



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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## Mpuluta's Transformation

W. F. P.  
BURTON\*

In this land, where wealth is reckoned in wives, Mpuluta was regarded as fairly well-off, for he had three.

Mpuluta had five children as well as his three wives, and was regarded as particularly blessed, until he was caught in crime, and carried off for punishment to serve months of hard labor at Albertville, on Lake Tanganyika.

On his return he was a marked man. The local officials kept a vigilant eye on him. The poor fellow could not live an honest life unless he had a job, so they sent him to repair a section of the motor highway.

It was here that Mpuluta first came into contact with the Gospel message. At each village along his particular section of the motor road there is a chapel and a group of believers. They are keen soul-winners, and soon Mpuluta heard of forgiveness of sins, of power to live an honest life, and of a Savior who keeps those whom He saves.

In prison at Albertville, Mpuluta had picked up a smattering of reading and writing from a fellow prisoner. Now, as he worked on the road-repairing, he asked the believers at Mutombo if they had anything to read. They gave him a little booklet, "The Way of Salvation," printed for us in Kiluba by the Scripture Gift Mission.

This booklet is so small as to be concealed in the palm of one's hand. It is just a collection of Bible verses, classified so as to lead the sinner to Christ, and that is just what this booklet did for Mpuluta. It hooked him like a barbed fish-hook, and he could not get away: "All we like sheep have gone astray," he read from Isaiah 53:6. That at least, was

\*In a recent Evangel we asked prayer for Brother Burton. He writes us that the doctors in Johannesburg state that he cannot live more than nine months. Years ago however doctors told him he could not live more than six months. He recently cabled that he planned to return to the Congo on January 18. Continue to pray for him.

true. "God loved the world . . ." John 3:16. How could that be? Nobody loved him, a discharged criminal. Even his wives threw his disgrace in his face.

"Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." 1 Cor. 15:3. Was it possible that this Great One, who, according to this booklet had risen from the dead after three days, had made expiation for his, Mpuluta's sin?

It must not be thought that all this happened at one reading. "The Way of Salvation" accompanied Mpuluta wherever he went. He pored over it in lunch hour. He read and re-read it as he rested after the day's work was done.

Already a remarkable change took place in Mpuluta. The white men who supervised his work could not help noticing it. He worked hard and conscientiously. They said it was the term of imprisonment at Albertville which had done him good, but it was a greater force than that. It was the Word of God.

They made him ganger over the other native road-menders, and were highly pleased at his care of his work. The road was never in better order. But Mpuluta was not yet saved. He was reaching out after the light.

Each time that I passed, Mpuluta stopped me, and told me how greatly he longed to get right with God. I would like to have pushed him into salvation, but was afraid of picking God's unripe fruit, so I just explained his difficulties, and prayed with him.

His old companions dropped away. They thought that Mpuluta was mad. His only solace was among God's children, or sitting reading his booklet.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. 10:13. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37. He read these verses till his little booklet was falling to bits with use. Those lonely forest roads,

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From a drawing by Wm. F. P. Burton

## COURAGEOUS COMMANDOS

ZELMA ARGUE

*"It may be that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." 1 Samuel 14:6.*

It was Jonathan, that lovely soul who spoke these great words, bequeathing them to all of us who should follow, as a challenge to our faith in God. He and his armor bearer, like two forerunners of modern commandos, stole out alone, while Saul and his troops hesitated. Saul was out of touch with God. Jonathan was in touch with God, and his faith turned the tide of battle. Two great heritages Jonathan has bequeathed to us. A faithful example of loving friendship, then this great example of vision when opportunity came.

### Opportunities!

Golden word, when it embraces *opportunities seized!* But word of unrelenting remorse when memory chides of *opportunities lost.* Many a mother or father, many a pastor or Sunday School teacher or friend, today finds on memories to take the place of some boy not long ago within reach, within grasp perchance for God. That opportunity for an eternal influence is irretrievably gone.

What is the foe that slyly deprives us of opportunities for God while they are yet within our grasp? Fear? Hesitancy? Lack of vision? Probably. But I think that it goes deeper, to a fundamental cause that is common too much to us all, and that this story of Jonathan and Saul aptly illustrates. That is, *lack of full surrender to all the will of God.*

Saul's opportunity had been immeasurable. He had been chosen. He had been anointed. He had been valiant and victorious in battle against the foes of the Lord. Then came the great testing period. Was he set to do the full will of God, or were there any mental reservations that would make him to be weakened in the crucial hour? Self-will or God's will? Which? With Saul, self-will won out. From that moment his power was gone. From that moment the Lord *"was departed from Saul."* 1 Sam. 18:12.

Away in loneliness I see a prophet of God weeping through the night. *"It grieved Samuel, and he cried unto the Lord all night."* Samuel said to Saul, *"Thou hast done foolishly . . . now thy kingdom shall not continue."* Saul's cry rings down through the ages: *"I have sinned . . . behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."* 1 Samuel 13:13; 15:11, and 26:21. Outside the will of God, Saul was deprived of the guidance and strength of the Lord, and was a failure. *"When Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled."* 28:5. Yes, fear comes when we reject God's will. Faith comes when we embrace it.

Jonathan now beautifully steps into the picture. His heart has been a submissive heart. He has learned the will of God and has accepted it. Surrender and trust make him strong in faith. His vision grasps the good plan of God, and he has no doubts regarding victory.

*"There is no restraint to the Lord to help, whether by many or by few."* These were Jonathan's words, as alone, the two of them started out creeping between the steep rocks, towards the taunting foes, who mocked them. Modern commandos, they might well have been. For, while Saul sat away back safely under a pomegranate tree afar, and his troops remained near him, Jonathan and his armor-bearer went ahead, and turned the tide of battle for victory.

God is not bound.

The soul outside God's will and place misses victories, but the soul in God's will is on ground to ask and obtain great things.

All the great Word of God combines to bring out this fact. The fearful spies, with their complaints and murmurings missed what was

## NO HURRY, NO WORRY

JAMES O. FRASER

PREPARATION, delay and growth are characteristic of God's working both in history and in nature. Scripture and the facts of nature meet, when James, exhorting us to patience, says: "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being *patient* over it." The same principle applies to our own spiritual lives, and to our labor in the Lord. A mature Christian is not the product of a day or a month or a year either. "It takes time," said the late Andrew Murray, "to grow into Christ."

We must strike our roots down in the soil of the Word and be strengthened by long, long experience. It is a slow process, and it is right that it should be so: God does not want us to be spiritual mushrooms. In the Lord's work there is a place for diligence, for earnestness. James Gilmour said he "did not think we could be too earnest in a matter for which Christ was so much in earnest that He laid down His life." It was said of Alleine that he was "insatiably greedy for souls."

While it is day we *cannot* but be up and doing to the limit of the strength which God supplies. But the element of corroding care will enter into Christian work if we let it, and it will not help, but hinder. We cannot fret souls into the Kingdom of Heaven; neither, when they are once converted, can we worry them into maturity; we cannot by taking thought, add a cubit to our own spiritual stature or to anyone else's either. The plants of our Heavenly Father's planting will grow better under His open sky than under the hothouses of our feverish effort. It is for us to water, and to water diligently, but we cannot give the increase however we try. An abnormally rapid

growth is often unnatural and unhealthy: the quick growth spoken of in Matt. 13:5 is actually said to be a sign of its being ephemeral.

granted to Caleb and Joshua, whose hearts rose to believe and claim the promise of God. Jonah, running from God's will, made a sorry figure deep within the whale, but Jonah, yielded to God, and rising to God's bidding, turned one of the greatest cities of antiquity to God. Gideon with his surrendered three hundred was more than able for his foes.

On many fronts for Christian warriors, these are trying days. Yet let us regard them as challenging days. The great seventy-ninth Psalm brings out these grounds for confidence. The *"stubborn and rebellious generation which set not their hearts aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God,"* missed Canaan, which might have been theirs. These were those who *"kept not the covenant of God,"* and these were those who, *"being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle."* (vs. 8-10). Caleb and Joshua, believing, obeying, were able.

The Son of God was perfect in His offering unto God. *"Not my will but thine be done."* Therefore, no foe shall stand before Him. Heb. 2:8-11. And in this mighty Conqueror, we are conquerors too, and in Him we may do exploits!

In the biography of our Lord nothing is more noticeable than the quiet, even poise of His life. Never "flustered," wh. lever happened, never taken off His guard, however assailed by men or demons: in the midst of fickle people, hostile rulers, faithless disciples—always calm, always collected. Christ the hard worker indeed—but doing no more, and no less, than God had appointed Him; and with no restlessness, no hurry, no worry. Was ever such a peaceful life lived—under conditions so perturbing?

But we also, as He, are working for eternity and *in* eternity (eternity has already commenced for us): we can afford then to work in the atmosphere of eternity. The rush and bustle of carnal activity breathes a spirit of restlessness: the Holy Spirit breathes a deep calm. *This* is the atmosphere in which we may expect a lasting work of God to grow.

Let us take care first of all that it is a work of God—begun and continued in God—and then let us cast our anxieties, our fears, and our impatience to the winds. Let us shake off "dull sloth" on the one hand and feverishness on the other.

A gourd may spring up in a night, but not an oak. The current may be flowing deep and strong in spite of ripples and counter-currents on the surface. And even when it receives a temporary set-back from the incoming tide of evil, we may yet learn to say—as Jeremiah once said under the most distressing circumstances, "It is good that a man should hope and *quietly wait* for the salvation of the Lord."

# "PENTECOST" CONVINCES AN ATHEISTIC JOURNALIST

WILLIAM E. PICKTHORN

THE Spirit of God moved in power as one after another of the large audience rose to testify. A girl on the platform stood waiting her turn. The leader observed her there, and seeing that she stood with eyes closed, enraptured in the presence of the Lord, passed her by letting others testify first. The intensity of anointing increased. Finally the leader interrupted her reverie and called her by name. Then God moved. The girl spoke only eight words: "You can't tell me that God isn't real." Then with eyes still closed she danced. On tiptoe she went across the platform and back again, every rhythmic motion of the body giving expression to the joy which she felt. Untaught, except by the Holy Spirit, she danced with the skill of an interpretive performer. Her theme was the glory of God.

The meeting continued with a message from the Word, and an altar call was given in which all were urged to abandon themselves to God. The writer went to his duty as a prayer-room worker. There people congregated to seek the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Everywhere people had fallen to their knees, and a volume of praise filled the room. One man stood uncertainly in the middle of the room looking inquiringly about him.

I went to that man and asked, "Is this new to you? Would you like to know more about it?" He replied that he was utterly a stranger to the things of God, but that he was interested. Together we went to one side of the room and there sat to talk.

"I am a newspaper reporter," began the man, and my assignments have taken me to the corners of the world. But never before have I seen anything like this." Thinking that he referred to the volume of concert prayer I endeavored to explain. But he answered that what he had referred to was the preceding service upstairs.

"That girl," he said—"I have often been entertained in Hollywood. I know the beauties of the film capital. But never before have I seen beauty like the radiant countenance of that girl tonight.

"I was trained in one of the leading universities of Europe. My instructors laughed at Christianity. I rejected its teachings, and much of my writing has been against God and religion. That is why I came here tonight: not to hear a sermon, but to gather material for another article. But now I'm at a loss. I can't explain this."

I asked the man about his work as a newspaperman. He said that he wrote feature articles for a chain of papers. He had spent some time in China but had been forced to flee from there because of opposition to what he had written. The next several years were spent in Russia where he wrote about the leaders of the Russian revolution. "I prefer not to give you my name," he said, "but if you

read the popular magazines you have doubtless seen some of my articles against religion."

After a pause he went on hesitatingly, "Do you recall the recent — Baptist Church scandal?" Lurid headlines flashed to my mind: "LEADING BAPTIST MINISTER ACCUSED BY SECRETARY" — "BAPTIST MINISTER FORCED TO RESIGN." I recalled stories scarcely more than a month old which had made the front page and disgraced the elderly minister of many years' standing. I told him that I remembered the story. He answered, "I engineered that." "You engineered that?" I asked. "Does that mean that the pastor did not disgrace his church?" "No," the reporter answered. "An atheistic organization paid me well to create that story. I arranged circumstances to cause that man's ruin."

"That's why I came here," the man continued. "I have been watching your church for a week, and I have found things which by telling with my own interpretation I could use against your pastor and church. I intended to call this church an immoral cult. The manuscript is nearly complete—but now—it will never be printed.

Incredulity must have shown on my face, for he said, "You don't believe me, do you?" I tried to murmur an apology. He said, "Give me your name and I'll prove myself to you. I'll meet you here tomorrow night, and then I'll have a story on your life." We shook hands and said good night.

Then next night as soon as service was over I hurried to the prayer room. The man was there. He told me my age, place of birth, about my parents, their nationality, where they lived, my father's occupation and something of the family's history. He said that news men in the state capital and in my own home town had collected the information for him that day.

We sat again to talk. While people who were kneeling around the walls of the room prayed, he told me that he was convinced of the reality of Christianity. He said, though, that we taught a doctrine which he did not understand. "This Baptism of the Holy Spirit," he said—"our

teachers in college called it a type of hypnosis."

I turned to the Scriptures and read him passages from the Gospel of John and Acts. While I was reading a woman who knelt at the far end of the room lifted her hands to heaven, and looking up with a radiant but tear-stained face, began to speak in a strange tongue. "I understand that," said the man, "she is speaking Italian." "I know her," I replied, "and she doesn't know Italian. She is Russian."

"What is she saying?" I asked. In a subdued voice he replied, "I can't translate that. She is confessing personal sins to God, and what she is saying is sacred to her and God alone." "There is your proof of this doctrine," I asserted. "When a Russian woman speaks fluent Italian without knowing the language, won't you admit that it must be done by a supernatural power?"

"Our psychology teachers taught that such a thing was possible," he replied, "but not supernatural." They said that a person could give back from the subconscious mind whole conversations that they had heard in the past. It is possible that she just heard some Italian praying and is now repeating the words. If only I could have some positive proof."

At this point in our conversation a boy who had been tarrying for the Baptism in the Spirit began to speak quietly in another tongue. My friend stopped talking to listen, and he plainly showed his excitement as he began to translate the words. "That boy is praising God," he said as he quoted to me the phrases of adoration, "and he is talking in a form of Aramaic, a language long dead, even the pronunciation of which is just a conjecture. He never could have heard that language himself. It is spoken only in universities by men who are scholars of languages. And no such praise exists in its literature."

We talked on for a while about the power of the Holy Spirit. Then again we shook hands as we said good night. "When shall I see you again?" I asked. "You ought to come and seek this experience for yourself."

"I have been thinking these past twenty-four hours," he said. "I have accepted Christ, and I have destroyed the manuscript which I told you about yesterday. I want whatever experience God has for me, but you won't see me again. The atheistic organization of which I have been a member may order my death as a traitor when they hear of this change. So I've decided to drop out of sight and assume a new name. I shall have to change the course of my entire life. I can no longer write the kind of articles that have come from my pen in the past and while newspapers and magazines will purchase at a good price and print stories against religion, very few would accept what I should want to write now. Good-by—and if you'll not betray my confidence, as an evidence of my good faith I will tell you my name—. My last article was in the ——— issue of the ——— magazine. If they will accept it, I will try to have something in print soon for God instead of against Him. It will be under another name, but you can remember me kindly with the assurance that I am trying to undo some of the evil that I have already done."

This incident took place in Glad Tidings Temple in San Francisco.



Where the Spirit  
of the Lord is,  
there is liberty.

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## "KEEP YOURSELVES IN THE LOVE OF GOD"

**S**UPPOSE that you take a vessel from New York City and sail east a thousand miles into the Atlantic. Then put a question to the captain, "Do you think it would be possible to separate the waters on the west of us from those on the east of us?"

The captain would probably answer you somewhat on this wise: "No engineer would be crazy enough to attempt to build a dam that would separate these waters. At certain places the sea is five miles deep, and how could masons put in foundations for a wall with a pressure of five miles of ocean upon them? The dam would have to be thousands of miles in length, and how long would such a wall last in the tremendous storms that we sailors constantly see sweeping the Atlantic? No, it would be impossible to separate the waters from the east and west—the ocean is just too vast!"

And if no engineer could build a dam large enough to separate the waters of the Atlantic, do you think any being on earth, or above the earth, or below the earth, could build a wall sufficiently broad and wide and deep to separate the saint from the love of his Savior? Says the Apostle, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:35-39.

Speak to that father concerning his son: "I understand that your son took of your substance and went far away from you. He wasted it in riotous living in a foreign country—and even with harlots! Now he is in rags, is down-and-out, and he has so far disgraced your family that he is feeding swine! He has become so low down that he dives his hands down into the swill that he is supposed to give to the hogs, to pick out a few husks with which to appease his hunger. Of course, having disgraced you so, you do not love him any more. And should he take a notion to return, you would of course refuse to have anything more to do with one who has so disgraced your honorable name, and you would not, even though he entreated you with tears, give him a place even as a servant in your household!"

What does that father answer you? "I love, I yearn for my son, and I am praying for his return day and night. If ever he needed a father's love, a father's care, a father's home, it is now. As I sit here on the porch I am ever looking down the road to see whether my petitions have been answered and my son is coming home. If I saw him in the distance, I could not restrain myself, but I should have to run and fall on his neck and weep over him as I bade him welcome home. Even now I am making preparations for his return. I expect to have a great feast of welcome and I am fattening up a calf for the occasion. No, my love has not evaporated for my son. It seems as if I love him with an intensity today that I never knew in the day when he was with me in the home."

And is the compassion, the yearning, the love of our heavenly Father for His wayward child less than that of a faltering, failing, erring human? You may say, "But I am a backslider. I have grieved the Lord so terribly that I know there is no hope for me." But listen to the Word to the backsliders that God gave to His prophet of old: "Go and proclaim these words . . . Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord. . . . Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God . . . and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord. Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." Jer. 3:11-14. Married unto you! Is there any closer relationship than that of marriage? He bids thee come home to Himself.

It is written of the Son of God, "Having loved his own . . . he loved them unto the end." "But, Lord," you say, "look at their thousand failings, their countinuous unbelief. Don't you remember that night when they came to you, when you were tired and asleep in the boat, and rebuked you saying, 'Carest thou not that we perish?' Don't you remember how Peter rebuked you when you told about the cross that was ahead, saying, 'This be far from thee, Lord.' Have you not seen their constant disputes as to who would be first? Don't you remember when you asked them to pray with you for an hour, they all went to sleep? And at the most critical hour they all forsook you and fled. And Peter, who seems to be the foremost among them, even denied you with curses. How can you possibly love such a crowd?"

But, risen from the dead, He gave the angel a message to deliver: "Go your way, tell his disciples (He still calls them disciples despite the fact that they had forsaken Him) and Peter (who thrice denied Him) that he goeth

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### LOVE'S CHOICE

To me 'tis equal, whether love ordain

My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;

My soul perceives no real ill in pain;

In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good alone,

To choose Thy will, from selfish bias free;

And to prefer a cottage to a throne,

And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone,

No other can I claim or own;

The point where all my wishes meet.

My law, my love; life's only sweet.

I hold by nothing here below;

Appoint my journey, and I go;

Though pierced by scorn, opprest by pride,

I feel the good—feel naught beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove

To souls on fire with heavenly love:

Though men and devils both condemn,

No gloomy days arise for them.

—Madame Guyon

before you into Galilee." And when He left them He blessed them, commissioning them at that time to preach His Word, and He said: "Lo, I am with you (despite all your failings and frailties) always, even unto the end."

Look at that Pharisee, breathing out threatenings and cruelty against the saints. He has been largely responsible for the death and martyrdom of the holy Stephen. And now he is on his way to Damascus to destroy some of the saints there. Surely there is no hope for such! But He that "delighteth in mercy" has grace and forgiveness even for the "chief of sinners." And this one who gave himself that title, testifies of His grace saying concerning Him, "who loved me (despite all my waywardness and sin), and give himself for me (showing His personal love for such an unloveable one)." And it is this "chief of sinners" who puts the question, "Who can separate us from the love of Christ?"

Let us have an interview with a fish. "Little herring, are you satisfied with the limitations of your lot?" "Limitations! The vast Atlantic and the huge Pacific are my home, and beyond that I have tens of thousands of square miles of the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic oceans. I do not desire to come into the world of which you boast, for the seas are the element in which I live. Were I to attempt to come and live for one minute in your vain world, it would prove my death, for that is not my element. I am quite content with the vastness of the oceans in which I live. They are enough."

Little saints, the Lord bids you, "Keep yourselves in the love of God." Does that limit you? Are the oceans of His love not sufficient? That is the element in which you alone can live and thrive. If any who have been begotten of Him whose name is Love, seek to live in this present evil world which is at enmity against Him, it will bring them death. This vain world with all its corruption and sin is not the element of the twiceborn soul, who is admonished in the Word to "keep himself unspotted from the world." Said the Apostle of love, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. . . . Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God: for God is love."—S. H. F.

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### WITH OUR REGRETS

We are very sorry that because of shortage of paper this issue of the *Evangel* contains only eight pages, and we are afraid the next paper will be the same size. We assure all our subscribers that we will make every possible economy in paper so as to provide a sixteen-page *Evangel* as often as we can.

We have no time to be in a hurry: the only thing we need to make haste about is to obey the commandments of God.—Robert C. Chapman.

## A PRAYER WITH RESULTS

YOU are the new pastor?" asked a woman accosting a young man in the vestibule of the church in a New England manufacturing village.

"I am, madam."

"Will you pray for my boy?"

"Who is he?"

"Henry Mallard; I fancied you might know."

"Is he present?"

"Oh, no," with tears in her eyes and in her voice; "he is over at Hannum's Pond, fishing."

The bell struck and the services went forward. The young pastor thought no more of Henry Mallard until he was nearly through the prayer; then a heaven-sent impulse made him say:

"And, dear Lord, save Henry Mallard, who is spending this lovely Lord's Day at Hannum's Pond, fishing; save him for time and eternity: save him so thoroughly that the advancement of Thy cause may be the leading motive of his life."

People yet living who heard that prayer still remember and talk about its results.

The youth, Henry Mallard, coming home in the late afternoon from the day's sport, met Walter Manly, one of his mates, who said: "Henry, that new minister prayed for you today."

"He prayed for all the sinners, no doubt," laughed the youth carelessly.

"But I want to tell you he prayed for just you, Henry Mallard, over at Hannum's Pond, fishing."

"He didn't say that? He didn't call my name right out?"

"Yes, he did, and Henry—"

Exclaiming, "Minister or not, I'll horsewhip him," the angry youth dashed down the street toward his home like a mad creature, repeating his assertion.

"But, my son," his mother expostulated, "I am praying for you all the time."

"Not aloud, by name before everybody!"

"But every one who knows us understands how grieved I am at your waywardness. It is nearly time for the evening meeting; you will escort me, of course."

"Of course, but it will not change my mind. I have said I will horsewhip that minister, and I intend to keep my word."

Often there was a thin attendance at the evening meetings, but that night the room was crowded and there was a hush of solemnity. Often there was much hesitation about taking part; that night, the lad who had gone out to meet Henry that afternoon arose and said, "I wish some one would pray for me, right out plainly, by name, so that everyone might understand that it was Walter Manly that was meant."

Soon a dozen other boys were on their feet with the same request.

Every night that week there was a meeting in the audience room, for the chapel would not hold the people who came.

Until Friday Henry Mallard made an outward show of anger, but that evening he asked for prayers.

There was great rejoicing and as the pastor was walking home with one of the deacons he asked, "Why is there such an abounding spirit of thankfulness over the attitude of Henry Mallard?"

"Do you not know that he and his widowed mother own almost this entire village?"

Henry Mallard was saved and his life has proved it. His accumulating wealth has been scattered like the refreshing dew. There is now a fine, large church on the site of that small one, the membership consisting in a large measure of the employees of Henry Mallard. The writer heard that pastor tell the story in the pulpit of that new church, and Henry Mallard sat in the deacon's seat, enjoying it all seemingly as the pastor closed the narration by saying, "I welcomed over four hundred into this church as the fruit of the revival that began with the tearful request, 'Pray for my boy.' Henry Mallard's promise to horsewhip me is the only promise I ever knew him to make that wasn't fulfilled."

### MORNING VICTORIES

"And it came to pass, that in the *morning watch* the Lord looked unto the hosts of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared . . . and the Lord over-

threw the Egyptians in the midst of the sea." Exod. 14:24, 27.

It was in the early morning that the Lord gave unto Israel complete victory over their enemies in fulfilment of the promise made the previous day, "The Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more for ever." v. 13. Then, too, my soul shall discover that the morning is still God's chosen time for giving His children the victory over their enemies. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

Looking up to God in the quiet of the morning, Faith can find time to lay strong hold upon Him, and meditating upon and appropriating His influence, find the firm ground upon which the fulfilment of every promise may be expected, through surrender to Christ in whom the victory over the world and every foe has already been accomplished.

Faith finds in Christ the strength for all the conflicts it must wage. "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord"—these words which heralded the deliverance of that morning teach us what should be our expectation and our frame of mind at the beginning of every morning. Yea, Lord, when I behold mine enemies this day, I will not fear but "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

Christian, be vigilant of the *morning watch*. "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." Yea, amen, my soul be continually quiet before God—Andrew Murray.

An evil thought passes thy door first as a stranger. Then it enters as a guest. Then it installs itself as a master.—Augustine.

## For Those Nearest Eternity

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GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE  
SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI



## Servicemen's Day - - Feb. 11, 1945

# I'm Back Home IN AFRICA

LOIS SHELTON



It seems like a happy dream that I am actually at home in my mud house among the people to whom I've been called to minister! In October, 1941 my co-worker and I bade a sorrowful farewell to those who are so dear to us, and sailed away through dangerous seas to America. Once more it was October, and I walked the familiar bush trail again, waded the water rushing over the footlog bridge of the Nynaboo River, climbed the long and rocky Nynaboo Hill, heard the change of dialect as we entered Baroba. In every village along the way, the hammock carriers sang lustily, "O Sheltie-O; O Sheltie-O! We carry our mother to Feloka!"

It was at dusk of the second day, after 12 long hours on the road, that we approached the River Ghe at the foot of the large hill, upon which the mission and native town are built. When I left my hammock to walk cautiously across the bridge of vine and stick which spans the river, I was almost knocked over by our faithful widow Hannah who had come running to meet me, almost beside herself with joy. Once across the river, the friendly mob gathered around, everybody trying to shake hands at the same time, and so pleased that I remembered them by name. The carriers said, "Ma, get back into the hammock or we will never reach town!" Then came a messenger to tell us, "The Clan Chief says we must around the town!"

Well, we "arounded" the town in great style. Other Bible School boys living in Feloka had surrounded the hammock, every fellow trying to get a handhold. Around and around, between the houses and through the town they ran pell-mell with every Feloka urchin chasing after us and yelling, "How-do, do, do!" The Clan Chief, Town Chief, and many of the village chiefs were waiting to shake hands and say "Welcome home!"

Most of the crowd followed into the mission compound where the boys carried me right upon the porch and would have gone into the living room had the doorway been a trifle wider. The whole place had been lavishly decorated with palm branches and flowers, but the happy, smiling faces all around provided the nicest decoration that one could wish.

In the church, the people praised God for

His faithfulness as I told them how He had answered prayer in protecting us across the sea in 1941, how He had kept the call of Africa strong upon my heart, and how He had worked miracles in bringing me back safely during war times. We have had some refreshing services. Yesterday most of the Christians stayed long at the altar, waiting before the Lord. I believe it was the best tarrying service that I have seen in three years.

Every day is brimming full. In this land of heavy rain, hot sun and myriad insect pests, everything from flashlights to houses spoil quickly. Between cleaning up the house, unpacking, answering letters from native people, and meeting all the callers, I rushed around to the buildings and fences where the workmen are making urgently needed repairs. Christian workers, Christian laymen, heathen people come, come, come! To each there must be a word of greeting, of encouragement, of advice, or sometimes of reproof. "A friend in his journey is come TO ME." God grant that I may ever keep close to the One who blesses and breaks and gives to His disciples for distribution, so that none will go away empty.

I am asking that my friends in America consider this a personal letter. Ship mail takes several months, air mail costs 70 cents a letter, and time is most precious of all. While writing this article, I have been interrupted no less than a dozen times. Your offerings for both the work and for myself are received and greatly appreciated. Your prayers are desired most of all, as I labor here alone until more workers come to help re-open the Bible School.

## INSTRUMENTS NEEDED

A number of our missionaries are in need of musical instruments. One of them, who is soon to leave for Jamaica, is in need of a guitar and could use a portable phonograph to good advantage in the Lord's work there. Perhaps there are Christian friends who have musical instruments that are not being used who would like to have them busy for God. If so, please notify the Missions Department, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri.

## Devil Worshipers in Cuba

Arthur H. Bauer

We greet you from the mission station in Guantanamo, Cuba where we are now laboring for the Master. We are convinced that the Lord has a gracious ingathering of souls in store for us here. Everywhere there is a hungering for the Word of God, and as a result we are distributing many Bibles, New Testaments, and Scripture portions. Last week was our special week of prayer and the prayer meetings were well attended every night.

It is a lively group that goes out from the church each week to hold street services. The natives flock to listen and are always asking us to come to their particular part of the city to have a street meeting.

There are many colored people in this province. When we hear their drums beating all through the night, we wonder if we are not in the heart of Africa, rather than Cuba. Last night the devil worshippers started their devil worship service as the sun sank in the West and continued all night until after four this morning, just as they had done the night before. They chant and waddle about in a slow, rhythmic dance, accompanied by African drums which are beaten with the bare hands.

These devil dances are quite gruesome. The natives "catch spirits," which means that they work themselves up to a frenzy until they become possessed with a demon spirit. Under the influence of the spirit that they have "caught," they do many strange and terrible things. When praying for Cuba, pray with us that God will free these deluded souls from Satan's clutching grip and give them the true joy of salvation.

Rejoice with us for the souls that we have had the privilege of bringing to Christ, and pray with us as we advance in the starting of three new Sunday Schools and a weekly radio broadcast. God is graciously opening up doors of opportunities for the spread of the gospel here. We must enter them! With the help of your prayers we will!

Send all contributions to Noel Perkin, 336 W. Pacific St., Springfield, Mo.

## A NATIVE CHURCH IN BURMA

Some British soldiers came to a little native village high up in the hills of Burma, while out on patrol duty. They found the people very friendly. These tribesmen hate the Japanese, who take their food and women and give nothing in return, but they are friendly to the British and gladly give information about Japanese military activity.

Suddenly, as they sat on the mountain-top looking out at the clouds around, the stillness of the village was broken by the sound of a bell, and they noticed the natives leaving their huts. It was time for evening prayer, and so the British soldiers followed. They found a hut set apart as a church. There were low forms for seating, a blackboard on the wall, and pictures from sacred calendars. The women and girls sat on one side, the men and boys on the other. One of the natives was a minister, and led them in singing hymns in the native tongue. Then there was a deep reverence as he prayed. The text of the sermon was chalked on the board. Underneath, in English, were the words, "Suffer little children." The minister said, "Excuse, please, but I speak little English. You are welcome, my friends." Then he turned to his people and preached in the native language.

A bamboo wicker bowl was passed around for the offering. The natives put their hard-earned annas in, and would have passed it by the soldiers. But, deeply touched, they took the bowl and a shower of rupee notes was added.

The soldiers requested that they sing, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." The natives intimated, however, that the tune was not familiar, so the six soldiers rose and sang the grand old hymn themselves. As they finished, the whole congregation rose and clapped.

It was a wonderful experience and the soldiers will never forget it. Here, without the help of any white missionary, the natives are carrying on daily church services. The fruit of missionary work has remained. The soldiers looked at the natives' hymn books and found they had been printed in America.

## MPULUTA'S TRANSFORMATION

(Continued From Page One)

if only they could speak, would tell of frantic calling, as Mpuluta walked backwards and forwards at his work. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:5. Mpuluta was reaching out to these wonderful truths and embracing them without knowing it.

His wives said that he was mad. They turned his children against him, and paid the witch-doctors to make strong magic, to heal him of this obsession for religion. They brewed beer and organized dances, but Mpuluta had no pleasure in them. He was on the scent of eternal life, like a hound after the game. He would even awake his family in the dead of night by his cries to God to save him from eternal perdition. He dwelled long on Paul's statement: "If any man be in Jesus Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away. Behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17. When the believers in the Konge Chapel prayed elegant, long prayers, Mpuluta would join in with sobs, "Put me into Christ, oh God. Put me into Christ, that I may be made anew."

At one time I visited every village and native church regularly, but today I have not the

strength for it. Thus I arrange for the believers from a whole group of villages to come together at one central spot, so that I may give all of them together systematic teaching on some special subject.

A certain afternoon found me busy with blackboard and a group of seventy or eighty believers, in a little chapel on the motor road. They were eagerly getting down every point in their note-books that they might go over them again after I had left.

I was talking on the practical side of prayer, and was expounding Mark 11:24. In Kiluba it goes like this: "All those things which you want, when you are praying, whatever they may be, believe that you've got them, and you will have them."

The little chapel was too full to admit another soul, and I did not know that Mpuluta, on his way home from road-making, had stopped outside the window. But as I read out this text, I heard the ejaculation: "That's just what my books says."

As soon as the meeting was over, and I went out of the stuffy wee chapel into the open air, Mpuluta met me at the door with a face all wreathed in smiles, saying "I believe the Lord Jesus has saved me, and so He has saved me."

How delighted he was! He hurried home to tell his wives. One listened in serious silence. The other two heaped reproach and scorn on him, while two of the children did the same.

He was heartbroken, for he had thought it was so wonderful that they would inevitably come into salvation too. He opened his booklet, and his eyes lit on, "To you it is given, not only to believe on Christ, but to suffer for Him" (Phil. 1:29), and with this he was comforted. "If you suffer for righteousness, you are happy. Don't be taken with fear or waver in your hearts" (1 Pet. 3:14) came to him as a real encouragement.

For the next few days Mpuluta's home was a pandemonium. His two wives attempted to make his life a perfect hell, while he read to them from his booklet. "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Luke 3, 7. He pleaded with them to get right with God, but they and the two children were obdurate.

Then a sudden and dramatic change took place.

Sickness swept the village, and the two unbelieving wives, with the two children who had joined them in the opposition to the truth were all cut off within a few days.

To the end Mpuluta and the remaining wife did what they could for them, but they died with the awful declaration on their lips: "We have refused salvation, and God's wrath abides upon us."

Of course, the heathen relatives did their utmost to force Mpuluta to go through the God-dishonoring, heathen mourning customs, and even accused him of killing his wives and children, backed up in this by spirit-consulters and heathen diviners.

The whole of the local churches bore him up in prayer. He came through the ordeal gloriously, and a few days ago his remaining wife, his mother and one of the children professed faith in the Lord Jesus. (The other two little ones are too small to understand.)

Mpuluta's stand has been a witness to the whole region, and in a few days we expect to baptize him. His little Scripture Gift Mission

booklet is worn out, but it has done its work well, and fortunately I have been able to give him a new one. Better still, with his last month's wages he has bought a New Testament complete, and the believers tell me that as soon as his work is done he sits devouring it, and will not leave off till night makes it impossible to read more.

How can we thank God sufficiently for the "Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God!"

## COMING MEETINGS

BRECKENRIDGE, TEXAS—Feb. 11—; The Lumber Music Makers.—Roy Evans, Pastor.

HAYWARD, CALIF.—Meeting in progress; Robert B. Thomas, Evangelist.—Robert W. Pirtle, Pastor.

MARLIN, TEXAS—Full Gospel Assembly, Jan. 30—Feb. 11; Lee Krupnick, Evangelist.—W. W. Lowrie, Pastor.

CHICAGO, ILL.—1665 N. Mozart St.; Feb. 4, for 2 weeks or longer; Christian Hild, Evangelist.—James Clark, Pastor.

VENTURA, CALIF.—Feb. 4-25; Evangelist and M. Charles E. Blair, Denver, Colo.—Clyde Henson, Pastor.

PECKVILLE, PA.—Feb. 11—; Evangelist and Mrs. Chas. Shaffer, London, Ky.—A. T. Smith, Pastor.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH.—127 S. Grand St.; Feb. 11, for 2 weeks or longer; Evangelist and Mrs. R. W. Prince, Boston, Mass.—Allen Cherry, Pastor.

SAGINAW, MICH.—114 N. 4th Ave., Feb. 4—; Arthur M. Otteson, Minneapolis, Minn., Evangelist and Gospel Singer.—F. H. Newbauer, Pastor.

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Evangelistic Temple, Feb. 4—; G. B. McDowell, Texas Gospel Singer.—E. N. Richey, Pastor.

COLUMBUS, GA.—East Highland Assembly, Feb. 4—, Evangelist and Mrs. D. Leroy Sanders, Jefferson City, Mo.—J. D. Courtney, Pastor.

TURLOCK, CALIF.—Third and A Sts., Feb. 11—; Evangelist and Mrs. Elwin Argue, Winnipeg, Canada.—Allen J. Brown, Pastor.

MIDLAND, TEXAS—Jan. 28-Feb. 11; Fountie L. Ridley, Evangelist. Broadcast, Station KRLL, Midland, Sundays, 9:15-9:30 a. m.—Paul H. Coxe, Pastor.

EAST BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Bible Conference, Gospel Gleaners Church, Feb. 26—March 2. Leland R. Keys of San Francisco, special speaker.—C. D. Spencer, Pastor.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Fellowship Meeting, Section 1, Illinois District, Ebenezer Pentecostal Church, 1665 N. Mozart St., Feb. 12. Two meetings, afternoon and evening. Supper served by ladies of the church.—James Clark, Pastor.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Monthly Missionary Fellowship Meeting, Calvary Tabernacle, 570 Walnut St., Feb. 13, 8:00 p. m. Afternoon meeting in the home of Mrs. S. Kerniet, 1068 Everett St. A returned missionary will speak. Kenneth Haystead is pastor.—Elizabeth Ashcroft.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Chicago Area Ministers' Fellowship, Ebenezer Pentecostal Church, 1665 N. Mozart St., Feb. 12. Services 2:30 and 7:30; Christian Hild and E. C. Sumrall, speakers. James Clark is pastor.—John A. Westman, Secretary.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT COUNCIL  
Rocky Mountain District Council, Denver Revival Tabernacle, 9th and Acoma Sts., Denver, Colo., Feb. 13-16. Ernest S. Williams, special speaker. Credentials Committee will meet at the Tabernacle, Feb. 12, 2:30 p. m.—J. E. Austell, District Superintendent, 5700 S. Broadway, Littleton, Colo.

"YOUTH FOR CHRIST" RALLY  
Great Anniversary "Youth for Christ" Rally, Kiel Auditorium, 14th and Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 17, 7:30 p. m. Speakers: Dr. R. G. Lee of Memphis, Tenn., Bob Finley of the University of Virginia, and Chaplain Wyeth Willard. Bible Quiz contest, 1000 voice choir; 15,000 free seats.—Richard Harvey, Executive Director, 5035 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

MINISTERS' INSTITUTE  
The first Ministers' Institute to be held in the North Carolina District will be at Lexington, N. C., Feb. 13-15. Wesley R. Steelberg, speaker and leader. Special discussion of ministerial and church problems. Applicants for credentials can meet the board at this time. Accommodations furnished as far as possible. Write L. N. Colbaugh, Route 1, Thomasville, N. C. stating how many will attend with you.—F. Willdon Calbaugh, Secretary-Treasurer, North Carolina District Council.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS  
One-day Sunday School Conventions. 6:30 to 10:30 p. m. Norman T. Spong, S. S. Representative Eastern District, guest speaker. Danbury, Conn., Feb. 7; Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 8; Ansonia, Conn., Feb. 9; Brockton, Mass., Feb. 10; Pawtucket, R. I., Feb. 11, a. m.; Providence, R. I., Feb. 11, p. m.; Springfield, Mass., Feb. 13; Meriden, Conn., Feb. 14; New Haven, Conn., Feb. 15; Shelton, Conn., Feb. 16.—J. Robert Ashcroft, Sectional Secretary, South New England Section, 16 Lockwood Terrace, West Hartford 7, Conn. Phone 32-2008.

# The PASSING and the PERMANENT

## A SPIRITUAL ARMY

Says Lady Astor, American-born member of the British Parliament: "Europe needs a salvation army more than any other kind of army."

## JEWES IN EUROPE

A large number of Jews will be left in Europe after the war, even after the terrible massacres. A recent Jewish estimate puts the number at one and a half million—three times the present Jewish population of Palestine—and it is these who need a new home in their ancient homeland.

## WOODROW WILSON'S TESTIMONY

America's President in World War I said: "It is very difficult for an individual who knows the Scripture ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It remains with him like the word of a revered teacher. It forms a part of the warp and woof of his life."

## LEPROSY LOOMING

William Jay Wcheiffelin, president of the American Mission to Lepers, sharply criticized Americans for their indifference in regard to leprosy and stressed the need for ending the misconceptions held by most Americans concerning the disease. He revealed that there were probably from 2,000 to 3,000 unidentified cases in the United States at the present time. He predicted that there would be an increase in leprosy in the United States within the next ten years, the incubation period of the disease, because of the return of our soldiers, many of whom have been directly exposed to leprosy in tropical countries. Many people do not know that there is leprosy in the United States at all today—or that it is possible. The assumption that we in America are free from it is largely responsible for our complete indifference of the ten million lepers in the world, only three per cent of whom are receiving any care.

## PRESERVED THROUGH PRAYER

Captain P. R. Helander says, "The hand of God guided the *Good Shepherd*, a B-24 bomber, on its 21 missions over Germany and occupied Europe." He said that "each time the bomber prepared to take off from its base in England, the crew knelt in prayer, and at the mission's conclusion, thanks were given for safe delivery."

"Many fliers eagerly sought assignment to the *Good Shepherd*, for word got around that it led a charmed life," said the pilot. "Our constant prayers, I informed them, were responsible for whatever charm we possessed."

During his last week in England, before taking a 30-day leave, Captain Helander watched as the *Good Shepherd* and a new crew took off on its 22nd bombing mission. Hours later over Munich, Germany, the bomber was shot down. No information concerning the crew's safety has been received.

The captain commented, "The new crew said no prayers, but just piled into the plane and took off."

## MOSCOW AND THE MOSLEMS

A news dispatch in December reported that the Russian-occupied areas of Iran (Persia) have religious freedom. Knowing the religious fanaticism of the Iranian white Moslems, the Russians have avoided atheistic propaganda and are not interfering with religious affairs.

## MODERNISM IN THE COLLEGES

If the press report of a recent address by Prof. Mary Ellen Chase of Smith College is correct, the students of that institution are getting a pitiable misconception of the Bible. Professor Chase reportedly called the Bible "the greatest anthology ever put together, a library, part history, part legend, part fact and part fiction." She continued: "You don't have to believe worn-out conceptions to know it is great. It doesn't hurt the Psalms any that David didn't write them. What does it matter whether Abraham lived? He is the symbol of man who lived close to God." Ruth and Jonah are mere "short stories," and Esther is "the first novel." Such is the teaching many young people are getting in some of our colleges today.

## FLYING MISSIONARIES

After this war, missionary work will be expedited greatly by the use of airplanes in many fields. God is laying His hand on young airmen in the armed services and they are dedicating their lives and skill to this work. As a result, the Christian Airmen's Missionary Fellowship has recently been organized. The address of this nondenominational group is Box 708, Los Angeles 53, California. All pilots, mechanics, radiomen, engineers, navigators and aviation technicians are eligible for active membership, if they have been born again. The present purpose is to promote spiritual fellowship among Christian airmen. The future purpose is to co-operate in carrying missionaries and supplies into the remote spots of the earth.

## ETHIOPIA'S MISSIONARY POLICY

Emperor Haile Selassie recently announced a new missionary policy for Ethiopia. One news dispatch gave the impression that the decree was unfavorable to missions, but the Sudan Interior Mission reports that this is not so. The Emperor is entirely friendly to evangelical missionaries, and he still requests more of them. It is only in "Ethiopian Church areas" that foreign missionaries are barred. Only one third of the people live in those closed areas. Two thirds of the population live in open areas, including Addis Ababa, the capital. In these open areas missionary societies may open denominational schools and carry on their work freely. Furthermore, the decree is flexible. Open areas may be established in the midst of "Ethiopian Church areas," and vice versa. The new policy will have little effect on Protestant missionary work, since most of it has been done in the areas that remain open—and there is no prohibition against Ethiopian citizens doing missionary work in any area.

## COSMETICS AND GUM

There might have been no Pearl Harbor disaster had the United States spent as much on missionary work in Japan as it spends on cosmetics and gum. This is the observation of a Chinese Christian professor from Nanking University. He says that the annual cosmetics and chewing gum bill in the U. S. is large enough to provide one hundred times as many Christian missionaries as ever were sent to Japan at one time.

## ANOTHER GUESS

The New Orleans *Daily States* has published an article on Bible prophecy predicting that Christ will return in the year 2000 A. D. The fact that so many predictions like this have proved false in the past seems not to keep some from making another guess. Dr. Leonidas Perez says that the Antichrist will be born in 1963, that his kingdom will begin in 1981, that he will be master of the world in 1996, and that for three and a half years the battle of Armageddon will take place, terminating in the year 2000 and the second coming of Christ. A thousand years ago it was thought that Christ would return in the year 1000 A. D. So many believed this and sold their properties, giving the money to the Roman Catholic Church, that it became very wealthy.

## ILLITERACY IN PARAGUAY

Illiteracy in South America usually is a hindrance to gospel work, but Dr. Frank Laubach is making it a help. He is carrying on a wide campaign to teach the people to read and write, and in so doing is winning for Protestant missionaries the confidence and gratitude of the people. He says: "I met the President of Paraguay, who sees in this campaign 'the salvation of my country.' The Minister of Education promised to print the lessons without delay, saying that I 'had won the hearts of the people of Paraguay as no other American.' Mr. Brunn, president of the Chamber of Commerce, declared this campaign the best thing any foreigner had ever done for Paraguay. He is going to write to Mr. Henry A. Wallace about it. Even the American ambassador, who had expressed apprehension as to what we, as American missionaries, were doing, declared his apprehension groundless."

What is the secret of his success? He attributes it to prayer. "If one awakens before dawn and spends the hours until he must go to work, with one's Bible, there falls upon one a cool, delicious silence." He adds: "I am discovering a new way to get things done. First, don't bother to do anything God is not interested in; second, start something you think He wants and shift it over to other people to continue. I have seen miracles happen if I follow this course. I see little or nothing happen permanently when I rush in and try to do it all myself. So the whole literacy program in Paraguay seems to come and get me when I pray long and wait. God sends people, or tells me where to go to them. I seem to see this unhurried waiting for the Father in the life of Jesus. He never had too much ahead to stop and pick up a child, or heal a blind man, or talk with a woman or a crowd of fishermen. To be like Him we should need to 'pray without ceasing' and to stop being in a hurry."