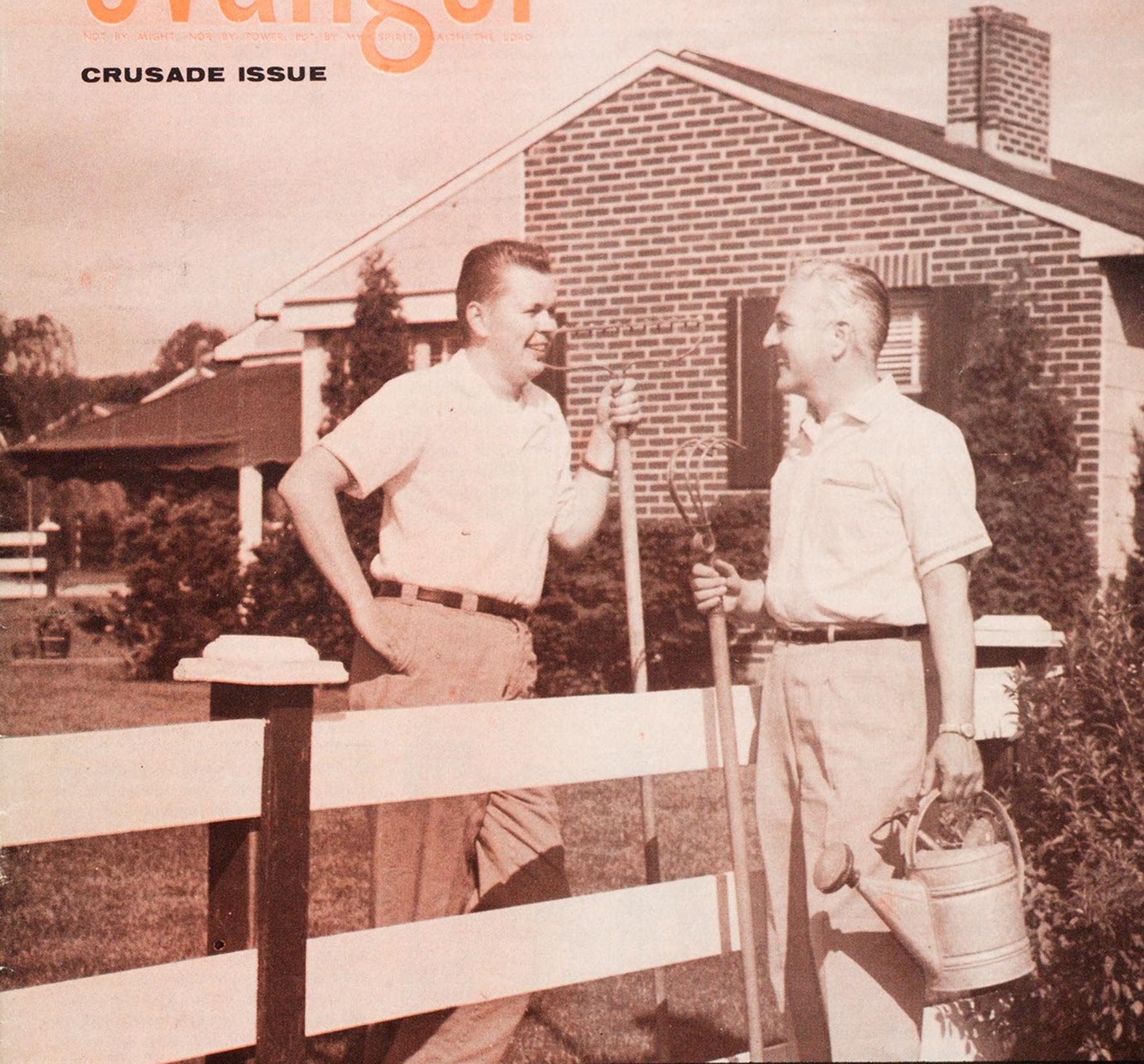


THE PENTECOSTAL evangel

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

CRUSADE ISSUE

WEEKLY VOICE OF THE
ASSEMBLIES OF GOD



Hi, Neighbor, may I share some good news with you...

This little magazine is dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal and may be endowed with spiritual life, spiritual liberty, and eternal happiness through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The amazing story of Joseph Conlee, D.D.—a Skid Row alcoholic—and his adventures in the Yukon.

THE LONELY CABIN



DRAWINGS BY COURTESY OF "THE LIFE MESSENGERS," SEATTLE, WASH.

THIS IS A TRUE STORY, TOLD TO ME by the principal character in it.

The story opens in Iowa with an old farmer by the name of Conlee. He was the father of twelve children, six boys and six girls, who grew up with every promise of becoming splendid citizens.

Some of the children had grown to manhood. One of the sons had become a lawyer and another a doctor. Still another was a professor in one of the seminaries. When the babe, about whom we speak, arrived, the father and mother did what they had done with every other child—they dedicated him to the Lord. In his boyhood days the mother said, "I hope my little Joe will be a preacher of the gospel like two of his brothers."

The years rolled by and Joe was a good boy. When high-school days were over the father came to him and said, "Joe, have you decided what you will be?"

"Yes, Father," said Joe, "The course I have taken in high school has fitted me for civil engineering. I think I will be a civil engineer."

A cloud came over his father's face as he said, "Oh, I am so sorry. We hoped you would enjoy the ministry. Are you sure you haven't heard the Lord's voice?"

He said he would pray about it. After two weeks he came to his father and said, "Father, my mind is made up. I will enter the ministry." His father embraced him and said he would send him to the University of Iowa.

When he had received his B.A. de-

gree he went for three years to a school at Fort Dodge to fit himself for the ministry. One day one of the professors said to him, "You know, there is a lot of superstition mixed up with what we originally believed. You are a brilliant fellow. I heard the president say he considered you one of the most brilliant we have. Weigh everything carefully. Apply yourself to the study of books. I want you to read philosophers like Darwin, Renan, and Huxley."

When Joe Conlee came out of that school there was a battle of reason against faith—and reason was winning in the great war.

He accepted the pastorate of a little Methodist church in Iowa. There he married a splendid Christian girl, the daughter of a Methodist preacher in an adjoining town. After three years, because of his friendship with the bishop, he was transferred to another Methodist church in California. He spent two years there. But they were years in which he was fighting a tremendous battle within his soul. Greater battles are fought within the confines of the human breast than were ever waged at historic Gettysburg, the Marne, or any other battlefield.

They gave him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. And so he progressed in his ministerial aspirations. Still, all the time he was drift-



ing into Modernism, looking at the Scriptures from the modernist's viewpoint. He was interpreting the Scriptures, not from the basis of faith, but from the basis of reason. He had been told that in order to be well balanced he should see both sides of the question, and should not be swayed by emotionalism. The bishop complimented him on his excellent work, and he was made pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches on the Pacific coast.

A Hypocrite Steps Out

After two years of successful ministry there he moved to a large church near Los Angeles. It was there that the seeds that had been sown in his heart in the past began to bear fruit. Joe confided to his wife that he was beginning to feel a little hypocritical—that he didn't believe the things his congregation demanded that he preach. Finally he said, "I am going to quit. I cannot stand it." He publicly denied the Virgin Birth of Christ and the miracles. He resigned from the church.

He was a gifted writer and soon got a job. He went to Santa Ana and became editor of the *Santa Ana Herald*. For years his name was at the head of the editorial column. But he commenced to smoke and drink, and gamble a little, and went from bad to worse. He left Santa Ana and went to Los Angeles, and for some time was editor of the *East Los Angeles Exponent*. He moved to Covina and there founded his own newspaper, the *Covina Argus Independent*. Later, he sold it for a small fortune and became an editorial writer on the *Los Angeles Times* and then on the *Examiner*. He lost both of these positions through drink.

Joe Conlee's pen never lost its brilliancy. It seemed to be dipped in the very ink of inspiration.

There were many days he could not report for work. He worked on the *Express*, but lost that job as he was intoxicated nearly all the time. Tramping around from one place to another, the man who had been pas-

ON THE FORTY-MILE

tor of several large churches, became a dissolute drunken inebriate shuffling around in rags. You could find him any night in the back end of the Mineral Saloon.

Blaming his old life for his downfall, he started, in his antipathy to-



ward God, a series of open-air attacks on Methodism and Christianity. He became president of the Free Thinkers Association of California, and for twelve years he did not miss one night giving lectures on atheism in back of the Mineral Saloon. He would raise his hand and defy God to strike him dead, and when nothing would happen he would say, "You see, friends, there is no God." He would collect a few dimes and quarters and go into the saloon again to drink himself almost to death.

He would be carried off night after night to a praying wife, while delirium tremens seized him again and again. He became a hollow-eyed, emaciated, blaspheming, cursing, swearing and carousing man. He had gone down into the very mud and scum of things—but every night his wife, daughter of a Methodist preacher, prayed for him. I wonder what the professor who gave him those books would have thought if he could have seen Joe at Los Angeles—dirty, ragged, holes in the

knees of his trousers, beard grown and matted, a poor old drunken soak!

One day, going down the street, he accidentally bumped into a man. Dr. Conlee was drunk as usual, and said, "Can you give a fellow a dime?"

The man looked at him and recognized his old pastor. He said in amazement, "You are not Conlee, man? Tell me!"

"That is my name, Conlee," said the drunkard.

"My old pastor! What are you doing like this? I cannot believe my eyes."

And the kindly Christian doctor, for he was an M.D., took him to his house, gave him a bath, a new suit of clothes, and took him to a hotel not far away, explaining to the clerk what he was doing. Dr. Conlee pawned that suit of clothes and spent it on drink. The doctor interested his friends, and they tried their best to salvage the old drunk, but they could do nothing with him. Every penny he got went for drink.

He Goes to the Yukon

At last everybody gave him up but the doctor. He said, "If we could get him away from the Mineral Saloon it might help him to pull himself together."

It was at the time of the great gold strike in Alaska, and men were climbing over the Chilkoot Pass like a lot of ants on their way to the goldfields in a mad rush for the yellow metal, and his friends thought that if they could get him in a change of environment his life might be changed. The old drunk was willing to go. So they packed his little trunk, bought him another suit of clothes, and put him on the boat bound for Skagway.

His wife and daughter came to see him off. His little girl, Florence, put her arms around his neck and said, "Daddy, dear Daddy, Mamma put in a little medicine chest that she thought you might need if you should get hurt there. And don't forget, Daddy, we will pray for you. And Daddy, inside the medicine chest I have put my lit-

tle Book. I wouldn't give it to anybody else in the world but you, Daddy. You read it!"

That little Bible meant everything to Florence, and on the flyleaf she had written the words, "To my darling Daddy. With love from Florence. Do not forget, we love you." The whistle blew, and the old steamer plowed its watery way. And in the bottom of his trunk was the little medicine chest with the Bible inside.

In a few weeks he was in that great seething, cursing, surging mass of humanity, prospectors arriving in the Yukon. The very first place he found was a saloon—the biggest in town. He got a job in that vile hell-hole. The Reverend Joseph Conlee was sweeping up the floors and cleaning out the cuspidors! His pay was "all he could drink" and food enough to keep him alive.

One day the owner of a big place came to him and said, "Doc, I want you to go over to the Forty-Mile. We have struck gold there. I have bought the old log cabin and I want you to go out and hold the place."

"Not me," said Joe, "I won't leave here. You know my little weakness." He wasn't going where he couldn't get whiskey.

But the man said, "Joe, you can have all you want to drink. We will send supplies out for two weeks on the dog team. You'll have nothing to do but to sit in the cabin and have a wonderful time."

So Joe Conlee found himself out in the lonely cabin on the Forty-Mile, with nothing to do but drink. He had laid in a good supply, as winter was coming on and he wanted enough to last.

The whiskey barrel was a quarter empty when one day in October there was a knock at the door. There stood Jimmie Miller, who said he was cold and hungry.

The latchstring is always out in the Far North. You dare not turn a man away. So Conlee said, "Come in, pard. There's grub and a whiskey barrel." Jimmie Miller laughed as he entered the cabin door.

So the two of them sat down to drink. They were two weeks, drinking themselves to sleep every night—and the drunken orgies in that little cabin were beyond description. At the end of two weeks there came another

(Continued on page fourteen)

Men often tell us not to fear,
but they fail to tell us why
we should not do so. But when
God says "Fear not" He always gives
a promise that dispels our fear.

Antidote to Fear

By R. C. Cunningham



WITHIN PROPER LIMITS, FEAR IS A GOOD THING. WE cannot live without it. A child will burn itself unless it has a proper fear of fire. A pedestrian will be knocked down and killed unless he has a respectful fear of traffic dangers.

A man cannot be a successful builder until he fears to put one rotten timber in his house, nor can he be a successful Christian until he fears to put one rotten thought into his character. It is a healthy trait to fear danger and sin in all its forms.

But there is another kind of fear that is very unhealthy, the kind that brings torment. It may be a fear of the future; fear of war and what war may bring; fear of financial reverses; fear that some awful sickness or personal tragedy may lie ahead. These fears can paralyze a person. They may cause a physical breakdown. They poison the body and stifle the soul. They bind one's life with cruel knots.

The remedy for the "fear knots" of Satan is the "fear not's" of God. Someone has said there are 365 "fear not's" in the Bible, one for each day of the year; and the best part is that when God says "Fear not" He always backs it up with good reason. Men often tell us not to fear but they can't tell us why we shouldn't do so. Whenever God says, "Fear not" He always gives a good promise on which we may stand.

If you are afraid of war, read God's promise in Genesis 15:1—"Fear not, Abraham: I am thy shield."

If you are afraid of the future, remember the word that came to Moses when the people were trapped in a seemingly hopeless situation—"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you today..." (Exodus 14:13).

When tempted to be afraid your faith may be too weak, or your abilities inadequate, turn to Isaiah 43:1 and consider these reassuring words from the Lord—

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

You need never fear failure or defeat, for the mighty God is with you. He says to you: "My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not" (Haggai 2:5).

You never need fear poverty, for Jesus said, "Fear ye not...ye are of more value than many sparrows" (Matthew 10:31).

Do not be haunted with a fear of death. In Revelation 1:17, 18 the Saviour says, "Fear not... I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death."

Be not troubled with fearing any man. Read what God said to Isaac—"Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee" (Genesis 26:24).

There is a monument to Lord Lawrence in Westminster Abbey which bears this inscription: "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much." There is nothing like a vision of the greatness of our God, His power, His love, to reduce our troubles to their proper size. Therefore, "let not your heart be troubled." Have faith in God. Faith is the antidote to fear. Not faith in your faith, but faith in God.

When you are tempted to fear, just say with the Psalmist, "I will trust and not be afraid." "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." There is no fear in love. Perfect love casts out all fear. You can prove your love for God by trusting Him. Trust in His power. Trust in His Word.

Always remember that God loves you. He loves you so much, in fact, that He never takes His eye off you, and He takes good care of all who trust in Him.

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WHAT IS A

IT MAY BE A SHOCKING STATEMENT TO SAY THAT MANY people living all about us do not know what it means to be a Christian, and yet a simple experiment will prove the truth of the affirmation.

Go to a prominent corner of your city, stop the first ten people that pass, and ask them the question, "What does it mean to be a Christian?" Nine out of the ten will answer in one of the following ways: They will say that it means to be honest, to be a good neighbor, to be a good lodge member, to obey the Golden Rule, to be confirmed, or to join the church. Not one of them has come within a mile of the true answer.

The tragedy of the situation is that even some of the people in the church are mistaken. They think they are right with God because of decency, respectability, membership in an organization, or mental assent to a creed. All of these four things are good and commendable, but they do not make a person right with God.

Who is a Christian, and how can a person be right with God?

A Christian is one in whom Christ dwells, as the Bible says, "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Colossians 1:27).

A Christian is one who has been made a partaker of the divine nature (see 2 Peter 1:4).

A Christian is a new creation: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

A Christian is one who has had a miraculous experience of the New Birth, so that he has passed from the realm of death into the realm of life (eternal life). "Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).

A Christian is one who has the witness of the Spirit in his heart that he is a child of God: "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the sons of God" (Romans 8:16).

A Christian is one who, by his daily life, reveals that he has a new nature, a new disposition, and a new objective in life. His supreme desire is to honor and glorify Christ by his conduct and testimony.

It has been said that a Christian is one who believes what Christ believes, who hates what Christ hates, and

loves what Christ loves. *What does Christ believe?* A study of the New Testament will answer that question. The individual who has the divine nature will, of course, believe what Christ believes regarding the Bible and concerning God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. *What does Christ love?* He loves truth and righteousness; He loves men and women, boys and girls. The one who has Christ dwelling within will love the souls of his fellowmen.

A Christian is a person who has experienced Christ's miracle-working power in his life. He is right with God, and is in contact with God, and he is on his way to God's eternal home. Let me ask you frankly: *Are you a real Christian?* Has the Holy Spirit done a real work of conversion in your heart?

The question naturally arises: How can one become a Christian? God gives us this answer: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

Two conditions of salvation are stated here. First, it is necessary to believe in your heart that God raised Jesus from the dead. This trust in the risen Lord involves, of course, belief in the atoning death of Christ: "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Corinthians 15:3). If the question be asked, "What does it mean to believe in Christ?" the answer is found in John 1:12: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." To believe on Christ is to receive Him as a personal Saviour.

When we so accept Christ, and repent of our sin, the Spirit of God through the Word of God performs the miracle that makes us the children of God. We then rest in the word of our Lord: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37), and we meet the second condition of salvation, which is to "confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus." That is, we declare our faith in Him. For the Word of God says: "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10).

Have you received Christ and confessed Him as your Lord and Saviour?

—Selected

CHRISTIAN?





Your Questions

Answered by Ernest S. Williams

Jesus said that in hell "their worm dieth not" (Mark 9:44). What is the meaning of this statement?

St. Bernard said, and I think correctly, "The worm that never dies is the memory of the past, which never ceases to gnaw the conscience of the impenitent."

Are tobacco and snuff mentioned in the Bible? If not, why do we condemn their use?

Tobacco and snuff are not mentioned, but the Bible tells us to cleanse ourselves "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit" (2 Corinthians 7:1). I think this includes these habits.

Is baptism in water essential to salvation?

Water does not save. Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God (1 Peter 3:21). But to reject light and refuse to be baptized would indicate an unwillingness to be identified publicly with Christ. I cannot see how a person could continue to be safe who would refuse to obey the Scriptures. See Matthew 28:19, 20.

If a person drifts away from the Lord ought he to be baptized in water again when he returns to the fold?

I think this is a matter for individual conscience, since baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God (1 Peter 3:21). In baptism the person takes the position that he is "buried with Christ by baptism into death." Why not take the Rock smitten in the wilderness as an example and, having once been identified with Christ in baptism, thereafter "speak to the Rock," or turn to Christ rather than to water?

I have been told that when Christ returns the cemeteries will look like plowed fields. Is there any scriptural support for this statement?

The person who said this was probably using imaginative language and may not have intended you to take the statement literally. When Jesus died "the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose" (Matthew 27:52). Something like this may occur when Jesus comes; but since the bodies raised will be spiritual bodies (1 Corinthians 15:44) they may come forth without disturbing their graves in the least.

Since it is evident that wine was used in Bible times, why do you teach total abstinence instead of temperance?

The Bible says, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Romans 14:21). Today there are in the United States over five million alcoholics—persons in helpless bondage to strong drink. In addition, there are two million "problem drinkers" on the border of complete alcoholism. To safeguard ourselves and others from the danger of alcoholism we should oppose the liquor traffic with all our powers. We cannot do this if we ourselves are drinkers of intoxicating liquors.



Don't Be Like That

By C. M. Ward

Revivaltime Evangelist

A COMMON THERAPEUTIC REMEDY IS BROUGHT TO OUR attention repeatedly through ads which advise the husband on the driveway or the woman in the yard, "Don't be like that! Sure you're nervous, irritable, upset, but don't take it out on your wife! Don't take it out on the children!" For a few pennies you can have a complete change of disposition immediately! That is what the remedy promises.

Man is subject to greater problems than headache and an upset stomach.

What can make him different?

Paul points to the miracle of the new birth. He says: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Corinthians 5:17). This is the claim he made in Asia and Europe. *He preached and demonstrated the transforming power of God.*

Matthew and Zacchaeus testified that Christ transformed their lives. They were tax collectors. The change in Zacchaeus was immediate. He said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I

have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold" (Luke 19:8).

Peter and John gave similar testimony. They were fishermen. Peter's language was cleansed. Once it was the vehicle of boasting and cursing. It became the channel of a heavenly language of praise and anointed ministry.

The Gadarene and the dying thief experienced instantaneous changes. The unclean spirit was banished. "And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind" (Mark 5:15).

Mary Magdalene and the "certain damsel of Philippi" were bad women. The devil had his way in their lives. Salvation revolutionized their lives. The men of Philippi who commercialized this damsel's sordidness knew a change had taken place. The New Testament says, "But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour. And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the marketplace unto the rulers" (Acts 16:18, 19).

Such is the claim of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The late Queen Mother Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, in the English translation of her book, *Lonely but Not Alone*, gives this personal testimony:

"My faith and love for Christ were subjected to many tests in the course of my life. The first test was the decisive one. In difficult circumstances I was confronted with an inescapable choice: to remain true to Him at a time when it demanded a sacrifice or to give in to temptation, even for only a moment. I recognized clearly that it would be shameful to follow Him in prosperity and to deny Him in adversity; to forget one's vow when it demanded self-abnegation, to argue: that is not how I meant my promise to follow Him. To forsake this loyalty, the highest and the best thing in us, *I could not even bear to think of what one would be after such an irreparable rupture.* After a struggle I made the sacrifice and chose to do Christ's will."

That is what the gospel will do for royalty. It will do the same for you. *It is a power-birth.* You are born of the Spirit. Something is working in you "both to will and to do of God's good pleasure." *You are conscious of this.*

An old-fashioned gospel song could well explain your experience:

"If it's for purity now that you sigh,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
Fountains of cleansing are now flowing by,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

"If there's a tempest your voice cannot still,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
If there's a void this world never can fill,
Let Jesus come into your heart."

He will come by personal invitation. You will discover for yourself the truth of the apostle's testimony: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Romans 1:16). ◀◀◀

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This We Believe

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 the only means of being cleansed from sin is through repentance and faith in the precious blood of Christ. *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 sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit by whose indwelling the Christian is enabled to live a holy life. *We believe* in the resurrection of both the saved and the lost, the one to everlasting life and the other to everlasting damnation.

You are invited to write to the Editor of this magazine for any further information you might desire. If you wish you may use the following information blank.

THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD

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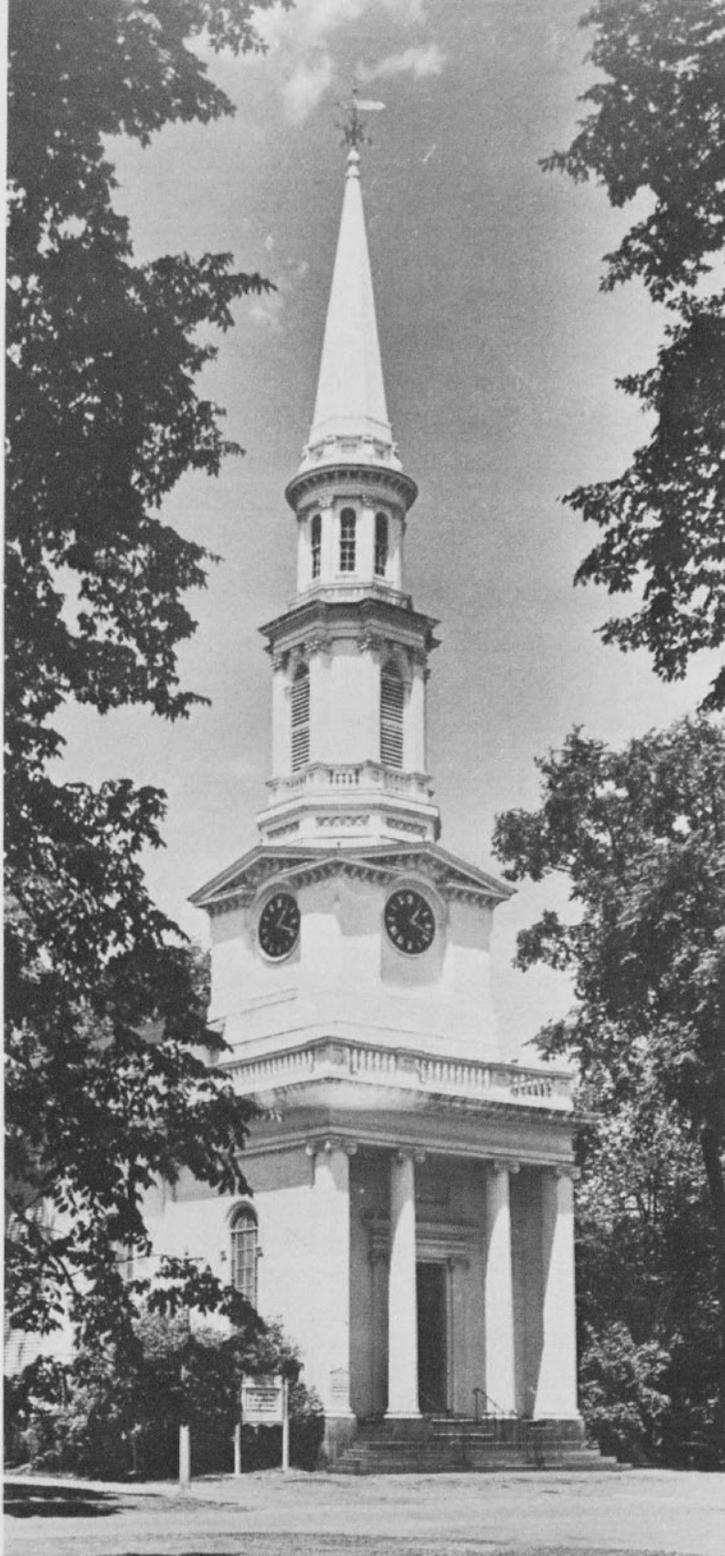
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Which Is the Right Church?

by Michael P. Horban

AN OLD LADY LIVING IN THE COUNTRY HAD ONE OF her sons in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighboring town she saw a sailor on the street, and she immediately started trembling with excitement. She asked him if he knew her boy.

"Well, what ship is he on?" asked the sailor.

"What ship?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are there two?"

We smile at a story like this, but some folk's idea of the church is about as small as the lady's idea of the Navy. Some people think that all churches are the same. Others think that God is confined to a particular denomination. True, there is only one true Church, but the true Church is the vast company of redeemed men and women in every nation, denomination, and organization. The true Church cannot be identified by any one religious label.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, once had a dream in which he was taken to hell. At the gate he asked the keeper who was in this place of torment.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" he asked. "Yes, there are many," was the reply.

"Are there any Anglicans here?" Wesley asked. He was told there were.

Wesley continued: "Are there any Lutherans in hell?" And the keeper replied in the affirmative. And so Wesley asked about Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and others. Each time the answer was the same.

Finally he asked about his own group: "Are there any Methodists here?" To his amazement the keeper replied, "Oh, yes, there are many." This stunned the great preacher.

Then in his dream he was taken up to the gates of heaven. Here he stopped to ask the keeper who was in this happy place.

"Are there any Roman Catholics in heaven?" he asked. The keeper answered: "No, there are none."

"Are there any Anglicans here?" Wesley asked. Again the reply was the same. There were none. And so he continued asking about Lutherans, Baptists, and all the others. The answer never varied.

Wesley hesitated to mention the Methodists, but finally he asked, "Are there any Methodists in heaven?" The keeper replied, "No, there are no Methodists here." Then the keeper explained: "Up here these names do not mean a thing. They are dropped. All the people here are just Christians—those redeemed by the blood of Christ. The denominational labels are not recognized in heaven."

The Church is composed of all believers of all ages who are united to Christ by saving faith. Being a member of a local congregation does not necessarily mean that one belongs to the family of God. It is personal salvation that makes us true Christians. By a spiritual birth we become members of God's family. Christian congregations may be separated by man-made divisions, but they are one in God's sight. The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ recognizes no barriers, whether of race, color, class, or sex. The Holy Spirit dwells in every true Christian. It is His dwelling in us which binds us together and makes us one.

What Christ meant by "the church" and what men often mean by "the church" are two very different things. *The Church is not a building.* It is a body of people who are redeemed by Jesus Christ. Really, we do not go to church—we are the church, if we are true Christians. The building is a place of worship and prayer.

The Church is not an organization, large or small. It is a living thing. It is called the body of Christ, and each person who joins is made a member of His body. The life of Christ is in each member; and Christ, the Head of the Church, should control each member of the Body.

There are those who see nothing but failure in the church. And true, any church that does not depend upon the Holy Spirit but substitutes ecclesiastic machinery, organization, and social activity for spiritual power is a failure.

But the true Church can never fail. Jesus said He would build His Church and He would give it such power that the gates of hell would not prevail against it. The true Church—that vast company of born-again

On an American troopship the men crowded around their chaplain and asked, "Do you believe in hell?" He answered, "I do not." They said, "Well, then, you ought to resign; for if there is no hell, we don't need you; and if there is, we don't want to be fooled."

believers scattered among all denominations—will always live as a witness for God. The real Church cannot die.

No Christian is so spiritual, so strong, so holy, or so wise that he can stand alone. We all need the local church and it needs us. Faith and service in isolation lacks something. "To turn Christianity into a solitary religion is to destroy it," John Wesley said about two hundred years ago. Christianity has its private aspect; it is a personal relationship between the individual soul and God; but Christianity is also a corporate affair.

Do not suppose you can be a Christian in isolation. Well, if you happened to be marooned on a desert island, I suppose you could! But if you live in a community where there are other Christians, you must join their company and have fellowship with them. True, you can go to church without being a Christian, but you can scarcely be a Christian without going to church. Without fellowship the Christian life becomes shallow and selfish.

By all means, worship and witness with a local congregation, but before you do this you should compare it with the Bible to make sure it is alive and not dried up or spiritually dead.

Remember that church membership is not a substitute for conversion. You cannot "join" the real Church. You must be born into it by the Holy Spirit.

Simply fall on your knees, thank Jesus Christ for His amazing love in dying for you, welcome Him into your life as your Saviour, accept His gift of salvation, and then go out into the world to live for Him. ◀◀

FAITH ^{and} her FRIENDS WENT WALKING

AN ALLEGORY

by Evangelist William Caldwell

ONE SUNNY DAY FACT, FAITH, AND FEELING, HAND in hand, went walking along a narrow mountain pathway. As usual, Feeling was leading the way, gayly laughing and singing. Faith followed after, entering heartily into the merriment of the occasion. Last came Fact, smiling warmly upon his companions.

Then a cloud moved in front of the sun. Startled, Feeling looked up at the cloud, stubbed his toe, lost his balance and fell over the edge of the cliff, screaming more with fright than with pain, "We are all lost."

As Feeling fell, he pulled Faith with him. "Alas," cried Faith, "I expected this would happen. And I am so small and weak. Help, save me!"

"Hold on tight," came a calm voice from above. It was Fact. When the others fell, dangling in mid-air, Fact had remained, his feet planted firmly upon a large rock.

Slowly Faith was drawn back on the path. Then together they tugged at their companion. Though rescue seemed assured, Feeling was still sobbing. He is big for his age, but so weak and so easily hurt.

At last he was pulled up and over the edge. "It's all your fault. You made me do it. Let's be sensible and turn back." Feigning a limp, Feeling turned to go back down the trail.

Just then the sun came out from behind the cloud. Looking up, Feeling spied a patch of colorful flowers by the pathway above. Gleefully he tugged at his friends. "Let us go on higher. But the flowers are mine. I saw them first."

Calmly Fact replied, "All right. You can have the flowers. I planted them there months ago, for anyone who would enjoy their beauty and fragrance. But, please, this time will you let me go ahead?"

So, on they went. Feeling got his flowers and everyone was happy. Thereafter, the three went for many walks together on mountain and in valley, and always returned safely.

Now, Feeling I know. He occupies a large room in my house. And Faith I know. But, tell me, who is Fact?

Oh, you don't know him? Fact would like to live in your house, too. He will manage it well, I assure you. Because Fact is the WORD OF GOD.

"The word of our God shall stand for ever" (Isaiah 40:8).

Keep in Touch

BY FRED SMOLCHUCK

President Kennedy recently said he would like a more direct means of communication with the heads of governments. The lack of proper communication has been the basis for misunderstanding, frustration and a cause of breakdown in proper relationships.

Telephone, radio, television, mail, etc., have been the means of keeping friends, families, businesses and governments intact. Science is still working on perfecting communication methods.

Man's greatest need is spiritual because in it he finds the satisfaction that his soul really craves. Communication with God, therefore, is a "must" if one is to find what he really needs for the well-being of his soul.

Holy Writ advises us to "Pray without ceasing." Now this is not asking for man to assume a certain physical position and to say certain well-phrased words. To pray is to communicate, to keep in touch with God continually.

What is prayer? It includes worship, when a man tells God how much He is appreciated. It involves communion, when a person talks with God, discussing emotions, aspirations and disappointments. Prayer is also intercession in behalf of someone who cannot pray for himself. It can be supplication, when one pointedly asks for something necessary to the success of true living.

How does one pray? Just talk to God. He's not one for fancy words. Just come humbly, repentant, obedient and in faith. Be confident of His Word and His ability. If the answer doesn't seem to come immediately, be patient. Keep in touch—"For no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

When you establish the habit of daily, constant communication with God (even while driving, working, walking or sitting) you will discover that God is nearer, is clearer, is dearer to you. That's when true happiness begins. Keep in touch—with Him! ◀◀◀



On Being a NORMAL PERSON

by Normand J. Thompson

ARE YOU A NORMAL PERSON? DO YOU LIKE TO THINK of yourself as Mr., Mrs., or Miss Average American?

What is meant by normal? Well, it carries a variety of meanings. It usually means conforming to social customs, behaving like other people. We believe we are normal if our likes and dislikes resemble our neighbors'—if we laugh and cry like them, read the same books, enjoy music and games as they do.

Among the Suka Negroes of Africa who live along the Abyssinian border there is a strange custom that to them seems entirely normal. The leaders among the Suka tribes wear bracelets on their arms. These are purposely worn so tightly that they arrest the circulation of the blood. Consequently, the hands of some of the men become atrophied, shrunken, and almost useless.

Strange as it may seem to us, these chiefs are very proud of their withered, useless hands! When their hands become so useless they cannot even feed themselves, they feel they really are somebody. Their wives uncomplainingly feed them, as well as doing their husbands' work, for they consider this "normal."

Medical men tell us that a perfect human body is not normal. No person is so radiantly healthy that all his reflexes are perfect and his anatomy free of blemishes. In other words, with such flaws as moles, corns, or a bad tooth, a person could be called *normal*, since medicine admits that the ideal is not the norm.

In the spiritual realm, too, some people seem to have abandoned the ideal. They have reached the stage where exaggerating a story, cheating on their income tax, and skipping church to take a joy ride are *normal* to them.

But if you and I copy these people whose behavior is all wrong, we shall be in deep trouble. It is encouraging to hear Joseph Wood Krutch say, "A normal human being is something rare, not common, not what the majority are but what a few actually live up to."

Is it *normal* for men to search after God? This is an important question, and the answer is definitely, "Yes!"

In all ages and races, the savage and the savant alike

Code Message for Young Readers

By DICK CHAMPION

Here's an important message for you about what happens when a person accepts Christ as his Saviour. To learn the message, you'll have to decode it.

CODE

A=26; B=25; C=24; D=23; E=22; F=21; G=20; H=19; I=18; J=17; K=16; L=15; M=14; N=13; O=12; P=11; Q=10; R=9; S=8; T=7; U=6; V=5; W=4; X=3; Y=2; Z=1.

MESSAGE

"7-19-22-9-22-21-12-9-22 18-21 26-13-2 14-26-13
25-22 18-13 24-19-9-18-8-7, 19-22 18-8 26 13-22-4
24-9-22-26-7-6-9-22: 12-15-23 7-19-18-13-20-8 26-9-22
11-26-8-8-22-23 26-4-26-2; 25-22-19-12-15-23, 26-15-15
7-19-18-13-20-8 26-9-22 25-22-24-12-14-22 13-22-4."

(To check your answer, look up 2 Corinthians 5:17.)

have hungered after God. The ancient Egyptian who worshiped Mentu, the rising sun, and Atmu, the setting sun, were searching after God. The modern Hindu, serving a weird menagerie of gods, including Hanuman the monkey god and Ganesh the elephant-headed god, is searching after the living and true God.

Why do men seek after God?

Men seek God because they are spiritual beings, created in the image of God. Man is the only one of God's creatures that can laugh and shed tears of emotion, that can communicate by means of spoken and written words, that can grasp spiritual values such as hope, love, faith, and salvation. He is the only one of God's creatures with a soul—a soul so precious that Jesus Christ, God's Son, died on Calvary's cross to save it.

Is it normal for men to pray, to worship their Creator, to sing His praises? Yes, indeed! The man who refuses or neglects to pay homage to Almighty God is *not* normal!

But being normal should not satisfy us. We should realize we are not nearly as wise or good as we ought to be. We can ask God to help us "go on to perfection" (Hebrews 6:11), and we can become outstanding.

What makes men great? It is dedication to a worthy cause. Jonas Hanway, the wealthy cloth merchant of London, suffered from poor health all his life. In spite of his delicate health, Hanway lived an outstanding Christian life. Not only did he start a fine program of training for poor working boys but he opened the first Sunday schools in London, fifty of them. Lincoln, Socrates, Churchill, Alexander the Great—none of these can be called normal beings. They were above normal—extraordinary men, men with a passion, men of courage and vision.

Young Dr. James Watson of Harvard University won the 1962 Nobel Prize in medicine because he was not content to remain a mediocre biology teacher. The long hours he spent in his laboratory doing painstaking research, nine long years of it, that often brought disappointments, finally lifted him high above normalcy.

Dr. Watson worked out the structure and internal arrangement of invisible DNA molecules (deoxyribonucleic acid). These mysterious molecules have been called the most precious stuff in the universe. They determine the color of your eyes and hair. They give about one million chemical "orders" for the manufacture of more cells to help you grow big and strong. It was Dr. Watson's dedicated work with these marvelous molecules that made him an outstanding scientist.

What makes a Christian outstanding? Well, think of the fine Christians you've known, such as your pastor, or Bible teacher, or your favorite foreign missionary. What makes them tops? Isn't it their dedication to Christ and His work? Isn't it their Christlike compassion for a sinful, dying world?

Are you satisfied to be merely "normal"? Not *you*, I'm sure! You plan on being an outstanding person, a devoted Christian; but—perhaps some bad habit is binding you so tightly your hands have become as useless to work for God as a Suka chief's.

Take courage! Ask the Lord to break that habit. He will help you become a great Christian, away above average, like your pastor or that missionary. ◀◀

DESIGN FOR HAPPINESS

by W. V. Myres



The Psychological Common Sense of the Sermon on the Mount

Written in a light, bright style, this book combines Biblical study and psychology to interpret the Sermon on the Mount. The author believes that Jesus' teachings in the Sermon are not merely moralistic pronouncements but basically a guide to happy, abundant living.

This is an interpretation that is sound theologically and psychologically and avoids the pitfall of stressing possible practical applications to the neglect of religious and moral foundations. **Design for Happiness** is for all who want to live a more abundant life. Cloth bound, 120 pages.

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Which Way Is Up?

Did you read the tragic newspaper story of the man who died while attempting to set a new world record for deep-sea diving in the light equipment class—fins, mask, and oxygen tanks strapped to his back?

He descended approximately five hundred feet, but at this depth all trace of him was lost. No one knows what happened to him, but one of the men on the surface gave reporters this possible explanation:

When a diver gets just so far below the surface, he loses all sense of direction. He can't tell whether he is swimming up or down. It is possible that this man kept swimming toward what he thought was the surface, but instead kept going down farther and farther. The situation is too horrible to contemplate.

But this illustrates very vividly a Biblical truth that is found in Proverbs 14:12. In this verse the Scriptures say that *there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death*. When a person plunges into sin and keeps going deeper, he reaches a point where he is incapable of discerning right from wrong. The diver thought he was right, or at least hoped he was right, but perished. It is not necessary to guess about the way of salvation. The Bible clearly tells us which way is up. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:6). The Lord Jesus Christ and His gospel is the only way to heaven.



Good News

Next Week's Sunday School Lesson

MARK 16:1-20

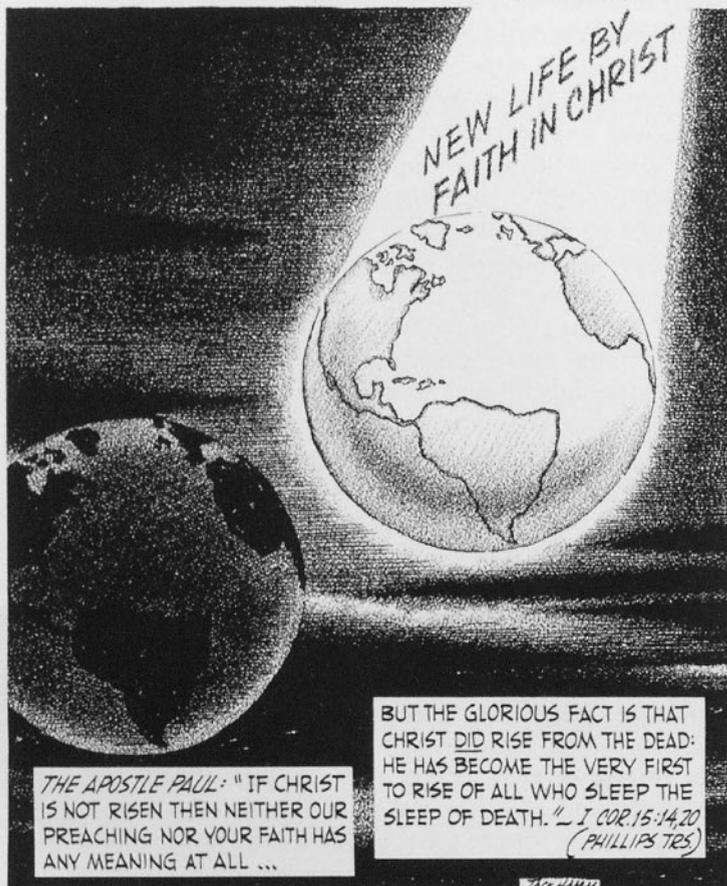
BY J. BASHFORD BISHOP

"Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him." Good news, indeed! And it was confirmed by the appearances of Jesus to those to whom the good news came. They, in turn, were commissioned by the risen Christ to spread that same good news—the saving gospel—to the ends of the earth to those who had not heard. Convinced beyond all doubt, and filled with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven by the ascended Christ, the disciples obeyed and the good news they preached was confirmed by signs and wonders, the Lord Himself working with them.

Instead of dwelling on the resurrection of Christ or His appearances which, though ever glorious to consider, are so frequently treated, we shall treat Christ's promises made in connection with His commission to the disciples.

"*These signs shall follow.*" The signs spoken of were to be supernatural credentials by which the world might know that the disciples were divinely authorized.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!



THE APOSTLE PAUL: "IF CHRIST IS NOT RISEN THEN NEITHER OUR PREACHING NOR YOUR FAITH HAS ANY MEANING AT ALL ..."

BUT THE GLORIOUS FACT IS THAT CHRIST DID RISE FROM THE DEAD: HE HAS BECOME THE VERY FIRST TO RISE OF ALL WHO SLEEP THE SLEEP OF DEATH. — I COR. 15:14, 20 (PHILLIPS TRS)

"*Them that believe.*" These words indicate the scope and reach of the signs. They were not limited to the eleven to whom they were originally spoken; nor is there any suggestion that they were to be confined to believers in the first century only. They were to be manifest as long as the commission "Go ye" was in force.

"*In my name shall they cast out devils.*" The signs which Jesus specified were representative and comprehensive. Casting out devils would demonstrate Christ's power over the realm of Satan and evil spirits. Speaking with tongues would demonstrate Christ's power over all the faculties of the human being, body, soul, mind, and spirit. Taking up serpents would demonstrate His power over the realm of animate things not human. Drinking "any deadly thing" without suffering ill effects would demonstrate Christ's power over the elements of the inanimate realm.

"*They shall speak with new tongues.*" Observe: (1) There is not one statement in the Bible which would indicate that this supernatural utterance is not for all believers. (2) Paul's statement that "tongues shall cease" should not be overlooked, but tongues shall not cease until we "see face to face"; that is, not until the Lord comes. (3) Tongues are among the gifts "set in the church" by Christ Himself and shall remain, therefore, as long as the church remains. (4) Paul's question, "Do all speak with tongues?" has to do with the *gift* of tongues as exercised in the congregation and not to tongues in the devotional aspect. (5) Those who discredit tongues should be referred to such passages as 1 Corinthians 12:1, 7, 8-11; 1 Corinthians 14:5 (first clause); and 1 Corinthians 14:13, 18, 27, 39.

Speaking in tongues as inspired by the Holy Spirit is of great value in that (1) it enables a believer to speak supernaturally to God (1 Corinthians 14:2); (2) it is a blessed means of spiritual edification (1 Corinthians 14:4); (3) it enables a believer to pray with his spirit, thus greatly assisting him in his contact with God and in his praying both for himself and for others (1 Corinthians 14:14, 15); (4) when accompanied by the gift of interpretation it is a means of real edification, exhortation, and comfort to the church (1 Corinthians 14:3-5).

"*They shall take up serpents.*" Certain well-meaning but misguided people have deliberately picked up snakes thinking thus to prove the power of God. To resort to such action is to fall for the temptation which Satan suggested to Christ when he invited the Lord to throw Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple. Christ here had in mind the accidental picking up of poisonous reptiles. A proper illustration of the fulfillment of this promise is found in the experience of Paul as recorded in Acts 28. The drinking of "any deadly thing" also refers to accidental drinking.

"*They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*" Once again it is to be observed that this promise applies as truly today as in the day it was spoken (see James 5:14-16).

"This same Jesus" is still working with those who truly believe, as hundreds of thousands can testify from personal experience. ◀◀

A Remarkable Letter

DEAR CHILDREN:

(The following letter tells how a man was healed of cancer. It was written several months ago by Mr. Joseph P. Walsh, Glendale, California, to his daughter, Mrs. John Fortman, and her family who reside in Birmingham, Michigan.)

I am so happy and I want you to know why. You will remember how ill I was last September. I had a severe attack of diverticulitis, diarrhea, profuse bleeding, and griping pains. The doctor sent me at once to the Glendale Sanitarium for tests. This was on September 25, 1962. They cleaned out my intestinal tract for X-rays, and called in an eminent surgeon for consultation on the X-rays. I asked for their conclusions, and was told there was a severe constriction in the lower intestine about three and one-half inches long. Then I said, "Doctor, I have served the Lord for a long time and He has blessed me. I have lived my three score and ten and a bonus of one year--71 years. If anything happens to me, I know where I am going. Please tell me--is it a malignancy?"

He held his eyes down and nodded. I asked him what was to be done. He replied that surgery to remove most of the lower intestinal tract was indicated. He said the entire tract was in an uproar and in four to six weeks when the inflammation subsided he would have further X-rays taken and proceed with surgery. I remained in the hospital for ten days. Shortly after I returned home I became very ill. I really thought I was going to die. My temperature was 102 and I could retain no food. However, I recovered from this attack.

On Tuesday, October 23, I attended a special service at our church, at which time Evangelist Edward Cole spoke on Divine Healing. I did not hear much of what he was saying. I was busy with my own thoughts--thinking of the night I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour (May 17, 1925).

That night in 1925 I had accepted Romans 3:23; Isaiah 1:18; John 3:16; John 1:12; Romans 10:9. I believe these scriptures. I did not feel any different, but I had the assurance in my heart that I had obeyed God and was now a child of God.

As I thought of that night and how by just believing God's Word I was redeemed from sin, other scriptures about healing, which I had read in the Bible, flashed through my mind. One was James 5:14-16.

I was anointed and the evangelist prayed for me. Our pastor, Arthur Slater, knew my condition and he prayed for me. I believed what the Lord said in His Word just the same way that I believed when I was saved. Driving home I told Mother that I knew the Lord had healed me, just as He had saved me, but that I would not say anything to anyone until I had proof to show.

The next morning I passed a six-inch piece of what looked like a chunk of red liver, dark in color, with pus and mucous. I had not bled for about ten days and this frightened me. I thought I was starting all over again! But I felt fine the rest of the day and the next day I mowed the lawn. The day after that everything was normal.

Two weeks later (November 8) I re-entered the Glendale Sanitarium for pre-operative tests. I did not tell the doctor or anyone there what had happened. The X-ray doctor looking through the fluoroscope exclaimed: "Wonderful! Remarkable! What a change!"

As he proceeded with the X-rays he remarked, "It was you who was here in September wasn't it?" I assured him that it was. He told me he saw nothing--that everything was cleared up, but that he would be sure after the X-rays were developed.

I asked if the cancer was gone. He said it was--that he could not understand what had happened.

The doctor arrived in my room within a half hour, just as I finished dressing to go home. You should have seen his face! He was so elated; said he had just seen the X-rays and all was gone. I told him what the X-ray doctor had said. He was dumbfounded. Then I told him all I have told you here about salvation and healing. He said it was the hand of God.

He put his arm around my shoulder and walked to the elevator with me. I thanked him for all he had done for me. He said, "Don't thank me," and, pointing his finger upward, he said, "Thank Him!"

Love from,

Daddy



LONELY CABIN

(Continued from page three)

knock at the door, and Wally Flett, a spiritualist medium from San Francisco, came in. When he saw the liquor, his mouth commenced to water, and he said, "Wouldn't you like me to stay with you?" They said, "Yes," and there were three of them now in the cabin. Their ribald laughter, their filthy jesting, their obscene storytelling, their drinking and carousing were unspeakable.

November came and went. They made three trips to Dawson with the dogs for whiskey and grub. Then the constant drinking got on their nerves. The three of them drank, drank, drank, until they cried and cringed in torment, with delirium tremens, night after night. Then for fun they had a spiritualistic seance, and Wally Flett, the old medium, told how he used to bunco people. He showed them how the slate writing was done, and the tapping. Night after night that was the program for the three in the lonely cabin.

Jimmie Is Afraid to Die

Then one night one of the trio came very near the border of death. Jimmie Miller had delirium tremens and a fever. In great agony he cried, "Get me a doctor. You can't let me lie here and die." But they were forty miles from Dawson City. It was forty below zero and the snow was deep. The delirious man kept screaming, "Get me a doctor!"

Then Dr. Conlee remembered that down in the old trunk was a medicine chest. So he brought it out. When he opened it, out fell a little black Book on the floor. He opened the Book and read, "From Florence to Daddy"—Florence! Florence!

"What you got, Conlee?" Wally Flett asked.

"It's a Bible, curse it!" and Conlee strode over to the stove.

As he lifted the lid to throw it in, Wally Flett shouted, "Don't throw it in, man! Don't you know we haven't a thing to read in this Godforsaken country? Your only magazine I have read twenty times," and he snatched the Bible from Joe's hand.

Dr. Conlee said, "If you want to read that you may, but I won't. . .

What was that written on the front page? 'To my darling Daddy. With love from Florence.'" He was a little more sober now. "My little girl! I'm glad I didn't burn the Book my little Florrie gave me."

The medicine worked and Jimmie Miller began to recover. As he was convalescing he started to read the Bible. Jimmie had a habit of reading out loud. Joe used to tell him to shut up, but Wally Flett was interested. He



would say, "What was that you read, Jimmie?" Then Jimmie would read it again.

Wally said, "I had no idea there were things like that in the Bible. What do you say we read it just to pass the time away—not to believe it. Joe was once a preacher; he tells us what fools the preachers are."

So they took turns reading. And all unknown to them a change was coming into the Lonely Cabin on the Forty-Mile. The whiskey barrel went down more slowly. Some days they would read five, six, and seven chapters. When they came to the New Testament the cursings became fewer, the whiskey barrel began to be let alone, and Wally Flett said, "Haven't you noticed a kind of change coming over us? I haven't heard swearing now for three or four days. I wonder if it's that Bible that's doing it?"

Christmas came. They read the story of the birth of Christ. Wally Flett said, "Wait a minute. Do you know what day it is? It's Christmas. I wonder what the little kids are doing in the States? What's the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, just thinking about little Florrie. She used to hang up a stocking every Christmas before I made such a fool of myself with drink. There will be some happy folk around their firesides."

January came, and they started reading the Gospel of John. Then came the eventful day—February 14th. It was Wally's turn to read, and Joe got back of the stove: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Joe's hand brushed across his eyes.

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"Were you crying, Joe?"

"Yes, go ahead. I am thinking about my little girl. I am not crying because of that Bible."

Then Wally said, "I'd like to know if this Book is true. For the last five days I've been wanting to pray, and I was scared you fellows would laugh at me, but I won't be scared any more. I'm going to ask God, if there is a God, to speak to me."

Joe said, "Well, since you have committed yourself, I will tell you that my heart has been broken for the last week. I can hear my mother back in Iowa praying—though she is now in heaven. What about you, Jimmie?"

"If you fellows want to pray, I'll pray with you."

Three old drunken soaks in the lonely cabin on the Forty-Mile got down on their knees. Their prayers rose higher and higher. Suddenly Wally Flett jumped to his feet, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus heard me!" While he was shouting, up jumped Jimmie Miller; and then Joe Conlee, the third man in that cabin, arose shouting.

It was two o'clock in the morning when they ended their prayer. Into that lonely cabin on the Forty-Mile had come the Man with the seamless robe. I can see Him standing in Spirit by the old Yukon stove, as He put His hands on their heads.

It Was a Miracle of God!

Then Joe gets hold of the whiskey barrel and rolls it to the door. Wally

goes for the hatchet, and the cursed liquor runs out into the snow amid hilarious shouts of praise and thanksgiving to God. Surely the angels were looking over the railings of heaven that night, watching the happenings in the lonely cabin on the Forty-Mile. Jimmie Miller, Joe Conlee, and Wally Flett were born again by the Spirit of God!

When I was holding gospel meetings in Eugene, Oregon, the pastor asked me to meet the dean of their Bible school, and he introduced me to Dr. Joseph Conlee. It was the same man. He told me his story and that was the beginning of our friendship.

Just before the end of my campaign, Dr. Conlee asked me to come to his room and to bring paper and pencil with me. He said, "I am not long for this world, I am going home to be with Jesus, but I have been praying and I believe God wants my story written down."

That night I was there in his room, and in the next room were Florence and his wife, who were living in the school quarters. "You will have to forgive me if I cry a little, but I want to begin at the very beginning," he said, and he told me the story as I have related it to you. Three times during that interview we prayed together. At four o'clock I embraced him and we wept together.

I went to Yakima for a gospel campaign, and during the first week a student came from Eugene and told me that "Uncle Joe" had gone to Glory. When he knew he was going he sent for this student and told her

to tell me that Jesus, who found him in the lonely cabin on the Forty-Mile, was with him. Then he lay his head back on his pillow and was gone to be with Jesus.

I am happy to say that both Wally Flett and Jimmie Miller also became preachers of the gospel. God did a miraculous work in the lives of all three men. God can do the same for

you! No matter how hard your case is—no matter how low you may have fallen—no matter what your problem is—God will answer your need if you will turn to Him for help. ◀◀

* * *

The foregoing story is available in tract form. Ask for tract number 34 EV 4135, "The Lonely Cabin on the Forty-Mile." Price \$1.00 for 20 copies, \$4.50 for 100 copies. Order from the Gospel Publishing House, Springfield, Mo.

INCURABLE HEADACHE HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Since my early teens I have had headaches, and as I grew older they became more frequent and more severe. Along with the headaches, I had chest pains which extended down into my left arm, although my heart was in perfect condition.

In February of 1962 these pains became worse. At times I would "black out," fall, and be paralyzed for a week at a time. During the year I was in and out of hospitals for a total of 100 days. In fact, I would get worse when in the hospital and my husband would have me released against the doctors' wishes.

From August 16 to December 16 my head and chest pained constantly. No pain pill or injection would give a minute of relief. My husband took me from one specialist to another but it was of no help. We were frantic!

We belong to a Lutheran church. My husband, who serves on the church council and sings in the choir, finally decided we ought to see if prayer would help. He serves as a mail carrier and recalled that Pastor G. G. Martin of the First Assembly of God had been the contact man for a Divine Healing crusade, so we talked to him.

Pastor Martin said if we could come to the First Assembly of God he would get the whole church to pray for me. On Sunday evening, December 16, we attended the First Assembly. The pastor asked us to come to the front to be anointed with oil and to be prayed over for healing.

The very moment that I was anointed with oil and prayed for, I felt a tingling sensation and a warm glow through my entire body! We were so overjoyed that we just broke down and cried. Even members of the congregation began to cry right out so much that Brother Martin invited others to come to the front to be prayed for, and a number were healed.

The pastor had no opportunity to preach that night but we have heard him since. The dear Lord has healed me so completely that I have not needed any kind of pills since that night. I might add that although the services in the First Assembly are so different from our own church, we surely like them very much. By attending these services we are drawn closer to the Lord Jesus. We also enjoy the testimonies of the people.

As my family doctor said, "The Lord has more power than we will ever have, so trust in Him!"—Written by Mrs. Harold Pinniger.

(Endorsed by Pastor G. G. Martin, First Assembly of God, Toledo, Ohio)





Christ Stands Alone

by Lon Woodrum

CHRIST IS A KING. KING WAS HE BORN, AND KING He must forever be. "All shall bow before him," prophesied the Psalmist. The time shall come when He, crowned with many crowns, shall reign over the whole race of men; when all kingdoms shall become His. He is the greatest King ever born. But there have been other kings.

Christ is an Exemplar. His character stands out as the Matternhorn over molehills when compared with other men's. His goodness has been unmatched for two hundred decades. He was the best Man who ever lived. But there have been other exemplars.

Christ is an Apostle. He came from God's world to bring to a fallen world the good news of everlasting life. He is the chief of all apostles. Still, there have been other apostles.

Christ is a Priest. Reconciliation lies in His hands. He stands between an offended God and offending man and brings them together. No priest ever stood so tall, or made such an offering, as He. But there have been other priests.

Christ is a Teacher. His words move the ages with their power. They challenge the wisdom of all the wise. They draw men to the throne of heaven. He was the mightiest Teacher who ever taught. But there have been other teachers.

Christ is a Physician. Leprosy fled under His touch. Fevers were thrust away. The lame walked, the blind saw. He is the greatest Physician in history. But there have been other physicians.

In these respects He was not unique. For David, too, was a king. Joseph was an exemplar. Paul was an apostle. Aaron was a priest. Gamaliel was a teacher. Luke was a physician. *But never was it said of one of these: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."* Yes, He is a divine Saviour.

History has witnessed many human saviours—Moses, Buddha, Mohammed, Ramakrishna. But what devotee of the Mosaic faith ever said, "By the grace of Moses I am saved"? Did any believer in Buddha ever claim, "Buddha has given me salvation from my sins"? What Moslem has said, "Through the grace of Mohammed I am saved"? Or what Vedantist has testified, "Ramakrishna has given me eternal life"?

Kings may rule us, exemplars inspire us, apostles challenge us, priests bless us, teachers educate us, physicians heal us—but they cannot save us from our sins.

Christ is unique. He stands alone. He towers over time, eternally incomparable. Men still say of Him, and of Him only, what men said of Him long ago: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." ◀◀