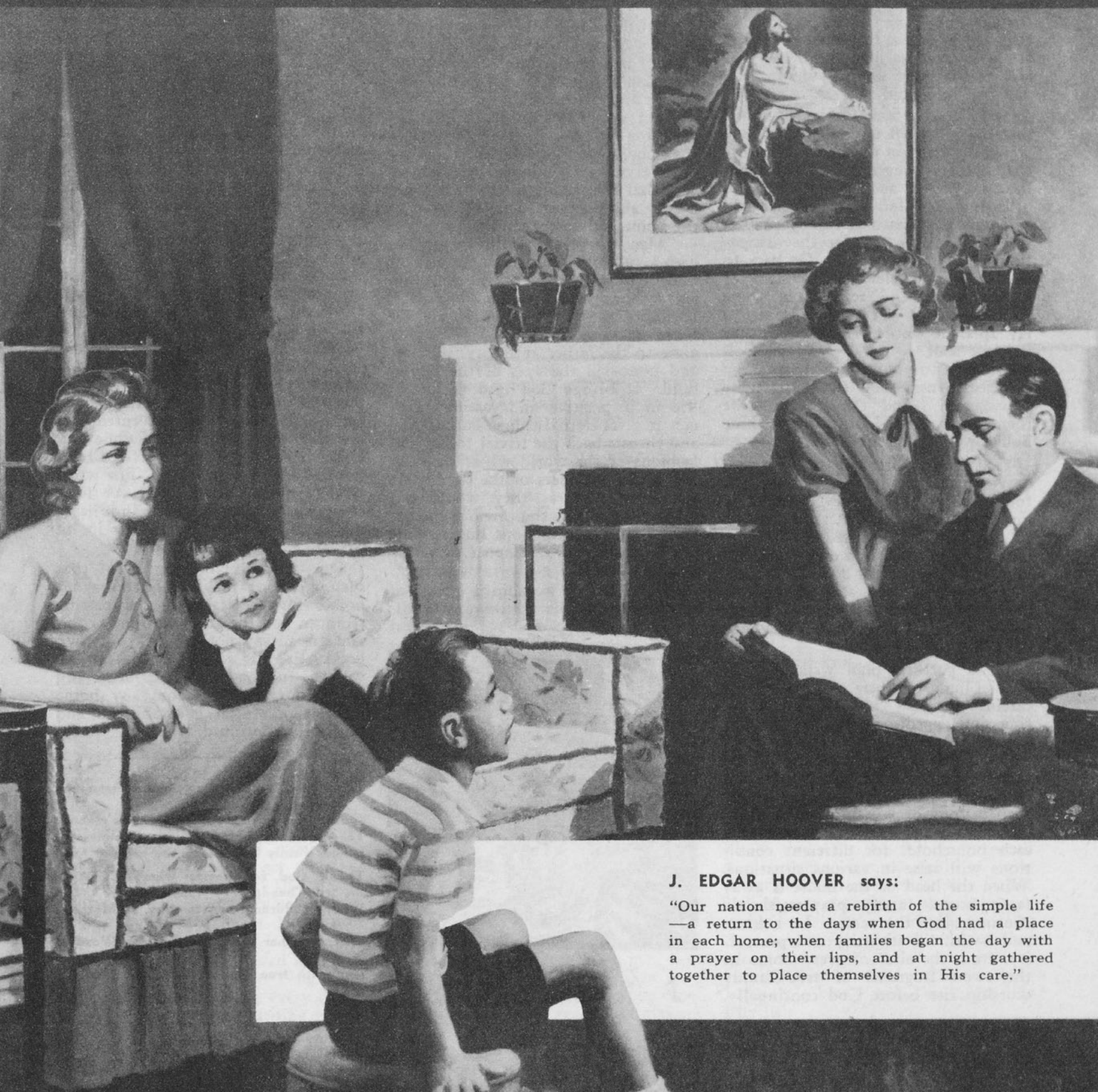


Number 2003  
Christian Home  
Issue

# The Pentecostal Evangel

Weekly Voice of the Assemblies of God

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



**J. EDGAR HOOVER** says:

"Our nation needs a rebirth of the simple life—a return to the days when God had a place in each home; when families began the day with a prayer on their lips, and at night gathered together to place themselves in His care."

# Family Worship Pays

Alice Reynolds Flower

Strictly speaking, family worship is the most vital factor in maintaining the unity of the family, for in its faithful observance every other need is directly or indirectly met.

Someone has beautifully compared family worship to "a hem which keeps the garment from fraying." Whether they appear on the surface or not, there are fraying edges in every home that fails to set apart some season in each day for household prayers.

We all have seen Christian homes that have "frayed out" sadly. There was disintegration of their family life that finally brought painful dishonor to our Christ and His cause; and oftentimes the failure to consistently and regularly continue family prayers was the chief reason for the dissipation of the family unity. Go back to the sixth and eleventh chapters of Deuteronomy and read often those striking words, "Therefore shall ye lay up these words in your heart and in your soul, . . . and ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, . . . and thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house, and upon thy gates."

God's first direction for spiritual development among the Hebrews was for the home. The development of public worship came later. Something to ponder here, is there not? Every home without family worship is missing the measure of the divine standard. There are many obstacles these days, many irregularities incidental to family life, but a way can always be made for united prayers.

Good partners plan well their financial budget! There can be the same careful planning in the matter of time and expediency for the conducting of prayers. Much can be done by the wife in arranging household tasks, making adjustments with the children, that nothing might hinder such seasons of worship. The selection of a proper time must rest with each household, for different conditions will arise in various situations. When the head of the house is away from home, family prayers should continue just the same. In sickness and health, in adversity and prosperity, from the altar of every home let the sweet fragrance of true family worship rise before God continually.

*Happy is the family in which each lives for the other and all live for God.*

"Nothing indicates the feebleness of modern piety more than the absence of family worship from so many Christian homes. In permitting the falling away—on account of the great rush of our modern life—Christians are being involved in a loss far greater than many of them realize. Many families are awakening to the conviction that the family altar is not only a duty and privilege, but a blessing to the home and to the church.

"Many a child or older person has been kept from yielding to temptation under the memories of the morning and evening prayer at the home altar. It impresses the children at an age when impressions are most lasting. It gives to the father authority, dignity, and honor in the eyes of the household. It brings God into the home life in a positive and lasting manner. It gives eternal things importance, and thrusts back the trivial follies and fashions of the world where they belong. The members of the family are bound together as they would not otherwise be, and the precious memories of the worship hour linger while life lasts. There is a spirit of obedience that would not otherwise exist.

"True family worship is a vase of perfume that sheds fragrance over all.



What a wonderful change  
In my life has been wrought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

It softens harshness; it quells anger; it quiets impatience; it settles differences; it subdues evil passions. Hearts that are drawn together at God's feet every day cannot wander far apart. The altar in the midst wonderfully hallows and sweetens the home fellowship. It smooths out the wrinkles of care. It keeps the fire burning on every heart's altar.

"The best image of heaven which this earth can afford is found when a household is gathered to learn God's will from His Holy Word, to raise their voices in song or praise in honor of His name, and to hold sweet communion with Him in united prayer. Every family can thus breathe the air of heaven every day, and keep filled with the Spirit of God all the way home to glory. What a holy blessing!"

In the life of John G. Paton, that marvelous messenger of salvation to the New Hebrides, we are told of the regular habit of morning and evening prayers observed in his godly father's household. Until the day of his death at seventy-seven years, the father failed not, even to the last of his life when he was heard repeating the Psalms and breaking forth into prayer. Paton was a worthy product of such a home, and of that early influence he wrote: "I never can remember that any day passed when prayers were omitted. No hurry for the market, no rush of business, no arrival of friends, no trouble or joy ever prevented our kneeling about the altar while our father led us to God, and offered himself and his children there. The worst woman in the town where we lived crept up to the window and heard my father pleading for sinners in his prayer, and was herself saved."

Do your part, Christian parent, that such a record may be left of your home, for the sake of the passing stranger, and the guest who may come and go, to say nothing of your own good. Eternity's pages alone can reveal the full measure of influence and salvation emanating from any home where God's altar is established and faithfully continued.

Thank God for Christian homes, that stand secure  
Amid life's shifting scenes, and tow'r above  
The sordidness of greed and selfishness;  
Homes firmly builded on the rock of love.

Thank God for homes where Christ is truly head;  
Where children learn to pray at Mother's knee;  
Where Father reads the precious Word of God,  
And with true wisdom leads the family.

—Kathryn Blackburn Peck



# Unexpected Guest

Mary Virginia Bryant

"Jamie Carter, what are you doing?" Nan swooped her two-year-old from the floor, pried the offending crayola from his chubby fingers. "Honey, how could you — to Mommie's new rug?" Nan's dark eyes quickly surveyed the extent of her son's artistic endeavors.

"Pretty, Mommie?" Jamie's eyes on Nan were anxious, beseeching.

As usual Nan felt herself melting before the anxious scrutiny of those brown eyes. She struggled to keep her voice stern. "No, young man, it is *not* pretty. That's Mommie's brand new rug you were coloring. I went to great trouble to find a grey one; kindly refrain from coloring it purple. In other words, Jamie, don't ever let me catch you coloring *anything* with those crayolas except your color book, hear?" Nan emphasized her words with a little spank. "I have enough to do trying to wash for the triplets today." Jamie nodded sagely before wriggling out of her grasp.

Nan was still surveying the damage, trying to decide what would take the offending color from the rug, when the door chimes announced a visitor.

"Phyl! Oh, Phyl," Nan's voice was half joy, half wail, as she surveyed the trim figure before her.

"Well, is that the only welcome I get from my former loving room mate?" said the girl in the fawn-colored suit. She picked up the perfect piece of luggage and made as if to leave the porch.

Quickly Nan had thrown her arms around her visitor and drawn her into the house. "Oh Phyl, you know I'm thrilled to pieces to see you. It's been so long. It's just that, well, things are in a particularly upset state of upset today, if you know what I mean."

Phyllis Jennings followed her hostess into the living room. Nan could see her blue eyes scanning every detail. "I'm on my way from visiting Moth-



"I never thought you were the type to go fanatical."

er, and when I realized we were coming through your town I made a last-minute decision to stop over for a day. You know, I've never even seen the triplets, much less the baby. I know you have your hands full, Nan, and I'm going to stay overnight in the hotel."

"Oh, but you can't. We have plenty of room, Phyl, and you're to spend every minute of your time with us. That is, if your nerves are strong enough for the ordeal," Nan's eyes crinkled in laughter.

Phyllis' eyes surveyed the room, pausing a long moment on the patch of bright purple. Nan felt rather than saw the amusement in her friend's face as her eyes took in the words of the motto over the piano. "Honestly, Nan, I really don't get it. All of this simply isn't like you. That motto, 'Christ is the Head of this house; the unseen Guest at every meal; the silent Listener to every conversation.' I never thought you were the type to go fanatical."

Nan could feel the concern behind her friend's lightly spoken words. In spite of that, she felt herself taking on a defensive attitude. "I wouldn't expect you to understand it, honey. You've never been exposed to the real thing. And it isn't fanaticism; it's honestly knowing and loving God."

Phyllis' voice was impatient. "I can see how you were drawn into that sort of thing when you fell in love with David. He was the religious type. But I don't see why you go on making

yourself believe all that stuff you've been writing me. If you'll forgive an old friend for saying it, you look tired and older than you should at twenty-nine. Nan, aren't you just rationalizing, trying to make yourself content with the 'pie in the skies' theory that the most important thing in the world is living what you call the Christian life?"

Nan jumped to her feet. "Oh, I forgot, I have a washer load of clothes. Come with me while I take them out, Phyl."

"No, I'm not rationalizing. I know that serving the Lord is the most important thing in the world." Nan tried not to mind the jab about looking old and tired. Phyllis certainly didn't. She looked a good eight years younger than she really was. Of course, she had married a wealthy man and had nothing to do except take good care of herself. She had a maid to do her washing, and to take care of Marcia, and everything.

Nan was embarrassed at serving only soup and apple pie for lunch. It was a meal that David and the children loved, and one she always prepared for wash day. But she could see how meager it must seem to Phyllis. Jamie and the triplets were obviously entranced with "Aunt Phyllis." The three eight-year-olds hung on her every word, and Nan knew that by evening they would be demanding to have their blond hair fixed just like Phyllis'.

## HEALED OF DEAFNESS

Our four-year-old son, Jonathan, was practically deaf. He had only 25 per cent hearing in one ear and 15 per cent in the other since birth. Specialists in Europe and in Los Angeles Calif. gave us absolutely no hope.



Jonnie  
Nichols

I resigned my commission in the Army and we settled in the vicinity of Los Angeles so we could be near the "lip-reading" school in which we intended to enroll our son.

One night I attended a revival meeting being held in the local Assembly of God church, and I gave my heart to Christ. Two weeks later I took my son to church and Sister Hildreth Ethridge, the evangelist, prayed for him. He was instantly and miraculously healed.

Today my son has normal hearing and normal co-ordination which goes with hearing.—Henry L. Nichols, 567 Franklin St., Whittier, Calif.

(Endorsed by Pastor Paul McKeel, Whittier, Calif.)

David was trying manfully to make friends with Phyllis, but Phyllis was coolly measuring her friend's husband with her wise eyes. Nan had the uncomfortable feeling that David was coming up wanting in Phyllis' balances. Of course, David wasn't the suave, man-about-town type. But he was sweet and good, a wonderful husband, Nan told herself. There had been an awkward minute when she thought David was going to ask Phyllis to ask the blessing on the food, but he had simply bowed his head and prayed himself. Her relief had known no bounds. Nan wished Phyllis didn't make her feel archaic, on the defensive.

As the day wore on Nan found herself more and more on the defensive. Instead of making opportunities to tell Phyllis about the happiness she had found in the Lord, and the wonderful satisfaction she and David experienced in teaching their children about the Christian way of life, Nan found herself questioning the very things she had meant to say. Could it be that she and David were wrong? Was it more important to give a child every financial and social advantage? Phyllis must be wrong in saying that she and David were saddling their children with a lot of out-

of-date ideas that would prevent their making a proper adjustment to life.

By the time dinner was over Nan found that her head was fairly reeling with the constant search for answers to Phyllis' cool questions. Oh, this wasn't the way she had planned things at all. She had prayed so hard for Phyllis; had wanted so much to see her in person, to be able to convince her that she and her husband needed the Lord. And what had she done? Answered Phyllis' questions all day long, only to have Phyllis quietly brush aside each of her answers with one of her own. She and David *were* right, they *were*. But how to convince Phyllis?

Nan was a bit nervous as they gathered in the living room after dinner. Her eyes sought David's, questioning. She was steadied by the quiet certainty she found there. The almost imperceptible nod was her answer. She turned to Phyllis. "We have family devotions every night, Phyl. We'd like it if you'd join us. If you don't want to, you can go on up to your room until we're through."

The amused smile hovered around Phyllis' beautiful mouth again. "I'll stay."

Nan shot David a startled glance as he began to read. His deep voice made the beautiful words sing in the room. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her . . . strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. . . . Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Nan could not bring herself to look in Phyllis' direction as David finished reading the beautiful words. She knew the look of scorn she would find there. These were the things that Phyllis held in such contempt, the things she said didn't count. On impulse she invited Phyllis to come with her as she put the children to bed. All of them insisted on kissing "Aunt Phyllis" good night, and all of them included her in their prayers. They were sweet children, Nan kissed each of them again.

Determinedly Phyllis kept the conversation in safe channels for the remainder of the evening. Nan was somewhat relieved. What could one

say to a person like Phyllis, someone who was so sure she had all the answers? It was late when she accompanied Phyllis to the guest room. It was then that she guiltily remembered.

"Phyl, we've been so busy talking about my family that I haven't even asked about yours. How is Greg, and your little girl, Marcia?"

Phyllis shrugged her shoulders lightly: "I suppose I might as well tell you now as later. Greg and I are getting a divorce. It seems that someone else has taken his fancy—at least for the moment. Oh, don't look so devastated; I'm not. He's going to make a very generous settlement on me so I'll have nothing to worry about." The defensive note was now in Phyllis' voice.

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry. And David read—"

"Yes, that was rich. David's heart obviously trusts in you, Nan, I'll have to admit that. And your kids could certainly teach Marcia a few things. She's so hateful, Nan."

But suddenly Phyllis stopped. "Get that look off of your face, Nan. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that your way works, and mine doesn't. But mine's good enough for me. Now good night."

Nan rejoined David on the porch. Quietly she slid her hand into her husband's. Yes, their way worked. But it wasn't *their* way really. It was God's way, the right way. She and David might not have everything materially. But they had God's love in their hearts, their love for each other and the children. And they were bringing up their children in the only way that would make them really fit for life here—and hereafter. Nan sighed. It was a sigh of pure content.

### THE PENTECOSTAL EVANGEL

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This is a special "Christian Home" issue containing only half as many pages as usual. The regular issues contain true stories, Bible studies, personal testimonies of healing, devotional articles, accounts of world-wide missionary work, articles on the signs of the times, and significant news in the religious world. Write for free sample copy of the regular size, or send \$1.00 for trial subscription of 34 issues.

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# How Can I Be Saved?

NO QUESTION you can ask is more important than this: "How can I be saved?" Do not take the opinion of men for an answer. Too much is at stake. Go to the highest possible authority—the Bible—and get the answer that God has written in its sacred pages.

Open your Bible to the tenth chapter of Romans, verse thirteen, and you will find these wonderful words: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Does that sound too simple? Do you wish to look further in order to be sure there is no mistake? All right, turn to the Book of Joel, chapter two, verse thirty-two, and you will find these words: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Almost the identical words!

In order to be quite sure, turn to the second chapter of Acts and read what Peter said, verse twenty-one: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Surely the fact that this statement appears three times in the Bible means that it is very important.

There are four things about this inspired statement that you need to notice. First of all, salvation is necessary. You need to be saved. That fact is clearly taught throughout the Bible. It says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). Man in his natural condition is alienated from God. He is a sinner by nature and by practice. He may be a refined sinner—very cultured, decent, and respectable—yet he is a sinner. He must receive forgiveness and cleansing and a new nature in order to be fit for heaven. This is true of every person in the world, even good people. It was to a very religious man that Jesus said, "Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).

In the second place, you need to notice that it is our Lord Jesus Christ who saves men. He bore our sins in His own body on the Cross, the Bible says (1 Peter 2:24). "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (1 Corinthians 15:3). No man can save his own soul. Neither can one man save another's soul. As the poet put it:

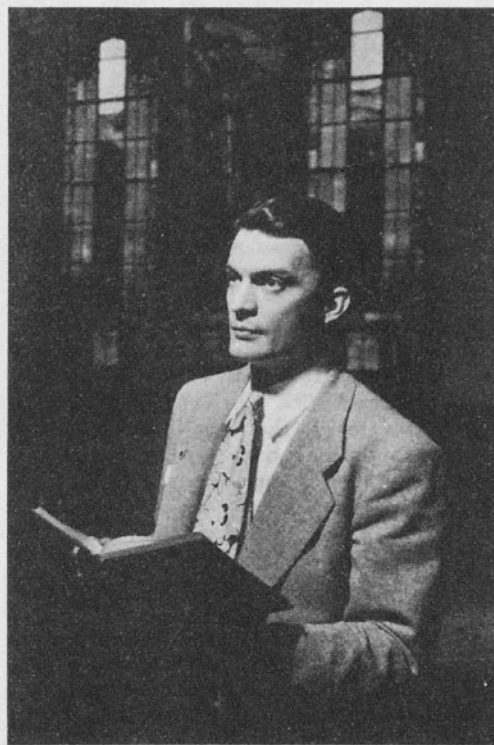
"There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;

He only could unlock the gate  
Of heav'n, and let us in."

The third thing you need to notice in the text is the simplicity of salvation. Even a child can understand it. All you need do is to "call on the name of the Lord." Do you remember that night when Jesus was walking on the water, and Peter started doing the same, but suddenly he began to sink? Peter didn't have time to make a long prayer. He just had time to cry out, "Lord, save me," but that was enough. The Bible says that "Jesus stretched forth His hand and took hold of him." He will do the same for you.

Of course, there must be faith in your heart. You must believe these things that you have been reading; namely, that you need to be saved, and that only Christ can save you. Furthermore, you must believe that He *will* save you. Jesus said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). You must take Him at His word. You must call upon Him, believing that He will save you; and as surely as you believe, He will do it.

Finally you need to notice that wonderful word "whosoever." That means everyone; the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated—EVERYONE. It means you. No matter where you are, or what you have done, or how weak you feel, you can be saved by calling upon the name of the Lord. He knows all about you. He loves you and desires to save you. He can transform your life if you will let Him do it. Call upon the



name of the Lord Jesus Christ this moment and you will be saved instantly. You will have the joy of salvation in this life, and an eternal home in heaven.

Remember what the Bible says—*"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."*

## CRUTCHES THROWN AWAY

For ten years I was constantly under a doctor's care. A knee injury, received while working in a war plant, had gone from bad to worse until I was spending most of my time in bed, or on crutches, or in a cast.

The trouble was that my knee would jump out of place. I was put in a cast, from my hips down, for six weeks, but that did not help. In 1945 the doctor operated on my knee. He removed the fluid, cushion, cartilage, and part of the bone from my leg. In 1947 there was another operation in which the doctor removed more of the bone, scraped my knee cap, and removed half of the knee cap.

In 1951 the doctor said that another operation was necessary, and a date was set. He told me that he might have to remove my leg. But on the Sunday night before the date set for the operation, I went to church at the First Assembly of God. Evangelist M. V. Putnam was praying for the sick in these meetings and my family wanted me to attend. I had been in bed about seven weeks at this particular time—I had not walked a step without my crutches, nor put my foot on the floor, during all this time—but somehow I made it to church.

The evangelist invited those who wanted to be healed to come near the platform. I went down the aisle on my crutches. The evangelist and pastor prayed for me, and God instantly healed me. I threw my crutches away and began walking without them.

I went back to the doctor and he examined my knee. He said it was perfect, and that God surely must have healed it.

My husband, after seeing what the Lord had done for me, gave his heart to Christ. Now we are both very happy and we are thanking God for everything. No longer am I an invalid. I am up all the time and doing all my work.—Mrs. Ray D. Stout, 1506 McCormick St., Denton, Tex.

*(Endorsed by Pastor R. E. Ford, of Denton, Tex.)*

The publishers of this magazine have record of thousands who have been healed by faith in Christ. There is healing for all who will trust God and obey His Word.

# The Protestant Problem

*How to Defrost the Churches, Replace Ritual with Reality,  
and Bring the Meetings Back to Life*

(The following article is reprinted from the *Christian Union Herald*, published at Pittsburgh, Pa., by the United Presbyterian Church of North America.)

IN PRACTICALLY every section of the country, various Pentecostals are buying up abandoned church buildings and packing them with people for their services; that, or else pitching tents and building tabernacles in countryside, village and city, where on sweltering hot nights meetings are jammed with people. And these are the very people, largely, of whom it was assumed by all the pastors and the governing boards of the "regular" churches that they couldn't be got out to church on warm summer evenings.

Probably this trend is most noteworthy in the South. There, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches are finding the competition a very serious matter indeed. Week by week, those who have been members of the old established denominations make the trek over to the unpainted tabernacle, the tent, or the unpretentious chapel, and many of them like what they find there so much that they decide to cast their lot with the enthusiastic crowds who pack them to the doors.

This situation is by no means confined to the South. In New England, in the Pacific Northwest, in the Mississippi Valley, and even in staid old Pennsylvania the same thing is taking place. More than one United Presbyterian church building has been sold to the Pentecostals of one type or another, our own work discounted, and theirs flourishing beyond all bounds. In more than one city where we have good churches our pastors have witnessed the phenomenon of languishing prayer meeting and an almost abandoned Sabbath evening service, while near by on a vacant lot the Pentecostal tent was thronged with people, not nearly all of them "down and out" or unintelligent by any means.

What does this mean? And what does it forebode?

The early days of the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Congregationalists were days of intense excitement. Almost anything was likely to happen in those days, and often did. Moreover, there was persecution; the

yeast of Reformed doctrine was at work in both church and community; churches were finding their way in relation to the State; great migrations were taking place; there were mighty debates about fundamental doctrines and interpretations of Scripture.

I believe it is fair to say that the Christian religion always ought to be exciting. Fundamentally, it is a stupendous thing. If it ever seems dull to us, it is because we are totally lacking in imagination. And if Christianity—the gospel of the Divine Saviour—should always be exciting, then the institution which incarnates it should be the most emotionally stirring, the most unconventional, the most vibrant and pulsating of all earth's agencies. It should be a continual Shrine of the Unexpected.

Anyone walking down the street to a service in any of the "regular" churches knows in advance exactly what will take place. He may anticipate some edification but he certainly does not expect any excitement. But the worshiper in the church or tabernacle never knows what may happen. He only knows that there will be loud and joyful singing, unmarred

or uninterrupted by the rendering of an "anthem" by a "paid choir"; there will be a warm, friendly, "folksy" atmosphere; there will be testimonies given by everyday people like himself; and probably there will be conversions. And the very poor will be just as welcome as the very rich.

Here, it seems to me, is matter for thought. Far be it from me to pretend any solution to our Protestant problem. It is up to every one of us equally to put our thinking caps on. How can we restore to our "regular" churches something of the spirit of expectancy, of "aliveness," which these smaller sects have in so marked a degree? By being more concerned about our orthodoxy? I think not. These Pentecostals are not one whit more orthodox than United Presbyterians. Indeed, in some matters they are probably considerably less so. Their doctrines of conversion, of the "second blessing," of the Holy Spirit, might be very dubious indeed. Or shall we try simply to imitate the type of services they put on? That wouldn't work; our hearts wouldn't be in any such aping of another type of church. People would immediately sense the artificiality of such imitation.

It seems to me that there is one thing, however, that we could do—though in many of our churches it would need to be done gradually, and always under wise guidance. We could restore personal testimony to the place it used to occupy long years ago in our less ritualized Protestant churches. It is my honest belief that a great many

## Just Missed It!

Nothing is more exasperating than to arrive at the depot half a minute too late and to see your train thundering off without you.

But there is something infinitely worse, and that is to be half a minute too late in preparing to meet your Maker.

•Did you know that at any moment all the Christians who have been "born again" by the Spirit of God, whether living or dead, are going to leave the earth suddenly, to be forever with Christ?

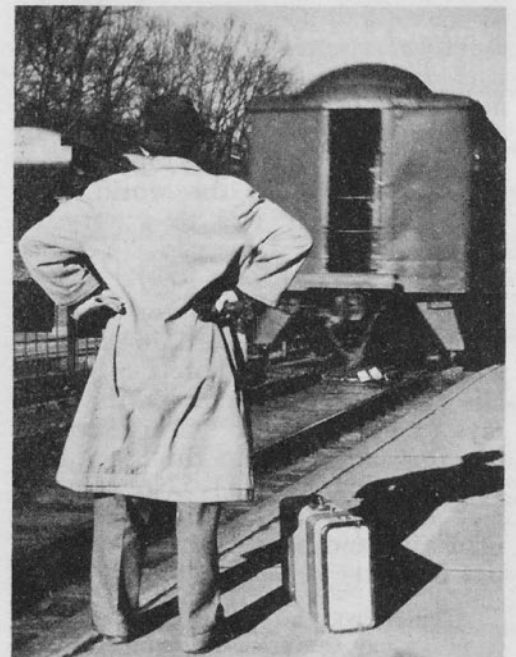
Did you know that the Bible contains many prophecies concerning the time of this great event, and nearly all of these prophecies have already been fulfilled?

Did you know that once the Christians have all disappeared, it will be much more difficult to become a Christian than it is now?

Did you know that terror will reign upon the earth at that time, and those who accept Christ will be put to death?

Read your Bible and you will see that these things are true. If you are wise you will accept Christ as your personal Saviour

today, without waiting another minute. Then you will not run the risk of being half a minute too late and being left behind when the Christians leave the earth.





of the "regular" churches are languishing and dying for lack of any but the minister to "say a good word for Jesus Christ." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so," was the Psalmist's injunction to all those who had in any way experienced the Lord's grace. "The meek shall hear thereof and be glad."

In all of our churches we need more of the spirit of the Thirty-fourth Psalm. Everyday Christians, without any pretensions to gifts of speech, can tell in simple language what some visitation of keeping or restoring grace has meant to their lives during the week. I know they can, for I have heard them many, many times. And once the first ice is broken—that ice that holds too many of our churches and religious services in its frigid grip—they are overjoyed to do it. And then the whole church begins to thaw out!

## THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD

An evangelical Christian body having several thousands of churches in the U.S.A. and several hundreds of missionaries in foreign lands.

WE BELIEVE the Bible to be the inspired and only infallible and authoritative Word of God. WE BELIEVE that there is one God, eternally existent in three persons: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. WE BELIEVE in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in His virgin birth, in His sinless life, in His miracles, in His vicarious and atoning death, in His bodily resurrection, in His ascension to the right hand of the Father, and in His personal future return to this earth in power and glory to rule over the nations.

WE BELIEVE that regeneration by the Holy Spirit is absolutely essential for personal salvation. WE BELIEVE that the redemptive work of Christ on the cross provides healing of the human body in answer to believing prayer. WE BELIEVE that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, according to Acts 2:4, is given to believers who ask for it. WE BELIEVE in the present ministry of the Holy Spirit by whose indwelling the Christian is enabled to live a godly life. WE BELIEVE in the resurrection of both the saved and the lost, the one to everlasting life and the other to everlasting damnation.

"He who provides for this life, but takes no thought for eternity, is wise for a moment but a fool forever."

# The Baptism That Christ Gives

John the Baptist could baptize in water, but not in the Spirit. No one on earth can baptize in the Spirit. But John knew that Jesus would do this. He, and He only, can. Others have been trusted with the power to heal, and to work mighty miracles, but no one was ever trusted with the power to baptize in the Spirit. This distinction so impressed John the Baptist that he gave this as the outstanding feature of the ministry of our Lord. "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance; but *He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire.*" Matt. 3:11, A.S.V.

For many years I considered myself a good follower of the first Baptist, for I was careful to baptize as he did, but I failed to appropriate the great words he spoke about the Baptism in the Spirit. At last, after thirty-one years in the ministry, it dawned upon me that these words also had a meaning. I would advise all my friends who have stopped half way, to resume the journey according to John's instructions.

Does it thrill your hearts to think that the same Jesus who came into the upper room and baptized Peter, James, John, and the rest of the apostles, His sweet mother Mary, and the others who brought the number up to one hundred and twenty; the Jesus who visited Samaria and baptized the believers there in the Holy Spirit, and was present in the household of Cornelius and gave them the like gift as He did the hundred and twenty "at the beginning" of the Holy Spirit's era—that "*this same Jesus*" has baptized us in the same Holy Spirit, and with the same evidence, the speaking with other tongues as the Spirit of God gives utterance!

How it filled my soul with inexpressible joy when it finally dawned on me that the very same Holy Spirit who came upon Jesus at His baptism in the Jordan, and anointed Him to preach the gospel to the poor; sent Him "to heal the broken hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the

Lord" (Luke 4:18)—that *this same Holy Spirit would anoint even me for service.*

Jesus Himself declared, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works which I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father*" (John 14:12). If we are to do works that have any resemblance to His mighty works, we must have an anointing like His. Christ is still baptizing in the Holy Spirit exactly as He did on the day of Pentecost. Some say this is for the apostles alone; some, that it was for the Jews only. While others are disputing about it, we have heeded the invitation of Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John 7:37).

He says "any man"—that gets us all in. And, what is a better argument still, we have received what He promised. "He that believeth on Me, as the scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." John was afraid we might not understand the meaning, so he adds, "This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him were to receive; for the Spirit was not yet given; because Jesus was not yet glorified."

He says that those who believe were to receive. Are you a believer? Then you should be a receiver. This gift is for you. Peter said the promise of the Spirit was "to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off" (Acts 2:39). That should get in every true child of God of every race and condition and color.

If you will wait on God in the same attitude that the hundred and twenty were in on the morning of Pentecost, you will receive just as they did, and have the same evidence.—P. C. Nelson.

"Unbelief always considers it too soon or too late for God to work. Faith always expects God to work now. God is the God of the present moment."

"Faith is like a telescope. With it we see invisible things that are really there."

COME--

*and bring  
the family*

"DON'T SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO SUNDAY SCHOOL. . . ." Does that sound like a strange statement? It is, until you read the rest of the sentence: ". . . BRING THEM."

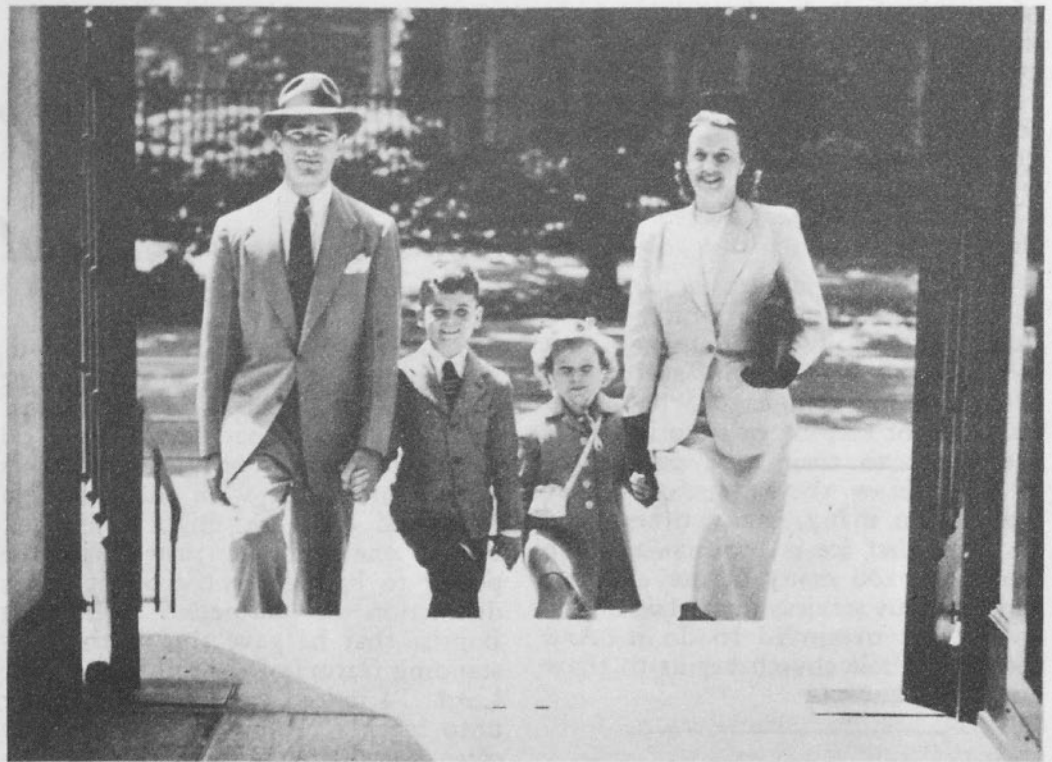
Some parents think they have done their duty when they have sent Joey and Janey, Patty and Paul off to Sunday School, all dressed in their Sunday best and each one clutching a penny for the offering. But when the children get a bit bigger they may begin to wonder whether Sunday School attendance is very important, after all, if Dad and Mom don't go.

One man, when invited to the Assembly of God Sunday School, gave the answer, "I am not a child, and Sunday School is for children."

That's where he was wrong. Sunday School is for everyone. It's for the little tots, all right, but it's for the big folk too. There's a class for the young people, a class for the men, a class for the women, a separate class for all, whether they be old or young, men or women, single or married.

And everyone needs the Sunday School. All need the Bible teaching they receive there. They need the friendship and fellowship of the people they meet there. They need the opportunity to worship, to pray, to work with others in a worthy cause.

Sunday School is the *teaching arm* of the church, extended to you and your family in an earnest desire to acquaint you with the greatest book in the world, the Bible. No one is truly educated who does not know this Book of Books. Character is not sound unless it is built on these inspired Scriptures. No man or woman, boy or girl, can find the way to



## SUNDAY SCHOOL IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

heaven apart from the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sunday School is also the *reaching arm* of the church, ever reaching out to draw others to God. There is a place for you in the ranks of the noble army of Sunday School workers. Your help is needed. Will you enlist?

Bring your child to Sunday School if you want to lay the foundation for a happy life with your son or daughter later on. A judge in a Brooklyn juvenile court reported that of 2,000 children who were brought before him, only three were members of a Sunday School. Other statistics could be cited to prove that "children brought up in Sunday School are seldom brought up in court."

Dad, the Bible tells you to bring up your children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." One way to do that is to bring them to Sunday School regularly. There is a maximum of 52 hours of training in Sunday School during the year. Compare this with the fact that a child spends 1,000 hours in public school each year, and you readily see how precious those hours at Sunday School really are.

There's this to consider, too—Sunday School attendance will keep the family together. When all the family go off to Sunday School they enjoy a common activity. It gives them a common interest—a topic of conversation at the table, for ex-

ample, in which all can take part. It is a source of unity and strength.

So bring your family to Sunday School every Sunday of the year. You will have your reward.

## "I ACCUSE MY PARENTS"

There are thousands of parents who have given their children everything but God. They have provided them with nourishing food, warm clothing and liberal education—but no Saviour. They have showered them with gifts and protected them from harm—but have not provided a family altar.

They have read to them Dick Tracy and Superman, but not the Bible. They have taken them to the movies, but not to Sunday School. They have cursed before their children, but never prayed.

Millions of lost souls, standing condemned at God's judgment bar, will hysterically scream, "I accuse my parents."

Friend, you can lead your children to heaven or to hell. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour today, and begin living for Him. Make yours a Christian home.—David D. Allen.

Judge Healy of the Juvenile Court of Detroit said: "Eighty per cent of the youngsters arraigned in my court come from homes in which there has been no religious training."