to faithfully serve Him. We ought to emphasize that it

is more essential for men to sacrifice than to enjoy the luxury that comes with success.

Paul was going to Jerusalem. Agabus prophesied that he would be bound and delivered into the hands of the Gentiles if he went, but Paul said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

There are many things that men die for. We have millions in uniform in the service of this country. Many of them we know will not come home again. And they themselves know that there will be thousands upon thousands who won't be coming home. But they are willing to give their lives for the nation they love, for liberty, for things that they value.

But that is not the only kind of sacrifice. There is the scientist. He sets out to develop the X ray, for example. He burns his hands off, and perhaps loses his life in his work. Pasteur, the man who developed a cure for hydrophobia, gave his life in the laboratory. He received no fame. He was dead and buried long before he was honored. Tens of thousands of people have had their lives spared because he perfected a cure for that madness, but he died without seeing it. You have to admire men like that, don't you?

Paul said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Those were not idle words. They came right from his heart. And I want to tell you that in this church tonight there are men and women who may yet be required to suffer and to die for the name of the Lord Jesus. We feel that because we live in America we will not be called on to make certain sacrifices, but there is not one here who has any experience with God worth testifying about who has not been made to suffer in some way. If you want to live on a pathway of ease, if you want your road to be strewn with flowers, if you want to go to heaven in a rocking chair, you can never expect to have any real blessing to talk about. When you see veterans of the Spanish War, the Civil War, World War I or this present war, and you see medals on their chests, remember they didn't get them lying in a warm room with pillows beneath them. Many of them shed their blood; they were under fire; they saw active service.

I saw a captain recently with the in-

signia denoting that he has spent some time under fire. I saw a sergeant looking him over, and the sergeant was near enough to me so that I heard him say to another lad, "I take my hat off to him; he can tell me anything; he has been under fire."

I saw a Marine who had been over on Guadalcanal. His arm was gone. His uniform was just as beautiful as others' but one sleeve hung limp. Tears filled my eyes. I thought, "There's a fellow not more than 22 or 23; his arm is gone, but men will respect his words. He's a veteran. He has been through the test. When he wears his medal he will wear it bravely. The world will forget perhaps, but men who know will be proud."

We have an opportunity to be veterans in the warfare that is more important, ten thousand times more important, than any war in the world today. We have the opportunity to be bound and to suffer and, it may be, to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.

I was talking to a missionary from Malaya, and he was saying that once he came to a tribe which had never seen a missionary. Through an interpreter he told them of Jesus and as they went on the name seemed to catch. They ministered there until their water supply was running low, then started to journey on, when a runner came through the tall grass and said, "The chief wants to know that name again. He wants to be sure he knows it." That name is *Jesus* and there is none other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved. To make known that name many a noble missionary has laid down his life.

Paul said he was ready to be bound and even to die for the name of Jesus, and it thrills me when I remember that at one time he was going down the road with papers of authority to bind and bring captive to Jerusalem every person who called on the name of Jesus. He was out to defend Jewry. He had zeal unequalled anywhere. He had made up his mind to suppress everyone who lifted their fingers against the traditions of the fathers, and since this new faith was against Jewry he was going to put it down. But on his way a light shone around him. Saul found himself off his horse and lying on the road. (God didn't stop a lot of us in just that way perhaps but He stopped us!) Then Saul heard a Voice. Conviction seized his heart. The thing began to bear down inside. He began to see not only the light that knocked him off the horse but the light that is in the name of the Lord Jesus. Now I believe though the Bible does not say so—that the first thing Paul thought of after God spoke was Brother Stephen, the young man with the bright face who stood there as they stoned him

and looked up steadfastly into heaven asking God to wipe the slate clean for his persecutors. God was answering Stephen's prayer by saving Saul who had had a hand in the stoning.

Paul immediately went out and tried to make amends. He did not want to be a mediocre Christian. I am so sick of them, just wanting enough religion to keep them out of hell, trying to live as near to the world as they can and still make heaven. Instead of saying, "What can I do for God?" they ask, "Do you think I can do so-and-so and still be saved?" Why not leave all those things alone and seek to have as much of God as you can, instead of as little? Instead of taking the name of Jesus upon you and barely letting the world know you have it, why not blaze it across the sky so that everyone will know you are proud of the name of the Lord Jesus?

The other day a friend of mine came down to Des Moines. He is a Canadian soldier in the Tank Corps of the Canadian Army. He received a furlough and came to spend it with us. He is not a Christian. We have tried to get him to God for a long time; we have prayed and talked with him about it but he has not yet surrendered to Christ. However, he keeps on being friendly and that leaves the door open to keep on sending him literature about Jesus.

He arrived one morning and that night we attended young people's meeting. We have three soldiers who come from Fort Dodge and never miss a service. They have been laughed at and made fun of. The commanding officer came along and said to one, "I will make you a corporal tomorrow; you are the kind of man I am looking for." He was raised from a Second-Class Private to a Corporal without being a First-Class Private. Why? Because he had the courage to pray and read his Testament before his unsaved comrades. All three of them have at least one stripe now. They take copies of *Reveille* and distribute them. They have been criticized but they keep coming to our church, and this night they stood up and testified.

My Canadian friend, Pat, turned to me and said, "Bill, I will take my hat off to those boys. It takes real men to live a Christian life in the Army. I watch the boys in Canada. I see a lad take out a New Testament, and men will walk through and laugh and curse and say any dirty thing they can think to say and yet he will go on reading as though he never heard. I will take my hat off to fellows like that."

When church was out Pat said, "Would you mind introducing me to those soldiers?" I was glad to do so. He said, "Fellows, I am real proud of you because you have the courage to be Christians." That is what a sinner thinks of

the man who has the courage to stand up for Jesus. The world laughs, jeers, makes fun, and yet in this war we have seen a thousand times more opportunities and more aggressiveness to win men for God than in the first World War. Every veteran will tell you that chaplains were scarce and gospel literature could hardly be found, but today the Government has provided chapels and chaplains and many have provided Testaments and literature. The Assemblies of God have taken the initiative to get millions of copies of *Reveille* published for the servicemen and I thank God every time I see a copy.

Eddie Rickenbacker preached over the National Broadcasting Company network to people who never would listen to any preacher, and it dug ditches in their hearts. I met a man in a grocery store who said, "I want to know what you think of Rickenbacker's praying and the sea gull coming so soon afterward." I replied, "That wasn't just a coincidence. That was an answer to prayer. God sent that sea gull and kept it sitting on his head until it was caught." He said, "That's exactly what I think," and tears filled his eyes. He said, "I haven't gone to church, or read a Bible, or breathed a prayer for twelve years, but when Rickenbacker talked on the radio I had to shed tears. And I said to my wife, 'From now on we are going to live as God expects human beings to live, and we are going to read the Bible in our house every day.'"

And that all happened because Corporal Bartek had a Testament on that life raft. Because of Rickenbacker's testimony many have been thinking of God who never thought about Him before—business men: I have talked to them. I know what they are saying. I mentioned it on the radio the following Sunday morning, and a Rock Island conductor came to church and said, "I heard you mention Rickenbacker this morning and it got under my skin. I thought I would come out. We need some more sermons like Rickenbacker preached." God is going to reward that Baptist pastor who gave a Testament to Corporal Bartek.

A lot of folk think they are willing to die for the name of the Lord Jesus, but they are not willing to live for Him. I remember Moses. A lot are looking at the mistakes of the Bible characters and they emphasize that Moses didn't get to the Promised Land. But he did get there, though a little late. He didn't get there leading Israel, for God said, "No," but he got there eventually for he talked with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration!

There came a day when Moses' journey was about to end and God said, "I want you to get up in the mount which I will show you and to die there." To me that is one of the most touching passages in

the Bible. God told Moses to get up to the mountain alone and die. It would be hard enough to have an appointment with death if your friends were with you; it would be a lot easier if you could reach out and touch a friend. Maybe you have never been near to death. I remember the time when I was near death, and I remember how nice it was to have relatives and friends near me. But Brother Moses was told to leave the people he loved, and to go up to die. He didn't question God. He obeyed. I can see him going up as far as the edge of the clouds and looking back and saying, "We have suffered together and rejoiced together. The children of Israel have been rebellious but I love them." It was hard to say good-bye, but God had commanded and Moses was equal to the task.

Here is Paul in the New Testament. For the name of the Lord Jesus he is on his way to Jerusalem. He is warned, "They are going to bind your hands and feet." Paul looked them in the face and said, "Yes, I know. Don't weep. Don't try to break my heart. Don't make it harder for me to do the will of God. I am ready not only to be bound but to die for the name of the Lord Jesus."

The other night I was praying about leaving Des Moines and going to Bakersfield, California. They are a wonderful group of people in Des Moines and when I thought of leaving them it seemed too hard to bear. I have resigned from churches before, but in these fifteen years of ministry I never have left one that was so hard to leave. We had had only five to start with. Things had been awfully hard. We had rejoiced together and wept together. We had had closer association with them than any other congregation we have served.

When I heard the call to California I didn't want to go, for I loved the people in Des Moines with all my heart. They would talk and beg me to stay until my heart was all torn up. But finally I told them I had decided to go. I can still see them sitting there. I had such a hard time preaching in that service. I went home and got down on my knees and reminded God that when I first went to Des Moines I went there to stay the rest of my life. I had fully intended to stay on and on, and the people had planned on it. But the Lord said to me, "It is so easy for you to preach and say that you will go anywhere and do anything that I ask, and I have not required any real bodily suffering from you, and have not required you to give your life for me, but I ask you simply to get up and leave people to whom your heart is tied and you find it hard." And I had to weep and say, "This is such a small thing, a trivial matter; I am ashamed that I have debated about it. Surely I have to do

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The Victory of Faith

FAITH makes the impossible possible. Faith swamps the natural with the supernatural. Faith brings heavenly power to overflow the earthly. By faith the children of Israel "passed through the Red sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned." Heb. 11:29. The natural law was suspended and annulled by a greater law, a divine law, that was brought into activity through faith. Faith brought the Israelites victory over all their enemies.

Speaking of those early heroes of faith, the writer of Hebrews 11 tells us, "Who through faith subdued kingdoms." The first kingdom Israel met was Jericho, entrenched, walled in, secure. But the walls of Jericho bowed in submission to the walk and shout of faith, and the invisible forces which through faith were brought to bear upon them. The frowning walls were the outcome of man's power and strength. The flat walls, the crumbled walls, were the outcome of the faith of God's children. The people of Jericho doubtless thought that the means used by the children of Israel were utterly contemptible, but "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days." Man raises the barrier. Faith pulls it down. "Who through faith . . . obtained promises." Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went, but he went where he could have the promises given to him. Every act of faith brought him fresh promises. And God does not fail to fulfill His promises. Joshua could testify that there had not failed one word that the Lord had promised.

"Who through faith . . . stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword." The natural man is afraid of lions, fire, and sword. Faith closed the mouths of the lions. Daniel, the man of faith, said, "My God hath sent His angel, and hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths." Dan. 6:22. Faith brought in unsen forces and powers to give the lions lockjaw. "Quenched the violence of fire." No chemical extinguisher was needed, but He who caused the bush to burn supernaturally caused the fire to lose its violence. Man puts out fire. God did better. He let the fire burn, but took out the violence from it immediately the men of faith touched it. The enemies who put them into the fire were slain by it. "Escaped the edge of the sword." Goliath's sword could not hurt David. He and other men of faith escaped the sword, or the sword

escaped them. Faith can cause the expert swordsman to miss his aim.

The iron door of Peter's prison opened in response to faith. Faith can not only nullify the forces of evil, but can also bring them into service, so that they can be servants of those that have faith. The sea, instead of being a grave for Peter, became a pathway.

"And others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection." Faith gives us a revelation of that which lies beyond the range of time. Faith reaches that which is beyond a temporal deliverance, it reaches forth to a better resurrection. This is one of the solutions to the enigmas, to the problems of the harassed godly ones, who do not get any deliverance or succor in their trials or trying circumstances. Want of deliverance is not necessarily a want of faith, but faith points to a better deliverance.

Let us drop into the prison at Rome and speak to the Apostle Paul. "Paul, didn't they try to pray you out of this Roman prison? You didn't come out. Peter was delivered. Paul, how do you explain it? Had Peter more faith than you? Were his friends more faithful in their prayers than yours?" Listen to his reply. "Not as though I had already attained . . . but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:12-14. It is as though he said, "My high calling is a resurrection out from among the dead. My faith goes out be-

yond the temporal trial to what will prove an eternal gain—a better resurrection."

The apostle applies this message to us. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith." Heb. 12:1, 2. Faith is not dead. It did not die when those faithful heroes died. The Author of that faith lives, and invites and counsels us to look to Him as the Finisher of our faith. He who supplied these heroes of Hebrews with faith is the Finisher and Perfecter of our faith.

Faults That Hinder

E. E. Shelhamer

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" These Galatians were soundly converted and did well for a time, then something hindered their progress. It is the same today; some things in themselves are not sins, yet they cripple and hinder one's usefulness. Let us mention a few.

1. *Talking too much!* As sure as one does this he will drift into at least one of three sinful practices: *Evil speaking, foolishness, or drawing attention to self.*

2. *Carelessness* about paying debts.

3. *Wasting time!* Sitting around aimlessly, without trying to accomplish something worth while; whereas something ought to be learned or done each day worth recording in heaven.

4. *Meddling.* Prying into the affairs of others where you have no business. Keep your nose at home.

5. *Being untidy!* It does not cost much to keep your shoes, fingernails and collars clean. Spots on clothes and runover heels ought not to appear.

6. *Fidgeting!* There is no sin in being nervous with your fingers or mouth twitching, but many a good soul has crippled his usefulness by so doing.

7. *Breaking promises!* Wesley said, "Never disappoint a congregation." Better go through rain and mud than keep people waiting. If you borrow a book or a saw, take it back on time and in as good condition as you received it.

8. *Being hard to please about finances.* Why should a preacher act as though he were going to the poorhouse if he does not get a certain amount? Too bad when he becomes more concerned about money than souls, and asks, "How are the finances coming, brethren?" This "accursed thing" cursed Achan and has crippled more than one otherwise successful man.

Reader, has it affected you?—*God's Revivalist.*

Sincerity and good motives are no substitutes for Christ.

The promises of God are never canceled.

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TEN DAYS IN A LIFEBOAT

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flashlight out of my case under the bed and grabbed our life belts. I found Paul tangled up in the blackout curtains in the hall. We went outside and I tied Paul's life belt on him. He said, "Daddy, are we having another lifeboat drill?" I said, "Yes, Son, we're having a real lifeboat drill; come, let us find the lifeboats."

Going up on deck we met twelve or fifteen others searching for the lifeboats. We found that the explosion had blown both lifeboats from that side into the water, one being destroyed entirely, and the other we found later. The officer shouted, "Port side, please" (at least, that is what I thought he said), and we all started for the other side of the ship. One lifeboat with about fifteen persons in it was pulling away. Another, with nearly as many in it, was still there, so we hurriedly climbed down the "spider web" rope ladder to it.

There were thirty-five of us. We were crowded in that twenty-eight foot boat like sardines. I wanted to go back and save a few valuables but the officer said, "You get in that lifeboat immediately; we don't know when another torpedo may hit the ship and all of our lives might be lost. We must get away without losing a second." Later he explained that if the ship went down while our little boat was within fifty to seventy-five yards it would pull us under with the suction. So we piled into the lifeboat just as we were, dressed in pants and shirts. Paul lost his shoes coming down the ladder and he remained barefooted through the coming days. All of our possessions were lost. All I saved was my passport, billfold, and the clothes I was wearing.

Soon after we pulled away from the ship, we saw a red flash through the darkness. It indicated a life belt. The life belts each have a red light; when salt water is contacted the light comes on automatically and the light burns on for some time, going out when taken from the sea. Our wireless operator signaled back with a flashlight. A shout came in answer, and by means of our signaling and his shouting we were able to locate and rescue a man. He was alone in a half-sunken lifeboat. Although we were overcrowded already we took him into our lifeboat, and from the sinking lifeboat we salvaged a keg of drinking water (about thirty gallons) and a little store of food to add to our own meager stock. The captain warned us not to drink any sea water. He said that if we did we would go crazy.

At about this time a second torpedo hit the ship right in the middle. There was a big gush of fire and the ship broke in two. The middle went down first. The entire ship was under water within about sixty seconds.

Shortly after this we sighted a life raft on which were about eight navy gunners from our ship. We could not take them into our lifeboat because we were already too overcrowded, so we tied their raft to our lifeboat with a thirty-foot rope.

Suddenly we heard a very peculiar noise, and a ghostlike figure came up out of the dark blue ocean. A few minutes later we heard a voice say, in broken English, "How are you all?" Then the voice called for our captain and our wireless operator. We had to pull alongside the submarine, and in order to do that it was necessary to cut the life raft loose again. We were at the enemy's mercy, so our captain and wireless operator went aboard the submarine. Our lifeboat drifted off while these

two men were questioned. After about twenty minutes we were called back to the submarine and our captain and wireless operator got back in with us. Then the spectral figure disappeared.

We tried in vain to get our raft again. The intense darkness kept us from locating it. The raft and its occupants were entirely lost from us. All that night we tossed about in our little lifeboat. One moment we were up on the crest of a mighty wave and the next we were plunging down into the trough. We had prided ourselves upon being pretty good sailors by this time, but we found that the tossing of the little lifeboat was quite different from the rolling of a big ship, and most of us had to "feed the fishes" (including many of the sailors who had been on the seas for fifteen or twenty years). But by the next morning we were more used to the violent movement, and nearly all of us were feeling much better.

For a day and a half we waited, looking for the life raft and for the other lifeboat that had pulled away from the ship. We failed to see anything of either, so the captain said, "After all, we are eight souls and a crew of twenty-seven"—adding, with a laugh, "since we sailors are not souls," so we prepared to depart. All the ship's passengers were in our lifeboat except our missionary friend. There were no other ships in sight. We had been convoyed for part of our journey from Africa, but at the time of the torpedoing we were sailing alone.

We hoisted a sail, arranged the compass on the stern of the lifeboat, and steered for land. Our rudder had been broken when the waves dashed us against the submarine, so we rigged up a rudder by means of an oar and rope fastened to the stern. The captain knew our approximate location, and by means of maps and compass he was able to chart a course which he hoped would take us to land.

Rations were handed out twice a day. Each morning we were given two ounces of water, two small crackers, and one third of a can of pemmican per person. (Pemmican is a compound of concentrated food prepared for emergency use, consisting of raisins, coconut, apples, dextrose, fat, oil, vanilla, and salt. The cans contain 3½ ounces each) Each evening we received two ounces of water, two graham crackers, and a half-inch square of sweet chocolate per person. Once every three days we were given also a small package of malted milk tablets about the size of "lifesavers." These were much larger rations than many survivors at sea are getting.

We were so crowded that it was impossible for one to relax properly. Hour after hour we would sit until we were cramped and aching. Any sleeping we did was in a sitting position. However, I managed to make room for Paul to be quite comfortable most of the time. He was the only child in the lifeboat. All the rest, with one exception, were men. Paul seemed quite content. He had been reading the story of Robinson Crusoe, so I said, "Now, Paul, we are going to play Robinson Crusoe and look for land, and the Lord will see us through." I told him how the Lord Jesus calmed the storm on the sea for the disciples and how He would take care of us too. He did ask whether the submarine would come and shoot a torpedo at us again, but I told him the submarine wouldn't waste any torpedo on a little lifeboat.

There were no religious services in the lifeboat. The captain asked us all to be quiet and

not to sing, as there were always some who wanted to sleep. So our worship was of necessity confined to our own private devotions.

The officers were respectful and reverent. They were thankful to God for sparing their lives through this disaster. Others, however, were cursing God because He permitted them to be torpedoed—as though they merited better fortune!

We ran into strong rains but these were a blessing. By dropping the sail and fixing it so as to catch the rainwater, we were able to add to our precious supply of drinking water. However, the rains brought a little hardship. We had to stand up and huddle together in the center of the boat. There were only about four blankets among thirty-five of us, and very few coats. We had to sit in sopping wet clothes, our bodies shivering and teeth chattering, until the sun would come out the next day. As we were in the tropics, it was warm in the day, even in November, but at night it grew chilly, and when it was wet we were quite cold. We had no dry clothes to change into. Sometimes the waves washed over the bow, and the crew had to pump the water out of the lifeboat. We do thank the Lord for graciously preserving our little lifeboat through those ten days of tossing about with such a large load of occupants.

On the eighth day a ship passed by. When we were on the crest of a wave we would catch sight of the top of it; then when we sank into the trough of the waves it was out of sight. But ours was such a small boat and we were so far away that the ship did not sight us, and we drifted on.

On the morning of the ninth day we sighted land. For quite a while we feared it was only clouds, but when it didn't appear to move away the captain announced that it was land. We were all very happy, as you might know, and to celebrate we had a double ration of water that day—four ounces instead of two, in the morning and in the evening.

On the morning of the tenth day a plane spotted us and, as we later learned, reported us to the coast patrol. A rescue committee of ladies was notified to get warm things ready for us. An hour after we were spotted we were picked up. A sub chaser came out and met us two miles from land. At first the sub chaser was just a dot; then it loomed up as quite a large boat. As it came speeding right toward us, the captain said, "They're going to sink us yet," but when they were within a few feet they went into reverse and pulled alongside. It was with great joy that we crawled out of the lifeboat, up the spider-web ladders, and into the sub chaser. We sped toward land.

After we landed the motion of the lifeboat stayed with us. It seemed that all the trees and houses were reeling from side to side, now coming up and now going down. We were as dizzy as drunken men. But after a good bath and a change into some clean clothes we felt very much better. We had landed on the island of Barbados, off Venezuela. The trousers bore a label on which was printed a British flag and an American flag and the words, "British War Relief Society—sincere good wishes from a friend in the U. S. A." You can guess how we felt at seeing the grand old Stars and Stripes again! I am sure the gracious hand of God was upon us in all this experience.

I had prayed very definitely as to whether we should return to America by boat or by

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Miracles in Travancore

MARTHA M. KUCERA, TRIVANDRUM, TRAVANCORE, SOUTH INDIA

This story really starts with the disruption of the church and the destruction of Jerusalem, when the disciples were scattered abroad and began to preach wherever they went. Different ones traveled as far as Syria. There arose persecution, and quite a group of Syrians who had become Christians left that country and migrated as far as the west coast of India, coming to Travancore State. They have in their possession today copper plates engraved telling of their acquiring the land, also some golden plates engraved with permission to stay in that part of the country which was given to them. The Syrian church was divided into two groups—Jacobite and Mar-Thama. The Mar-Thamas claim they are followers of Thomas, and also their leaders each take the name of Thomas. The Jacobite division is more or less like the Greek Orthodox church, but the Mar-Thama is a more spiritual class.

There was a split among the Jacobites, and the most spiritual went one way and the other more formal ones went the other way. But the most spiritual progress was among the Mar-Thama group. They had a series of revivals among themselves, and forsook their formalism and ritualism. There was a spiritual awakening among the Mar-Thamas. It is from a more spiritual group of awakened Mar-Thamas that we have been fortunate to have quite a few choice Indian workers.

The revival among the Mar-Thamas in the beginning of the century was such that they even had manifestations of the Holy Spirit among them. Brother A. C. Samuel of Trivandrum tells how in one of their brush arbor conventions, while the people stood up to pray, the Spirit of the Lord fell upon them. There were several thousand people present and it was like a rushing mighty sweep of praise to the Lord. Each one could hear another one speaking in tongues in languages they never knew, and worshipping the Lord.

The leaders got rather excited, not knowing what it was, and so they made the people sit down. It was not explained and it eventually died away, except that a few seemed to have a longing to follow the Lord and a longing for holiness.

Many of these have come under the influence of Brethren missionaries from England, and are true followers of the Lord; they have real salvation and a

desire for a holy life. They are following strictly the "strait and narrow way." They know their Bibles well.

Later Pentecost was introduced by different ones. Mrs. Chapman, one of our early Pentecostal missionaries, and different ones brought them the Pentecostal message. Then they have our Assemblies of God missionaries, Brother and Sister Burgess and others, who have come to keep the Pentecostal fire burning.

The work has been progressing in South India. The Syrian Christian Pentecostal brethren are very zealous for the Lord, know their Bible well, and make excellent workers. A few are successfully evangelizing among the Hindus and among the non-Christians or the castes, and the Lord is blessing their ministry.

They have had wonderful instances of healing among the low castes. These people are not only believers in idols but they are worshipping demon powers and sacrificing to them. What really broke their resistance to the gospel was that they saw people healed and delivered from demon possession.

Kungu Raman was the son of a witch doctor. His father made his living by making charms and curing people and animals through charms and witchcraft. Kungu Raman followed his father's profession with success. He would be the main one at the sacrifices at different festivals. He would take a huge pot containing several gallons of water, set it over an open fire, and fire it with coconut shell, until the water would be so hot that it would just "spit" out of the pot. Even the copper vessel would be red hot. Then under power of demon possession he would pour it over himself and yet there would not be a blister on his body. Other feats he would perform.

He was a heavy drinker, and when he would be under demon possession it would require ten men to hold him. Everybody, even his own mother, was afraid of him. Under the influence of demon power he would do all sorts of things, and he was really a terror in the neighborhood. He was eventually so run down in health that he was sent to a hospital which had European supervision. He was pronounced incurable and sent home in an ox cart to die. Several times he tried to commit suicide but always something intervened.

Finally he heard of the healing of his cousin, a woman who was marvelously healed of hemorrhages, and he came for prayer. The first time he came to church he was so intoxicated he slept through the service. In the end he sobered up enough so that we could speak to him and tell him to come again. He had a large swelling in the jaw, probably from an infected tooth; it was said to be of a malignant nature. He also had other incurable conditions in his body which caused him a great deal of suffering.

One Thursday evening he was met by Brother Samuel who told him that the Lord had power to save him and heal him. He said, "If you will call on the name of the Lord, you will be saved and you will be healed." The man took it seriously and vowed that he would not eat or sleep until Christ had revealed Himself to him. He scarcely knew the name of Christ but he called on Him. He did not eat any food until Saturday afternoon, but lying on his mat in the inside room he saw the form of one approaching him. Christ revealed Himself to him as He did to Mary on the morning of the resurrection, spoke to him, and at that instant he was saved and healed.

Before morning the whole village knew about it and turned out en masse to meeting. There he gave his testimony. Though he knew practically nothing about Christ, he told what Christ had done for him, and really it was a marvelous help to the work there. Later on he learned to read and write and one day the Lord wonderfully filled him with His Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4, giving him the call to preach the gospel.

Later on he was sent to Bible School where he received some training, and has been appointed over the outstation at Anayara, where for the past seven years he has had a very successful ministry. Quite a number have been saved and healed under his ministry and a few have been baptized in the Holy Spirit. The Lord has been using him and proving that it is not by might, nor by power, especially not by intellectual power—but by the Spirit of God. After he was saved his name was changed to Paul, when he was baptized in water, and he goes under the name of Brother Paulus and is respected and loved in his community.

I remember the case of a woman who had dropsy. She was over sixty years old, and swollen all over her body, in a dropsical condition. Brother Samuel and myself and other faithful workers prayed for her. Although no outward manifestation took place there, a few days later she was seen in the yard raking leaves for fuel, and she was just as normal and healthy as ever.

In a meeting over 90 per cent would

raise their hands indicating that they had been delivered from demon possession. One woman came to be delivered from evil power. The devil so oppressed her that she was physically ill and not able to do any work. She just went from one spell into another. She came to the meeting to be prayed for and have the demon cast out. We prayed and prayed and rebuked the spirit but there was no seeming result. She would sit on the floor with her feet apart and would bang her forehead with a thud on the floor in front of her, and then lean back and knock the back of her head on the floor behind her. She would go like a seesaw, banging back and forth, I don't know how long. We rebuked, and still it was of no avail.

The Lord showed several of us that she had some witchcraft charms tied up in her garment. We felt the Lord was going to do something, but there was some hindrance. Finally she was searched by Brother Samuel's wife, and Brother Samuel told us that the hindrance was from some of those magic charms. She was secretly holding on to those. When they were thrown away or destroyed, in a short time she quieted down and was delivered from the demon possession. She was healed and wonderfully saved and is one of our Spirit-filled believers, a real woman of God.

Brother Paulus was walking in the jungle above the church, meditating, when he heard a low moan. There in the bushes, in a fox hole, he found a small leper boy. A few questions revealed that his father had contracted leprosy sometime ago and so the boy's mother took the child and ran away from her husband. Later on the boy showed definite signs of active leprosy in his body, so the mother forsook the boy and ran away. The boy crept into this hole.

At times he would go begging, hunting for food, and he would be sheltered in that place at night. He was within hearing of our outstation where Brother Paulus is the worker in charge, and heard the singing and praying and testimonies as they were carried on the still air. Brother Paulus' wife heard about the boy. She would bring him food and bits of clothing, and different ones took an interest in the boy. He had previously gone to school so he knew how to read somewhat. A portion of the Scripture was given him, and he read it and believed it. Brother Paulus would regularly pray with him, not unduly exposing himself to the contagion, and finally that boy believed.

One day he asked, "Does Jesus heal today as He used to heal in Bible days?" He had read that the Lord Jesus healed and wanted to know whether it was really so, and he was told that Jesus

Christ heals today. He believed. After a while there was a decided improvement. Then one day the boy wanted to be examined more closely, showed his hands and feet, and said, "I am getting much better." Prayer was requested in all the churches for him, and all the believers prayed for him. The boy was healed and the day came when they took him down to the river and scrubbed him up, bathed him, and then he was taken to the dispensary for an examination and was pronounced perfectly cured. Those who examined him said they did not know how it was possible. He had had leprosy but was definitely cured. They wanted to know what we used to cure him. It was in answer to prayer and faith. He is now going to school.

At Christmas time a few years ago this small boy got up and testified to Christ's healing power, and everyone wept. He testified to his mother and father who had heard of it and of course were interested, and for a time the father showed definite improvement in *his* body, and a desire to follow the Lord; but later on he went away, following the crowd. He preferred begging to working and drifted away from Christian influence, and we heard that he had died. The mother, seeing the wonderful miracle performed in her boy, listened to his testimony, gave her heart to the Lord, and soon began to show signs of improvement in her body. Today she is perfectly healed. She had had leprosy too. After she forsook her boy she became a leper herself. Today she is well and strong and supporting her boy. They are a happy family.

Others have been healed of leprosy at the other outstations through the ministry of other workers. The Indians seem to have wonderful faith in healing. Seeing someone healed, they are so encouraged that they believe for the seemingly impossible, and very frequently the Lord meets them in a marvelous way.

For the Name of the Lord Jesus

(Continued From Page Three)

this, and I am willing not only to do a little thing like this but I am willing to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus."

I haven't had to suffer yet. Oh, I have suffered like all other real Christians, but there has been no great suffering. But there on my knees I made a new consecration to God. By His grace from now on I am willing to go anywhere, to give up anything, if necessary to become absolutely nothing, for the name of the Lord Jesus. If men can die for Old Glory, if men can lay down their lives in the cause of justice, then I can sacrifice for the name of the Lord Jesus. That

name means more to me than anything else.

Think of it. The name by which we can open the windows of heaven! The name by which we have a standard raised up against the enemy. The name by which the rivers of God's grace are unlocked to flow down and meet the need of sinful hearts! The name by which we set in motion the creative power of God to bring to pass the supply of all our need! The name which is above every name!

Are we willing to make a new consecration to God? Paul looks ahead and sees the binding and the stripes and the imprisonment and the heartache and suffering of it all, but he turns to those he loves and says, "I am ready not only to be bound but, if need be, to die for the name of the Lord Jesus." Brethren, I tell you this from my heart: it will require this kind of consecration if we are to keep the name of the Lord Jesus before men today.

Never has America needed Christ as she needs Him tonight. We are living in the eventide when we ought to be out spending every minute praying and working for God. I have a conviction that we are not always going to be so free to preach the gospel in America as we are tonight. I may be wrong, but that is my conviction. I must make my consecration for the name of the Lord Jesus. I ask you, how much does the name of the Lord Jesus mean to you?

Too Many

The people are too many! Judges 7. What if after all there are too many instead of too few? What if the churches will need to be emptier before they are fuller? What if there is something in us that is not utterly crushed? God cannot work yet. We are not weak enough, broken enough for Him to take us and glorify Himself in a great deliverance and victory. "Too many!" We are far too smug, sleek and self-contained, but there is no cheating God. He will not allow you and me to come parading, to have our names on communion rolls if we are not going to be genuine. We must begin on the basis of absolute truth, cutting off all our pride and self-sufficiency, and putting on holiness. Then He will restore the joy of His salvation.—John MacNeill.

United Prayer

Nothing tends more to cement the hearts of Christians than praying together. Never do they love one another so well as when they witness the outpouring of each other's hearts in prayer. Where they have hard feelings and differences among themselves, these are all done away by uniting in prayer.—Finney.

The Sifting of the Church

D. M. PANTON

The Church is engaged (like Gideon) in a midnight battle. That battle is the struggle, by lip and life, to keep the faith, pure, whole, and undefiled, so as to be able to say at the end with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. 4:7. And the great fact which now emerges with ever-increasing emphasis from the modern crisis is that the battle *will* be won, but only by the few.

Many of us are deeply dismayed by the extraordinary falling of Christians around us. Not falling into apostasy, but into such error, or such worldliness, as to make them quite useless as combatants. Now the startling revelation of Gideon's experience is that it is *God* who is doing the sifting. That the process of the selection of the real fighters—the souls that are actually going to win God's battle—always going on, is only supremely so in days such as these. That God is actually superintending the process. That it is the combatants themselves who decide whether they shall be in Gideon's Three Hundred. And far above all, that *the battle is going to be won*, but by the few.

The process of sifting begins by the Spirit of the Lord falling upon Gideon, who blew a war blast up and down the tribes, proclaiming a Holy War and summoning soldiers to Jehovah's banner. Judges 6:34. It is the work of an Evangelist. It is the summons of Paul, "Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6:12. No less than thirty-two thousand men rallied to Jehovah. Look at that mass of men. Every man of them could fight; every man was actually enrolled as a soldier. All started out with the full intention to fight. *All could have had the whole power of God for battle.*

Young believers—and by that we mean new recruits to Christ's army of any age—often seem to imagine that they are now to be cradled and coddled, and wheeled in a baby buggy to heaven, under the caressing smiles of their mother church. Whereas, as a matter of fact, God no sooner saves a soul than His trumpet blast calls him to suffer hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. A Salvationist once asked an old saint, "Have you found peace?" "No," he said, "I have found war." Here are 32,000 converts separated for the Holy War from the whole of Israel.

We reach the next stage in the process of selection. This army of Gideon stood thirty two thousand strong, when

the surprising word comes from God, "The people that are with thee are *too many* for Me to give the Midianites into their hand." Thirty two thousand Israelites, massed against 135,000 Midianites, did not seem too many. All our church members, massed, are but few against a whole city. Yet God says they are too many—"lest Israel vaunt themselves against Me, saying, 'Mine own hand hath saved me.'"

God has to guard Himself against the conceit of His Church. As the victory is to be won by God, the paucity of numbers must prove it. It has been said that it would be happier for the world if there were fewer Christians, but better ones. At all events Gideon, acting on the direct command of God, assembles his men, and says, "*Whosoever is fearful and trembling, let him return.*" This proves at once that God has an eye to the quality, as well as the numbers, of His warriors. He will save by few, but not by cowards. Cowardice cannot trust, and all things are possible only to him who trusts.

He wants picked workers; men to whom, for their fidelity and devotion, He can give the honor and reward of winning His battles, men who can stand the spiritual strain. Some years ago a half-completed bridge jutting out over a river in Canada collapsed, killing many of the workmen, because the designer had not put in girders strong enough to bear the down thrust of the weight. So there are believers of real grace and faith who are unfit for special strain, and whom the Lord, therefore, has to withdraw from the firing line.

So God brings before all this host the vision of the far greater host against them, only an hour's march off—the peril of their unprotected homes—the fierceness and barbarity of their Eastern enemies—the overwhelming numbers coming. And 22,000, without a word, silently slip off home, leaving, as some one says, fewer persons, but not fewer men. They had blown their trumpets with the loudest, and Gideon's heart must have swelled with pride as he beheld those massed recruits, so spontaneously and joyously mustered, converts of God's trumpet blast. *But they melt like snow.* After an evangelistic mission how the ranks thin out! how many are the wounded and the deserters and the prisoners of war!

It is always when the peril becomes near and acute that God's forces begin to melt. Workers grow fearful, and self-

indulgent, and indifferent. These men began to think the whole expedition, as conducted by Gideon, was madness. Their action silently said to Gideon: "You are standing alone. Every one thinks differently from you. You are the victim of a foolish illusion. We will go with the many, not with the few." "*And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand.*" The martyrs found it lonely work—so shall we. The martyrs found it hard to pray, hard to suffer, hard to renounce—so shall we. And it remains forever true that *a small fraction of the Church of God must do all the hard fighting.*

Now we reach the third and last test, and far the most remarkable, in God's sifting process of selection. "The Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there." The courage of the ten thousand was good; but courage alone is not enough. For the custody of His revelations, for the charge of His plans, God requires men and women of a peculiar spirit. As Napoleon said, "In war, *men* are nothing, the *man* is everything." So God brings a still closer test.

Little things test and reveal character. And what a man really is can be ascertained only by observing him when he is unconscious of it, and, therefore, under no restraint. In a northern legend a queen exchanges places with her maid. But the maid was discovered by the way in which she drank from her glass at the table. The ten thousand come down to the water, little dreaming what tremendous issues are turning on that trifling act: 9,700 throw themselves casually down on the turf, and drink leisurely; 300, too eager for delay, self-disciplined, their whole mind set on the battle, catch up the water in the hollows of their hands, without breaking rank, alert, ready. And lo, *Gideon has his army!* The 9,700 are dismissed home, without having struck a blow.

Five generals were dismissed in the French manoeuvres of 1913—men who had once fought gallantly, but had grown incompetent. It cost General Joffre severe pain to dismiss them. Yet how much may have turned in the Great War upon that dismissal! By this wise process of selection God had got the right men—men who, when others had refused, had rallied to God. Men who, when the dangers were presented to them, had stood firm, while others went back. Men who, when further unconsciously tested, revealed that set keenness and utter devotion without which victory is impossible. They had passed all tests. They had counted all costs. They had revealed an iron nerve. Deserted by their comrades, exposed to overwhelming odds, they entered the battle alone, *and won it.*

Now here is our supreme lesson. This is the exact process of God today. God shuts no servant of His out of His chosen army of victory. We shut ourselves out. Gideon was not once told to classify them. All he had to do was to stand by and watch. And, all unconsciously, but quite infallibly, the servants of God classified themselves, catalogued themselves. Our Gideon is Christ. He walks up and down among the churches, watching us classify ourselves, and He apportions our places accordingly. What is God saying to us all in this? He is saying this: "Make up your mind that there will be few. Make up your mind that God's battle is dead sure to be won. Make up your mind that it will be won by the few, and the few alone. Make up your mind that you can be among those few. And make up your mind that, by God's grace, and at all costs, you will." *And you will!*

An evangelist once opened his heart to the writer, and gave the secret of his life. When he was about twenty-one, a converted lad, he heard an aged minister relate this legend. An angel was talking with an old Christian worker. And the angel went into an inner vault, and came back with a crown of incomparable beauty in his hand, blazing with diamonds. "This," the angel said, "was the crown I designed for you when you were a youth. But you refused, as a young man, to surrender your person and life completely to God; and it is gone." The Angel went back into the vault, and came out with another crown, still beautiful, but plainer, and with far fewer jewels. "And this," the Angel said, "was the crown I designed for your middle age. But you gave that middle age to a luxurious and indolent discipleship, and it is gone." A last time he went into the vault, and returned with a simple, plain gold circlet. "Here," said the Angel, "is the crown for your old age: this is your all for Eternity."

The young man was deeply impressed. He went home, and in his bedroom placing a finger on a chance verse besought God to speak to him through it. It was a verse he had never consciously seen before: "Behold I come quickly: hold fast that thou hast that no man take thy crown." *He saw the Angel.* And he made a total surrender of his life.

Years passed and a business income worth thousands of dollars opened before him. At the same time came God's silent heart tug to a scanty and precarious ministry. Again *he saw the Angel* and yielded to the call. After a pastorate of ten or twelve years came the silent call to world evangelism. "And for three Sundays," he said, "I could only stand before my people and sob"; but again *he saw the Angel*; and the last the writer heard of him he was preaching

the gospel in Australia and New Zealand. "Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh shall find *so doing*. Of

a truth I say unto you that he will set him over *all that he hath*." Luke 12:43, 44.

It Was HIS Son

VIOLET SCHOONMAKER

It was at our annual convention. The evening meeting had just closed. Several of us ladies were rooming together in a little room above the platform of the hall where our services were being held. Some of us had already retired. Others were preparing to do so. Suddenly screams, loud piercing shrieks of pain came up from the hall below. There was a general rush toward the drawn curtains of our room. Some one cried out that one of our missionaries had been hurt.

I jumped up in my bed. A sister came to me and said, "Don't get up! Let us pray!" But I had a *son* in that convention. The sister did not. Such shrieks could only come from a broken back or neck. Was it my son?

"Who is it? Who is it?" The words fairly stuck in my throat as I tried to speak them. "Oh, it is some one of the missionaries" was the reply, but "Who?" I continued to cry.

I staggered toward the stairs when some one spoke the name of the brother who was hurt. It was not my son. When I heard the name I continued to be concerned but that awful anguish of my soul lifted. It was not my son.

A brother had been lifting a table laden with books and had stumbled and one of his vertebra had slipped out of its place. His pain was intense. He could neither see or move for a short period of time. Prayer brought relief.

I retired again. I began thinking of another cry, a shriek of pain, a sound of "strong cryings" that rose up one night over nineteen hundred years ago from the dark gloom of Gethsemane's garden. All nature shuddered as it heard it. It cut through the ether and penetrated into the courts of Heaven. Angels stopped their singing. Cherubim and Seraphim were silenced. On it went as a swift arrow until it pierced through into the very heart of God, the Father. He bowed His head. He did not need to ask—whose voice it was. He knew the cry. It was *His Son*. It was *His Son*.

It was *His Son* who prayed there alone with "strong cryings" and tears. It was *His Son* who was bruised and crushed until the ground was dyed red with His life's blood. It was *His Son* who cried for the cup to be taken from Him but who took it to His lips and drank its

bitter dregs. It was *His Son*. It was *His Son*.

Oh matchless grace! Oh unfathomable love! What a price to pay for the salvation of the world! Yes for *me*. I bow my head in shame of my sin, my waywardness, my rebellion, my pride. It was this that my Lord drank that night in dark Gethsemane. It was this that provoked the cry of anguish that rent the heavens and broke the heart of God. Oh Son of God! I love Thee! Make me Thy bond slave forevermore! Father of my Lord Jesus Christ and my Father, how can I ever again doubt Thy love to me! I will not doubt. I will trust. I will love Thee with all my heart and spend and be spent for Thee.

Oh that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me.
And with His child contented be
As I am with my Saviour.

Seed Thoughts

Alice E. Luce

You want to make good somewhere, so why not make good just where you are?

Say not, "If only I could get out of this tame, humdrum, monotonous round of daily tasks, I could make something of my life."

Perhaps God sees that the very monotony and daily round of which you complain are the tools needed to polish and make you a worthwhile worker.

This life is only the training school for our real lifework which will last for all eternity in the Glory.

Upon the way in which we respond to the discipline and training of this short life on earth will depend our usefulness to our Lord in eternity.

"Every individual is a living, breathing, walking, and especially *talking* advertisement of himself. What are you advertising, your assets or your liabilities?"

Jesus commanded us to be *witnesses unto Himself*, that is to be so fully indwelt and controlled by Him that others might see in us *what He is like*.

A good business man continually advertises the things he wants to get others to believe in or to buy. Let us, as we carry the Gospel, be good salesmen, both by lip and life.

The GOSPEL in FOREIGN LANDS

All Aboard for the Fellowship Meeting

Ralph Harer, Guatemala

Leaving Guatemala City, we travel for five hours down the mountains to the port of San Jose on the Pacific coast, where we are met by the native pastor from Las Lisas. There fifteen of us board the motor launch and we set out for the long trip ahead.

At Itaspa the boat is eased in and we go ashore. Hammocks are hung beneath palm-thatched shelters along the beach. We all fumble in the dark but no one complains. With prayer and praise on our lips, we stretch our weary bodies for a few hours' rest.

At four a. m. some of the group roll out of their hammocks, others out of their blankets on the sand, and as the moon is rising we push out into the river. The whitened guide posts stand out like silent sentinels guarding us from the dangers of the snaggy mud bar.

Some distance along we enter the sloughs, after which we travel for several hours through mile after mile of lily beds. Of interest, too, are the many colored birds one sees along the way. At several places we stop to buy coconuts, drinking our fill of the sweet fresh water. One coconut contains nearly a quart of water.

On nearing Las Lisas, the first thing we see are the rows of white crosses which give out their silent warning, "This is the tropics, take care." A bend in the river is rounded and we are at our destination where a large group of believers receive us with joy.

Time for Dinner

We make our way to the place where they are cooking the meals. This kitchen is very different from those you have at home. It is a thatched shelter with one big adobe

table in the center on which burns a fire underneath big earthen pots filled with black beans. Among the cooks are ragged children, mangy emaciated dogs, hogs, ducks, chickens, and roosting above our table are pigeons.

In the afternoon some of the Christians from Jutiapa come walking in. They have been four days and nights covering the seventy-five miles over the hills and through the jungles, but their brown burned faces are radiant with the joy of the Lord. One marvels at the devotion of these people.

Five A. M.

and we start the day in services; then again at nine a. m., two p. m., and seven p. m. In one of these meetings the sick gather for prayer, most of them suffering from malaria, their pale drawn faces and glassy eyes holding a look of desperation. But the thing that touches our hearts most is the sight of little children crying from the dreaded fever, some having big distended stomachs, with worms eating at their vitals. Prayer is made and many receive His loving touch.

We use what little Spanish we know, and poor as it is, these dear ones rejoice in the Lord. It makes us resolve with renewed energy to master the language.

Ten thirty—we retire for the night, our bed fellows being dogs, ducks, as well as a big family of chickens, to say nothing of the more intimate creatures. But there are weightier matters of much more importance than these little discomferts.

The Lord is so precious and has worked in many hearts. In a near-by village some thirty have been saved and are waiting for a native pastor. In these fellowship meetings



Coconuts solve the pure water problem. Brother Harer with a native pastor and Christian "finca" owner.

a good number accept the Lord, and on Sunday afternoon the native pastor has the privilege of baptizing nineteen. Water baptism here has a depth of meaning that in many places people have never felt. It means that all the crooked ways are straight and that the believers have proven the fruit of their repentance.

Sad Parting

Monday ten a. m., after gathering for prayer, we are ready to set forth. Tears are shed because it is time for us to go. As the boat bears us away, we watch the group of believers waving sad farewell until their faces grow dim and finally disappear from view.

Our journey home is very slow, beneath a blistering tropical sun. Night is settling by the time we near the port. The glow in the west is a mixture of beautiful colors. The fragrance of the jungle flowers will linger long in our memory.

Back once more at San Jose we disembark, make our way to the car and set out for home. At last we pull into Guatemala City, very tired from the long hot trip, but rich with precious memories of what the Lord has done.



(1) Seven hours by boat along the river canal to fellowship meeting. (2) and (3) Views of baptismal service held at Las Lisas January 17. The center picture shows some of the men candidates kneeling in prayer before being baptized, using the native dugouts for an altar. On the right, the group of believers ready for baptism are receiving instruction from the native pastor.

Reaching Interned Japanese in Idaho

Marie Juergensen

God has answered the desire of my heart and after many months of praying, believing and waiting I have obtained definite permission to do missionary work in the Japanese Relocation Center (Internment Camp) at Eden, Idaho, where 10,000 Japanese are located.

It is quite a "little Japan"—a fair sized town built out in the midst of the desert, with nothing but barren sagebrush land on every side as far as the eye can see. On approaching the camp you must first pass U. S. Military guards, and only those having a pass may enter. The camp is about four miles long and perhaps one mile in width and is laid out in forty-four blocks, each comparing with the average city block. One block consists of twelve long barracks, with a large dining hall in the center. A barrack is divided into six rooms one family to a room.

Here Are Ten Thousand Souls!

How many know our Christ as Saviour? Most of the first generation who have lived in our fair land from twenty-five to forty years do not understand English well enough to take in a gospel message, and the majority of them have never been inside a church.

Having a burden for their souls, I came here over three months ago seeking opportunity to minister among them. It was not an easy matter to gain permission to enter the camp, but regardless of seeming defeat we held on in prayer, and on January 12 we were finally accepted. Praise God! Now we are recognized missionary workers and will receive a permanent pass from the government authorities.

God moves in wonderful ways. He has been with us every step of the way, working continually in our behalf. During the time that our case was under consideration a number of meetings were arranged for us. One hundred and forty attended the first service; two hundred and forty the second, and two hundred and seventy-five listened to our Christmas message. The Spirit of the Lord was present and tears flowed freely. So much interest was manifest among the people that the meetings became the talk of the camp. At the close of one service the Japanese Baptist pastor came forward and gripping my hand said, "It is a revival—a revival!" These services silenced any opposition.

Pray for a Harvest

Up to the time of this writing we have had ten large public meetings with splendid attendance. These services will be continued every week, besides smaller cottage meetings in various homes. Pray with us for a rich harvest of souls during this year!

It is needless to tell you how much at home I feel and what joy it gives me to use the Japanese language in making the gos-

pel message plain to these dear ones. Here, as in Japan, we bow our greetings and drink many cups of tea. However, we do not sit on the floor!

As we are not permitted to live in the camp, we have a little home in Twin Falls, twenty miles away. When I was desperately in need of a car in which to drive to the camp, I asked the Lord for a car and a driver. In His love, He put the work and need upon the heart of Doris Johnson, a young lady already in the work of the Lord in the Northwest District, who has now given herself and her car to assist in this cause.

It is wonderful to me, in that I did not choose her. The Lord sent her to my little abode in answer to a desperate cry! Now she, too, is finding a ministry among the children in the camp.

Recently the assemblies in this vicinity gave us a canned food shower, when we received 112 quarts of canned fruits and vegetables. Thus the Lord meets our need. We praise Him for our Assemblies of God fellowship, and for His children in Idaho.

Often in spirit and in thought we travel back to Japan, to the work and the dear ones we have left there. We shall not hear from them until the war is over. May He keep the Christians true to Him and each native pastor faithful in carrying on the work. Remember them at the Throne of Grace.

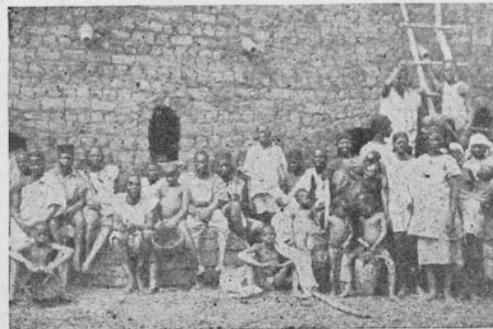
THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW

John F. Hall

Furlough, French West Africa

"DO THOSE NATIVES BUILD THEIR OWN CHURCHES?" is so often asked us. We believe it is a sound principle for the native Christians as far as possible to shoulder the responsibility of constructing their own house of worship, crude though it may be at first.

Turn the tables for a moment and consider—suppose the Chinese had sent missionaries here, gathered a few converts and built a church for them of Chinese architecture which looks so queer to us; suppose it was all paid for by Chinese money, held in trust by them, and the repairs supervised by them



—how much interest and responsibility would American Christians feel?

Civilization clings like a leech to evangelization, it seems. If we would only remember under what conditions and in what land Christianity had its beginnings, we should be less likely to think that Americanization has to accompany missionary effort.

Built Themselves

In the accompanying snapshot we see some Mossi Christians who built a chapel in which to worship the Lord. It may be crude, but it serves the purpose. We have seen the Holy Spirit fall in both adobe and grass shelters in Africa. These Mossi, feeling it is THEIR church, see to the upkeep and repairs themselves, and it does not devolve on us to worry about funds for this purpose. We expect to continue the policy of encouraging the Mossi Christians to build their own outstation chapels and provide for the upkeep. It is true born-again, Spirit-Baptized Christianity we are seeking to establish in Mossiland, not American civilization. The Good News is not civilization but SALVATION through the shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah!

THAT IS HOW GOD OPENS DOORS

Some time ago, Bernhard Johnson, of Brazil, reported to us an opening for the gospel in a little town called Tres Pontas. The first ones to accept Christ there were a young business man and his wife. He wrote: "We went into the town not knowing anyone, and as we were walking down the street looking for a place to hold meeting, we met this business man. It was nearly dark. He said, 'My house is open for you,' so we went with him and started the service, Bernhard Jr. playing his accordion. In five minutes the house was packed with people, and those who could not get inside crowded the doors and windows. At last we had to move out on the street corner. More than three hundred attended that meeting, and thirty-five raised their hands for salvation, kneeling in prayer with us on the street corner."

Five Months Later

Brother Johnson wrote: "Today there is a faithful, happy assembly at Tres Pontas and they are praying earnestly that God will provide a church for them. The business man who was first to be saved takes care of the work there and preaches like an old-time preacher. God has helped him to understand the Word."

Seven Months Later

came the encouraging news, "It thrills our hearts to see how the young business man has grown in the Lord in less than a year since he received Christ into his heart and life. His parents and all the relatives are against him because he accepted Jesus; but he is remaining faithful, a real light for God in that town.

"Recently a lot was purchased there. It cost a little more than \$300.00 and the people are very poor; but when it is paid for we hope to build a temple. There is a garage on the lot which is being used for services in the meantime."

Send all contributions to Noel Perkin, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Whole Bible Sunday School Course

Isaac the Well Digger

Lesson for March 21. Lesson Text: Genesis 26:1-6, 12-33.

Isaac has been described as "the ordinary son of a great father, and the ordinary father of a great son." His life was quiet and uneventful. But should we really call him ordinary? For Isaac, under pressure revealed qualities of character, which do not occur "ordinarily" in us today when we are subjected to similar circumstances!

1. The Offense of Being Successful. 26:1-6, 12-16. Because of a famine which had come to the land of Canaan, Isaac moved to Gerar in the land of the Philistines. There he was blessed of the Lord so that in time he became the prosperous possessor of great flocks, herds and servants. "And the Philistines envied him." We forgive people for being negligent, slothful, and mean, but often refuse to forgive them for being successful. The preacher with the little church criticizes the man with the big church. Why? Simply because he envies him his success! Miss Laymember slanders Mrs. Sunday School Teacher and belittles her teaching ability. Why? Because she would like to have the class herself! At the bottom of envy is wretched self-love which cannot stand to yield the limelight to others. If the spirit of Christ is in the ascendancy in our hearts, we rejoice in the successes of others. 1 Cor. 12:26; 13:4; Rom. 12:15.

2. The Way to Spiritual Enlargement. 26:17-24. King Abimelech, too, was not happy about Isaac's prosperity, and fearing lest Isaac should become too powerful, asked him to leave the country. Meekly Isaac complied, packed his goods, and moved. Twice he dug wells and each time relinquished them to the Philistines who claimed the right to possess them. The third time Isaac dugged a well, he was left alone and named the well, "Rehoboth," which means enlargement. Observe that after this he received a new revelation of God.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." The Christian often gains most by yielding. Isaac lived the Sermon on the Mount 1800 years before it was preached. What a rebuke to some of us today who have heard that sermon time and time again and for some reason fail to take the preaching of our Lord seriously! See Matt. 5:39-48; 1 Peter 2:19, 20.

3. Spiritual Well Digging. Since water and wells are used in the Bible to symbolize spiritual life (Isa. 12:3; John 7:37-39), we are not out of order in using the story of Isaac's well digging to typify the Christian in search of spiritual things.

(1) Isaac had to dig for water. While it is true that on occasions blessings from God come unsought, in general, spiritual blessings and results require definite co-operation on the part of man. Many Christians try to receive blessing only by "radiation," that is, by getting under the overflow of blessing which comes from the life of another who has had to do the digging. Such Christians are "spiritual parasites."

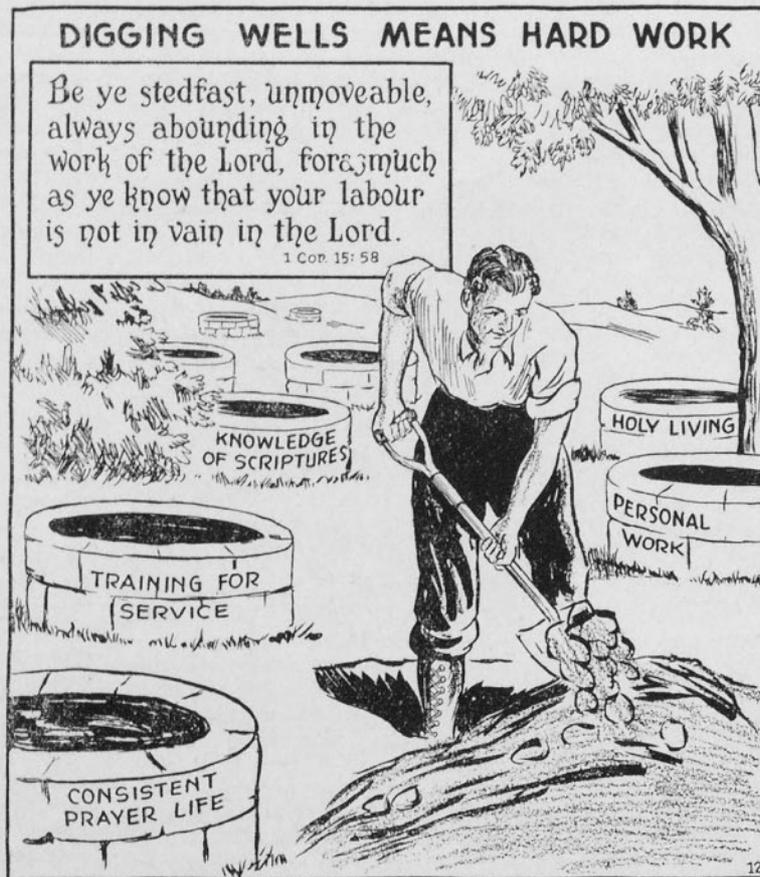
(2) Isaac met with opposition. So do we. In prayer for ourselves and others, in seeking the fulness of the Spirit, in quiet

possible for us to be victorious over all circumstances. "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." So then, rather than pout, sulk, or sag spiritually, when we meet with adversity, let us rise to our privileges in Jesus and be the kind of people He would have us be!

4. How to Win Friends. Compare 26:16 with 26:26-31. Solomon said, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Abimelech, Isaac's former enemy, became desirous of his friendship. Why? "We certainly saw that the Lord was with thee." What a testimony, coming as it did, from a former enemy and man of the world! But mind you, these words would never have been spoken, nor the covenant of peace made, if Isaac had done the "natural"

thing and returned evil for evil when he was opposed! "Daddy" Welch used to say, "If you want to hit a person a knockout blow, hit him with an act of loving kindness and with a piece of humble pie." To learn "how to win friends and influence people," the Christian does not need to read the now famous book which bears that title, but simply to put into practice the teachings of the Word of God!

5. True Greatness. In the beginning of the lesson we implied that Isaac was a rather ordinary man. Perhaps we should retract that statement. It is true that Isaac never became a conqueror of cities and armies, as did his illustrious descendant David; but he conquered something greater—his own spirit. For "he that ruleth his spirit," is greater "than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32. It may never come within our power to accomplish the latter; to accomplish the former is always within our grasp, is an opportunity for manifesting a fruit of the Spirit which was always characteristic of Christ, an opportunity to qualify for greatness in the sight of Him whose opinion is the only opinion that matters!—J. Bashford Bishop.



waiting on God, in united prayer, we meet opposition of one kind or another. Sometimes we are assailed by our own thoughts and cares which come clamoring for recognition. Again, we are hindered in prayer by physical weakness or illness. Often the subtle whisperings of the flesh intervene. At times unseen spiritual adversaries oppose, "The rulers of the darkness of this world." In spite of them all, we may have continual answers to prayer and a continual supply of the Spirit for all our needs. Rom. 8:26; 2 Cor. 10:4. For three weeks Daniel kept praying. Then he discovered he had been heard from the first day! Dan. 10:2, 12.

(3) Isaac found water in the time of trouble. Though opposed and oppressed by the Philistines, he found he was nevertheless able to continue his well digging and to continue to find water. Christ has made it

Digging Is Hard Work

Few of us care to do it. In fact, the work of the Holy Spirit is often hindered because of those who do not permit Him to come in in His fulness.

Marion Lawrence, however, made this consecration. His was a Spirit-possessed, obsessed life. No wonder he became a world figure, and at the end of his life hundreds traveled to his final resting place with flowers and words of regret.

Marion Lawrence expressed the Lord's methods in twentieth century living. His timely messages are contained in his book, "My Message to Sunday School Workers." Stop where you are, pastor, superintendent or teacher. Do not attempt to go further until you have dug deep into this book. You will find a boundless supply. Price \$1.00, worth ten.—Gospel Publishing House.

TEN DAYS IN A LIFEBOAT

(Continued from Page Five)

plane. Paul had wanted to return by plane. However, it seemed I could not feel at liberty to come by plane. I felt it was God's will that we should sail on this American cargo vessel instead, and now that I look back I am convinced of it. I had opportunities to witness on the boat that I might not have had on a plane. I talked to the captain, to the gold miners, and others about spiritual things. I especially had opportunity to witness to my missionary friend concerning the Baptism with the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. We had many long talks about the matter. I do not know what happened to him. He may have been in the other lifeboat or on the life raft that we could not locate, but I have never heard from him since.

We met some godly men of various organizations in Barbados, one of whom graciously opened his home to Paul and me. I had opportunities to speak in various churches on the island and tell what great things God had done for me. I preached for Pentecostal people and for other denominations as well. Later I learned that many of the Pentecostal believers in Barbados had been praying that a Pentecostal missionary would come and visit them, and so they rejoiced that God had answered prayer in letting me come along. Certainly God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

About a month later the Lord opened the way for us to fly from Barbados to Trinidad on a two-motor British land transport. We spent Sunday in Trinidad and preached there. Altogether in the thirty days following our rescue I preached twenty-five times. It was remarkable how much strength and energy the Lord had blessed me with after the ten days at sea. Much of the reason for this lay in the fact that our rations were very nourishing. Often survivors are very weak after such an ordeal because they have had to exist on smaller

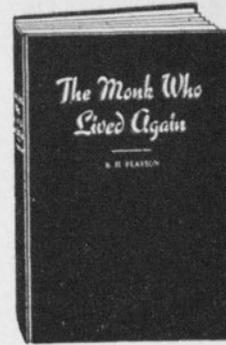
rations than we had. I do thank the Lord for the provisions He allowed us to have.

No one felt better than Paul. The newspaper in Barbados said, "The Sunday arrivals had been in a lifeboat for many days, yet eight-year-old Paul Kitch was in the best of health and spirits, and his first request was for ice cream."

In Trinidad we were told that we would have to wait at least two months for air passage to the U. S. A., according to the natural outlook. But on Monday morning I went to the office of the American consul, and as I walked in the door the young man in charge said, "Are you Rev. Kitch?" Then he asked if my son and I would be interested in flying to New York City. I said, "Yes." At once arrangements were made. We were to leave by plane at five o'clock that very afternoon! The Lord helped us to complete all necessary arrangements in time to catch the plane. Soon we were high above the clouds flying over a blanket of blue sea with its white spots and splashes. Large boats looked very small. One was made to realize how very small a lifeboat is and how difficult it would be to spot one from a plane.

We flew on a four-motor amphibian plane of the American Export Airlines. After fifteen hours we landed in New York waters. We taxied toward shore; then a motor boat towed us up to the dock. We stepped out and shivered as the December breeze smacked us a fresh, northern greeting. One night we had been in the tropics. The next day we were in New York City. It was quite a contrast in temperatures.

We are very grateful to the many friends who have told us, since we returned, that they had been praying for us. I am sure God heard and answered. That is why we are alive today. Out of about eighty persons on board, only thirty-five of us were saved according to our present knowledge. It is believed that three members of the crew were instantly killed in the explosion caused by the first torpedo. It is



THE MONK WHO LIVED AGAIN By B. H. Pearson

This is a book of compelling interest, the life story of Dr. Walter Manuel Montano, a one-time monk. This thrilling tale of South America, which recently ran in the Gospel Gleaners, can be thoroughly documented, and while not written as history, is true to facts.

By reading this book hearts will be encouraged to see that the blood and treasure spent in sending the gospel to South America during years past has not been in vain; and young men and women will be challenged to give their best for the redemption of this great world of Latin America. Price \$1.25.

GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE Springfield, Missouri

possible that others were rescued by a passing ship or other means, but no official report has been received concerning the others.

Jesus has certainly been a wonderful Pilot to me. We had to trust the captain and other officers of the ship and lifeboat, but our faith went beyond them to the Lord Jesus Christ, and He did not fail us. In storms at sea and in storms of life, in times of physical danger and in life's perplexing problems, He is able to pilot us safely through if we commit ourselves to Him and believe in Him. Jesus is real to us, and as God's call is still upon our lives we are looking forward to the day when, in His perfect will, we shall again be serving Him in French West Africa.

"CLOUDS ARE COMING!"

"Some years ago I was in a midwestern city during a terrific drought," writes Vance Havner in Revelation. "People were collapsing on the streets from the heat and crops were burning to a crisp. One afternoon a man came into the hotel lobby with a smile on his face and joyfully called out: 'Clouds are coming!' Never have I seen an announcement of gathering clouds afford such relief! Today clouds of war cast their shadow over all the earth, but God's Word tells us that other clouds are coming: 'Behold, He cometh with clouds.' Therein lies the only hope for us in this war-scorched earth. But before He arrives on clouds, other clouds may first appear—clouds of revival blessing, showers of precious reviving again. Let us break up the fallow ground and get our hearts in readiness. It is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon us."

No power can make a man do wrong without his own consent. Sinners are all consenters,

My Offering
"Upon the first day of the week let every-one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." 1 Cor. 16:2.
Tithe _____ Offering _____ Missions _____
Date _____ Name _____
"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." Mal. 3:10

It is possible that our Government may demand an accurate check on contributions paid into the Church from individuals claiming exemptions on their income tax.

Many churches are using the offering envelopes pictured above as a means of obtaining such a record. Envelopes may be purchased at the following prices: 35c for 100, \$1.50 for 500, and \$2.50 for 1000.

Note: We do not make the statement that the Government demands such a record as mentioned above to be kept. We only state that it is possible that the Government may ask for such a record in the future.

GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

**DELIVERED FROM FIRE AND DEATH
AT SEA**

A lad in his teens lingered at the Union Rescue Mission in Los Angeles after an evening meeting, and asked, "How do you pray to God?" The leader of the meeting answered his question, then enquired as to why he asked, and this was the boy's story:

He had not been raised in a Christian home. He knew nothing about prayer, and cared less. But he had been on a torpedoed ship, when all on board were thrust out into the water to

swim for their lives. He and eleven other boys kept together. Suddenly, horrified, they saw a lake of burning oil coming toward them. It seemed impossible to escape. What could they do?

Just then a Lutheran, the only Christian in the group, began to pray out loud. "O God, save us! O God, save us!" was the cry, and it came from his heart. With that, every one of the eleven others, none of whom had ever known or thought much about God, followed out loud, "Please, God! Please, God!" Im-

mediately the flaming oil parted, leaving a clear, wide path directly in front of them. And what do you think the Lord had placed in this path? A double mercy—a raft!

The lad who told the story ended by saying, "And no one can persuade these boys that God does not hear prayer."

The above appeared in *Sunday School Times* under "Letters From Readers." The writer says that all the men who heard the lad tell the story were visibly affected. There wasn't a dry eye.

"They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." Psalm 107:28.

EIGHTY-THREE A MINUTE

At a certain church a minister put over the clock these words: "Eighty-three a minute." At last a deputation came to him and said, "Will you kindly take that down—it haunts us?" They knew that it meant that eighty-three souls a minute were passing into eternity—into the dark—who had never heard of Jesus Christ. Are you quite happy about it?

When King Edward asked William Booth what his recreations were, he said, "Sir, some men have a passion for art; others have a passion for riches; I have a passion for souls."

The *C. A. Herald* is full of spiritual food for young people. Subscribe for your boys and girls. Sixty cents a year or 5c a copy.—*The Gospel Publishing House.*

God demands a whole heart, but He accepts a broken one.

MISSIONARY PRAYER REQUESTS

Nanpara—Pray for many souls to be saved here.—Christian Beckdahl.

Rupaidiha—Please pray for two deaf and dumb children, and that Christian homes may be found for them.—Anna Tomaseck.

Mexico City, Mexico—Pray for the young couple who went to Yucatan from here. Pray that they may be used of God in bringing many souls to Christ in that needy place.—Anna Sanders.

Santa Ana, El Salvador—Pray for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon the believers here.—Earl Wilkie.

Ribeirao Preto, Brazil—Please pray for a man who has been coming to our meetings. He shows a desire to be saved, but as yet he drinks and smokes very much. He is nearly blind but says he can read the song book and also the Bible but cannot read the newspaper. God has been good to him, and he recognizes this fact. Let us agree for full deliverance from the vices and for his eyesight.—Theodore Stohr.

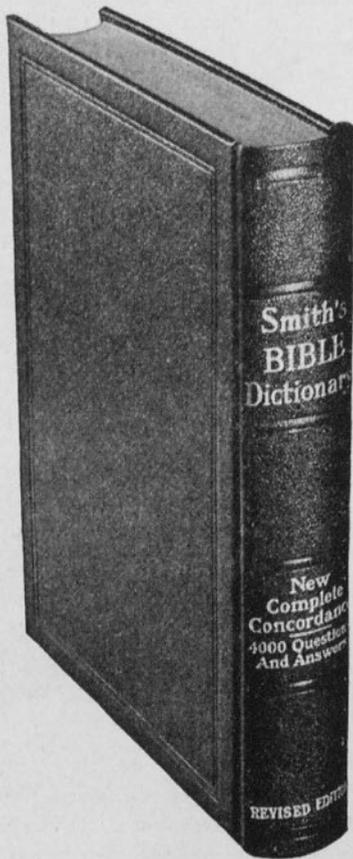
**Reports from
the Reapers**

HOUSTON, TEXAS—We are glad to report victory through Christ at the Log Church, Courtland and Aurora Streets. We have just closed a very successful revival with the Keen Brothers. A number were saved or refilled. We are looking forward to our regular Homecoming Easter Sunday. There will be three services with basket dinner. Special speakers at each service.—O. L. Davidson, Pastor.

BATAVIA, ARK.—A 7-week revival was conducted here by Evangelist Louie Owens and his sister Loretta, of Gilbert, Ariz. Twenty-nine were saved or reclaimed, and at the close of the special meetings 9 new converts were baptized in water. A goodly number are attending our meetings, with good interest. We are still looking to the Lord to send us a good pastor, for there are many souls under conviction and needing the Lord.—Mrs. Tom Studyvin, Church Secretary-Treasurer.

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AHŪ'MAL Son of Jahath, Judah (1 Chr. iv. 2).
AHŪ ZAM. Ahuzzam. Son of Ashur, founder of Tekoa (1 Chr. iv. 6).

AHUZ/ZATH (*possession*). The "friend" or "favorite" who was with Abimelech II on his visit to Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 26). Some interpret the word

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Illustrated—Pronouncing Small Size, 25/8x4 1/4 Inches

Every Bible proper name, and names of all natural objects requiring explanation are found in it. Each word is followed by a translation in English of its original. The definitions are concise and pointed, yet ample for good understanding and effective working purposes. The Holman Dictionary separates all words into syllables and puts the accents where they belong. It also gives to each vowel its proper sound by means of diacritical marks. No one can mistake the pronunciation of even the longest and hardest words. It is a Self-Pronouncing Dictionary and authentic.



No. 401. Moroccograne, limp, round corners, stained edges, gilt titles\$.40

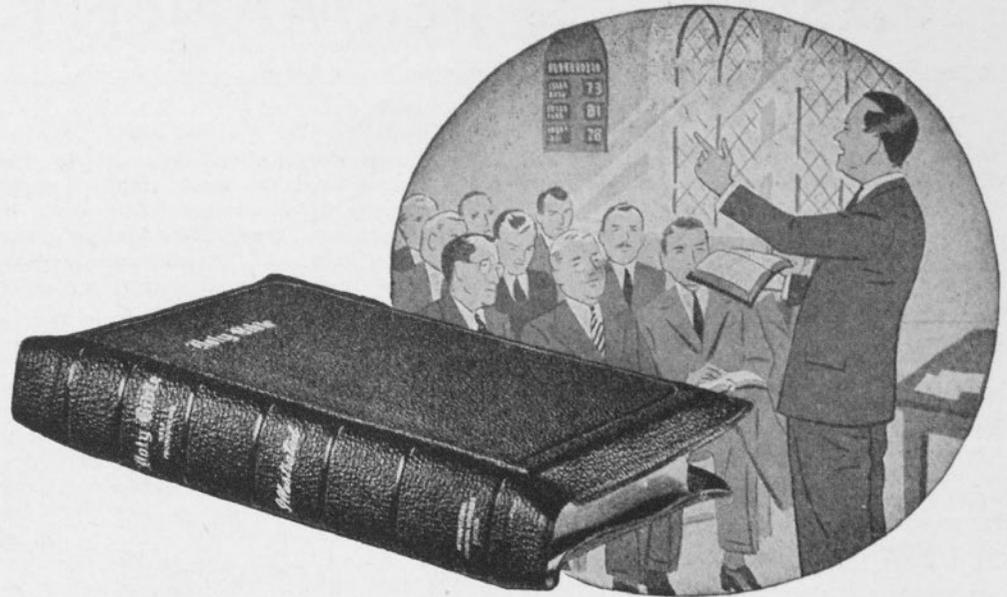
GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE . . . Springfield, Missouri

(Near) RUFÉ, OKLA.—The Liberty Hill Assembly just closed a 2-week revival, which considering the cold weather proved very successful. Seven were saved and the whole church was wonderfully revived. Eveline Collett, Box 177, Mulberry, Ark., was the evangelist.—Ernest E. Johnson, Pastor.

COALINGA, CALIF.—We just closed a revival with Alpha Hensen of Ventura as our evangelist. Real results followed her ministry. The saints were edified, prejudice was destroyed, and a man 62 years old was saved. Our people are manifesting a real spirit of co-operation and we anticipate a real harvest for God here. One of the marked evidences of the power of God in this town is the goodly number of fine men in our regular services. Under God we purpose to continue to storm the gates of the enemy and to win men and women and boys and girls to the Lord Jesus.—Gerald R. Furman, Pastor.

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—We came here in December, 1942, and took over the pastorate of the South Side Assembly of God, 10th and L St. We have here what we believe to be the finest group of saints in America, and God is truly blessing us. If you are moving to this city we want you to be sure to stop at our church.

We left Faith Tabernacle, in Sacramento, just as we got it all but finished. God gave us a wonderful group there for our labor of over two years. John Snodgrass of Bakersfield has been called to take over the work in Sacramento. If you are moving to that city you will find a Council church with a welcome for you and your family.—Tom B. Myers, Pastor, 1218 Chester Place, Bakersfield, Calif.



Coming Meetings

MOUNTAIN VIEW, ARK.—Fellowship Meeting, North Central Section, March 15.—Howard Dixon, Pastor.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—C. A. Rally, St. Louis Section, 3437 Henrietta St., March 14, 2:30 p. m. James Cockman is pastor.—Lester Shockley, President; by E. J. Boettcher, Secretary.

HOBBBS, N. MEX.—New Mexico District Deeper Life Convention, March 7-14. David Burris, Superintendent Arkansas District, main speaker. E. K. Bates, 607 E. Snyder St., is pastor.—H. M. Fuller, District Superintendent, Mountair, N. Mex.

NEBRASKA DISTRICT COUNCIL
The Nebraska District Council will convene at Grand Island, Nebr., April 6-8. General Superintendent E. S. Williams, principal speaker.—A. M. Alber, District Superintendent, 831 N. Kansas Ave., Hastings, Nebr.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Fellowship Meeting devoted to Sunday School work, Russian Pentecostal Church, 543 E. 11th St., March 8. Norman T. Spong, Eastern District Sunday School Secretary, will speak at 3:45 and 7:45 p. m. Ministers' meeting, 1:30.—John W. Tucker, Sectional Secretary, 133 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT SECTIONAL COUNCIL MEETINGS
East Central, Henryetta, March 8-10; Southeast, Hugo, March 14-17; Central, Oklahoma City, March 22-24; Northwest, Enid, April 12-14; North Central, Fairfax, April 19-21; Panhandle, Woodward, May 10-12; Northeast, Tulsa, Capitol Hill Assembly, May 26-28.—W. S. Bragg, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 128 Okmulgee, Okla.

WEST TEXAS DISTRICT SPRING CONVENTIONS
West Central Plains Section, Muleshoe, March 9-10; South Plains Section, Big Spring, March 11-12; Pecos Section, Crane, March 16-17; East Central Plains Section, Lockney, March 23-24; North Plains Section, Hereford, March 30-31. All applicants for license to preach are urged to be present.—H. M. Reeves, District Superintendent, 1005 Nassau St., Plainview, Texas.

TEXAS DISTRICT SPRING CONVENTIONS
In this group all services begin 7:30 p. m. first day: San Antonio Section, Lancaster and Dittmar, Sts., San Antonio, March 9-10; Austin Section, North Austin, March 11-12; Yoakum Section, Yoakum, April 6-7; San Angelo Section, Brownwood, April 27-28.

In this group services begin 10:30 a. m., first day: Greenville Section, Paris, March 16-17; Dallas Section, Bethel Temple, Dallas, March 18-19; Tyler Section, Tyler, March 23-24; Lufkin Section, Lufkin, March 25-26; Beaumont Section, Liberty, March 30-31; Houston Section 2701 Jensen Dr., Houston, April 1-2; Waco Section, Fairfield, April 8-9; Wichita Falls Section, Olney, April 13-14; Ft. Worth Section, Cleburne, April 15-16.

All ministers urged to attend, as all licenses must be renewed at Spring conventions. All ordained ministers will renew their fellowship with the District at these conventions. Those desiring to make application for ordination or license will meet the committee at their resident section. For information write the District Office, 2100 Belle Ave.,

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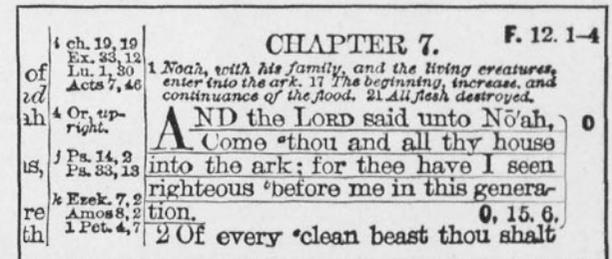
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MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

NEW ADDRESS—440 Ave. C, Danville, Ill. "We have been called to pastor the Assembly at Grant and Kimber."—George Wood.

SERVICE MEN AND DEFENSE WORKERS CONTACTED—Church at South L and Mono Sts., Dinuba, Calif. Near Sequoia Field, in San Joaquin Valley. Vernon M. Murray, Pastor, P. O. Box 325, Dinuba, Calif.

The PASSING and the PERMANENT

SEVEN MILLION GOSPELS

The Salvation Army has undertaken to place seven million copies of the Gospels in Mexican homes, *S. S. Times* reports.

WASTED MAN POWER

The normal earning power lost through drinking in this country is estimated at twenty billion dollars a year, states *Gospel Messenger*. Mr. McNutt, please note!

MISSIONARIES OR BAYONETS

Thirty years ago Dr. John R. Mott warned the Christians of Western nations that they must multiply at once the missionary forces in Japan or face the alternative of having to send to Japan "a generation from now a hundred thousand bayonets."

THE BIBLE IN THE SOLOMONS

Twenty-four languages are spoken by the natives of the Solomon Islands. All of these were first reduced to writing by the missionaries. In six of the languages the entire Bible has been translated and published, and portions of the Scriptures have been published in all the other tongues.

DEVILISH PROPAGANDA

As Christians we must not retreat in the publishing of gospel "propaganda." The devil's servants aren't retreating. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism has raised a fund of \$500,000 with which to establish a new anti-Christian magazine, according to a report in *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

CARRYING ON IN CHINA

The following Red Cross message has been received recently from Ken McGillivray, an English Pentecostal missionary, who is carrying on at Kalgan, North China: "Receiving courteous treatment. Living conditions practically normal. Continuing work in hospital. Happiness increased in the Lord. His companionship precious. Everything supplied."

PERSECUTION IN RUMANIA

Religious persecution continues in Rumania, according to *Watchman-Examiner*. Religious sects throughout the country have been dissolved by government decree, on the complaint that they were "endangering relations between the nation and its national church (Eastern Orthodox)." The two large groups that are affected most are Baptists and Adventists. The dictatorship will confiscate church properties for national use.

A JEWISH MILITARY PARADE

The largest Jewish military parade ever witnessed in Tel Aviv was held on "Jewish Battalions Day." Out of a population of 600,000 Jewish men, women, and children, more than 25,000 Jewish men in Palestine have volunteered for armed services and more than 50,000 other Jewish men and women have volunteered for civilian services. The Jews are preparing to take part in the latter-day fighting in Palestine, as foretold in God's Word.

SONS OF MINISTERS

The head of Allied naval power in the Mediterranean and the head of the British Eighth Army in Tunisia both are sons of Christian ministers. General Montgomery is son of a former Bishop of Tasmania, and grandson of the late Dean Farrar who wrote the well-known "Life of Christ." Admiral Cunningham is the son of a Presbyterian minister. Both are outspoken Christians.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST

Four hundred officers and men of Fort Snelling (Minneapolis) have expressed a desire to appear in city churches and make two- or three-minute talks as to their faith in Christ. They are members of the Military Railway Transportation Service Corps. They state that a volunteer chorus of 32 voices is available for evangelistic services. The commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Carl R. Gray, takes an active part in this gospel work.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS

Christ is coming to put politics right. He has never commissioned His Church to do so. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me" is Christ's commission to His Church. "Ye are the light of the world; ye are the salt of the earth." The darkness is dispelled by simply shining, and the corruption is thwarted by the savor of the salt. The Church (as someone has said) should concentrate on making good men for a bad world, rather than on making a good world for bad men. God grant that we shall not fail!

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER WAR?

Our President said in a recent speech: "There is one thing which stands out as the most important war objective, and that is to maintain peace, so all of us will not have to go through a world cataclysm again—that they will have some reasonable assurance their children won't have to go through it again." That is a noble and worthy aim, but it is a false hope. Vice-President Wallace said not long ago that certain men in Germany, seeing that Hitler cannot win, are already plotting a third world war. There can be no peace until Christ returns, for mankind refuses to walk in the paths of peace that He has revealed.

RUSSIA AND THE BIBLE

Colonel Miles, Secretary of the Russian Missionary Society, says that since May, 1929, it has been illegal in U. S. S. R. to print, publish, distribute, or circulate the Sacred Scriptures or any part of them. No modification of this law has taken place. No permission has been granted to anybody to distribute God's Word in Russia proper.

The leaders of the Christian denominations in Great Britain forwarded a petition to Moscow through M. Maisky, the Soviet ambassador in London, asking that religious freedom be granted to the people of Russia, but in the words of a prominent Baptist leader, there is merely at present "an opportunist easing of pressure without change of the legal position."

THE HORIZON REDDENS

A worker in the British Forces writes, according to *Christian World*: "The argument at our church rest room tonight was about the economic order after the war. That always is the subject. The soldiers now see hope in Russia. Russian ideas are spreading like forest fire. These boys talked with sorrow about six or seven million unemployed after the war, and then expounded the Russian utopia with great gusto."

THE CHURCHES HAVE FAILED

It has been left for a Jew, Milton Meyer, to point out the greatest single fault of the churches today. He says, writing in *Saturday Evening Post*: "The men who established this nation spent three hours every Sunday listening to prophets like Jonathan Edwards preach on goodness, and then went home and thought about it. They were interested in being good because they thought that some day they would be judged. But their descendants, having denied the existence of goodness and the coming of judgment, are not interested in being good but in getting by." Preachers who will faithfully warn the people, as did Jonathan Edwards, are needed today. When he preached on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" men were seized with conviction and cried aloud for mercy.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

D. L. Kendal points out in *Prophetic News* the significant economic control that ever-widening rationing programs are bringing in so many lands today. "The Beast will exercise a strangle hold on essential goods of the world and establish some system by which no one can buy or sell without his mark in their right hand or forehead. There is no doubt whatever that the present system of coupons lends itself very efficiently to a system of control which could be used to persecute any who would not toe the line to the prescribed laws of the authorities."

All who take the mark of the Beast will be punished by God. It would be foolish, however, to try to construe the present rationing system as such. Christians should comply with Government regulations, of course.

UNVEILING THE FUTURE

According to *The Dawn*, all the Sunday papers of England but one have dropped their astrological features, in which so many readers had been trusting for guidance. The horoscopes simply were not reliable. Of the astrologer who writes for the one remaining paper, a rival paper says, "Every one of his prophecies concerning major developments in the war has been wrong, and he has failed to forecast a single important event." This news reminds us of the old, old story of Daniel, who said: "The secret which the king hath demanded cannot the wise men, the astrologers, the magicians, the soothsayers, show unto the king. But there is a God in heaven that reveleth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days." Daniel 2:27, 28. God alone can unveil the future. In the Bible He has given us all the information we need to have concerning the latter days, which are now upon us. Astrologers, fortune tellers and mediums all will delude and disappoint, but guidance safe and sure can be found within the covers of God's blessed Word.