

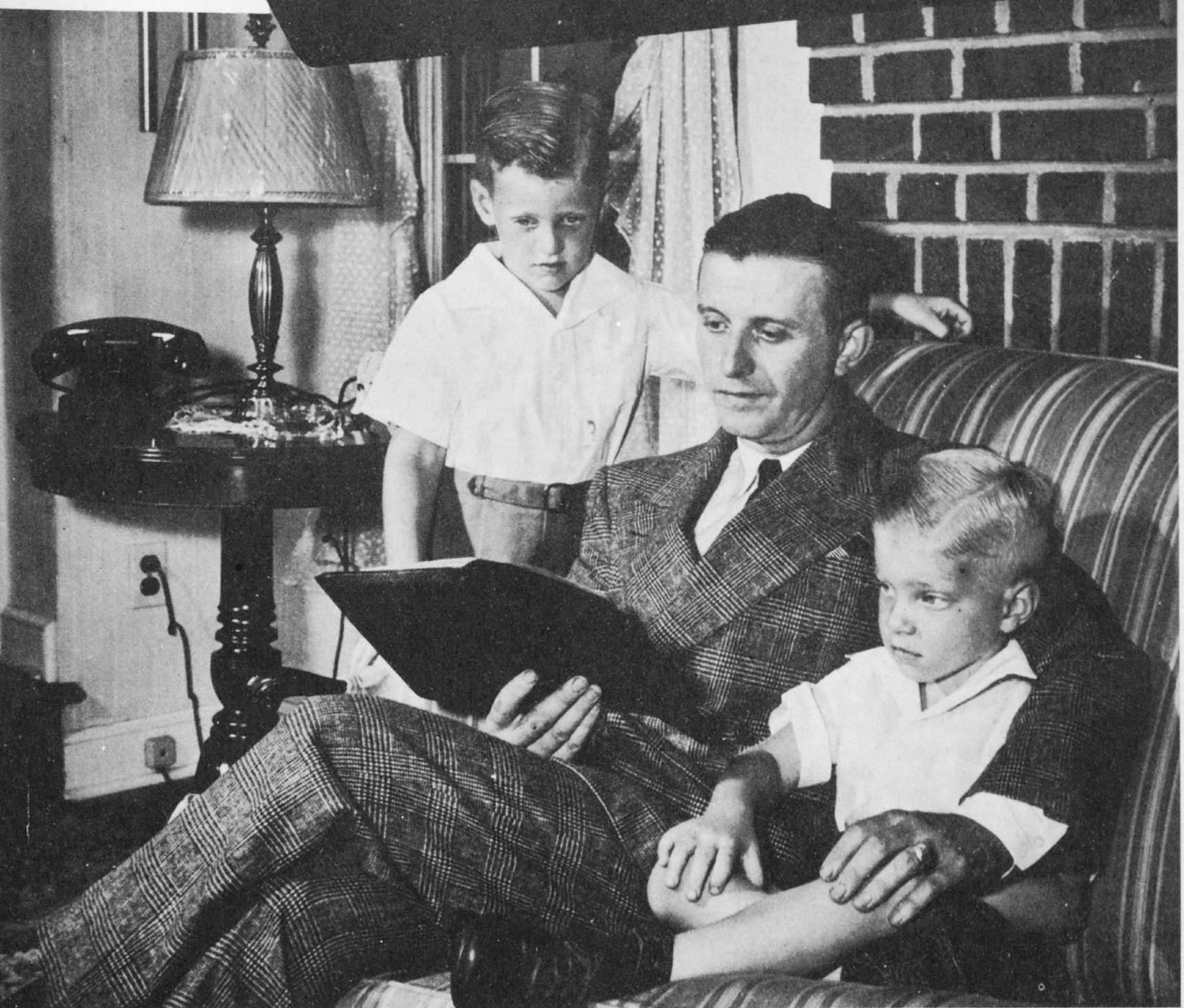
NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS

The Pentecostal Evangel

Weekly Voice of the Assemblies of God

FIVE CENTS NUMBER 2171

DECEMBER 18, 1955



“These words, which I command thee, . . . shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house . . .”

Deuteronomy 6:6,7





"Suppose this were the last Christmas we could give—would it be like this?" And she read the list.

"Not as the WORLD Giveth..."

A Story by OLIVE EVANS

The dark, leaden sky, the sudden gusts of wind that sent gold and crimson leaves hurtling across the yards to press against white picket fences, the brave coloring of chrysanthemums in fading gardens, and the slanting, pricking rain against north windows, all foretold an early winter. Lights were turned on early to brighten the sudden afternoon dusk, and doors were shut fast against the penetrating chill.

Dan Todd had arrived home late from the office, but now he sat relaxed and comfortable beside the open fire. He had read the evening paper, discussed the "Gibson case" with his wife who sat across from him, and from years of habit had read aloud a portion from the Bible. As he closed the Book he yawned contentedly, and said—

"It's been a hard week. Glad this is the end of it! Anything special we should pray about tonight?"

His wife sat unmindful of the question. She gazed off into space, deeply in thought.

"Susie," whispered Dan, watching her with amusement, "are you there?"

"Oh—oh yes, Dan. Did you say something?"

"I asked if there was anything special we should pray about tonight," he re-

peated. "You seemed to be far, far away!"

"I'm sorry, Dan." She looked up startled. "I was just thinking—did you get anything special out of the chapter you just read?"

"Well-l-l, nothing unusual. It was good—always is that, you know!"

"I know, Dan, but—that verse, 'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' That thought—it struck me with such force." She paused, then said slowly, "There must be *something* and *some way* the world gives that is different and distinctive from the way Christians should give." She paused again in thought, then asked, "Dan, what does the world give?"

"A headache, usually," he shrugged.

"No, seriously, Dan—what kind of gifts?" There was a thoughtful silence, then Dan spoke—

"Well, usually geegaws—baubles—trifles! Things you don't need!"

"Gifts that perish—is that it? Jesus gave *peace*, something we need every moment of our whole lives. Eternal peace was His, but He shared it with us. And He is our example!"

She walked to the mantel and picked up the Christmas list they had made out. "Dan, is it possible for us to give somewhat as Jesus gave—gifts of peace? Sup-

pose this were the last Christmas we could give—would it be like this?" And she read the list.

"Uncle Jed—casting rod. Uncle Jed needs a casting rod about as much as I need a—crutch! Uncle Jed needs salvation and we give him a casting rod!"

"Aunt Sarah—blanket. In the last ten years we have given Aunt Sarah three blankets!"

"Joe—sled. And only two or three snows a winter! He would get frustration instead of peace!"

"Mrs. James—a dozen red roses. But what she actually needs is an incentive to live!"

"Janice—records. And Janice wants to do the singing!"

"There are ten boxes of chocolates down here for the very ones who need to be reducing! And on and on! Dan, let's do some thinking—how does the world give?"

"Well-l-l," began Dan thoughtfully, "from my observation it is pretty much of a scheming racket, with one hand on the pocketbook. 'I'll give them this, but they better come through with as good!' Sometimes I'm afraid it is calculatingly, like, 'Their gift cost more than I can afford, but it may help me socially.' Or grudgingly—'I have to give this, but I sure hate to.'"

"Or carelessly," interrupted Susie. "Just anything will do, just so it is wrapped pretty.' Aren't we guilty of this very thing?"

"Yes, Susie, I believe you've got something there for us to work on."

"Dan, I do too! Let's begin this very year! We'll change this list completely! That gift will never perish. It will enrich the life. A gift of peace! Dan, can we even approach such an example?"

"We can try," he said, as he took her hand, and together they kneeled to pray.

* * *

When they arose, Dan picked up the Christmas list and studied it. At last he asked, "What about Rose? Shouldn't she be on this list?"

There was a heavy silence, then Susie answered with effort, "No, Rose's name is *not* on the list! It hasn't been on our list for several years—you know that very well!"

"I had hoped—," began Dan, but Susie interrupted him hurriedly,

"It is quite impossible, as you know. But she is your sister, and if you want to do something that is quite all right with me."

"If this were our last Christmas, Susie,

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REVIVALTIME IS CELEBRATING ITS SECOND ANNIVERSARY! ~ TODAY MARKS THE END OF TWO

as you said," he paused, searching for words, "well, wouldn't 'not as the world giveth' also apply to Rose?"

"For you, perhaps, but not for me. That's final, Dan!"

It seemed so easy to say, "That's final, Dan!" but it was not easy to put Rose out of her thoughts. Again and again, in the activities of the following days, Rose came into her mind. Each time that she and Dan prayed for wisdom to give "not as the world giveth," she could hear the question, "What about Rose—shouldn't she be on this list?"

The inspirations that came to them were amazing. They marveled at the very simplicity and wholesomeness of many of the plans.

"Why haven't we asked God to guide us in our giving before?" they asked over and over. They had started presenting their gifts three weeks in advance of Christmas, as many of their plans couldn't wait. Sometimes it was something they had had for years, something in the attic, something in the basement, something in the cupboard.

"Jean had always wanted that blue teapot of Aunt Martha's. I have always felt selfish keeping it, and was afraid I'd break it. Oh, Dan, you should have seen her face!"

"And you should have seen Joe's face too, when I gave him Father's old carpentry tools! I said, 'Joe, we had you down on our Christmas list for a sled, but how would you like my father's carpentry tools for a gift instead? I've kept them oiled for years and they've not been used since he died. I brought you some cherry and walnut boards I found in the garage, too. Think you could use them?'"

"What did he say, Dan?"

"He said plenty! 'Oh, boy! You mean it, Uncle? Thanks a lot! Now I can make a dozen sleds if I want!' He had to handle each tool and run his thumb along each saw blade. 'Levels, squares, drills, bits, chisels, hammers, and even a miter box! Say! Thanks, Uncle!'"

"But when he acted like he wanted to bawl and didn't want us to see him, his mother and I went in the house for a while and she said something I think you will be glad to hear. She said, 'Dan, I think maybe you have done something that will change Joe's whole life. I've been so worried about him lately, for he has been running with the wrong crowd—but there was nothing for him to do to

—Continued on page thirteen

The Valley of Doom

By Wm. STONE



THERE IS A STORY OF A VALLEY NEAR the hunting grounds of a tribe of Indians which they were afraid to enter because of the weird stories told concerning it. Many had gone down into this valley but few had returned, so it was aptly named, the Valley of Doom.

When humans or animals went down into this valley, above which hovered a shroud of mystery, cries of agony would be heard, sending chills of terror into the hearts of the superstitious Indians. The terrible shrieks and agonizing cries were as those coming up from the jaws of death—at first thundering up the canyon walls, reverberating from peak to peak, then slowly dying out.

The day following one of these tragic disappearances, a white man was passing the village, and, being told the weird tale, decided he would go into the Valley of Doom and learn its secret. The old Indian chief begged him not to go, protesting earnestly with him. Their foolish superstitions did not frighten him, and he started down the trail. Being an expert woodsman his experienced eye took in every detail of the trail looking for the clue that would reveal the cause of the mysterious disappearances. He easily followed the broad well-marked trail until he came to where it forked. One fork was narrow and rough, the other fork was as good as the main trail had been. He stood there in indecision; finally he decided to try the best trail first. It was not far from the fork to the floor of the valley, and, as he reached it, he saw a stream of water stretching out before him. A few yards before he reached the stream he stopped; his trained eye took in every detail. In a flash his keen eyes saw that no trail ascended from the other side of the stream. Looking around he

found a piece of bark and threw it into the sand at the edge of the stream and in words of awe he uttered to himself, "No wonder they never come back!"

A cold chill passed over him as he realized that he, too, might have started across the stream had he not been observant, for almost as soon as the bark hit, it began to sink into the quicksands and in a moment or two it was sucked out of sight. He went back to the narrow rough path, and even though the going was hard, with rocks, stumps and fallen trees all over the trail, it was not far and soon he stood on the creek bank a short distance above where he had been a few minutes before. Here, however, the path crossed the creek on a rock bottom and no treacherous quicksands were there. On the opposite side of the creek the path ascended the canyon walls, and those who traveled this pathway were safe from the danger of quicksands.

The Lord Jesus Christ shows us two paths when He says, "Enter ye in at the strait gate for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." As we travel along the road of life and come to the crossroads, as every one must, we have to make our choice. And the choice we make determines our unending future.

In Romans 6:23 we read, "The wages of sin is death." And in Romans 3:23 we read, "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Spiritual death is the penalty every sinner must pay unless he provides a substitute. Jesus Christ stands ready to take your place, for He dipped the pen of His own suffering into His own blood in the fountain on

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YEARS ON THE ABC NETWORK. ~~~ 257 STATIONS HAVE BEEN ADDED TO THE LOG IN TWO YEARS.

see page 6

Calvary, and He is ready to sign the pardon that will set you free. God says, "Ye must be born again." And Jesus says, "He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into con-

demnation, but is passed from death unto life."

Christ is the only way to eternal life. Accept Him and you will live.

—Reprinted by courtesy of American Tract Society

THE PRAYER JESUS DID NOT PRAY

by JOHN H. BOSTROM

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN'S Gospel contains what is actually "The Lord's Prayer." One of the significant things about this prayer is that Jesus, when praying for His disciples, did not ask the Father to take them to heaven in case it became difficult for them to live the Christian life. He did not ask God to translate those saints who were going through hard trials or testings of their faith. He did not pray that if the pressure became too great they might find release by sweeping through the Pearly Gates. He asked, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

How often have we been so sorely tempted and tried, both in body and in soul, that we have longed for physical deliverance from this cold, cruel world. When the road has been rough, when we have been misunderstood and misquoted, talked about and perhaps lied about—when we have endured what seems to be a maximum amount of physical suffering or mental anguish, and our burdens appear to be too heavy to bear—how natural it is for children of God to think of heaven. Our minds travel quickly to that land of bliss where there will be no more sickness, no more sin, where nothing decays and nothing destroys. We revel in our thoughts of that city of perfect delight and eternal grandeur, where the strife and turmoil of a world of iniquity is unknown.

And so, when we feel ourselves hemmed in on every side, when the tribulations are multiplied and no one seems to care or to understand, how easy it is to think of heaven and say, as Elijah once did, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life."

But when we get to this state of mind, we must remember the prayer of Jesus:

"I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." That this prayer is also for you is shown by Christ's further statement: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word."

Jesus' prayer for you is not that God will take you home to heaven, but that He will keep you. He is praying for you today. He is praying that God will keep you in victory—keep you pure—keep you true. If you believe that He will do this, then, in spite of the difficulties which may come into your life, you can go on your way rejoicing.

THE PENTECOSTAL EVANGEL

ROBERT C. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

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Healed of Epilepsy

At the age of seventeen I had a complete nervous breakdown. I felt I was choking to death. I tore at my clothes, and my head drew backwards. My arms and legs drew so badly that I couldn't control myself.

Three years later my little girl was born. I began having hard convulsions, which lasted for six years. These attacks would leave me so weak that I was unable to walk or feed myself for several days afterwards. I was examined by many doctors, had several operations, and was in different hospitals.



Mildred Mara

But none could find a cure for my affliction.

I wanted to die, and thought of taking my life. I felt I had nothing to live for in this condition. The last doctor who treated me said it was epilepsy. He told me that there was no cure, and that unless I took nerve treatments the rest of my life I would lose my mind.

I spent several days in the hospital in the mental ward, and felt as if I were in the place of the tormented and doomed. I knew that God was my only hope. After being released I gave up the doctors, refused their treatments and dope, and put my complete trust in the Lord, who graciously rescued me.

The last and worst attack I had was on July 4, 1944. It lasted nine hours. The pain was so severe I thought I could never endure it. My parents left to get a doctor. I prayed that God would prevent them from finding one, for I wanted to trust the Lord completely. I knew that all the medicine and shots in the world could not help me. I felt that this was Satan's last and final attack. When they returned without the doctor I was so relieved. I was unable to speak, but I shouted within, "Hallelujah, Jesus, You answered my prayer. I am healed." And I was healed! I believed the Word, stood on God's promises, and in three days I felt as though I had never been sick.

I have been free from epilepsy for over eleven years. I am laboring for the Lord in His great vineyard. He is my Healer and He gives me supernatural strength for the work.—Mrs. Mildred Mara, Pastor, Assembly of God, Shafter, Calif.

WGTH, Hartford, Conn. ~ WMAL, Washington, D. C. ~ WILM, Wilmington, Del. ~ WPCF, Panama City, Fla.

C. M. WARD BECAME REVIVALTIME'S SPEAKER IN 1953. ~ THE CURRENT RADIO LOG SHOWS REVIVALTIME'S

*God's protection from
bandits in Mongolia—*

by JOSEPH PAYNE

*the attack of the
BLACK HORSE BRIGADE*



THROUGHOUT THE LONG WINTER months the village of Gashatay, it seemed, had led a charmed life. For many miles around, villages had been sacked and looted, and refugees had been continually pouring into the mission station. Spring came, and with it news that a fresh and much larger band of brigands than had hitherto been seen had entered the district. They were the "Heh Ma Tui" (Black Horse Brigade), exceptionally well equipped and numbered over 2,000.

One night, while everyone slept and silence reigned, I was suddenly awakened by a blood-curdling yell. It came from my wife who was fast asleep. Following the scream, though still fast asleep, she cried out triumphantly in a perfectly steady voice, "Protected by the blood of Jesus, protected by the blood of Jesus!" This she kept crying until I awakened her.

She was in a state of great excitement and fear. She had been dreaming, and this is what she had dreamed: Stretched before her vision lay the vast open plain of Mongolia. Nestling in its little hollow lay the village of Gashatay and the mission buildings. Presently, gathering from the four parts of the earth, multitudes of shadowy figures appeared. They were unclean spirits being vomited from the pit of hell. There were legions of them, and they overpowered everything in their pathway as they swept over the country-

side. No one and nothing was spared. Finally they reached Gashatay and then came pouring over the hill and through the mission gates.

The dreamer then saw two of the figures break away from the rest of the company and enter our little two-roomed, mud-brick house. They entered the first room and were about to enter the second when my wife and I with all the strength of our lungs cried out, "Protected by the blood of Jesus, protected by the blood of Jesus!" It was this cry which had startled me out of my sleep.

Slowly, and sneering horribly as they realized they were being cheated of their prey, the two evil spirits in her dream slunk backwards. The power of the precious Name was compelling them to yield ground, until finally, after one last supreme but fruitless effort to advance, they disappeared. We were safe.

But what could it mean?

About nine o'clock that same morning, just after prayers, one of the brethren came running over to me, crying excitedly, "Mu-shih, come quickly, bandits are coming!" Following Brother Pai, I raced up the little hill, at the top of which is the small mission cemetery, and looked in the direction indicated. Far in the west I saw great clouds of dust, which told us that a veritable army was on its way. Intermittently groups of horsemen broke through the dust clouds, and we saw them galloping madly in the direction of Gashatay.

Between the horsemen and Gashatay the whole countryside was seething with fleeing peasants. Even as we watched, the villages immediately below us were being stirred into a state of great excitement as they realized that within an hour

the plundering horde would be upon them. Already they had reached and were sacking "Red Slipper Valley."

Returning to my wife as composedly as possible, I explained to her what was happening. We were expecting our first baby any day, while our nearest medical help was nearly four days' journey away, and anxiety was tearing at our hearts.

By now the refugees were streaming past us in an ever-growing number. Sweating and cursing men, their faces set with determination and drawn in anxiety, were furiously lashing their beasts into greater effort. Springless carts drawn by oxen, bearing terror-stricken women and screaming children, rumbled clumsily by on their wooden wheels. Small boys struggled gamely along with belongings tied up in a dirty blue cloth and slung over their shoulders. Lastly, bringing up a pathetic rear, came poor women, too poor to own carts or animals, shouting at their screaming children to hurry faster, hobbling painfully by on their crippled, bound feet. Some would stumble and fall, while scores of them, too discouraged and weary to go farther, turned into our mission gates and implored us to help them.

Our own friends pleaded with us to join the stream of runaways and try to make a getaway while there was still an opportunity, for they knew that we would be considered a rare prize should we fall into the hands of the bandits. We declined, however, as we felt in this matter we must trust the Lord.

The last refugee had passed, and momentarily we were expecting the blow to fall, but for some reason it failed to come. Except for some sporadic shooting in the distance all was quiet. We were at a loss to understand it—when suddenly, from out of the earth it seemed, away on the ridge of the distant foothills by which Gashatay is surrounded, a column of horsemen appeared. Silhouetted against the skyline, they looked an inspiring sight as they galloped along the crest of the hills. Others appeared, and soon the air was again filled with the sound of barking rifles and the rat-a-tat of machine guns.

Presently some of the refugees came straggling back, bearing with them one or two wounded. Even before we were told we knew what had happened: we were surrounded!

A nauseating feeling of helplessness came over me—and not over me only, but over all—as we realized that in an hour or two our fate would be sealed. There was not a vestige of hope that

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BEING RELEASED WEEKLY OVER 205 NETWORK OUTLETS, 133 INDEPENDENT AND 19 FOREIGN STATIONS.

see page 6

BROTHER PAYNE WITH CHRIST

Joseph Payne went to be with the Lord on November 12 following a heart attack. For the past two years he served as Assistant District Superintendent of the New England District of the Assemblies of God. He also filled the office of General Presbyter for over a year.

Brother Payne was born in Sunderland, England, on Jan. 21, 1909. He was saved at the age of 20 and later enrolled in Elin Bible College where he met the young lady who became his wife. They were married in September 1932 and the following month left England for Mongolia. There in one of the most neglected mission fields on earth they labored as pioneer missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne and their three children were interned by the Japanese from 1941 to 1945 and suffered extreme privation while imprisoned.

In 1948 Brother Payne came to the United States and traveled as an evangelist. In 1950 he became affiliated with the Assemblies of God and the next year became pastor of the Hartford Gospel Tabernacle in West Hartford, Conn. He enjoyed a fruitful ministry at this church for over four years.

Brother Payne is survived by his wife and three teen-age children. Burial was in Hartford, Conn., with the District Superintendent, Grady L. Fannin, having charge of the funeral service and Fred Packer preaching.

we would be delivered because there was no company of soldiers within eighty miles large enough to rescue us.



Joseph Payne

My wife and I slowly wended our way back to our little home. Conflicting thoughts filled our minds, and anxiety clutched at our hearts for the little one that was to be born to us in the near future. Tales of bandit cruelty were carried to us, increasing our anxiety.

Gunfire was coming perilously near now. I looked out the window, and there on the southern foothills I saw a company of bandits taking formation; and even as I watched they came charging down the hillside, riding like demons.

Bullets were whistling in all directions as my wife and I again sought the Lord in prayer. We asked for grace to die—if that were to be our lot—to die as Christians. Then we asked for a word of comfort, and to our hearts the Lord spoke. To my wife the promise given was, "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." And to me, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." In a wonderful way we felt new strength, sweet peace.

Rising from our knees, we had a

glimpse through the window of bandits galloping round and round the compound, firing on us as they passed. Finally, when they realized that their shooting was not returned, they came charging into the compound.

The hour had come. Deliverance or martyrdom? Which was it to be? "Be brave, dear, it will not be long now," I told my wife.

What followed in the next few moments is a hazy jumble in my mind, but I remember my wife and I together going out into the compound to meet the bandits. Then a rifle being pushed toward us, a curse and a command to get back into the house under threat of death, and my wife scolding our would-be murderer for *walking on the garden!* Strange what we do in a crisis! We returned to the sanctuary of our rooms and waited.

We had not long to wait, for soon the

door was rudely kicked open, and in strode TWO bandits. They had been detailed off from the main group to loot and bring us out, probably for execution. But here was an outstanding thing—it was exactly as my wife had seen in her dream! For the second time within a few hours she was looking upon the same picture! Up till now it seemed as if the devil had had everything his own way, but now we began to see the hand of the Lord.

Approximately ninety-five per cent of the population of Mongolia are unable to read or write, but God in His goodness saw to it that one of these two men who came to us was from the five per cent who could read. And furthermore, somewhere he had heard the glad message of God's love, for he appeared to be acquainted with the gospel. On our walls he had seen Scripture portions printed in Chinese.

Stand Still in Jordan

by C. M. WARD

"When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan" (Joshua 3:8).

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL ARRIVED AT the Jordan at the time of harvest when the river overflowed all its banks. Joshua 3:15 states, "And as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest)..." Thus the outlook for a crossing was not favorable. Forty years of perilous wandering in the wilderness had brought them to this—the moment of supreme test. This was Israel's zero hour. How would they face it?

It is not difficult to imagine how hard it was for the priests to wade out into the flood-crest with the ark of the covenant upon their shoulders. No miraculous path seemed to open to them. It was a step of obedience. The commander had said, "When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan." It isn't easy to stand still when things are on a rampage. It isn't easy to stand still at any time, let alone in the midst of disturbance. The going might have been easy had it pleased God to heap up the violent wa-

ters before they stepped into the stream, but that was not God's order. God required faith.

"Thus far, O Lord, you've brought me
Through stormy days and clear;
We've walked together many a day
And now You've led me here.
"We've walked across the valley
And up the mountain steep;
We've gone along the lake-side calm,
We've trudged through waters deep.
"Now take my hand and lead me,
Whatever may await;
Until one day I walk with You
Through heaven's golden gate."

God will ask all of us to stand in the midst of the angry streams of life with their currents swirling around us and amid so much pressure that it seems almost impossible for us to stay afoot. It is not easy to "stand still." It would be a lot easier to wade around and try to do something. Trusting is never easy!

Yet this one thing we know—when the waters of Jordan begin to rise about us, the promised land is not far away! There is only one way into the promises of God and that is by meeting the test of faith. There is only one way to meet the test and this is by "standing still in Jordan" until God stacks the waters up in

WSBA, York, Pa. WHAN, Charleston, S. C. WSIX, Nashville, Tenn. KGBT, Harlingen, Tex.

OVER 600,000 BOOKS BY C. M. WARD HAVE BEEN PRINTED FOR DISTRIBUTION. 2,060 CHURCHES HAVE

What happened next was overpowering. Striding across the room, this bandit—clothed still in his heavy winter furs, though it was May 4, and perspiration coursing down his face in tiny rivulets—confronted me. Holding his rifle ready for use, he stared into my eyes with a peculiar expression. I wonder what thought passed through that man's mind? What past experience had he had? Who knows but what some isolated, lonely missionary's labor was now bearing fruit?

"Is this a Jesus house?" he demanded.

"It is."

"Are you a Jesus man?"

"I am."

He placed his hand on my shoulder, and in tenderness said, "Do not be afraid, I will see that you are not molested. I will protect you, for you are good people. You preach the way of righteousness." Then as suddenly as he had come he

went away. He had come to loot, to rob, to plunder, and to kill. But he became our protector. He had come to drag us to our death. But he became our comfort and consolation instead. Oh, wonderful, wonderful are the ways of our God! Who can fathom His love? Of all that murderous horde there probably was only one who could help us, and God sent that one!

All that morning, throughout the afternoon and well into early evening, the terrible work went on. Young men were murdered in cold blood, women were ravished, old people were thrown alive down the wells. Homesteads and farms were looted and put to the torch. Back and forth raged that horde. What some had missed, others found, so that none escaped. But in the midst of all this sorrow, destruction, and carnage the "Jesus house" stood unscathed. It was a

"city of refuge." All who sought its shelter that bloody day were safe. "Protected by the blood of Jesus, protected by the blood of Jesus!" Yes, the promise was made true, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Four weeks afterward, a lovely little girl was born to us.

There is a remarkable sequel to this story, without which it would not be complete. About six weeks after these terrible but wonderful happenings I received a letter from a friend of ours in London. The writer had had a dream. No, it was more than a dream—it was a visitation. She had been awakened out of her sleep by someone calling her to get up and pray. She opened her eyes and realized it was the Lord speaking to her.

"But Lord," our friend replied, "for whom shall I pray?"

—Continued on page thirteen

a pile and provides a thoroughfare.

We have experienced this many times in the ministry of REVIVALTIME. It is not easy to trust God for \$10,000 a week. It is not easy to "stand still," without getting nervous and letting fear and unbelief make you scramble up the banks again toward safety. It is not easy to face a "flood of bills" and network obligations. It is not easy to "stand still" and maintain a patient, trustful attitude when you feel that you are being swept away, when those who have pledged their support have forgotten, or when those who have been enthusiastic have wearied. And yet it gives you the opportunity to prove Isaiah 43:2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." How many times have we given up and failed to win a great victory when only a few more moments would have ended the fury of turbulent Jordan!

Everything attempted for God is a step of faith. The ark, which was borne upon the shoulders of the priests as they "stood still in Jordan," symbolized the presence of God. What other assurance do we ever need besides the presence of God? Satan may have power to stir the waters into fury, but God has power to pile up the waters and to say, "Peace, be still." Isaiah says, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

I believe it. I have proved it in this

REVIVALTIME NEWS FLASH!

NEW STATIONS ADDED

Revivaltime was released over the following new stations, beginning the week of November 20:

SPARTA, WIS. (WKLJ)

Sunday—9 a.m. (250 watts)

Contact cleared through Roger Haas
TIME CHANGE—KVFC, Cortez, Colo.

Now heard at 3:45 p.m. each Friday

ministry of REVIVALTIME. Thus the Assemblies of God have reached their second anniversary of network broadcasting.

Life at times seems to be all rivers—and all of them swollen. Neighbor, if God is with us we need never to ask, "How many more rivers must we cross, and how high are they above their banks?" *Where God guides He provides.*

I believe every faithful member of the Assemblies of God wants to see the leaders of the Movement shoulder the ark, step out into the Jordan, and reach for the fulfillment of God's promise. "It shall come to pass, as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from

above; and they shall stand upon an heap" (Joshua 3:13).

There is a way to take care of every torrent that threatens to sweep us away. It is found in *the rest of faith*—a faith that rests completely upon His Word, for we must never lose sight of Him. Here are some words which have helped me so many times "in the floods."

"I asked the robin as he sprang
From branch to branch, and sweetly
sang,

What made his breast so round and
red.

'Twas 'Looking toward the sun,' he
said.

"I asked the violets sweet and blue,
Sparkling with the morning dew,
Whence came their color; then, so shy,
They answered, 'Looking toward the
sky.'

"I saw the roses one by one
Unfold their petals to the sun.
I asked what made their tints so bright;
They answered, 'Looking toward the
light.'

"I asked the thrush, whose silvery note
Came like a song from angel's throat,
What made him sing in twilight dim—
He answered, 'Looking up to Him.'"



KJRG, Newton, Kans. ~ WNOP, Newport, Ky. ~ KMLB, Monroe, La.

PLEGGED REGULAR SUPPORT. ~ KEEP PRAYING FOR REVIVALTIME.

Progress in Nigeria

By RAYMOND BROCK

WE HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A term of service in Nigeria, West Africa. They were happy years, thrilling years, bewildering years—happy because we felt we were in the center of the Lord's will; thrilling because of the many manifestations of the power and blessings of God upon the Mission work; bewildering in getting used to African customs and more.

The language problem which usually confronts a junior missionary was among the least of our worries. Since Nigeria is a British colony and our work was chiefly with the schools, we did not have to spend time learning an African vernacular. As a result, we were able to plunge right into our missionary activities.

The greatest victory we witnessed in Nigeria was not related to the work of any individual missionary, but was the developing of a co-operative policy between the missionaries and the national church to develop an indigenous Mission in Nigeria. Many of the local church buildings have become too small for their congregations and new buildings have been constructed—the local congregations bearing the entire expense of expansion. Illustrative of this indigenous expansion is the church at Oparanadim.

When we first visited Oparanadim we saw a long mud building with a palm mat roof. This one building served as church and elementary school. The building was packed on Sunday with several hundred in attendance. The pastor told us they were going to trust the Lord and build by faith.

Just barely a year later we participated in the dedication of the new church there. What a change met our eyes! The old mud building was completely gone, and in its place stood a substantial cement block building with corrugated zinc roof. The new church was adequate to seat the congregation with room for numerical increase.

To us the glorious part of the building venture was the fact that not one cent of mission funds was used in making the new structure. During the time of building, the local congregation had adequately supported its pastor and had also paid for the new building as it progressed, so that on the day of dedication there was no indebtedness to be cleared, no mortgage to be burned.

The faith of our Christians in Oparanadim also inspired the pagan chiefs

of the village to begin work on a school building. Today there is a new elementary school under the jurisdiction of the local assembly. This building was provided by the members of the village, many of whom are not members of our church but who recognize the value of the church's ministry among them.

The desire for education on the part of young Africans has necessitated the building of many new schools throughout Nigeria. In Benin Province we were asked to build a number of new schools last year. Again the financial burden was carried by the natives with no mission money being expended in elementary school building. We have also opened our first secondary school in Nigeria, with a government grant to build the building and pay the teacher.

A most important arm of our work in Nigeria is the Assemblies of God Press in Aba. Under the direction of Rex R. Jackson, the print shop has tripled its floor space during the past year, and as soon as the new Speed-the-Light monotype machine is installed the gospel will go forth in English and three or four African dialects in greater volume than ever before.

Perhaps the most important phase of the over-all mission program is the work of the Nigerian Bible Institute. Students from twelve different tribes gather at Umuahia six months out of the year to prepare themselves for active Christian

ministry. This year the school has been completely inadequate to meet the challenge. Lack of dormitory rooms, lack of kitchen facilities, lack of dining room facilities, lack of sufficient classrooms has forced many students away from the school. When this school year opened more than a dozen students were refused admission because there was no place to house them. Even though a new dormitory wing was constructed last year there is still not sufficient room to house all that desire to prepare for Christian service.

The present dormitory facilities permit eighty-two men to live on the campus, but the kitchen and dining hall can accommodate only twenty students at a time. As a result the preparing and eating of meals must be staggered, thus lengthening the period of the lunch hour. This in turn has necessitated a curtailment of class and practical ministerial activities. Our need now is for a new kitchen and dining hall which will permit all of the students to prepare their meals in a limited time so more time may be given to Christian service.

In making long-range plans to increase the effectiveness of the Bible School, the field committee has approved plans for the construction of a new administration building. The new building should house the chapel, library, six classrooms and administrative offices. To make this new building possible, there is urgent need for regular support of the Nigerian Bible Institute. We should like to ask if, instead of taking one offering for the Bible School and then forgetting its work, you cannot make a regular monthly contribution to the work of the school? These offerings should be sent to the Foreign Missions Department designated "Nigerian Bible Institute Building Fund."

The student body at Nigerian Bible Institute



The indigenous principle which operates in Nigeria has relieved us of the burden of building elementary schools and churches, but the African economy will not enable the national church to build the Bible School buildings. The Bible School cannot be self-supporting because we keep the fees low enough for the poorest of our African Christians to be able to attend. (Even our Bible Schools in the States are not self-supporting—they must seek financial assistance from District funds and endowments.) We must appeal to our local congregations, our Sunday School classes, our C. A., M. F. and W.M.C. organizations to rally to the support of the Nigerian Bible Institute if it is to expand its facilities to accommodate the numbers of students who wish to prepare themselves for the work of the Lord but are hindered because of cramped quarters.

A trained national ministry is our best force to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ in a country that is striving for independence. If we fail to train the national ministry we will fail to consolidate the gains made during the past years of our missionary endeavor. For this reason we urge you to increase your missionary giving so as to include regular support for the Nigerian Bible Institute.

MISSIONARY News Notes



Rebecca Alice Berg was born on September 18 to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Berg of Japan.

* * *

We have received word from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bolton telling of their safe arrival in Taipei, Formosa.



Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Nipper

The Leonard M. Nipper family recently sailed for Yokohama, Japan, on the S. S. Contest.

Send Foreign Missionary offerings to
NOEL PERKIN, SECRETARY
FOREIGN MISSIONS
DEPARTMENT
434 W. Pacific St., Springfield 1, Mo.

Aged Chief Accepts Christ

By REX JACKSON, Nigeria

IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT AN OLD MAN in Africa turns to Christ. After he has lived all his life in superstition and worship of idols, his mind is so darkened that usually it is impossible for him to understand the message of the gospel when it comes to him.

Ojo had served in the Nigerian police force for many years—long enough that at last he was retired. He knew nothing of the salvation of Jesus the Son of God, and was a very wicked man, living only to satisfy the desires of the flesh.

After retirement Ojo returned to his home to live in ease. He had a good house and a plantation that brought a regular income. As he was popular in the town, he was made a village chief. Sunday was his day for drinking and celebrating. He had many jujus and idols which he worshiped and honored with sacrifices.

One day an Assemblies of God evangelist visited his compound and preached the Word of God to him and to the people of his village, telling them of the saving power of the blood of Jesus. Ojo was interested and began asking questions. He became convicted. He confessed his sins and asked the preacher to help him destroy his jujus and idols.

Some of his people said that he would die in a few days from the time he burned the jujus. Others warned that the spirit of the juju would avenge itself by cursing him with sickness which would not be removed until he restored the juju. But Ojo had a real experience with Jesus Christ and he was not afraid to stand firm for his Saviour. In his zeal he built a little house as a place for worship, and a pastor from a nearby church came to teach the Word of God. Ojo had a new interest. He gave up attending the native court as a chief, because he knew all about the corruption that was going on there.

One day Ojo was asked to give false witness against someone in the court, and he refused to do so, knowing that God forbade the giving of false witness. He was fined ten shillings for refusing to take the usual oath. Many hated him because as a chief and elderly man he would not follow the heathen customs.

Through his testimony his entire family gave themselves to the Lord and others in his compound followed him in the way of salvation. Today there is a fine church in his village with an average at-



tendance of sixty in the services. Many of the people have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Ojo is a happy Christian. He looks younger today than he did ten years ago. This chief who once arrested people for the government now seeks to arrest them in the love of God.

MONTHLY REPORT Foreign Missions Department

CONTRIBUTIONS October, 1955

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Alabama | \$ 2,114.73 | Ohio | 10,745.02 |
| Appalachian | 523.58 | Oklahoma | 11,960.12 |
| Arizona | 951.55 | Oregon | 11,517.59 |
| Arkansas | 2,505.30 | Polish Br. | 128.00 |
| Eastern | 12,476.78 | Potomac | 6,080.32 |
| Georgia | 6,207.19 | Rocky Mtn. | 5,689.52 |
| German Br. | 1,147.28 | Russian Br. | 31.30 |
| Greek Br. | 93.52 | S. Calif. | 21,533.07 |
| Hungarian Br. ... | 137.02 | South Carolina .. | 278.67 |
| Illinois | 9,684.76 | South Dakota .. | 1,093.04 |
| Indiana | 5,200.94 | South Florida ... | 3,779.67 |
| Italian Br. | 575.03 | South Idaho ... | 1,067.75 |
| Kansas | 7,203.00 | S. Missouri | 8,409.63 |
| Kentucky | 833.71 | South Texas | 6,607.42 |
| Lat. Amer. Br. ... | 909.30 | Tennessee | 1,229.98 |
| Louisiana | 1,382.44 | Texas | 12,022.13 |
| Michigan | 10,147.39 | Ukrainian Br. ... | 17.98 |
| Minnesota | 7,786.28 | West Central | 6,325.21 |
| Mississippi | 1,098.52 | West Florida | 1,805.35 |
| Montana | 3,545.45 | West Texas | 2,339.62 |
| Nebraska | 3,351.67 | Wisc.-N. Mich. ... | 5,826.16 |
| New England | 2,918.78 | Wyoming | 499.52 |
| New Jersey | 4,694.60 | Alaska | 126.04 |
| New Mexico | 2,049.60 | Canada | 139.59 |
| New York | 9,233.95 | Hawaii | 302.97 |
| N. Cal.-Nev. | 18,263.65 | Foreign | 65.00 |
| North Carolina .. | 1,124.14 | Miscellaneous .. | 212.76 |
| North Dakota | 2,704.32 | Gen. Legacies .. | 1.35 |
| Northwest | 19,941.80 | | |

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Total Amount Reported | \$258,640.97 |
| District Funds | \$13,569.30 |
| National Home Missions | 3,105.69 |
| Office Expense | 4,179.74 |
| Given Direct to Missionaries .. | 32,076.38 |
| | \$ 52,931.11 |

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Received for Council Missionaries | \$305,709.86 |
| Received for Non-Council Missionaries | 3,251.20 |
| Missionary Offerings not Allocated to any State | 13,881.09 |

Total

DISBURSEMENTS

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Support of Missionary Personnel | \$121,010.03 |
| Missionary Equipment | 37,938.57 |
| Missionary Work | 52,956.81 |
| National Workers Abroad | 10,119.59 |
| Buildings on Foreign Fields | 19,374.47 |
| Missionary Transportation | 33,846.23 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| | \$275,245.70 |
| Disbursed from "Hold" Accounts | 52,403.55 |

Total



Daily DEVOTIONS

BIBLE READINGS BASED ON NEXT WEEK'S SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

...they searched the Scriptures daily

MONDAY, December 19

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—Luke 2:8-11, 25-32

"There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night... And the glory of the Lord shone round about them" (vv. 8, 9).

Before Jesus came, spiritual darkness was upon the world. Spiritual emptiness and desolation prevailed. Suddenly, to the shepherds watching their flocks on the Judean hills, there came a shining glory and an announcement that the Light of the world had come. What a transformation that Dawn has had upon a world of men!

Every individual too can know the thrill of that glorious Dawning. To every mind and heart the message still is ringing. Have you tuned in on heaven's wave length yet? Have you lifted your head above the sin-darkened scenes of life and caught a glimpse of the glorious gleam? Christ, the true Light, has come. To all who open the shutters of their souls He comes streaming in, causing the shadows of fear and gloom and evil to flee away. Let Christ come in, and you "shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

—RUTH RACHEL SPECTER

TUESDAY, December 20

THE COMING OF THE LIGHT PROPHESED—Isaiah 59:16-60:5

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee" (v. 2).

Light and darkness, the glory of the Lord and gross darkness! Thus the age-old contrast is expressed. When the earth was "without form, and void," and "darkness was upon the face of the deep," God said, "Let there be light"—and there was light. Paul said, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Thus, as was prophesied, the Light has come. He who once provided physical light for a world in darkness has provided spiritual light for every soul in darkness. Jesus is that Light. Satan, who is called "the god of this world," has blinded the minds of many and they refuse to believe this glorious gospel. But the Light comes to all who will receive Him. Jesus is the Light—to the Jews, to the Gentiles, and to the Church. Not only is He the Light here on earth, but He is the Lamb who shall be the Light forever in that heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, where no night shall ever come.

—ANDREW STIRLING

WEDNESDAY, December 21

THE GREAT LIGHT—Isaiah 9:1-7

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light" (v. 2).

These words are a part of a great Messianic prophecy by

Isaiah. The "great light" of which he speaks is our Lord Jesus Christ. The "people" are those who dwelt in the area around the Sea of Galilee. It was principally in this region that Christ preached His gospel. His coming to the borders of this region in Capernaum was as the dawning of a "great light" in fulfillment of this prophecy.

This light, first promised to Israel, is the heritage of the whole world by faith in Jesus. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men" (John 1:4). Every one of us who has believed on Him has been illuminated and enlightened with this "great light." We are bidden to shine "as lights in the world; holding forth the Word of life" to sin-darkened souls. Brethren, "arise, shine; for thy light is come." Multitudes still wander in darkness for want of the Light which we possess.

—W. B. McCAFFERTY

THURSDAY, December 22

GOD IS OUR LIGHT—Psalm 27

"Adorable Fullness of Light," cried St. Bernard, "be thou the true noonday of my soul; exterminate its darkness, disperse its clouds..."

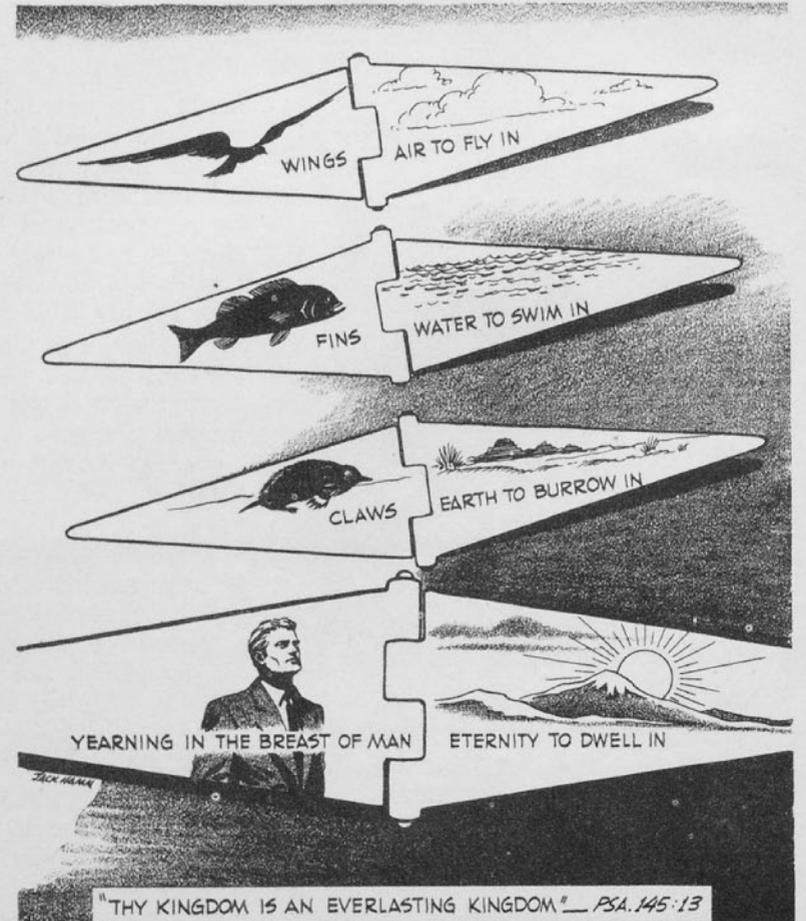
God does not merely GIVE us light—He IS light. And because He is my light, He is my salvation. To possess this light is to exterminate darkness. Someone has said that there is not enough darkness in the whole world to put out the light of a single candle. Nor can any darkness exterminate the glow of Him who is the "Adorable Fullness of Light."

Darkness is fearful, but with the Lord as our light we can boldly say, "Whom shall I fear? Of whom shall I be afraid?" Such a declaration of faith will exterminate the vermin of Satan's hordes which seek to cast the pall of fear over the hearts and minds of God's children of light.

He alone is in every sense our light—light within, light around us, light reflected from us, light revealed to us.

—GORDON F. PREISER

GOD CREATES NO HALF-HINGES



FRIDAY, December 23

JESUS STATES THAT HE IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—John 8:12-20

Christ's clear statement here is that He is the Light of the world. According to Ephesians 5:13, light is whatever makes manifest or shows clearly. Thus Christ reveals Himself as the One who makes manifest or shows clearly. The obvious question then is, "What does He show clearly?"

The Christmas season forcibly reminds us that He shows us God manifest in the flesh (1 Tim. 3:16). Christ came to earth to reveal the Father to humanity. This revelation was in a manner that men could understand, for Christ became flesh that He might more clearly reveal God to us.

But the chief purpose of Bethlehem is unfolded only through the Cross, for 1 John 3:5 states that He was manifest to take away our sins. He is the Light so that He can disclose Himself as the Sin-bearer.

Christ was also the visible manifestation of God's love (1 John 4:9). God could express His love in no greater way than by sending His Son to die for our sins.

Christ's statement also revealed Him as the One who gives light for our daily pathway. If we follow the Light, we shall not stumble. Christ says to us, "Ye are the light of the world." This light is not of ourselves but comes only as we reflect His glory, for we must constantly remember that He is the Light of the world.

—R. G. CHAMPION

SATURDAY, December 24

JESUS PROVES THAT HE IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—John 9:1-11

In this passage Jesus healed the man who had been blind from birth, illustrating that He is truly the Light of the world. Let us especially note the fourth verse of this passage: "I must work the works of him that sent me..." Moffat renders it, "We must be busy with the work of him who sent me."

Our Lord has called us to work with Him. Paul wrote, "We, then, as workers together with him..." There is a fellowship of workers with each other and with Him. Would that this truth might grip our hearts and become experimentally true in our lives. I pray the day will come when the fellowship of the workmen will break across denominational boundaries, for is not the New Covenant the basis of our fellowship?

We may never get together doctrinally, but we can draw close in the unity of the Spirit as we realize we are fellow workmen together with our Lord Jesus

Introducing—

The Missionettes

Missionary Club for Teen-age Girls

Many enthusiastic comments from pastors and lay-members have been received since the inauguration of a new missionary program for teen-age girls. This Assemblies of God missionary club, known as the MISSIONETTES, is open to girls 12 through 17 years of age. It has developed from a desire of girls in our Sunday Schools and churches to have a Christian club where they could enjoy good times with other teen-age girls, and at the same time be doing something to help someone else. Hundreds of girls have been asking their pastors and their WMC leaders to help them organize a missionary club.

The MISSIONETTES will serve as an auxiliary to the Women's Missionary Council, and has the earnest and enthusiastic support of the WMC's. Pastors who have not done so are urged to appoint sponsors from the Women's Missionary Council to help the girls in their activities.

MISSIONETTES have an honorable purpose—"to strengthen the missionary cause at home and in other lands." The club's motto is, "We care," and their slogan, serving as a call to action, is, "Because we care, we serve." This slogan is based on the MISSIONETTES' scripture: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. 6:2).

Being a MISSIONETTE will be a thrilling experience. Plans have been laid to make it possible for the girls to become personally acquainted with many of our missionaries. They may even write to the teen-age children of missionaries, and thus hear of true, actual happenings of the mission field.

MISSIONETTE MEMOS, a quarterly guide book of program material, has been prepared for leaders. (The first quarter material is available now.) Each quarterly contains a suggested order of meeting, six-minute devotional period, suggestions for projects and activities, names and addresses of the teen-age children of missionaries, and a suggested book list for MISSIONETTES. Order MISSIONETTE MEMOS each quarter from the National WMC Department (seventy-five cents cash per copy).

Noel Perkin, executive director of our Foreign Missions Department, states, "We are delighted that this new opportunity for service has been prepared for our teen-age girls in the Assemblies of God. We feel proud of the youth of our organization. They are the life and strength that is to meet not only the tasks of tomorrow, but also those of today..."

"We are believing this action in recruiting MISSIONETTES may be the beginning of a mighty army of youth in which our girls will enlist for Christ to serve a needy world at home and abroad in the way that may be open to them." To the girls Brother Perkin gives this further challenge: "MISSIONETTES, we feel that you can be a great auxiliary force to our hundreds of missionaries and ministers, and as you help others, God will bless you in a manner that only God can do."

If you should like to know more about the MISSIONETTES and how to start the girls' club in your church, write to the National WMC Department, 434 W. Pacific Street, Springfield 1, Missouri.

Christ. The closer I walk with Jesus, the more I have found myself dropping off the things I once contended for, and I spend more time exalting my lovely

Lord. Jesus prayed that His disciples might be one; and if we are working with Him, we must pray that prayer, too.

—MARIE E. BROWN



This is the emblem of the MISSIONETTES—new Assemblies of God missionary club for girls 12 through 17 years of age. The emblem incorporates the purpose and heart of the club.

The "M" is used as a symbol of the name—MISSIONETTES. The emblem itself suggests four things: a cross, a beacon, a star, and a weathervane.

The symbol of a cross suggests their MESSAGE—the Christ of the Cross. A beacon beams the way—and through their MANNER of living the MISSIONETTES become guiding lights. The symbol of a star is significant because of its relationship to the birth of Christ, the hope of the world, and reminds them that through their MINISTRY of service and material aid they can give hope and encouragement. The symbol of the weathervane, pointing north, south, east, and west, serves as a constant reminder that their MISSIONFIELD includes both home and foreign lands.

A Prisoner Speaks

This is the testimony of one of the many prisoners who take our Bible Correspondence Courses, provided through the National Home Missions Department.



I was born in April 1897. My parents were honorable and good but their circumstances were very unfortunate. They could never agree on religious principles, so in order to live in peace with each other they never mentioned the Word of God.

In my childhood one of my school-teachers gave me a Bible and I took it home and showed it to my mother. She was pleased and expressed hope that I would really read and study the Word of God, and perhaps some day become a minister. This is the nearest I ever got to God as a child. I put the Bible away and never thought to read it again. So I grew to manhood with little religious training.

I became one of Satan's "little pawns" at a very early age. I learned to use tobacco in its many forms and used it for over thirty-five years. I had my first real drink of alcohol at the age of twelve. I did my share of stealing with the rough boys of our neighborhood, and as a result spent a few years in the reform school. I was paroled at the age of 17, but soon ran away from the people to whom I was paroled.

At the beginning of World War I, I enlisted in the army and had a very good record until the end of the war. The remainder of my time in the army was spent in the guard house.

During the next few years I was in and out of the reformatory and jails. I married but was soon in jail again. While I was in jail waiting to be transferred to the state prison, a minister came to talk to me. His only reward was a lot of bad language on my part.

While I was in the state prison in Colorado, where I spent seven years and five months, the chaplain tried to help me. He asked me to pray with him, but I refused. He offered me a Bible and asked me to read it. I remembered that there was a shortage of cigarette papers in the prison, and accepted the Bible in order to use the pages for that purpose!

My wife divorced me during this time, and when I was free I remarried. I was soon behind the bars of the Idaho state prison, where I served four years and nine months. Divorce ended my second marriage, and only thirty-four days after leaving Idaho state prison I was in Utah state prison. After eight years in this prison I was granted a conditional termination.

Shortly after this I was arrested on a false charge and given from one to ten years. No one would believe me when I said I did not commit this crime. I escaped from prison, but was apprehended four months later and returned to serve ten years on the escape charge. I am now serving this sentence.

During this time my mother had gone to be with Christ. Friends and family had practically all turned against me, and I had been left, it seemed, without a friend. I suffered untold mental agony. Prison was a living hell for me. Each moment seemed like a terrible nightmare.

About three years ago I attended my first chapel service in the prison. After several Sundays I was asked to say the closing prayer. I was afraid, but I went before the group and said a short prayer. When I returned to my cell that evening, I found that someone had thrown a Bible and some tracts into my cell. I suppose he wanted to make fun of me because I had prayed in church. But although the prankster did not know it, this was God's way of supplying me with a Bible. This was the third Bible to come into my life.

From this Bible I learned that "the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Though I continued to go to the chapel services, I was still bound to many of my bad habits. I thought of joining some church, but God was leading me in His own way. I know now that God wanted me to have a real experience with Him.

About the first part of March 1953 a Pentecostal minister came to the prison to hold services, and then I learned about the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I desired this very much. The Pentecostal minister prayed for me. At this time wonderful things began to happen in my life. The first thing I noticed was that I began to lose the desire for tobacco. This habit had been with me for thirty-five years.

On July 23, 1953, I received the Holy Spirit. It was the most wonderful experience I ever had. On August 9 I was baptized in water.

Satan has not willingly given me up, however, and I have been tempted on every side. Many times I have had to go on my knees in prayer to God for strength to endure the many temptations that Satan has placed before me. "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

I hope you are not disappointed because I have not gone into more details of my crimes. But I am sure that you are more interested in how I found Christ than in how I found prison. All that is necessary is to say that I am a sinner saved by the grace of God from eternal death.

I am now enjoying God's blessings in many ways. Through the Assemblies of God National Home Missions Department I am supplied with Bible Correspondence Courses. I am shown every consideration possible by the officials of the institution. And above all I have peace of mind. I am content with my studies of the Word of God and with my work.

I pray that God will bless this testimony, and that whoever reads it will see his need for God in his life.

* * *

Offerings for Prison Evangelism should be sent to

HOME MISSIONS DEPARTMENT
434 West Pacific Street
Springfield 1, Missouri

Where'd You Say My BGMC Day Offering Was Going?

I heard in Sunday School that the goal for the BGMC Day offering on February 5 is \$12,000. Each year for the next five years, this special offering taken by the Boys and Girls Missionary Crusade will go to a different mission field so that all parts of the world will receive **extra** money for printing Christian literature.

I've filled my BGMC barrel-bank and I'm going to ask Mom and Dad to help too on this one day in the year when they may give to BGMC.

I remember now! The offering this year is for the FAR EAST! I hope a lot of you will join me in giving so we'll have \$12,000!

BGMC DAY—FEB. 5



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE TO THE
NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

A Great Gift — Trained Teachers

by PHIL WANNENMACHER, National S. S. Representative

ONE OF GOD'S GREAT GIFTS TO THE Church is the gift of teachers. Man was so created as to need guidance and instruction. The critical need of the hour is for men who are "apt to teach," men and women trained in the art of instruction.

The apostle Paul was a great preacher, missionary, and founder of churches, but he also stands out as the greatest teacher next to Christ Himself. The apostle's heart burden in the closing days of his life was for Timothy and other Early Church leaders to carry on the work that he had started, maintaining the faith and the gospel as it is in



P. Wannmacher

Christ Jesus. Thus, again and again, Paul urged and instructed these men to teach the very gospel that he himself had taught.

This need has not diminished with the passing of years. Rather, as there has been an increase of knowledge, the need for instruction in morality and righteousness has become proportionately more acute.

The Sunday School affords a mighty teaching agency by which the Church can instill the Scriptural knowledge and spiritual training that are needed in the lives of the people. I can think of no greater gift to the Church, whether it be the local Assembly or our Movement as a whole, than for our Sunday School teachers to endeavor to develop into the best teachers they possibly can be.

We thank God for the many teachers who realize the importance of this ministry. The Word exhorts us to give ourselves wholeheartedly to whatever ministry God has chosen for us (Romans 12:7). Teaching means more than merely to stand before a class and "let the Lord lead." It requires prayer, study, and training to be an effective Bible teacher. In the annals of Sunday School history there are far too many pupils who have only sat in class and have never really been taught. The successful Sunday School teacher is one who is able to lead his pupils into a knowledge of God's Word and a spiritual experience where they enjoy the same power and blessing that accompanied the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

In order to emphasize the importance of the teaching ministry, the Assemblies of God set January aside each year as Training Month. A different book is recommended each year as a training guide. The book for 1956 is entitled "Into All Truth." It is a new book especially written for the purpose by Stanley M. Horton. In it Brother Horton goes to the Word of God alone to study the doctrines of Salvation, Divine Healing, the Second Coming, and the Holy Spirit.

"These doctrines," Brother Horton states, "are not just four doctrines which we believe, but in essence all that we believe is dependent upon them."

Thousands of teachers and workers in our Sunday Schools will delve into their Bibles with new understanding and interest as the training classes are conducted in the weeks to come. "Into All Truth" was written with the layman in mind. It is a thorough study, yet it is written so simply that all may grasp the truths it contains.

There can be no doubt as to the benefits to be derived from a diligent study of the Word of the Lord. It is sure to bring a resurgence of faith that will result in souls being saved, bodies healed, believers baptized with the Spirit, and hearts being quickened anew with the Blessed Hope.

Let us pray for a Sunday School revival that will bring a rebirth of Pentecostal blessing to a generation who otherwise may grow up without knowing the glory. May every teacher receive a new anointing of the Holy Spirit and labor with a new sense of purpose and urgency for the souls of men, women, boys, and girls. Our army of Sunday School workers, trained to work more efficiently, and anointed to minister more effectively, will be the greatest gift to the Church in the year to come.

Continued from page seven—

Black Horse Brigade

The answer came, and it seemed as if it were an audible voice in the room. "Pray for the Paynes; they are in danger."

Prayer was made on our behalf until assurance was received that all was well. And so the letter asked if, on this day, about a certain time, we were in any danger—or had anything untoward happened? Yes, it was the very day!

YOUR SACRED CHARGE

Sunday School teacher, your effective teaching of the Word of God will guide the destiny of the eternal souls who are your particular responsibility. How necessary it is to be properly equipped to give the truths of God's Word to those who are in your care. How important that you take time for training in the textbook you teach, the Bible!

EVERY CHRISTIAN A WORKER, EVERY WORKER TRAINED



January is Training Month in Assemblies of God Sunday Schools. The book suggested for 1956 Training Month classes, "Into All Truth," gives the teaching of the doctrines of Salvation, Healing, the Holy Spirit, and the Second Coming. Plan now to study this course that you might better fulfill the sacred charge that is yours.

NATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPT.

Had our deliverance in Mongolia depended entirely upon the prayers of His child in London? No, I think not, but how gracious of the Lord to give us this extra confirmation that this thing was of Him. How strengthening and comforting to us, and how it has bolstered our faith in times of trial.

As a result of this miraculous deliverance twenty-two Chinese and Mongols followed the Lord through the waters of baptism.

(The foregoing is a chapter from the book entitled, "I Beheld the Mountains," written by Joseph Payne and first published by Victory Press, London, England, in 1948. All reprint rights reserved.)

Continued from page three—

NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH

keep him out of mischief. Now he has tools to do the things he loves to do.' Later, as I was getting into the car, Joe came running out to me and said, 'Thanks, Uncle Dan. Now I can make Mother that little table she has been wanting. I'll give it to her for Christmas. And I'll make her a footstool, too. Thanks! Thanks a million!' Couldn't help but bawl a little myself!"

"Gifts of peace," whispered Susie..

* * *

The days sped rapidly by, and night was the exciting time to recount the day's activities.

"This Christmas, it seems more like

—Continued on page fifteen

THESE BOOKS

Will Help You Do It

1956 Resolutions
 • *Win more souls for Christ*

HOW TO WIN SOULS

By Eugene Myers Harrison

A manual on personal evangelism for an effective course of study. In these pages excuses are dealt with systematically and Christians encouraged to become witnesses for the Lord. All the various cults are discussed and an approach laid down. The doubter, the indifferent and the atheist are analyzed as a plan for reaching them for Christ. Cloth bound.

3 EV 1742 \$2.00

YE SHALL BE WITNESSES

By D. V. Hurst

In presenting the Pentecostal approach to personal evangelism, the book emphasizes the work of the Holy Spirit in the life of the believer and in empowering him for a soul-winning ministry. Paper bound.

2 EV 636 \$1.25

TAKING MEN ALIVE

By Charles G. Trumbull

A book that will bring help to many who share the author's strong and clear convictions regarding the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, the divine and atoning Saviour, and the Bible as the very Word of God, and hold them indispensable to the salvation of the world. Cloth bound.

3 EV 2655 \$1.75

THE ROMANCE OF WINNING CHILDREN

By Frank G. Coleman

In this splendid book, the reader learns how best to prepare a story, how to get the most out of the song service, how to organize for memorization. He learns practical ways to hold attention, maintain discipline, and how to lead the child to Christ. A "must" book for all who are interested in winning children. Cloth bound.

3 EV 2393 \$2.00

MORE POWER IN SOUL WINNING

By David M. Dawson

With emphasis on the practical, this helpful treatise makes it very clear that a soul winner is only as effective as his dependence upon God. Anyone interested in the souls of men will find this work invaluable. Paper bound.

3 EV 2054 \$1.00

PERSONAL WORK

By R. A. Torrey

This is considered one of the best books on Personal Work to be had. It contains 15 chapters on how to deal with various people concerning their soul's salvation, also the Importance and Advantage of Personal Work, The Conditions of Success, etc. Cloth bound.

3 EV 2254 \$2.00

THE ART OF WINNING SOULS

By Herbert Lockyer

A book destined to become a popular guide for soul winners. The author stresses the necessity of an earnest prayerful Christian life, with a constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit; therefore, being empowered to witness. Paper bound.

3 EV 3376 50c

WITHOUT EXCUSE

By Arthur J. Smith

The author has sought out and compiled the answers that Scripture gives to the excuses made by many for not believing in and confessing Jesus Christ. Over one half-million copies sold. Paper bound.

3 EV 3665 50c

25 EXCUSES ANSWERED

By Sherman A. Nagel

In this volume the author has listed twenty-five common excuses offered by non-Christians why they will not accept Christ as their Saviour, and he has carefully, scripturally, and sanely answered these objections. Cloth bound.

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METHODS OF WITNESSING TO ROMAN CATHOLICS

By James L. Carder

A forty-seven-page paper-bound booklet of helpful instructions to the personal worker.

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WITNESSING TO JEWS

By Milton B. Lindberg

This practical handbook of methods for witnessing to the Jew is full of first-hand experiences by the director of the Chicago Hebrew Mission giving excellent insight for work among the Jews. Ideal for individual or class study. Paper bound.

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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By Dorothy C. Haskin

This book deals with questions of new Christians. A need for every new convert. Paper bound.

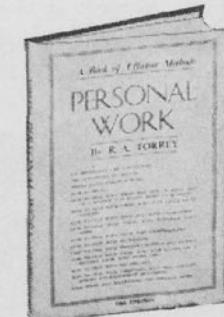
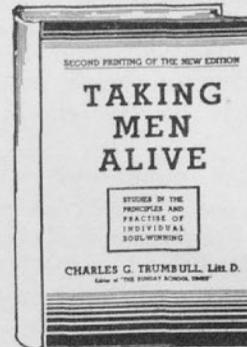
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A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO YOUNG CONVERTS

By Ernest S. Williams

This excellent booklet instructs the new convert on how to daily live an overcoming Christian life and to explore the depths of God's blessings. Paper bound.

2 EV 840 15c ea.; \$1.60 for 12; \$12.00 for 100



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sharing than giving," said Susie one night. "Today I was up in the attic looking for something and I came across a bag of knitting wool. Quick as a wink I thought of Mrs. James. We had her down for a dozen roses, remember? There were hanks of pinks and blues, reds and greens, and lots of white and even yellow! I took it to her and it was such a big bundle. I said, 'Merry Christmas, Mrs. James. I've brought you a Christmas present.' Then I told her about the Orphanage, and the children there that need sweaters and caps and mittens. I showed her some of their pictures—and then she took my hands in hers and said, 'Thank you, child. I've finally got something to live for. This is something I can do.' I don't know why I haven't thought of that before!

"How was your day?"

Dan said: "I stopped by Uncle Jed's on the way home. I told him I'd brought his Christmas present early. When I handed him the Bible, I said, 'Uncle Jed, this was my grandmother's Bible—your own mother's. We gave her this large-print Bible not too long before she died. She didn't have it long, but she read it a lot and you will find many places marked—and some notes of hers are written in it. Susie and I want you to have this. We hope you'll read it and believe it like she did.' Well, he took it and held it a minute—and then he said, 'Do you have the time to read some out of it to me?' So I read the first three chapters of John to him, and put a bookmark there to show him the place. When I was leaving he said, 'Thank you, Dan. Since I can't work any more, I've been wishing for a Bible. I'm glad it's one my mother read. I promise to read it too.'"

"And we were going to give him a casting rod!" said Susie. Then she added, "Dan, I've a gift to ask you about."

"A gift for Rose?" he asked hopefully.

"A gift for Janice," she answered quickly. "I talked to Janice and found the teacher she wants to take lessons from. I talked to him, and on this slip is the amount it will cost for six months' lessons. By that time he can tell whether it is worth going on with the lessons. What do you think, Dan?"

He studied the figures a moment. "I'd like to give her a chance. Let's do it, Susie!"

* * *

The first snow came a week before Christmas and blanketed the earth in white. Boughs hung low with the glistening load. The misty clouds had now vanished, and a brilliant sun shone down—making the town a dazzling fairyland and every house a castle.

Susie stood before a door. She paused before she knocked. It had been three years since she had come to this door,

and now her heart pounded and her temples throbbed as she lifted her hand to knock. There was a long wait, and then the door opened. Susie looked into the unsmiling face before her as the woman said,

"What is it you want, Susie Todd?"

"I came to bring you a Christmas gift, Rose."

"Well?"

"I want to give you my forgiveness, Rose, and I want to tell you I'm sorry that I'm so lacking in understanding. And—I love you, Rose!"

The words tumbled from Susie's trembling lips. Rose looked at her without emotion. "It won't work," at last she said. "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet."

"It can work, Rose, if we both work at it!" she cried. "It isn't—"

"Mama, Mama, Billy's trying to get out of bed and I want a drink!" a shrill voice came from within.

"You'll have to excuse me, Susie. All three of the kids have measles and I've got so much to do. I'll talk some other time." Rose turned back to close the door. Susie could see into the house. It was topsy-turvy. Quickly she caught the door and stepped inside.

"I'll help you, Rose!" Without a word Rose went on to the sick children, and

Susie started straightening the front room. Soon the hum of the vacuum cleaner could be heard. As she cleaned she prayed. Finally she reached the kitchen sink, which was piled with dirty dishes, and she started on them. The morning passed, and how Susie accomplished so much she never knew.

As Rose passed through a room that Susie was cleaning, there were no words spoken. Time seemed to stand still, and yet the day became afternoon all too soon. Rose left the house for an hour but was back again with a basket of groceries. A roast went into the oven. Two pies. A soupbone began simmering on the burner. Supplies were stacked away. Vegetables cleaned. Then as Rose came into the kitchen for water, Susie took the pitcher from her and spoke.

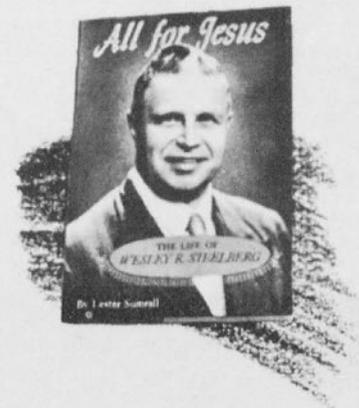
"Rose, go take a bath, and then lie down and sleep. I'll watch the children now." And surprisingly, Rose did just that. She went as a tired, obedient child—and two hours later, when she came from her room, she was freshly dressed and combed. She was met with the fragrance of roast beef and potatoes—and spicy, cooling pie—and warmth and order. The supper table was set, and waiting. Bowls were on trays ready for the steaming soup. The children were quietly resting.

All for Jesus

By Lester Sumrall

In this interest-packed book is found the thrilling portrayal of the will of God revealed in the life of a chosen vessel made meet for the Master's use. The author in a gripping and fascinating manner presents from the human-interest viewpoint the sequence of events which made up the life of Wesley Rowland Steelberg, former general superintendent of the Assemblies of God, one of the outstanding Christian leaders of his generation.

Here is encouragement and comfort for all who may at times be prone to question the varied providences of God that are found in a life committed to God. The joy and pathos of a life completely yielded to God are reflected in this most interesting biography. You will be thrilled and inspired as you read of God's dealings with this great soul.



2 EV 465 \$2.50

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Confused about where to place your tithes and offerings?

Almost all hours of the day and night radio and TV preachers are outdoing each other to interest you to send your tithes and offerings to them. The mail also brings its impressive appeals. No wonder some folk are confused!

The question is—just what should conscientious Christians do? Really, there is just one answer. Your home church is entitled to the first-fruits of your giving—your tithes. It ministers to you, your family, your community. Unless you support it, you become a parasite, reaping where you have not sown.

Do you have *other* money you wish to invest in God's work? Your District and the General Council represent the efforts of all our local churches banded together to do what no individual church could do by itself. The General Council, operating on a national level, is answerable to the local constituency for the way it spends its money. Thus you can *know* how your money is being used, for complete and accurate reports are made regularly on all spending. And the projects are chosen by the ones who represent you at your church headquarters.

The answer to the giving question can be simple. Give to your local church, and to its district and national representatives. They represent you; they preach your message; they are answerable to you.

The General Council of the Assemblies of God not only accepts cash gifts; but, if you feel that you cannot make a cash gift, it will enter into an Annuity Agreement with you. In return for \$100 or more, the Assemblies of God will guarantee you a regular return (in proportion to your investment) as long as you live. The rate of return is very generous, especially for older people. It might pay you well to investigate Assemblies of God Annuities. Ask for our free booklet. Write to—

TODAY—AND FOREVER

434 W. Pacific St., Springfield 1, Mo.

COMING MEETINGS

Notices should reach us three weeks in advance, due to the fact that the Evangel is made up 19 days before the date which appears upon it.

SEILING, OKLA.—Jan. 1-15 at Assembly of God; E. C. Lagmay, Filipino evangelist.—by Irvie Pierce, Pastor.

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA—Jan. 1-22 at Evangel Temple; Busse Evangelistic Team, New York City. (W. G. McPherson is Pastor.)

CHICAGO, ILL.—Began Dec. 7 at Trinity Gospel Church, 2409 N. Halsted; Evangelist Walter D. Lascelle.—by James Clark, Pastor.

JAL, N. MEX.—Begins Dec. 30 at Assembly of God; Evangelists Leslie C. and Oleta Eldridge, Bakersfield, Calif. (Melvin Sasse is Pastor.)

MARIETTA, PA.—Jan. 1-21 with Evangelist L. C. Robie, Union Springs, N. Y.—by Elwood S. Bell Sr., Pastor.

DOWNEY, CALIF.—Jan. 1-15 at Downey Assembly of God; Evangelist Thomas B. Don Carlos.—by Ray F. Curtis, Pastor.

DUNCAN, OKLA.—Jan. 1-15 at First Assembly of God, 801 N. 5th St.; Evangelist and Mrs. Stephen Vandermerwe.—by Haskell Rogers, Pastor.

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Dec. 19 at Calvary Assembly; Eskelin Family, Detroit, Mich. (Hansel Vibbert is Pastor.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Dec. 21 at Central Assembly; Eskelin Family, Detroit, Mich. (Ted Vibbert is Pastor.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Dec. 17-18; Eskelin Family. Youth for Christ rally in City Auditorium on Saturday night. Both Sunday services at Berea Temple (James D. Cockman is Pastor.)

GARDEN GROVE, CALIF.—Begins Dec. 31 at First Assembly of God, S. Euclid at Palmo; Evangelist and Mrs. Carl W. Oney, Pleasant Hill, Mo. (Ralph G. Markey is Pastor.)

EAST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Begins Jan. 1 at East Trinity Assembly of God, 5017 E. Olympic Blvd.; Evangelist David Pearce, New Orleans, La.—by Elmer T. Draper, Pastor.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Dec. 20-30 at Keystone Revival Tabernacle, 11th and Lehigh Ave.; Evangelist William A. Caldwell, Lancaster, Pa. (Rudy Cerullo is Pastor.)

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—New Year's Eve C. A. Fellowship Dinner and New Year's Day services at First Assembly of God, 7th St. and 7th Ave. Stanton Johnson, West Central District C. A. and Sunday School Director, speaker.—by C. E. Turner, Pastor.

CONRAD, MONT.—Dedication of Assembly of God, Cor. Central and Maryland, Dec. 11. Pastor speaking 11 a.m.; Mrs. Charles Jackson, 2:30 p.m.; Evangelist John Johnston, 7:45 p.m. Fellowship meeting Monday, Dec. 12.—by Guilford J. Mandigo, Pastor.

Susie put on her coat. "I'll be going now, Rose. Dan will soon be home."

"I—I don't know how to—to thank you, Susie. You don't know what this means to me. I—I will take the gift you offered me. And please, Susie, forgive me. I'm so—." But Rose never finished, for they were in each other's arms laughing and crying.

"And Dan," said Susie that night, after recounting the day, "guess what?"

"I can't guess, Susie. Tell me!"

"Rose said it was the most peaceful gift she'd ever had! But there's more yet! We're going to have Christmas dinner together! We'll have a tree and turkey and everything. It'll be like old times again."

"I'm glad, Susie, I'm glad! I think maybe we've begun to find the secret of 'not as the world giveth.' I think it must be like you said a few days ago—it's sharing, not just giving. A purposeful sharing, not careless giving! That's Christ's way—the Christian way."

AMONG THE ASSEMBLIES

SEATTLE, WASH.—The ministry of Evangelist Bob Hoskins was well received in our church. His Spirit-anointed preaching and fervent zeal were appreciated by the entire congregation.—Keith J. Hill, Associate Pastor, Calvary Temple. (Watson Argue is Pastor.)

KANSAS CITY, KANS.—We had a glorious revival with Evangelist and Mrs. Jackey Burgess of South Bend, Tex. Several were saved, and many were blessed by this young evangelist's heart-stirring sermons.—H. W. Barnett, Pastor, Victoria Tabernacle.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Evangelist and Mrs. Earl Walpole were with us for a ten-day meeting for the Deaf. Two were saved, two reclaimed, and a number refilled with the Spirit. One received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We hold our services in the Greek Apostolic Church of the Assemblies of God.—Essie Haigwood, Pastor, Church for the Deaf.

REED CITY, MICH.—We are grateful to God for a spiritual move among our church people and the unsaved during the two-week meeting with Evangelist Gene Allen of Texas. Four were saved or reclaimed. Several made new consecrations and some were healed. The anointed preaching and teaching were a help to all.—D. L. Roberts, Pastor.

Hear C. M. Ward on REVIVALTIME . . .

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN (Luke 4:6)

SERMON SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER 18

SUNDAY 10:30 P.M. ABC NETWORK

