



THE PENTECOSTAL
evangel

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

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IN THE CLOSING YEARS of his life, Solomon turned preacher and added a sermon to his songs. And what a sermon! Note the opening lines:

"The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes 1:1,2).

If we are to understand that these words are the preacher's text, we can anticipate the sermon to some extent. The king-preacher can tell us more about the essential emptiness of this world's glory than some of us have ever dreamed, for he knew its power and riches and force and pageantry by reason of his exaltation to the throne. We can learn from this preacher, and his message can act like medicine for those who burn with worldly ambition for fame or riches.

Here was a preacher who tasted worldliness in a unique way. His God-given wisdom helped him to enrich himself. "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: . . . I made me pools of water, . . . I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; . . . I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings. . . . I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great" (Ecclesiastes 2:4-9).

There never was a preacher like him, and concerning all that he accumulated and constructed and enjoyed he purposed to preach. The sermon is very instructive and our only regret perhaps is that he did not say more about living with wives. No doubt he could have given expert advice for he lived with a thousand women.

It seems strange to speak of Solomon as a preacher, yet it is evident that the old and weary monarch wished to warn against the vanities of life, the deceitfulness of riches, the emptiness of the pleasures which most people crave. We can imagine the aged monarch instructing a scribe to bring parchment and pen and to record his thoughts.

Was the monarch's back bent with age? Were his eyes bloodshot? Did the royal robes hang loosely from his shoulders, and was his hair of snowy whiteness? How did he begin? Were the words of the text so startling to the scribe that he looked inquiringly into the face of the king and ventured to ask if the sum total of all the splendor of the most glorious king of Israel was vain?

Did the quill pen quiver in the hand of the scribe as his perplexed mind grappled with the problem? Were the mighty buildings Solomon had erected all a vain show? The sitting of his servants and their rising in perfect order after a meal, their gorgeous apparel and the ascent into the house of the Lord—was it all a vainglorious display?

Were the ships which the king sent to Tarshish with the servants of Hiram every three years, returning with cargos of gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks, sailing on vain errands? Is gold a vain thing? Are silver and ivory useless? *What could the Preacher mean?*

The king looks back at all the works that are done under the sun: and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit (Ecclesiastes 1:14). The great mind of the wise king reviews his labors and accomplishments. He considers the magnificence of the palace, the cultivation of the fields, the tending of his orchards and vineyards, the shepherding of the flocks, the herding of the cattle, the

bounties of his table. He remembers the planning for his wives, especially for his favorites, and the erection of suitable houses for them all; the ordering of the singers and musicians so that the sweetest of songs and the most delightful music would pervade the courts. Through his mind passes the whole range of business and pleasure, fame and fortune. All must be included in the utter contempt of the text; it was all vanity of vanities—an empty show.

"But, sir," the scribe might have asked, "what do you mean by *vanity*? What is a vain thing?"

A vain thing is anything of no intrinsic value. A vain thing may seem to appear valuable but when finally



analyzed is found to be otherwise. A multicolored soap bubble may charm the child, but when he has caught it and it has burst in his hands, he knows he has chased a vain thing.

"Sir! Are we to understand that the greatness of your court, which has attracted monarchs and other great men from many lands, the glory and pageantry of the ceremonial you have designed, the splendor which made even the Queen of Sheba speechless when she first beheld it; is all this vain and worthless?"

"Write it down!" the king replies. "Let men read my final estimate of earthly greatness and fleshly indulgence and self-glorification. My father David prayed. God heard him and blessed him, and in the quiet of his prayer chamber he meditated upon eternal things. I have labored to make my name and throne magnificent before men, and I have succeeded; but what of it! There is no eternal

profit in earthly glory; there is no eternal good in earthly wealth; there is no lasting satisfaction in fleshly indulgence.

"Write it down! Let those who have ears to hear listen to the final meditation of the man to whom God gave wisdom and who used it for self-gratification. The weight of my words, the wealth of my experience, must be passed on. I have songs and proverbs. Now let me disclose the vanity of this world's glory. If no king of Israel has ever risen to the grandeur of a court like mine, then no other king can testify, as I can, of its utter worthlessness.

"I focused the glory of my court upon myself. I in-

glory. Unlimited glory, unlimited pleasure, unlimited riches bow the soul at last and crush it. My sermon shall reveal the truth: the soul of man can only know satisfaction by the Spirit of God."

Solomon's great sermon tells us that neither possessions nor pleasure, banqueting, pageantry, nor worldly fame can ever satisfy the spiritual. These very things overshadow a life at the last and dim the glory of the coming day when the soul goes seeking the true and eternal.

One wife, lived with in spiritual contentment and the fear of God, is better by far than 700 in a harem where envy and bitterness is engendered all too easily and each is jealous of the other. One godly woman who unites with her husband in prayer and service for God is better by far than a thousand kept for outward beauty and passing attraction. In his sermon the wise old king writes, "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity" (Ecclesiastes 9:9).

It may be that the thousand women around Solomon are recorded for a spiritual purpose. Is not the Bride of Christ a composite one, and are there not more than a 1,000 times 1,000 believers already united with Him in an eternal union? In Christ we have pure sacred love that draws all to Himself and cheers every born-again believer with holy joy.

Solomon wrote 1,005 songs. If every woman who was brought to the dazzling court of the great king received a special song written by the head of the harem, each might have regarded herself as the chief and dearest of all. Be that as it may, Spirit-sent blessings far greater are bestowed upon us by the "Greater than Solomon" to show we are the special subjects of His attention and love. As the apostle said, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*."

In the eternal courts of our Heavenly Bridegroom we shall be forever around the Lord. His presence, His sacred love will ravish our souls, and His communion with us will be personal, individual—not as to one in a crowd, but a personal enriching attachment as if each of us were the only one. There is nothing fleshly or earthly about the love of Christ. It is an holy and spiritual elevation which will cause our hearts to overflow with His praises and our love to ever find its fullest focus in Himself. The sacrificial love which led Him to Calvary will forever be the wonder of our worship and the theme of our song. We shall magnify the love which poured out itself even unto death. Forever we shall love Him because He first loved us.


Solomon's women were loved for a few years of earthly life; we shall be loved forever. They were loved for their outward beauty: we for our inward grace. They shared the glory of an earthly monarch: we of the Son of God, the King of kings. They saw the pageantry of an earthly court; we shall share in the glories of the eternal Court.

Earthly pleasures, riches, fame are fleeting. The Preacher said: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." For satisfaction in this life, and in the life to come, we must view life from the eternal perspective.



SOLOMON'S GREAT SERMON

By **HOWARD CARTER**
*Assemblies of God Bible College
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dulged in every pleasure I could imagine. I sought to gratify myself in every matter. 'I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor: Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun" (Ecclesiastes 2:9-11).

"Life for me is terminating here on earth. Young people should be wisely taught and warned. In my youth I wrote songs of gladness; in my age I must write a song of sorrow. The pleasure-seeker must be cautioned; the ambitious must be instructed; the covetous must be disillusioned; the promises of satisfaction will never be realized by those who pursue the vain bubble of earthly

The Curfew Didn't Ring!

THE POEM ENTITLED, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," relates an incident which occurred in England three hundred years ago. It is one of the poems my mother, who is now in heaven, used to recite as a girl when she lived in the historic little village of Silchester near the city of Reading, Berkshire.

Two years ago I had the privilege of visiting this quiet spot in England and getting acquainted with the famous Romans ruins which are there. I saw Grandfather Simpson's old house, walked across the village common where Mother and other children used to play, and went in the ancient chapel where she sometimes recited poems. I recalled the one about the curfew, and wished I could have been there when she gave it. I cannot quote the poem but I remember the story very vividly. It goes as follows.

In the days when the stern Oliver Cromwell ruled England, a young man had been condemned to death for a relatively minor crime, and the execution time had been fixed. He was to die on a certain evening at the ringing of curfew.

His fiancée pleaded with the judges to spare his life, but they refused to show leniency. Next, she visited the old sexton and tried to bribe him not to ring the curfew bell which would doom her lover to death, but the sexton insisted he must do his duty.

So she resorted to a desperate plan. On the appointed day she climbed to the church belfry and hid there. At sunset, when the sexton came to pull the bell rope, she grasped the tongue of the bell and clung to it, so that as it swung back and forth it did not strike.

With each pull from below, the girl was hurled from side to side, and her body was battered and bruised in the process; but she succeeded in silencing the chimes. The old sexton, being completely deaf, was not aware that no sound was coming from the belfry. He pulled the rope for the allotted number of strokes; then he departed.

As soon as his footsteps died away the girl, weak and in great pain from the pummeling she had brought upon herself, slipped down the stairs and hurried to the place of execution. Cromwell himself stood there, waiting impatiently for the curfew to sound. She gave one tender look at the condemned man, and then threw herself at Cromwell's feet and confessed what she had done.

The austere Puritan leader listened to her story and looked at her torn and dusty clothing, her bruised and bleeding hands and arms, and her battered head. Deeply moved by this proof of her love for the prisoner, he said: "Go; your lover lives. Curfew shall not ring tonight." So touched was Cromwell by the brave girl's action that he revoked the sentence and freed the prisoner.

When the young man was set at liberty, he threw his arms around his sweetheart and kissed the bruises she had suffered for him.

This beautiful story reminds us of the suffering Jesus endured to save each one of us. We were condemned to eternal death for our sins, but "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53:5).

In the light of all He willingly endured for our sake, we cannot help but say, with the apostle, "We love him, because he first loved us" (1 John 4:19).

—Y.C.C.

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STATEMENT OF FAITH

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 a thousand years. WE BELIEVE in the Blessed Hope, which is the Rapture of the Church at Christ's coming. 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.

WHEN AN INSURANCE COMPANY DOCTOR gave me 100 percent clearance after a thorough examination a few years ago, I felt I had more than most people for which to give God praise.

I had become very ill one afternoon while working in the hospital of the school where I was taking postgraduate studies in theology. The doctor's report states that at that time I had "severe hemolytic streptococcal infection" which also caused pneumonia and heart murmur. The digestive organs and kidneys also showed infection. Later there was definite evidence of a meningitic type of infection which seemed to clear up, but was followed by weird irregularities of breathing and heart action.

My family and many others were praying for me, and by the will of God I survived.

Weeks passed before I was able to be out of bed. When I did make the effort, I found I was unable to lift my feet, and any attempt to move around sent my pulse racing. During the next three years my condition deteriorated. My temperature never returned to normal, and the heart acceleration continued upon the least exertion. Often I could not tolerate solid food. Confined to hospitals, I at times could not sit up or hold up my head.

Yet from the beginning of this ordeal I was possessed of a deep inner calm, "a peace that passeth understanding," which God has promised to those whose minds are stayed on Him.

Doctors did their best, but I grew steadily weaker. When someone suggested that I contact Mayo Clinic in Rochester, I was willing to try. They suggested that the new miracle drugs might help. However, the apparent hopelessness of my situation made those who could recommend me reluctant to do so, and the Clinic would not take me without a doctor's recommendation.

Finally my dear faithful general practitioner agreed to send me, but he warned me, "Please don't go expecting to receive help. There is nothing that anyone can do for you now."

The trip involved going 2,400 miles by ambulance; and although we stopped each evening, I arrived in a state of collapse. Because I was running a temperature, they started giving me penicillin even before they finished with the tests. Within a few days the strep infection was gone, and my temperature returned to normal. I was generally improved.

The following spring I was hospitalized again when it was evident that I was not gaining in strength and my pulse rate continued as rapidly as ever.

Tests this time showed that my liver had become almost inactive and the pancreas was affected. Assimilation rates and blood sugar were very low.

Intensive treatment proved ineffective, and following more tests the doctor said, "I am sorry but you had that infection too long. Your liver has become like a paralyzed limb. It is not responding to treatment. There is no use for you to waste further time or money."

Then he asked what church I attended. When I told him, he said, "You people believe in prayer. You'd better pray."

Late that summer I was taken to a camp meeting where an evangelist prayed for the sick. I saw him pray for a baby whose little face was encrusted with eczema. The

I STILL HAVE MY MIRACLE

By ADIENNE KLASSEN

following evening the parents brought the baby back, and his face was perfectly clear.

I had always felt sure that God would somehow deliver me. Now, suddenly I knew that this was the time and place. I asked the evangelist to pray for me. I left the platform with a strong assurance that the Lord had reached down and touched me.

I returned to my doctor and asked him to repeat the tests which had been done twice before. When I went back for the results, he showed me that everything was normal now, and my digestive organs had begun to function again. I reminded him of what he had said and told him what I had done. He said, "Well, you have your miracle."

That was 18 years ago, and every day as I go about my work I remember with gratitude that I still have my miracle.

Thank God for earthly physicians and all they can do; but I am alive today only because the Great Physician intervened for me.

(Editor's Note: Pastor John M. Watts, Broadway Tabernacle, Vancouver, British Columbia, writes: "Miss Adienne Klassen was a girl without hope 15 years ago. Through the kindness and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, she is today a busy woman, serving her Master with every ounce of her strength. In the four years that I have been associated with her in the work of Broadway Tabernacle, she has not missed a day because of illness. This shows that when Jesus heals, He does a good job.")

This is an abridgment of a booklet which describes this remarkable healing in greater detail. To obtain copies of the booklet, write direct to Adienne Klassen, 876 West Edward Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Send 10c for one copy or \$1 for two dozen.

TO EUROPE— WITH SONG



Youth Chorale of the Eastern District at the Kennedy Air Terminal in New York City ready to fly to Europe to minister in song.

By DAVID OWEN

Pastor, First Pentecostal Church, Newcastle, Pennsylvania

IT WAS A BOLD IDEA. I think it all started at Youth Advance at Living Waters Camp, Pennsylvania, on Labor Day, 1967. The Eastern District Youth Chorale had sung under such a mighty anointing of the Holy Spirit that the entire congregation had melted and wept before God.

The Youth Chorale is part of the Eastern District's virile Christ's Ambassadors program under the aggressive leadership of our district president, Robert Clayton. Each summer for several years they have toured some part of the United States, always leaving a trail of blessing. A few of us were gratefully recounting the blessings of this ministry when the idea struck: Why not a tour of the British Isles in 1968?

Yes, it was a bold idea; but Brother Clayton felt it was of God. He enlarged the idea to include other countries of Europe. He almost doubled the size of the chorale and added a rousing brass ensemble. Only he and his wife know all the work entailed in making the idea a reality.

The chorale was directed by Roger Sarbo of Trafford, Pennsylvania, now concluding his work on a doctorate in nuclear chemistry at the University of Pittsburgh. A gifted musician, he wrote the arrangements. He played the piano while directing.

I was invited to accompany the chorale to serve in a pastoral capacity, conducting daily devotions, counseling the young people when necessary, and preaching where practicable.

We flew out of New York on Friday, August 9, and arrived at Cardiff, Wales, the next day. Pastor Percy Brewster had invited us to his church for the weekend. Cardiff City Temple seats 1,000 and is the leading Pentecostal church in Wales.

It was a memorable weekend. The chorale enjoyed the

stirring Welsh singing, and the people evidently were thrilled by the chorale. It was not a mere performance. It was a concerted ministry, mightily anointed of God.

On to Europe: Brussels, Verviers, Luxembourg, Kaiserslautern, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Zurich, Lucerne, Paris; then back to London. What a pageant of memories they now present! It would be so easy to write of breathtaking scenic splendor, of silent tears as we saw cemeteries of American war dead, or of lighter matters like Frisbee games on the courtyard of the Louvre; but the dominant thought was that of *mission*. Always, it was ministry. Always, a desire for spiritual usefulness, a burden to witness.

The impact upon the Belgian youth camp at Verviers alone made us feel that the journey was worthwhile. We shall never forget how the Belgian young people stood for about an hour, praising God with joyous abandonment. Sam Johnson, who labors for God in Spain, was there. Paul Sundell, missionary in Belgium, was there as well, leading the services. It humbled us to see him so deeply moved as he said, "You cannot possibly appreciate fully what your visit means to us."

In Germany the chorale sang at three military installations. They were received enthusiastically by American servicemen and their families. The missionaries who had arranged these services seemed very pleased and we in turn were deeply impressed with the spiritual needs. We felt we should pray more for Harold Schmitt and Richard Fulmer who labor among the servicemen. The latter told D-CAP Clayton that in terms of goodwill and closer communication between themselves and the local military community, the chorale had effected in one night what might have taken years to accomplish.


That is an aspect of the chorale's ministry not to be

overlooked. Their winsomeness had a powerful appeal. It was impossible not to contrast them with the wild, discordant, disheveled devotees of the beat generation. People felt that these neatly dressed, wholesome young people had the answer to the frantic search of today's youth.

The grand finale of our overseas schedule was at Dagenham, England. The fine new church there, seating 500, was packed. The manager of the British Assemblies of God radio program brought recording equipment along to preserve the singing for future broadcasts. It was a truly triumphant service—a great climax. We felt grateful as the pastor, Alfred Webb, exclaimed to the radiant crowd, "They must come back; they must all come back again."

Winging our way homeward 37,000 feet above the Atlantic, the chorale sang to the other passengers on the plane—another opportunity to witness.

As we sped through the night, we thought of Europe, just then waking to a new day. Our thoughts will often turn in that direction, and memories will come flooding back: echoes of stirring Welsh singing, stately cathedrals, snow-capped Alpine heights, acres of little white crosses where Americans died for human freedom, shining faces of young people in Belgium and Switzerland, grateful missionaries and servicemen in Germany, an exuberant congregation in England, and most of all (because it poignantly expresses the need and heart-cry of Europe) Brother Sundell leaning on an improvised pulpit in Verviers, and weeping.

Yes, we shall remember. And we shall pray for the lands and peoples where the Eastern District Youth Chorale had the privilege of ministering. 

CHILD DELIVERED OF EPILEPSY

MORE THAN A YEAR AGO my four-year-old boy was healed of epilepsy in answer to prayer. I want others to know how God heals today.

In the summer of 1967, Michael began having periodic attacks of nausea and vomiting. He would go into a trance-like state for several minutes.

During one of these seizures I rushed him to the doctor. He sent Michael to the hospital for X rays and an electroencephalogram. Then a neurologist told me Michael was a minor epileptic and proceeded to prescribe medication. I told her that I believed in divine healing and I wanted to wait a little while before putting him on drugs.

In the second week in August 1967, my son began having another seizure. I took him to a men's prayer meeting. They laid their hands on him and prayed "in the name of Jesus."

Several days later I was thinking that I didn't want Michael's healing just for his sake or for my sake either (although his attacks were very hard on me emotionally) but so people would know God heals today. Right then the Lord spoke to my heart saying, "Because you want it for My glory, it is yours."

Michael has never had another attack since he was prayed for. I praise the Lord Jesus Christ for this gracious miracle.—Mrs. James Schones, Costa Mesa, Calif.

(Endorsed by Pastor V. L. Hertweck, Harbor Assembly of God, Costa Mesa, Calif.)

YOUR QUESTIONS

ANSWERED BY ERNEST S. WILLIAMS



Jesus said to the disciples at the well of Samaria, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of" (John 4:32). What did He mean by this?

He meant that to fulfill the purpose of God meant more to Him than to receive nourishment for the body. It is explained in verse 34: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." To win souls was more important to Him than to feed His body.

Will any who are left behind when the Church is caught away have a chance for salvation?

Perhaps we ought to leave the future in the hands of the Lord. The Book of Revelation speaks of the sealing of 144,000 Jews and also of a multitude of worshipers, seemingly Gentiles (Revelation 7). God will not be finished with the world when the Church is caught away. He will then deal in a special way with Israel and possibly others (Romans 11:25-29). But our hope now is the coming of Jesus for us.

What is the correct meaning of, "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force"? (Matthew 11:12).

A good explanation is that Satan vigorously opposes every effort to establish the Kingdom. He opposed Jesus even to bringing about His crucifixion. Since this is true, Satan opposes those who seek the Lord. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world" (Ephesians 6:12). The halfhearted get little; those who persevere, fighting the good fight of faith, receive God's blessings.

If we have prayed through, what makes us drop back into the same old temptations so often?

No one ever becomes immune to temptation. What you mean, I think, is *yielding* to temptation. It is not a sin to be tempted. The sin lies in surrendering to the temptation.

Sometimes we make the mistake of depending on feelings, rather than on faith. Our feelings can be aroused to a point of great enthusiasm when we "pray through" (that is, when we reach God in prayer and gain a victory). But it is not our enthusiasm that has touched God; it is our faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." If there are times when our feelings sink low and we have no enthusiasm, we can still have faith.

When we are tempted we should trust God to give us victory, no matter how we feel. Feelings change; faith can remain steadfast. It may be a struggle to keep believing when we are tempted. That is why the Bible says we must "fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

If you have a spiritual problem or any question about the Bible you are invited to write to "Your Questions," The Pentecostal Evangel, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, Missouri 65802. Brother Williams will answer if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

i Viva EL AVIVAMIENTO!

(Long Live the Revival)

TRUE REVIVAL SPIRIT EXISTS WHENEVER THE LAITY OF A CHURCH IS DEEPLY INVOLVED IN PERSONAL SOUL WINNING.

VIVA VILLA!" The piercing yell shatters the crisp air of the Mexican highland, and the adobe village, already static with expectation, begins to explode her jubilant citizens into the narrow cobblestone streets. Packing against the white rough walls and along narrow sidewalks they seem to congeal into one entity as every gaze is riveted on the north road.

A cloud of dust billows high above the prancing knees of the sweat-

streaked horses, shines red-gold in the dying sun, and is pressed earthward again by the moist weight of the cooling atmosphere. Here and again a brass cartridge faintly winks from the heavy leather belts that crisscross the chests of the swarthy riders. High-peaked sombreros bob their wide, floppy brims in unison as the intrepid rebel leader, Francisco "Pancho" Villa, jogs his victorious but war-weary troops into the waiting arms of a

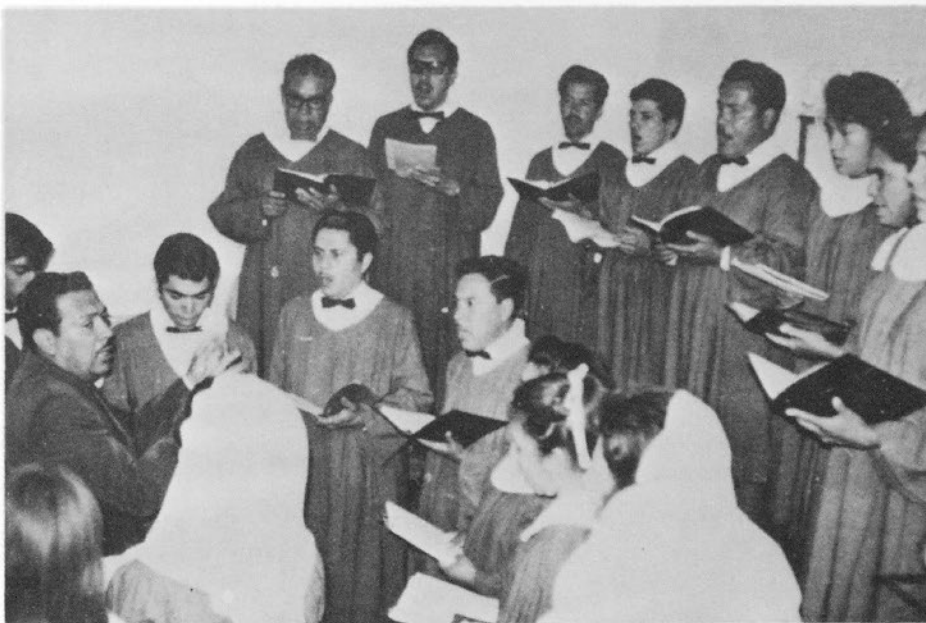
grateful and hilarious populace.

"Viva Zapata!" Another shout, this time from the south road, is followed by pistol shots and the clatter of horse-shoes against the stones. The startled crowd seemingly boils as it is forced to divide its attention between Pancho Villa and the newly arrived troops of the noble Zapata—legendary rebel leader and hero of every oppressed and land-hungry Indian peon to the south. These hard-riding men must al-



ABOVE: Worker decorates pottery with intricate designs. LEFT: Lay preacher Marcos Placencia (left) believes that witnessing is an everyday business. He is also headwaiter at "Campo Bello" restaurant in Guadalajara.

RIGHT: Ninety percent of Guadalajara's "Maranatha" choir are lay preachers. **BELOW:** Home prayer meetings have ministered to many who accepted Christ.



so share the generous adulation and the spoils of a long wearisome revolution.

Horses rear, and men quickly dismount as the two rebel forces converge and overflow the small town square.

Thus the fateful year of 1914 is underscored in Mexican history, as is the name of the town of Aguascalientes, renowned as the "summit site" of the famous revolutionary conference. For many days the fate of a restless but gently artistic nation was discussed and tossed about like a bean bag by warriors long on valor but short on statesmanship and temper.

Wines flowed, and angers flared. But the cruel social sores of the nation were to continue unchecked until the quieter educators, armed with textbooks and Bibles, would hack their way through jungles of greed and ignorance to make their healing balm available to every individual. The bare-foot *Chamaco* in the crude mountain school would eagerly study so that he might in turn teach others. Only then would the land of the Aztec find her rightful place in the modern sun.

For many years Mexico has been working hard to revamp her world image. She has been so successful that now her 50 million souls present a many-sided challenge. The attention of the industrialists has long been focused on her abundant natural resources.

To the statesman she is no longer the drowsy land of *mañana* typified by the sandal-clad peon astride his burro or asleep under his sombrero. Instead Mexico is an awakening giant stirring

from past nightmares of social, economic, and political turmoil, already feeling out her destined role as an important leader in present world affairs.

To the soul winner Mexico is a gigantic seedbed fertilized with decaying forms of paganism and Romanism, and anxious for virile seed, whether that of the wholesome gospel or atheistic Marxism. The prize will go to those who care the most.

The Assemblies of God has manifested in many ways that its people indeed care. From sparse beginnings a steady growth has swelled the number of believers to more than 23,000. This growth is largely due to the continued interest in the individual believer and the emphasis upon each one becoming a personal witness. Bible schools, staffed by capable nationals, have played a singular role by training ministers to present the gospel to this modern age through literature, radio, and other effective means.

Many of our national ministers, taking advantage of the new religious liberty, are availing themselves of radio time, which has long been denied the evangelicals. Transistor radios can now be heard sounding out the message of salvation from palm-thatched villages as well as from the sophisticated cities. Last year the youngest of Mexico's six Bible schools was inaugurated in the city of Durango. Already its students are finding open doors of service.

Christian workers everywhere would do well to note the emphasis the Mexican church has been placing on the lay preacher. These mature family men are meeting a very pressing need in the

national church. Because of family and job responsibilities, they have not been able to attend Bible school. This has left much of the administrative and evangelistic work to the consecrated, yet sometimes immature, single men and women.

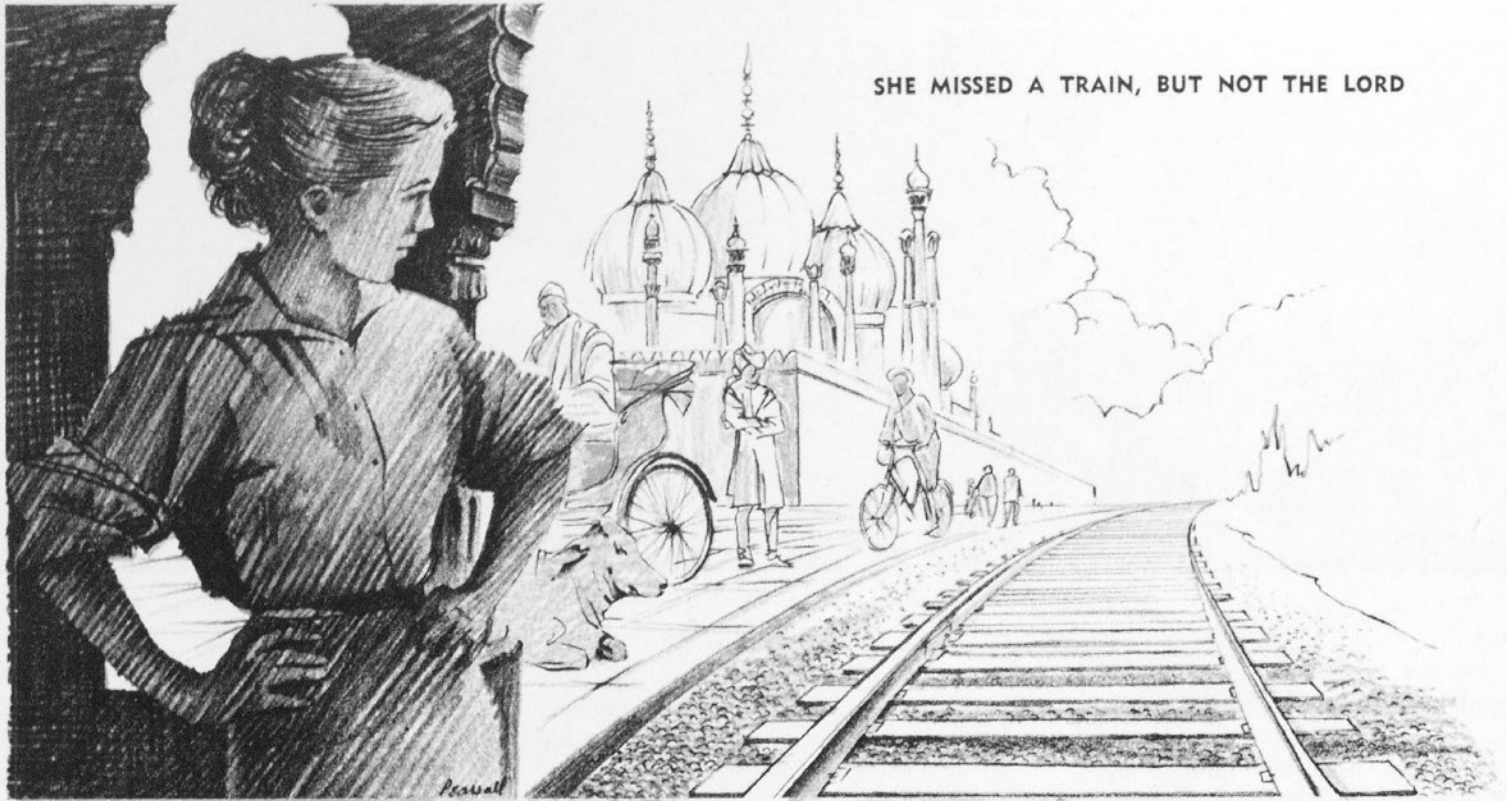
To remedy this situation, elementary Bible courses are now being offered to the lay worker in night classes. On completion of the course, he is encouraged to begin regular prayer meetings in his home or elsewhere in the city. These self-supported, loyal church members willingly cooperate with their pastors, and are finding a very fruitful ministry right in their home area. These classes have been so successful that a more permanent type of night Bible institute is being planned in the city of Guadalajara.

The long-awaited spiritual revolution is also being felt in newly opened Sunday schools. Recently 10 families volunteered their homes for prayer meetings and branch Sunday schools to be conducted by these lay workers.

Very seldom is there a dashing *Pancho Villa* or *Zapata* among them. The accent is not on eloquence, but on a simple, sincere explanation of God's Word made vivid by the unction of the Holy Spirit.

But the revolution is spreading—from neighbor to neighbor, village to village, and city to city. Pastors and laymen together, availing themselves of all possible media, are steadily filling their "Jerusalem" with the good news of salvation.

The revival is on. *Que Viva!* (Long may it live!)



SHE MISSED A TRAIN, BUT NOT THE LORD

MARTA'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

By E. S. CALDWELL

MARTA ERIKSROD carried two cups of her specialty—Norwegian coffee—to the table where her fellow-missionary, John Otterson, an American Lutheran, sat adjusting the dials of his radio.

These Thursday morning coffee times delighted Marta, and only the direst emergency could keep her away. Like other missionaries at the station, John might skip morning coffee on other days but never on Thursdays.

Soon a strong voice filled the room: "And now the Far East Broadcasting Company invites you to stay tuned for *Revivaltime*."

"How clear the sound is today! One would think the transmitter was right here in East Pakistan instead of thousands of miles away in Manila!" said Marta.

John nodded in agreement, smiling in response to the almost musical quality of Marta's Scandinavian-accented English.

The pair fixed their eyes on the portable radio as though trying to see the collegians who enthusiastically sang:

*"I'll tell the world that I'm a Christian
I'm not ashamed His Name to bear;
I'll tell the world that I'm a Christian—
I'll take Him with me anywhere."*

In a few moments *Revivaltime* Speaker C. M. Ward's message, "Heretics," was introduced by narrator Lee Shultz.

The radio evangelist plunged into his message:

"The dictionary defines a heretic as 'one who denies commonly accepted views, especially in religious matters.' The original meaning of the word is 'one who is able to choose a thing,' suggesting independent thought and conviction. It has been observed that 'the madmen of yesterday are the wise men of today.'

"Stephen was a heretic. He declared to his generation his experience with God. It did not mesh with the accepted interpretation. 'When they heard these things they were cut to the heart . . . and ran upon him with one accord, and they cast him out of the city, and stoned him' (Acts 7:54, 57, 58).

"John Wesley was a religious pathfinder in the 18th century. Organized religion forced him outdoors and into the fields. He insisted that since people did not come to church, the church should go to the people. For this reason Wesley was denounced as 'a bad churchman' by so great a man as Bishop Butler.

"Think of them! They are a great crowd—these heretics of history."

A strange feeling swept over Marta. How much this sermon must mean to John! For eight years he had been called a heretic by some fellow members of his church because he prayed in unknown tongues.

The *Revivaltime* speaker's next words pushed into her conscience: "Dr. Charles Gilkey says that 'the prophets of the Lord in every generation have had to break through the crust of custom, clear away the fallen leaves of dead tradition, and drag their incredulous contemporaries by

sheer moral force to see and taste the living spring.' ”

That's what John had been trying to do these past 14 months—to get her to taste the “living water” of the Holy Spirit.

Evangelist Ward continued:

“We feel clobbered with routines and prepared services. We long for a move of the Spirit of God. *There is a price tag.*”

“William Booth accepted it. He paid the price, and he witnessed a surge of redemptive power that fed the kingdom of God from the gutters of earth. Dr. A. B. Simpson paid the price, and he saw sick bodies healed. Our fathers all stepped out for their testimonies. As a boy I felt like a speckled bird every time I stepped onto a school yard.

“You will be a heretic if you make the break. You face a decision. Will you, or will you not, obey that voice within? God is speaking to you!”

Bits of former conversations flooded Marta's mind. She remembered saying, “Yes, I want the baptism in the Holy Spirit. For years I have wanted spiritual power—but not tongues. Surely that is not required by God!”

When the broadcast ended, John sensed his young friend's mood, and quietly left the room. Marta walked to the desk, pulled out an air-letter form, and began writing to the man she heard on the radio.

That letter arrived at *Revivaltime* during a week when testimonies representative of the broadcast's worldwide outreach were being selected for publication in *The Pentecostal Evangel*. Marta's was among the 19 letters that appeared in the July 14 issue. It concluded: “I have been longing and praying for the baptism in the Holy Spirit for several years; and when I listen to your programs, this desire is strengthened. I think that I cannot manage without it anymore. Please pray for me.”

A few days before Marta's prayer request appeared in the *Evangel*, she was on her way from Dinajpur to Dacca, 200 miles to the south.

The old diesel-powered locomotive was a far cry from the sleek trains of her Norway. On this sweltering 20-hour trip to the capital she must carry her own supply of drinking water, food, and a bedroll.

But despite having to share the ride with cockroaches and bedbugs—despite the mid-journey river crossing on a rickety ferry—Marta was glad to take this trip on behalf of mission business.

Finally the train rolled into beautiful Dacca, with skyline graced by beautiful minarets, the prayer towers rising from the city's 700 Muslim mosques. As Marta made her way across the city to the Assemblies of God missionary home in which she was to stay, she saw thousands of Muslim men kneeling on the street saying their prayers in the midafternoon tropical heat.

How the week sped by while Marta enjoyed the hospitality of Calvin and Marian Olson! Now with her business complete, she walked into the train depot in the early morning for the long return trip.

But the train was gone! She had been given outdated departure information. There was nothing to do but return to the Olsons' home and wait.

When the taxi let Marta out in front of the Olsons' house, she could hear the strains of “All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name”—*Revivaltime* was just coming on the air.

Saving explanations until later, Marta joined the Assemblies of God missionaries beside their radio.

C. M. Ward preached on the soon return of Jesus Christ. And then he began to pray:

“Touch us all at this radio altar. Quicken us with Thy power in the inner man. It is at this altar we pledge Thee our undivided affection.

“We know we belong to Thee. No other and nothing else satisfies our souls' desire. Breathe Thy blessing upon us. Place in our use the gifts of the Holy Spirit that we may serve Thee in the marketplace of earth with power and authority. Amen.”

There it was again! Marta decided the Lord was speaking directly to her.

“Brother Olson,” she began, “I have a question. Do you think speaking with tongues is necessary for one to be filled with the Holy Spirit?”

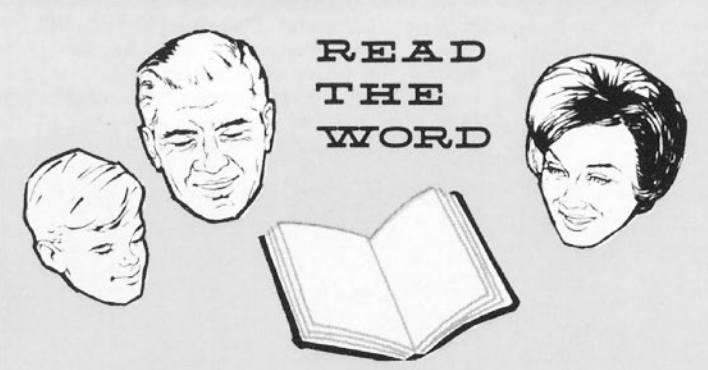
“Oh, yes,” said the missionary as he stepped to a bookshelf and picked up his Bible.

“But before I point out several instances in the New Testament,” he said, “let me tell you that this experience is now a part of the devotional lives of Mary White and David Sorrel, who as you know are English Baptists down at the mission hospital in Chandragona.”

After reading several sections of Scripture, the three missionaries knelt by their chairs. In a few moments each was quietly praising God. Suddenly the Holy Spirit's sweet presence filled the room. And Marta, who knew the anguish and toil of language study, was instantly given a language she never learned. With other tongues she poured forth praise to her Saviour and Baptizer.

On Sunday, July 14, two Assemblies of God missionaries, Howard and Olive Hawkes, were surprised to read Marta Eriksrod's prayer request in *The Pentecostal Evangel*. They were home on furlough, but knew Marta and included her in their prayers. Before the week was out, an airmail letter in Marta's neat writing reached them with the good news.

The story was complete: *Revivaltime*, *The Pentecostal Evangel*, and Assemblies of God missionaries combined to bring the Pentecostal blessing to another of His servants in a distant land.



**READ
THE
WORD**

CHAPTERS FOR THE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 3-10

Sun. 2 Corinthians 3, 4	Thurs. 2 Corinthians 11, 12
Mon. 2 Corinthians 5, 6	Fri. 2 Corinthians 13
Tues. 2 Corinthians 7, 8	Sat. Galatians 1, 2
Wed. .. 2 Corinthians 9, 10	Sun. Galatians 3, 4

“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 PRESENT WORLD

Medical Careers Linked to Religious Views

The religious affiliations of medical students may affect their choices of career specializations, according to a Harvard sociologist.

Dr. John Kosa told the American Sociological Association that his study showed most Protestant students interviewed were interested in private practice, most Roman Catholic students chose surgery, most Jewish students selected internal medicine, and students with no religious affiliation chose psychiatry.

Some 2,630 students in eight U.S. medical schools were involved in this study.

John 3:16 Is Australians' Favorite Text

A survey among 20,000 persons in Australia shows that their favorite Bible text is one that promises "everlasting life" to those who believe in Jesus Christ.

The text is John 3:16, which states: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The second and third choices are, Psalm 23 ("The Lord is my Shepherd") and the first three verses of John 14, ("Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions.").

Assemblies of God Responds to Biafran Need

In response to a radio appeal from civil war-torn Nigeria and the Assemblies of God national superintendent, Matthew Ezeigbo the Assemblies of God has given over \$72,600 to help relieve hunger and suffering in Biafra. This amount has been raised since late August when General Superintendent Thomas F. Zimmerman appealed to members of the 8,510 churches to give an immediate response to this critical need. Total offerings are expected to reach \$100,000.

Church officials will work with the International Red Cross to see that funds are used to move large quantities of available food and medical supplies into Biafra. Two Assemblies of God missionaries are expected to be designated to work with the Red Cross in distributing the

food and medical supplies to the starving Biafrans.

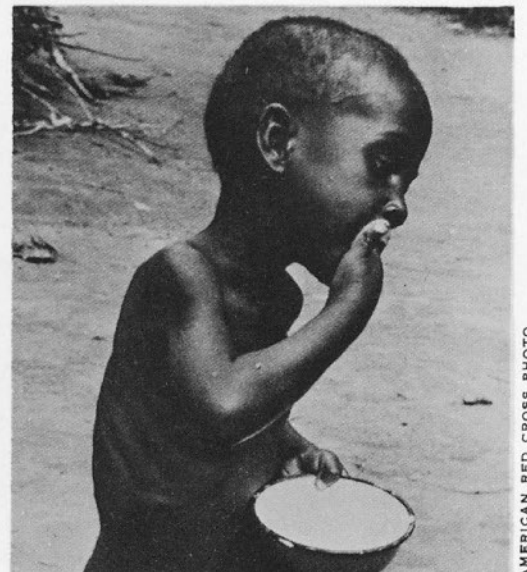
In addition to the relief funds, two Volkswagen microbuses for use in distributing foodstuffs are to be purchased by Speed-the-Light.

Thomas F. Zimmerman states: "With an active missionary work in . . . Nigeria, we cannot and will not take any political position in this conflict. However, as God-fearing people we cannot stand idly by while thousands of Assemblies of God believers die of starvation in a land that for nearly 30 years we have tried to evangelize."

At the time the civil war erupted in Nigeria the Assemblies of God had 541 churches there with over 600 national pastors and approximately 50,000 members.

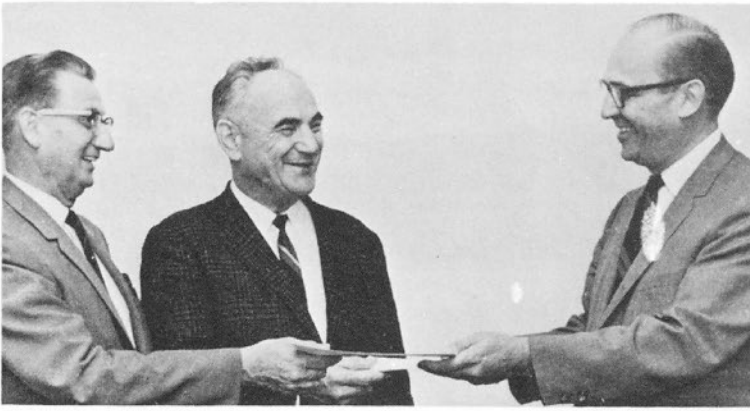


LEFT: Biafran refugees, carrying their children and belongings, flee from advancing Nigerian troops at Ogbaku, Biafra. **BELOW:** This Biafran youngster can be considered among the lucky ones as he finds temporary respite from hunger pangs with the meager fare of a bowl of rice.



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO



RIGHT: Newly elected or reelected officers of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, left to right: Don Feltmate, executive director of Christian Education; Carl Stiller, secretary-treasurer; Robert Taitinger, general superintendent; Carman Lynn, director of overseas missions; and Robert Argue, executive director of home missions and Bible colleges. **ABOVE:** Don Emmons (right), assistant general superintendent, makes a presentation to James Montgomery (left), retiring director of Christian Education and Tom Johnstone (center), retiring general superintendent.



Canadian Pentecostals Choose New Officers

WINDSOR, ONTARIO—At its 26th biennial conference here, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada elected two 41-year-old ministers to top national positions.

Robert Taitinger, pastor of the Pentecostal Tabernacle, Edmonton, Alberta, succeeds Tom Johnstone who is retiring from the position of general superintendent after six years in that office.

S. D. Feltmate will fill the position of executive director of Christian education and youth, succeeding James Montgomery who also is retiring. Brother Montgomery organized the education and youth department and has been responsible for its development over the past 22 years. Mr. Feltmate pastors King Street Pentecostal Church in Oshawa, Ontario.

Both men will assume their new positions in January 1969.

In other conference business, the need for a graduate school of theology or a seminary was discussed, and a commission to study the feasibility of such a school was authorized.

The 400 delegates attending the council expressed strong opposition to certain proposed amendments to the Criminal Code of Canada, contained in the "Omnibus" bill. The passing of this bill would ease homosexuality, abortion, and lottery laws. The delegates declared that Parliament should vote on the issues separately, rather

than in the omnibus form in which they were presented.

Good reports were given concerning the modern, 22-bed hospital in Hay River, Northwest Territories, which operates under the supervision of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. With its dedicated staff of Pentecostal doctors, nurses, and nursing assistants, this hospital remains a key to a significant gospel outreach in the far north. In 1967 some 1,100 patients received a gospel witness through this hospital.

With a total of 36 missionaries to Quebec, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada has the largest group of evangelical missionaries ministering to the French Canadians in that province. Quebec has one-quarter of all of Canada's population and is one of the neediest mission fields in the world—over 100 cities with a population of 5,000 or more have no Protestant evangelical witness.

During the past summer dozens of young people traveled to Quebec at their own expense to witness for Christ. These young people saturated many areas with tons of literature, supporting tent crusades in several cities.

The Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada now has 745 churches and 1,840 credential holders. Reports showed that 57 new churches were opened in the past two years. The Assemblies also maintain four English-speaking and one French-speaking Bible college in Canada.

China Civil War Worse than Vietnam

More people are dying in Red China's civil war than in Vietnam, according to a missionary in Hong Kong.

"Unmistakable evidence of this chaos bobbed on the waters of Hong Kong this week," he reported in mid-summer. "Eighty bodies, horribly mutilated, have been picked up by Hong Kong marine police in recent days. Reports reaching here say that Chairman Mao has ordered a flotilla of small sampans and fishing boats to block the mouth of the huge Pearl River that flows into Hong Kong so that no more bodies will float into world view. Radio Moscow reports that this 'sampan navy' has fished out more than 8,000 bodies from the Pearl River alone."

Sobering Statistics on Insobriety

More than 50 percent of the drivers killed in single-vehicle accidents in the U.S. are drunk, and drinking by drivers and pedestrians kills about 25,000 Americans a year.

These statistics are included in a study issued by the U.S. Department of Transportation. Alcohol is the largest single factor in traffic deaths. The most serious problem is heavy drinking, predominantly by men. Drinking figures in at least 800,000 traffic accidents in the U.S. each year, the report said.

After 3,000 years we still ignore the words of Solomon, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Proverbs 20:1).

JESUS CALLS FOR DISCIPLES

Sunday School Lesson for November 10, 1968

BY J. BASHFORD BISHOP

LUKE 5:1-11

OUR LESSON TODAY relates the events leading to Christ's disciples' call into His service. Great crowds were thronging about Christ to hear His words. To better satisfy that hunger and reach the multitudes more rapidly and effectively, Christ enlisted the help of His followers.

Today Christ is still trying to reach the unevangelized multitudes. And He can reach them only as men and women respond to His call, place themselves and all they have at His disposal, and in simple faith in His Word launch out into the deep of human need and let down their nets.

THE POWER OF CHRIST (vv. 1-7)

Christ had been preaching to the multitudes on Galilee's shore, using Peter's boat as a pulpit.

1. *The challenge.* "Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught" (v. 4). This command was

THE DISCIPLES' WAY WAS BETTER



Christ's first step in preparing Peter and the others for their future ministry. Our success in Christ's service will depend on the extent to which we have launched out in faith in Christ. As long as we are content to dabble near the shore, our influence for God will be limited. Timidity, indolence, and fear keep us from realizing His power.

2. *The confession.* "And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing" (v. 5). What a picture of the futility of human effort in the realm of Christian service! Two feelings common to us all seem to stand out here: (a) *Weariness.* Fishing is hard work. Peter and the others had spent a fruitless night in hard labor, and their failure only increased their weariness. (b) *Discouragement.* To work all night and receive no reward is disheartening.

3. *The obedience.* Christ's command seemed foolish, unreasonable. It cut across the human feelings and logic of these worn-out men. They were experienced fishermen; they knew the habits of fish and the significance of the weather and time of day.

"Nevertheless," said Peter. Though reason and feelings argued against it, Peter obeyed! In like manner, if we will obey God and turn a deaf ear to the clamorings of an offended body and an insulted intelligence, we too shall be amazed at what Christ's power will accomplish!

"Nevertheless"—a wonderful motto for life. For in a sense each act of life is a little "nevertheless." Each new day calls for freshly adopting an attitude of implicit faith and obedience. It seemed so useless for Israel to march around Jericho 13 times; *nevertheless* the people obeyed God, and the insurmountable walls fell flat! It seemed futile for Elijah to pray for rain in view of a cloudless sky; *nevertheless* he sent his servant seven times to look for rain—and down it came at last! It seemed foolish to Naaman to dip seven times in the muddy Jordan; *nevertheless* he swallowed his wounded pride, ignored his natural reasoning, obeyed God—and came up healed of his leprosy! Many times we are tempted to become "weary in well doing." But if we can say, "Nevertheless at thy word," and in obedience let down our nets, we shall be rewarded.

4. *The reward.* "And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes" (v. 6). The miracle reveals Christ as the Lord of nature. It was a prophetic symbol of the spiritual success these men would have later when, in obedience to His command, they would wait until they were filled with the Holy Spirit and consequently would win 3,000 converts in one day.

THE CALL OF THE DISCIPLES (vv. 8-11)

The revelation of Christ's power brought to Peter and the others a realization of His divine glory and an awareness of their own personal unworthiness.

"And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him" (vv. 10, 11). These men did not have a great deal to give up to follow Christ in full-time service. Yet because it was their all, it represented entire consecration. *He surrenders much who surrenders all, however little it may be; he surrenders nothing who holds back anything.* The glory of serving Christ and witnessing for Him is so great that it compensates a thousandfold for any sacrifices and difficulties we may undergo for His sake!



DAYBREAK OVER THE WABASH

By NOAH P. WHITE

IT WAS A HOT DAY IN JUNE MANY YEARS AGO, and I was hitchhiking from Dayton, Ohio, to St. Louis, Missouri. For three or four hours I had waited on the outskirts of Brazil, Indiana, for a ride that didn't come. I gave up in disgust and started walking down the highway toward Terre Haute, nearly 20 miles away.

After walking a couple of miles, I overtook a young fellow a few years younger than I, and we became buddies immediately. He told me his name was Vernice, he was 16 years old, and on his way to the wheat fields of Nebraska where he hoped to find employment.

We walked on for a few miles together, then darkness overtook us. Spotting a large oak tree in a nearby pasture, we decided to make this our resting place for the night. We climbed over the barbed wire fence, spread out my raincoat, and prepared a bed in the grass under the tree.

I remarked to my companion that I always prayed be-


fore retiring and asked if he would care to pray with me. He said he would, but didn't know how.

I talked to him for sometime about God's love for us and the plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. I quoted some Scripture verses to him and told of a wonderful Saviour who hears our heart's prayer. It was almost dark when we knelt under the old tree and began to pray. I could hear Vernice's voice, faintly at first, then growing louder and more confident.

After several minutes we arose. I noticed in the dim twilight that my companion was smiling for the first time since we had met. His face seemed to shine. He then related a touching story to me.

He said his father was dead and his mother had remarried. His stepfather didn't want him at home any longer, so he had left home that morning and walked all day with nothing to eat. He felt there was no one who cared for him and had decided to jump off the bridge into the Wabash River when he reached Terre Haute. "But now," Vernice exclaimed, "I feel so light! The heavy burden and weight inside me are gone."

The next morning as Vernice and I parted near Terre Haute, he spoke with emotion as he tried to tell how glad he was that our paths had crossed. Most of all he was grateful because I had told him about a Friend who loved and cared for a poor, outcast, friendless boy.

The last time I saw Vernice he was standing on the Wabash River bridge waving good-bye to me. He had a smile on his face, and I knew that I need not worry about him jumping off the bridge into the river, because he had found a real Friend: our Saviour. 

WHY I DON'T HAVE ELECTRICITY

(Continued from page 16)

to have electricity in my home. This is the age of reason, and if one doesn't look for cause and effect for everything, he is likely to be thought of as one who is not objective in his thinking.

There is also the matter of which brand of electrical supplies to buy. Who knows what is right anyway, with each brand saying, "Ours is best," or "Come to our store, we have the best electrical equipment in town." How can a person know what to believe? I asked Mrs. Williams which store she likes best. She told me which one but she said, "It isn't the store that's so important, but whether you're receiving electricity from the power company or not." But she's a simple person. It seems more logical to decide which store is the right one first.

Finally, there's the matter of the cost—a bill every month. I'd hate to give up anything, like money, just for light. And there would be fuses to change (that is, if I belonged to that school of thought) and bulbs to replace and extension cords to move from one place to another. I'm afraid I just couldn't hold out.

If I ever get to the place where I think I can really trust the power company and pay my bills and really be a good subscriber, without ever being tempted to give up, then I'll call up and ask to have that electricity they talk about installed in my house too. In the meantime I think I have it as nice as the next person.

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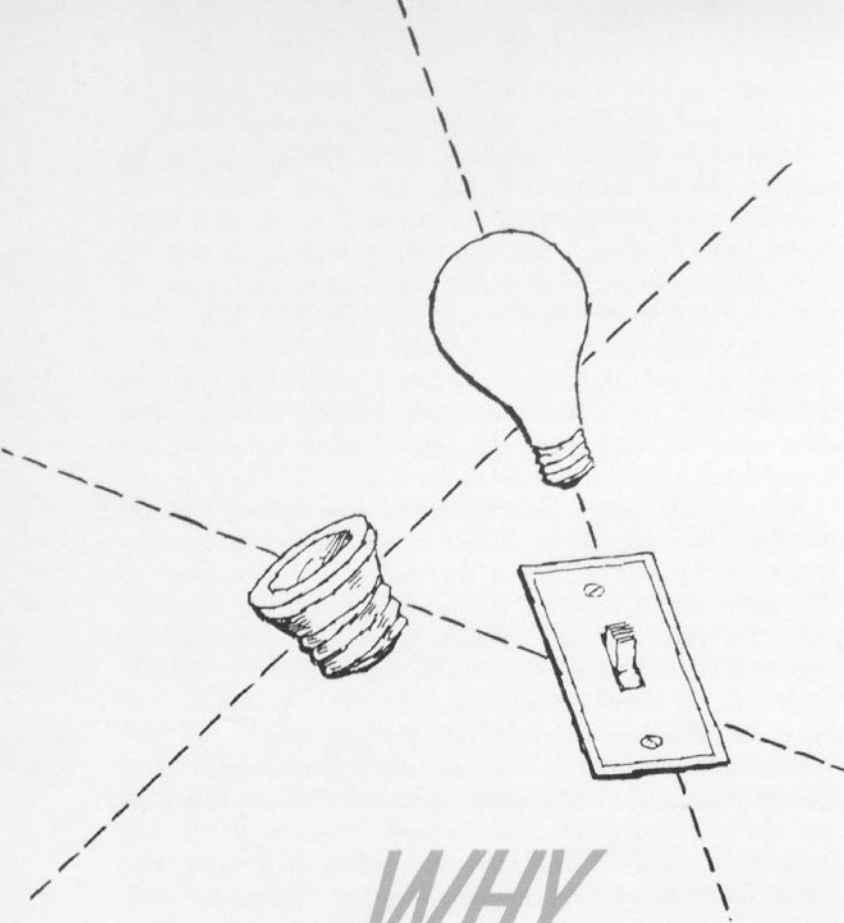
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WHY I DON'T HAVE ELECTRICITY

A Modern Parable by MAXWELL E. COBBEY

SOMEONE OCCASIONALLY TELLS ME, more often indirectly, that I ought to have electricity in my home. It rubs me the wrong way, because I see the questions involved quite clearly and have good reasons for the way I choose to live. I've thought a lot about whether or not to have electricity. And I believe I have more light on the matter and am much more rational in my approach than the emotionally motivated and credulous people who say to me, "Do you have electricity yet?"

Frankly, I don't understand electricity well enough to have it in my home. I'd rather have something that I can understand and prove, something I'm sure of, like kerosene lamps and stoves. They work, and I know why they work.

Light bulbs, fuses, extension cords, outlets—it all sounds so complicated. Who really knows how to have electricity? Some people say you have to change fuses; others say fuse-changing is automatic. I'll wait until the people who claim to have electricity can agree about it before I try to get it.

I hear others say you're always repairing something, like changing a bulb or fixing an extension cord (whatever that is) or doing something else. The other day a man who says he *enjoys* electricity in his home told me that he found a place where there was poor contact with the

power, and that was the reason for some trouble that he was having. After cleaning that up, he had light again. I'd hate to have to go around looking for dirty contacts all the time. It sounds like no one really knows what electricity is all about. I'm a practical man and prefer to believe only what I understand and can prove.

The talk about electrons and negative charges and ohms is impractical and ethereal as far as I'm concerned. There's Mrs. Williams, next door. I doubt that she knows an electron from a proton; and yet she claims to have electricity. I'll stick to the things I can prove and see, like dirty lamp chimneys and empty vessels.

Besides, I don't believe in having light just by throwing a switch. I believe I'm responsible to light my own lights myself. It's wrong to expect a power company way off somewhere to give me light without me doing anything except throwing a switch. I believe in raising the globe, turning up the wick, and striking a match so that I can make my own light. As a matter of fact, I'm rather proud of the way I light lamps.

Some people say they can remember the day and year they received electricity. I just don't think it could be such a vivid experience. Others say that they can't remember when they first got it, but that they know they have it. But in that case, how could they be sure? I can't believe that anyone can be sure he has electricity. They should say, "I think I may have electricity," or "In my opinion I have electricity." But to say, "I have electricity," is being dogmatic and presupposes real understanding of what it is. Something these people simply don't have.

Some people seem to have electricity (that is, they say they do) and other people don't have it. I should think that if there really were a power company, it would want everyone to have electricity in his home. If electricity were real, we would all have it. But as far as I know, I've never experienced a particle of it in my home.

When I was younger, my folks used to send me to an electrical store, a real nice one. One time I decided I would see for myself if there really was anything to this electricity stuff. So I bought a bulb and brought it home. I watched it for a long time, but at night it was just as dark as anything else in the house and a lot darker than the kerosene lights we lighted ourselves. I asked the manager at the electrical store, and he said I needed a switch. So I bought a switch that he recommended and took it home. I switched it I don't know how many times, but I never once saw any light. Finally one of my friends laughed at me and asked me what I was doing with a light bulb in my home. So I threw the switch and the bulb away, and I haven't darkened the door of an electrical shop since.

Suppose I did want electricity? What should I do to get it? Some make it sound so simple! They say all you have to do is call up the power company and ask them to give you electricity. Can you imagine—just ask—that's all! That's foolishness. Life is never that easy.

I have lots of questions that will have to be answered before I can ever believe that electricity is for me. For instance, how can electrons that I can't see, make light? Why are electrons said to be negative particles of electricity rather than positive? These and many other questions will have to be answered before I ever ask

(Continued on page 15)