

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Place of Prayer

The place of prayer:
 A velvet rug spread down with care;
 With burning logs and
 Fresh pine smoke;
 A kneeling bench carved out of oak—
 The place of prayer.

The place of prayer:
 With bits of rags strewed here and there;
 Trunks and bags and
 Broken chairs;
 Musty books and cast off wares—
 The place of prayer.

The place of prayer:
 With nature's carpet everywhere;
 The altar rail
 A fallen tree;
 Blue skies above a canopy—
 The place of prayer.

The place of prayer:
 It matters not to God just where
 Or when one prays.
 He only sees
 A contrite soul on bended knees
 In earnest prayer.

—Richard Carmichael

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

The Latter Rain Evangel

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God's Way of Making a Man

The *Pentecostal Testimony for May* is filled with interesting articles, among them an enlightening article by Donald Gee on "Pentecost in Germany Today"; also a Pioneer Story of British Columbia, a Remarkable Healing of Cancer, and a number of Missionary articles and notes by the Editor.

One of the stories that gripped us is given by the Asst. Editor in his "Across Canada." It is a story of pioneer life that commands deepest admiration and shows a consecration and a devotion to the Lord that are rare. It is this:

At Garrick, Sask., with monthly offerings amounting often to less than a dollar, Pastor E. A. Hornby found it necessary to build a church—four weeks in the bush found the brethren with enough saw-logs to make a start on the building in the spring—bit by bit by hard savings the Garrick people found themselves with enough funds to buy needed materials and a two-acre church site in the fall. That was in 1934. . . December of last year, amid snow and frost, the men made a start at the long awaited spiritual home. These homesteaders had a mind to work, for after the church came a barn for the horses and then a 16 x 20 foot log house for the parsonage. District Superintendent J. W. McKillip arranged to open the church March 10. . . Pastor Hornby met him at the nearest station, took him inland by horse and toboggan, cooked him

a bachelor meal, and gave him a real welcome to that great stretch of pioneer country. Brother McKillip writes, "Somehow, brethren, it does seem that this is God's way of making a man. He is simply thrown upon the resources of God. He is swimming upstream and a great company is following him."

Pastor A. G. Ward is the Editor of *The Pentecostal Testimony*, and C. M. Ward, Assistant Editor. It is a 16-page paper and well illustrated. The low price of 60c per year. Send for a sample copy, or better still, a yearly subscription, to The Full Gospel Publishing House, 362 Danforth Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Rev. Phillip Wittich, pastor of Christ Church, this city, went to be with his Lord on April 22nd. He was greatly beloved by his congregation and in the last month of his illness he wrote each member a personal letter, and prayed for them by name daily. His last words were, "Jesus is taking me now." He is deeply mourned by his people and a large number of friends. As a Bible teacher he had few equals.

"It will be hard for those who have played on nothing but purse-strings to get used to a harp."

"When anyone has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it."

A How Marks a Crisis Hour

The Reward of Bringing our Samuels to God

Donald Gee in the Lake Geneva Camp



FEEL I want this last meeting of the week to be one of further helpfulness for those who are hungry for the Lord, and especially for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; those who want the answer to their prayers.

In the first book of Samuel, first chapter, we have a beautiful story, and my message will be a simple message from a simple story. It is the story of a woman's prayer: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him." Then there is another note which I feel must be struck in this meeting tonight, and that is the need of consecration. We have in this first chapter of Samuel the sweet story of a mother's prayer and a mother's consecration.

The story begins with a woman in great trouble because another woman was getting all the blessings and she wasn't getting any. I shall call this "sanctified jealousy." I believe there is a sense in which jealousy can be sanctified and I will prove it from the scripture. Here is the story:

A man, Elkanah, had two wives, Hannah and Peninnah. Peninnah means *pearl*. She had a beautiful name, but she was not so beautiful as her name. She was anything but a pearl. As it happened, in the providence of God, Peninnah had children and beautiful children, and poor Hannah had none, and to make matters worse, the other woman in the home provoked her sore. I think if I should give Peninnah a name today I should call her a "goat." Every time she had a new baby she would take it and dangle it before poor Hannah's eyes, "Look, Hannah! Isn't it a beautiful dear? Look at its beautiful hair, its pretty lips and its nose! It is just like its father." "Hannah, don't you wish it was yours? You haven't got any children."

Poor Hannah drank her cup of sorrow to the dregs and she became desperate. She prayed and prayed, "Oh Lord, give me a son! If I do not have a child I feel life isn't worth the living. It is becoming intolerable." I want you to see this thought: Hannah was driven to pray for a blessing because of blessings given to someone else. Can you see the application of it? I will guarantee it fits some one here. There are times when we become so sluggish, these hearts of

ours become so slothful in getting to God that it seems as if the only way our Father in His love for us can provoke us to pray and to seek His blessings is to place someone else in front of our eyes and bless them until we get provoked into what I call *holy jealousy*. I hear someone say, "Why is God blessing my wife so much?" Brother, perhaps God is blessing her to make you hungry. I hope He blesses you more. But there is another here saying, "Why is my sister having such a wonderful time in this meeting. I do not seem to be getting anything." Perhaps God is blessing your sister for you to become stirred up and seek God more fervently.

I remember many years ago when my wife and I were pressing on into blessing; it was just about the time we were married. It seemed for a season as if she was getting it all and I was getting nothing, and didn't I get jealous! She went to the meetings and became so filled with the Spirit she would sing for joy and I was as dry and empty as could be. When we walked home after the meeting I was not in a very good humor. I was real jealous of her, and it was the very lever that God used to stir me up to prayer. If any of you doubt that this is the divine method by which God sometimes works I want to remind you of a dispensational truth in the 11th chapter of Romans, where God works with His own people to bring them into the fulness of blessing. Verse 11, "I say then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid: but rather thru their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, *for to provoke them to jealousy*. If by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might save some of them." This is one of the divine methods God uses. I hope God will so stir us up that when we see other people get blessed we will say, "Lord, I cannot be left out. I must have the fulness too."

Then I thank God for His own Word that He is no respecter of persons. God hasn't any favorites. Do not tell me that He has. Has somebody else received healing? God is just as ready to heal you. Has some one else received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? He is just as willing to baptize you. But perhaps you haven't prayed enough, and He blesses them in your presence to stir you up to greater intensity

of purpose. He stirred up Hannah to pray, and mark you, we have to pray like Hannah prayed in order to receive. I want you to notice in verse 10, that she was in "bitterness of soul." She prayed to the Lord and wept sore. Have you ever been so hungry for God you prayed in bitterness of soul until the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob came forth and blessed you richly? Hannah "wept sore." I feel I want to ask a question of every one of us, including myself, How many times have we shed tears when we were praying because we were so hungry for Him? Wonderful are the tears that come in prayer! Have you ever made a little place wet with your tears as you prayed and cried to God? Have you ever "prayed and wept sore"? Oh God, give us the blessed keys of tears to open the treasures of heaven!

Then you will notice that Hannah's prayer was deep in her heart. It says in verse 13 she spoke in her heart but only her lips moved. But Eli thought she was drunken. She was so full she had not words to express herself. I feel some before me have touched only the fringe of hunger after God. She was so hungry her words failed. Sometimes some of us can pray in the unknown tongue because our English, our Swedish or our German is not sufficient to put the longing of our hearts into words, and sometimes we are speechless with hunger, and, like Hannah of old, we cannot find words to express the deep longing of our hearts. But God is a God who reads the hearts of men and He is looking at every hungry soul in this audience, and if there is a lump in your throat He knows the deep heart-hunger.

And that I may still further open up God's Word concerning this woman's prayer I want you to notice in verse 12 that she continued praying and the literal Hebrew would be, she *multiplied* prayer. I like that thought. Have you ever multiplied prayer. You pray and pray, and the prayer gets bigger and bigger. You pray on Tuesday and you do not get all you want. On Wednesday you multiply prayer, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday you pray some more. Oh blessed heavenly arithmetic! May the Lord teach us how to do it. Some of us seem to apply subtraction to our praying, but God help us to apply multiplication.

Last of all she said to the priest who so grievously misunderstood her, "I have poured out my soul before the Lord." The picture before me is a very simple one, just taking a jug of water and turning it upside down and pouring it all out. Have you ever done that

with your heart? Have you ever poured out your heart and said, "Lord, there is the last drop of it. That is all I can do." Brother, sister, you cannot pour out your hearts in two minutes. If you could you would have a mighty small soul. It takes time to pour out one's soul. Some people question why we have tarrying services. I believe that in them God teaches us how to pour out our souls, and if we do, I am sure the God who answered Hannah's prayer will answer ours also.

The next point I want us to see in our story is that which is really the pivot of the whole thing. In verse 11 is her wonderful vow: "And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a manchild, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life." God was waiting for that, and when she said that, God said, "You shall have it."

Friends, I believe the Holy Spirit thru that living Word is putting His divine finger on the sore thing that is blocking God's blessing in some of our hearts here. We have wanted blessing for ourselves, perhaps unconsciously until now the light of God's Word is streaming on us. You won't be unconscious after this. It is possible to want the baptism of the Holy Ghost simply to be happy, perhaps that you should have power to be a successful evangelist or preacher and get a name for yourself. It is possible for you to desire and covet spiritual gifts for your own glory and satisfaction, and perhaps this is why the prayer of your heart has not yet been satisfied, but if, by the grace of our Lord, we may come to the place where we say, "Not for my glory but for Thine," I believe God will answer prayer. Purity of motive is the thing that God wants, and such a vow as Hannah's is often a turning point in a whole life. I believe that is a crisis hour for someone. May God help you to vow: "If Thou wilt give me the Holy Spirit it shall be put upon the altar for Thee and Thy service forever." And as I stress this sweet subject of consecration I want to say, it is the pathway to a joy such as you have never had before. Never approach the subject of consecration as though it were a hard duty to which you have to screw yourself up. Oh no. It is a reasonable service. It is a privilege to consecrate, a joy. There are some of us on this platform, if we were to tell the truth, we would say we have a way of consecrating our lives every morning because

it is such a luxury. I know what I am talking about. I have tasted daily the joy of kneeling at the feet of the Savior who bought me and anointed me with His Spirit, and given myself to Him.

If you will read the second chapter of Samuel you will see that the Holy Ghost came on Hannah and she began to sing and prophesy in the Spirit. Some people have an idea that when Hannah brought little Samuel to the Lord it nearly broke her heart to leave him there. No, it wasn't that way, and I do not like that note being struck even in missionary services. If God has called you, I do not believe you have a sad heart. The Holy Ghost came on Hannah and she had an experience she never had before. She sang in the Spirit. Have you ever prophesied? Perhaps your first taste of that glorious gift will come when you bring some Samuel to God's altar. I want to encourage some who are fearful and think if you consecrate everything to God you won't have anything left. Some of you are saying, "That career of mine!" "That ambition of mine!" "I feel God is calling me, but if I consecrate it to God what will I have left?" Cheer up, I will show you what happened to Hannah. The Lord isn't that sort of a Master. If you look into chapter 2 you will read that the Lord visited Hannah and she had three sons and two daughters. She gave the Lord the first one and He said, "Now then, Hannah, here are five for keeps." That is just like the Lord. You tremble to give Him one, but He will give you five in its place. He said to Hannah, "I will not be your debtor. Here are five children you may have for your own." I stand here tonight to defend the character of our Heavenly Father. Do you think after you have consecrated your little to God that He will be indebted to you? There is no one who has given up houses, or brethren, father or mother, or children or lands, for His sake and the Gospel but shall receive an hundredfold. Hallelujah! And if you still tremble on the brink I want to remind you that if Hannah had not consecrated Samuel to the Lord she would have died a barren woman, no children at all. It is the crisis hour for some here tonight. May God help us to bring our Samuels to Him!

I have one other plea to bring, from the highest level man can plead. I want you to remember that in this time in the history of Israel there was no prophet. It says that in those days the Word of the Lord was rare, scarce; there was no open vision, no prophet of the Lord by

whom God could speak to His people, and Israel was hungry to hear the living word again. Poor Israel was living on a memory of what God had done, and that is what many people are doing today. They are living on memories of Moody and Finney and Wesley, but we have the same living God today. The people of Israel had no prophet, but there was a God in heaven who wanted to speak to His people. He wanted a mouth-piece, a channel, a prophet. Now look how beautifully the two come together. Here was a woman of Mount Ephraim who is wanting a son, and here is God Almighty up in heaven who wants a prophet. Think of it! And the golden moment comes when this woman says, "Oh God, if You will give me a son I will give him to You," and God says, "There is my prophet." I will put it very reverently, but I will put it this way: God and Hannah made a bargain with each other. God said to Hannah, "You shall have your son," and Hannah said to God, "You shall have your prophet." And as I look on this consecration meeting tonight I want to say very reverently, I believe this is an unspeakable privilege that angels might envy of somebody in this congregation tonight giving that which will be His chariot upon which His purposes of blessing can roll forward, even over the whole nation. Oh if you will give God tonight that which He is taking over, it may be your privilege to give to America a Samuel. It is one thing to be a preacher but oh for messengers! I notice when a man has a message from God he never lacks a congregation. May God help us to lay our Samuels on the altar and I believe God will send the fire. Then God will get the prophets and the messengers and that which is needed to bring to your great and beloved country the living Word of the Living God.

There is one other aspect of this story which I will touch on, which I hope will prove helpful. I want you to rejoice with me and learn a lesson from Hannah's faith. We read when the priest Eli said, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thy petition," that the woman went her way and believed, and her countenance was no more sad. That is faith. God had given her a promise and yet it would be many months before the fulfilment of that promise would lie nestled in her arms, but directly she received the promise she did eat and her countenance was no more sad. I love that little touch, "She did eat." Evidently the sorrow and bitter-

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Transforming Power of the Gospel in Central America

A Remarkable Bible School and What It Accomplished

Ralph Williams in The Stone Church, May 5, 1935

"For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."



WE ARE very happy that the Lord has called us into His service. I was raised in a Christian home and should have been saved while very young, but I was about seventeen years of age before I found the Lord. I went to church twice every Sunday and also during the week, and always attended Sunday School. I never went to bed without saying my prayers but it didn't mean much to me for usually my mind was full of other things. My brother was converted and finally got in touch with the Pentecostal people and that made a considerable difference in him. Later he received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Dad was a Methodist preacher and knew his Bible from cover to cover; he knew where every verse was and could always detect any error made in quoting the Word. So we had no excuse for not being good Christian boys. I remember well how my brother Dick came home one night at about eleven o'clock from prayer-meeting and began to talk to me about giving up the world and being saved. I soon thought I had had enough of it and started off to bed but as I turned to leave he said, "Well, if you want to go to hell you can go. I am through with you." I didn't think that was very kind, to say the least, but he had been trying to get me to the Lord for a long time. That moment something took place in my heart.

Up to that time I had the idea that the Lord would give almost anything to have me saved and that if ever I did get saved all heaven would rejoice for I was a special jewel that they wanted. No doubt the Lord does look upon every person that way, but of course I had the wrong conception of myself. But this night I felt like a man standing on the edge of a precipice, holding on to a rope which was being cut by another person. As usual, I dropped on my knees to say the little prayer which my mother had taught me. Often I never knew whether I was saying it straight or not and would get off my knees just as quickly as possible and get into bed, but this night I stayed down on my

knees and said that prayer, once, twice, yes, three times:

*"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."*

Conviction took hold of me in such a way that I felt if I didn't get saved that night I probably would never have the Holy Spirit strive with me again and finally I threw up my arms and cried to the Lord to forgive my sins. I am glad to say that I was really saved and I have never been unhappy since that time. There have been hard trials and many temptations but He has kept me happy in Him and given me that peace that comes with the knowledge of sins forgiven.

To make a long story short, after I was married, the Lord made it plain that we were to go into the Spanish work and for a number of years we worked in Central America. Central America has five Republics and while it occupies just a little of the earth's surface yet there is a population of from five to seven million, most of whom have no knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. The people are very poor in comparison to our standards of living, and while there are some beautiful homes and a few wealthy people, the majority live in the country in small grass huts. While they have very meager provisions they are always willing to share with anyone who comes even though it be just rice and beans. We had a very precious time with these people and found them hungry for God. One might not think this after a casual visit for of course there are those whose hearts are hardened, but the human heart cannot be satisfied without the Lord Jesus Christ as the Savior; they are hungry for something they do not have. Anyone visiting there will be bound to say that they are at least very religious, for everywhere one sees signs of this; they have images and idols on every street. We have seen people, in their hunger for something to satisfy, crawling on their hands and knees for miles and miles and then crying out to the image of the Virgin Mary, to give them peace or salvation; and how happy we have been to follow them and tell them the story of Jesus Christ.

When out preaching in a grass hut, the home of one man, he told us that for seventeen years he used to go to the next town every year, for

a whole week during feast time and there he was privileged to be one of the bearers to carry an image down the streets of the town. For seventeen years, every day of those seven days, he had faithfully carried that image and was promised one hundred days less in pergatory for every time he carried it. You mathematicians can figure up just how many days he would be spared from pergatory. But when he heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ and that He had died on Calvary to save him and give him a glorious entrance into heaven, he accepted Jesus as his Savior and he is now going on with the Lord.

There was another man, an elderly school-teacher who came into my room on one occasion. It was shortly after pay-day and he had been drinking very heavily so he came and wanted money for some medicine. I could not fail to see his pitiable condition and gave him a bit of money but he passed up the medicine-shop and bought more drink as that was too much temptation for him. Soon he came back and wanted to talk to me about the Bible, and of course wanted more money, but I was very much disgusted with him and told him to come back in the morning when he could perhaps come in a better condition and then we could talk. So he came the next morning asking for more money. I spoke to him rather roughly, not because I felt hard towards him but I realized the uselessness of speaking any other way and finally I told him that if he wanted money he would first have to get on his knees and ask God to forgive him his sins. He said, "I don't know how to pray," and I told him I would teach him. As he got down I could almost hear his knees creaking. I don't know that he had ever knelt before. At first he looked around to see if I was getting his money ready and then he waited for me to begin praying, so I began a simple little prayer and had him pray after me, confessing sins and acknowledging Jesus Christ as his Savior and that he should be given grace to follow the Lord. He repeated every word after me and in my heart I was earnestly praying that the Lord would work in his heart through His Spirit. I confess I didn't have much faith and when he arose I gave his little boy 25c. I found that the Lord had done a real work in that man's heart. He was sixty-five years of age and couldn't remember the time he didn't get drunk; he had come from a good family, his father having been a general in the army but this son had gone from bad to

worse. And now the Lord had completely changed him and he became one of our most faithful Christians in the church; he finally lost his position in the school because he testified so fearlessly in the open-air services in the park.

Being the only Pentecostal missionaries in such a vast field we needed more laborers and felt we should have at least a half dozen missionaries there. But it being impossible for others to come we realized that if we were to accomplish anything we would have to train native workers so we felt led to open a Bible School. We didn't have time for more than three months of Bible School but proposed to the various pastors and deacons that they pick out from their congregations two or three men and women who showed any capabilities for the ministry and send them to us with some grain, sugar and whatever else they could carry on their backs and we would see that they were instructed in the Word. We had no large Bible School building with a faculty and everything else that goes to make up a Bible School but we had Bibles, pencils and paper. We also had a blackboard that cost \$3.50. When they all arrived we found we had about twenty young fellows. We had no benches but got together a little money and sent these young men out around town to pick up all the packing cases they could get. Out of these we made little seats and desks. And there for three months we had a wonderful time studying God's Word. It was a cheap Bible School as far as outward expense was concerned but it cost a good deal of faith and it cost considerable patience, for some of those students had to stretch their legs out for three months in order to keep those seats together; but because they had made them themselves they liked them much better than the fine pews of our large churches which they had not made. It is like my little fellow who put his shoes on for the first time; he put them on the wrong feet but we couldn't persuade him that they were on wrong because *he* had put them on. That was native initiative and we are happy to say that at the present time, although when we started we had only twelve or fourteen little groups of people, within the next four and a half years these groups increased to twenty-six or twenty-eight churches properly organized with elders and deacons, and each assembly tithing; they had built about eight churches of their own. Some were made with roofs of leaves and sticks, with sides of grass, but one or two of

them were really nice buildings and all a result of native effort.

The Bible School afforded us many wonderful experiences. The first Sunday we went out to the park for an open-air service. The park was the town market-place and on Sunday mornings there were about five hundred people gathered there, with wares spread all over, some buying and some selling. On one side were the stores and beyond were the offices of the mayor, and then the prison, a typical Spanish town.

That first open-air service went off just fine; we sang and testified, but the second Sunday things were a little different. The people were waiting for us and were very much stirred against us as they had been ordered to do their best to rid the town of this terrible plague that had come in. For two or three hours the entire town was in an uproar; missiles were being fired at us and it seemed some would surely be killed before the trouble was over. My wife was hit on the head and drenched with water and the missionary was cluttered with quick lime. The bells in the cathedral were ringing as if there was a revolution and we finally had to get the soldiers to come to protect us from these people who were set on fire, as it were, with hatred towards the Gospel. The third Sunday the same thing happened only a little worse and the mayor of the town and the captain of the guard had to come and sit right in the circle with us to get the people quieted down.

I am glad to say that this trouble did not upset our Christians, in fact it made them all the more earnest to go on with the Lord. At that time we had a church of about forty people but at the end of three months it had increased to eighty or ninety, real cases of salvation. Those who had been saved were pressing on with the Lord. Under those circumstances the people had to pray continually for protection and in so doing they got closer and closer to the Lord. Not one of our Christians turned back because of the persecution.

On one occasion we were dedicating a church just two days before Christmas. We had a day of beautiful fellowship when about three hundred gathered together for the three meetings. The next evening, Christmas Eve, because of some false accusations that had been made against us, the police came to the church just about ten o'clock at night as we were closing the place up. They put the pastor under arrest and took him to jail about six miles away. The next morning when most of you folk were

looking under your Christmas trees, we were making our way down the rough trail to the jail to see what had happened to our pastor. We found he had been busy during the night talking to murderers about the Lord.

We spoke to the mayor about releasing this man but he said we had no business having a meeting in public. I explained that they were dedicating a church but he was firm and said, "There is no possibility of you continuing these meetings and this man will have to remain in jail till he pays his fine of \$5.00." I reminded the mayor that the other religious body in town had been up all night and were having a rather hilarious time but just because we were preaching the Gospel it was different. We finally went up to the church to pray, and the more I prayed the more I felt we should not pay the fine. I don't know whether it was human indignation or righteous indignation but I just felt it was unjust to pay \$5.00 for this pastor's release when he had done nothing to be worthy of jail. When we went back to talk to the mayor again we found the man was out of the first jail; someone had given him \$3.00 and he paid that much of his fine so they had let him out of the main jail and were just waiting for the other \$2.00 to release him entirely. That made me feel worse than ever and I said, "If our people had gotten a license to put up a saloon there would have been perhaps a half dozen people killed and doubtless they would have gone free, but because they built a church with their own hands and preached the Gospel, they put the pastor in jail." He went over to the desk, got the \$3.00 and returned it to the man and set him free without any fine. We continued our meetings all that day and had a precious time.

For your encouragement we want to tell you that we have something like fifteen hundred Pentecostal brethren in Central America, in the three Republics: El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua. We greatly need help in carrying on the work in this large field. Besides consecrated souls there must be consecrated giving and besides consecrated souls and consecrated giving there must be consecrated prayer and if we go before the Lord with these three things before us our Pentecostal missionary program is bound to go ahead. The Pentecostal message is a glorious message and as the Lord stirs up the hearts of those young men and women they get saved and get the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and then many want to go out and preach. And let me say, they can preach. After a bit

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Spiritual Lessons from Pictures in the Gospel of Luke

Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church



WILL speak from the record of three pictures in the Gospel according to Luke, found in the 13th and 14th chapters. These pictures bespeak three different conditions. One is a parable of a barren fruit tree, and the other two are records of healings, but they bespeak, nevertheless, spiritual lessons revealed in God's people.

The first condition in this parable of the barren fig tree (13:6-9) is the condition of unfruitfulness, barrenness, which seems to be a condition so prevalent in many hearts today. God grant that we may recognize it in time to have Him deliver us from such a state! Barrenness seems to be something that God cannot endure, cannot allow to remain, and in one way or another He must deal with it. It is a sin that is just as serious as any sin a Christian can commit. God's Word deals very strongly with it, and has some hard things to say against this condition.

You will remember the parable that Jesus brought forth to His disciples the last night before His crucifixion, "I am the vine and ye are the branches." He told them that His Father was the Husbandman, and that the whole purpose of that branch being in the Vine was that it might bear fruit. And He said that if it would bear fruit His Father would purge it that it might bring forth *more fruit*. And if it failed in bringing forth fruit did He say, "Let it stay in the Vine and the other branches would take care of it"? He did not. He said, "*Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away.*" It is cut off from the Vine absolutely. Why? Because it was diseased? No. Because it was hurtful to the others, possibly by drawing strength that did not belong to it? No. But what was the main indictment against that branch? *Barrenness*. There was no fruit. There were leaves, doubtless. It probably looked similar to some of the other vines, except for the fruit, but the Husbandman said, "Cut it off."

And here in this parable we read that the owner of the vineyard came into his orchard and sought fruit. What do we look for in a vineyard or an orchard? No one ever planted a vineyard for beauty; no one planted an orchard to have something beautiful to look at. They are not planted particularly for ornamen-

tation, but that they might give us fruit. If you have a vineyard or orchard that is not bearing fruit, you proceed to cut it down so that the ground can be used for something else. In our orchard at home when we saw trees were yielding little or no fruit we thought it wise to cut them down and use the ground for something else.

Jesus, in this parable, has the owner of the vineyard to say, "Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" God has better use for His ground than to have it cumbered with barren Christians. His whole divine purpose in giving us life, in blessing our souls, is that we might be fruit-bearing branches, spiritual trees that will redound to His glory in the fruit that we produce. God grant that the spirit of fruitfulness may be prevalent, that we may be of service to Him and that our fruit may abide!

Barrenness, then, is something that God cannot tolerate. He says, Cut down the barren tree, the branch that is fruitless. Remember, this parable is a picture of human hearts. God is telling us that we are the planting of the Lord, we are His trees in this world, and we are to be fruitful; otherwise we cannot continue in the Vine and the possibility of fruit-bearing would be cut off.

I am glad for our Vinedresser, the Husbandman, and the patience He has with His people. The patience that God has in His commandments, in His law; the long-suffering that is found in God's condemnation, for if He were immediately executing judgments that are spoken of, no flesh would be saved. But in His judgments He is long-suffering in their execution. And He was patient in this parable. When the vine-dresser asked that it be given another year, he waited. I am glad God has been giving some of us *other years*; that He has been giving us just a little more time. And if we find, on searching our hearts today, that we are not bearing fruit for His glory, let us have the Vine-dresser get after us, stir us up. That is what is done in the natural, especially in Oriental countries where we have rainy and dry seasons. Certain months in the year there will be no rain and then they have their systems of irrigation, and the only way they can get the

water to the trees is to dig down around them. If you go to Oriental countries you will see the ditches running in every direction, and the ground around the trees a little lower so that the water can get to the roots. Then he said he would "dung it," send it strength. God seeks to nourish our souls and to feed us with His Word that we may become fruitful. Then if we refuse to bear fruit we must be cut down, for fruit He must have. If we find ourselves barren and fruitless, let us make haste and run to the Lord that He may dig about us and nourish us.

This next picture in this 13th chapter, verses 10-17, reveals another condition that is very grave, in this woman who was healed of an infirmity. I do not know whether she was a hunchback or just had a badly bent spine, but at any rate she was greatly bowed down and the Word of God says she had a "spirit of infirmity for eighteen years, and could in no wise lift herself." We learn a good many things in this story as to what God has to say concerning disease. The medical world gives these afflictions high-sounding names, but the Word of God says of this disease it was "a spirit of infirmity" that gripped this woman; it was a foreign element, a spirit from the outside that had taken possession of her, and Jesus in defending her healing before the Pharisees on the Sabbath mentions the fact that Satan had bound her. That doesn't look as if medicine would do much good in that case. I doubt if medicine has much effect on the devil anyway. Satan had bound this woman and almost literally tied her into a knot.

Jesus came along and when He saw her He called to her. How beautiful of the Lord! Seeing her need He called her. Many times He calls us, and if we come, oh what a blessing He has for us! She never uttered a word; when He saw her need He called her to Him: "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and He laid His hands on her and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God.

Now get a picture of this woman who for years had been unable to look up into heaven. Her vision was earthward. For 18 years she had not been able to look up, and what a picture this is of God's people looking earthward! It is a serious condition when our gaze is continually downward. We constantly are looking at the awful calamities that are around us, and at our troubles. There is no inspiration or encouragement in looking at our surroundings, and if your vision is earthward you are bound

down in your spirit; you never look beyond the clouds to see God. This woman is a picture of the Christian; a daughter of Abraham, yet bound by some spirit of infirmity until she can see only the things that belong to earth, taken up with the groans and the sordidness of life.

When God shut Noah into the ark He did not allow him to look around, did not make any preparation for it. Noah would have had a sorry time if he had been able to look around and see the poor people in their terrible struggle for life; but God said, "No, Noah, no windows around, but on the top." The outlook would be discouraging, but the up-look is blessed. This poor woman of herself could not look up into the heavens but Jesus came along and loosed her. I am sure He wants to come our way if we have a tendency to look earthward. Let us see to it that we do not become earth-bound, but that our vision is heavenward. It is true that the way we *look* is the way we are going. I wonder if this woman had a tendency to be earthy and failed to correct herself? if she forgot there was a God in heaven, and centered her thoughts on earthly things until finally that "spirit of infirmity" gripped her. It has gripped some people today. The shout is gone, the praise is gone. I gather from this picture that some haven't glorified God possibly for *eighteen years*. When we see people without a praise in their souls we begin to wonder just which way they are bound. I doubt very much if you can keep looking into heaven long without some praise in your soul. If you will look up to see what God is doing there will be a hallelujah in your soul.

When Jesus laid His hand on this woman she straightened up immediately, the earthly look was gone, replaced by the heavenly, and she glorified God. Are we looking around on earthly things today or is our gaze heavenward? There is nothing encouraging as we look around us, in these days of unemployment, depression and inflation; nothing to be happy about, but Jesus said when we see these days of sorrow we should look up and rejoice, for our "redemption draweth nigh." Some day we will be delivered from everything that is earth-bound.

Now we have another condition represented in the 14th chapter; the lesson of the man healed of the dropsy and the parable of the ambitious guest. In the first six verses we find Jesus in the house of one of the chief Pharisees. With all that Jesus had to say against the Pharisees it is interesting to note how many of their homes He entered. As far as we know He

accepted every invitation given. There are people today who think we should not visit with sinners, especially for a meal. Jesus entered every home to which He was invited. If they refused Him entrance, that was another matter, but in every home He entered He witnessed to the truth He had come to proclaim. I believe when opportunities knock at our door it is our glorious privilege to enter and be a witness for the Lord Jesus Christ. I fear many times we have allowed opportunities to pass because of an idea we should not eat with sinners. We should seek every opportunity to witness for the Lord.

"As He went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath Day they watched Him." Ah yes, they watched Him, and they are watching you if they know you come to this church. They watch you to see how you act and how you live, and it is a good thing if you are living for the Lord. I am glad that we are a people whom folks want to watch. If we are not being watched I would think we had lost our influence. The Pharisees watched Jesus and because they *watched* many received knowledge and enlightenment from Him. "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." Jesus' steps were truly ordered by His Father. There was a certain man before Him to whom He had the opportunity of ministering. What is the matter with this man? He had the dropsy, was in a very serious condition. A dropsical person is almost twice the size he ought to be. Even so, a person who has spiritual dropsy is bloated, heady, proud, filled with egotism, with a sense of self-importance. It is a condition that reveals disease, a disease that can get us all, and can finally kill our spiritual existence. Many folks have been killed spiritually by that condition. They get puffed up and the swelling finally reaches the heart and that is the end. It is possible in the spiritual life to enter a place where we become spiritually dropsical, where we become puffed up and helpless.

Elijah almost made that mistake: "Lord, I am the only faithful one left." Elijah was so sick he wanted to die. The Lord said to him, "You made a mistake, Elijah. I have seven thousand left." Elijah didn't feel quite so big then. It is a good thing to be taken down. There is this carnal tendency in us that puffs us up, and worse than that, makes other people think we are somebody too. Then the Lord comes along. This man with the dropsy met

with Jesus. "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath Day?" Jesus healed him.

The next parable that the Lord gives us, of the ambitious guest, is to follow up this thought. He says, "Now be humble, continue along the line of humility. Keep yourself down; never make more of yourself than God has made of you." If we humble ourselves He will exalt us in due time, but if we exalt ourselves He says He will have to humble us. I sometimes think we, as a group, have been tremendously humbled because of boasting. We have sometimes boasted out of measure, and God has humbled us. We have failed to measure up to the standards which we have preached. You remember what the Lord said to King Saul: "Saul, do you remember the time when you were small in your own eyes?" Saul was a big man physically. That is why the people so readily proclaimed him king. He was head and shoulders above the rest, but when they came to look for him, he was hidden among the baggage. He had hidden himself because he was little in his own estimation. But when he became king, the Lord had to say thru the prophet, "When you were small in your own eyes I lifted you up to the kingship, and now, Saul, you have gotten to be heady. You think you can rule my prophets and do as you please, even in opposition to my Word. Now I have to bring you down." This is surely a warning to us that we may humble ourselves, and take the lowest place so that God Himself will exalt us. God can use those who are humble, but the Word says, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased." May God glorify Himself in our hearts and lives.

(Continued from page 5)

ness and the longing of her soul had been so intense they had taken away her appetite. Perhaps some here have been so hungry for God you have lost the desire for food. That night when Hannah went back from the house of God you should have seen the supper she ate. And when she asked for the second helping I can imagine Peninnah saying, "What has happened to Hannah?" and I can hear her say, with a guilty smile, "Pass the potatoes, Peninnah." God puts those little touches in His precious Word on purpose. I think they are put there to make the stories human. Hannah believed God and began to eat. May God help us to have the faith of Hannah and believe His promises.

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of the Full Gospel Tabernacle at Fifth and Peoria Streets, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and of a remarkable visitation God has recently given there. H. T. Owens is the pastor.

TULSA had grown from an Indian trading post to a cow-punchers' settlement, and then to a hustling western village before the message of Pentecost was preached in that territory.

All the churches in those early days buffed the harsh opposition of lawless men, professional gamblers and renegades from other states, but this class had practically disappeared by the time the Pentecostal message reached the village and a less crude people turned their ears to the preaching of this new truth.

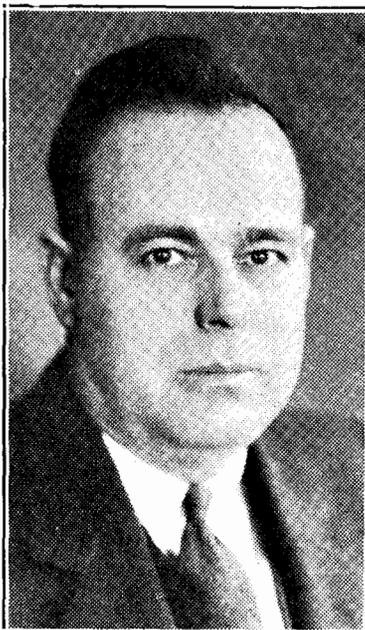
At first it seemed that Pentecost was no more welcome to the village than Methodism had been to the trading post, but finally after a successful tent meeting, held on the site now occupied by the Hotel Tulsa, there was an addition of about one hundred followers. This was in 1908.

These new converts clung together faithfully, holding services in their homes. A little

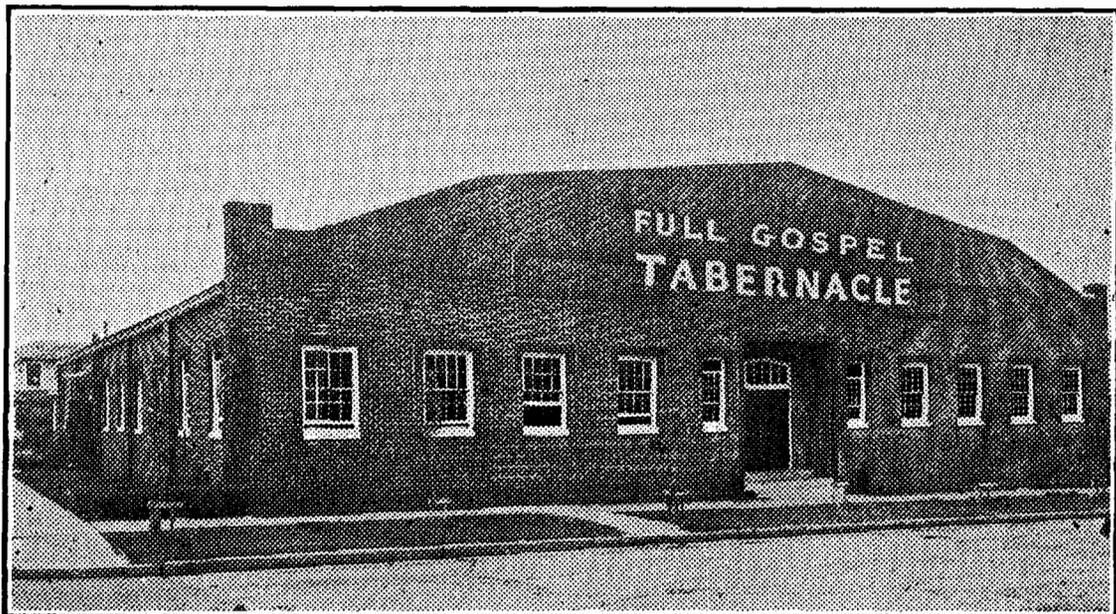
later, the old Methodist Church on Second and Cincinnati was offered them. They gladly accepted this and worshipped in it until it was torn down. The County Court House offered them shelter after that and it was here that the group started a fund with which to purchase a plot of ground on the corner of Brady and Cincinnati. A white frame building was erected here. Later a lot was purchased at Fifth and Peoria Streets and the white frame building moved to this location.

In 1923 Evangelist Raymond T. Richey held a very successful city-wide campaign in Tulsa. Many new members were gained from these meetings so that the little frame church was soon outgrown. As a consequence, a large red brick structure accommodating about 1,200 was erected and became known as the Full Gospel Tabernacle.

Various ministers pastored the congregation and during the



Pastor H. T. Owens



The Full Gospel Tabernacle, Tulsa, Oklahoma

pastorate of H. E. Bowley, the church was incorporated under the Assemblies of God.

Brother H. T. Owens has been the pastor since September, 1933. The growth in all departments of the work since then has been remarkable. The Sunday School has much more than doubled and about 250 have been added to the membership roll. Brother Owens is ably assisted by his wife. They have three sons, all of them saved and the oldest of them graduated from Bible School this spring.

Brother and Sister Watson Argue conducted four weeks' revival campaign there during April. One great victory was the conversion of a young Jewish man, the photographer of *The Tulsa Daily World*. His wife had been saved some time before and had been praying earnestly for him. He attended many of the meetings and also took some pictures for the paper he represented.

It was Easter Sunday morning that he found Christ as his Savior. The message was on the Resurrection, but the evangelist was unable to finish preaching. The power fell; many of the audience rose to their feet and started praising God; others rushed to the altar and among them was this young man, Brother Lee Krupnick.

After sobbing before the Lord for possibly half an hour, he realized that the work was done, that his sins were forgiven and that he had found the Savior and the Savior had found him. The joy that then filled his heart and the hearts of all the congregation was almost un-speakable.

The following is the report of Pastor H. T. Owens of their recent campaign:

"We are very happy to report the results of the blessed revival the Lord has given us. Our large tabernacle seating 1,200 was often crowded to capacity and on week nights as well as Sundays it was necessary to place extra chairs in the aisles.

"Brother and Sister Watson Argue were with us for four weeks. During this time, 160 people gave themselves to the Lord and out of this number, 82 were received into the membership of the church. Our Sunday School reached the record attendance of 1,235.

"The closing Sunday was the greatest day of the campaign. In the afternoon, 120 were immersed in the beautiful Sand Springs Lake. *The Tulsa Daily World* estimated that 6,500 people attended this service. KVOO, a 50,000 watt radio station, broadcast the service right from the water's edge. People listening in other cities informed us that they were able even to hear the water splash. The mayor of Tulsa was present and gave a brief address at the beginning of the service. In his talk, he expressed his appreciation of the Pentecostal Churches of Tulsa."

"To What Purpose is This Waste?"

Miss Bernice Lee

"But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?"

IT WAS the disciples who asked the question—those who had walked and worked with Jesus, those who loved Him—surely they thought their love was genuine, and we know they *did* love their dear Master, but oh, how love needs to be tested!

Not only did they ask the question, but they were *indignant!* One would think that such constant contact with so magnanimous a Teacher, Friend and Companion, would have broadened their vision and caused them to see things in the larger light. But the narrowness and frugality of their minds came to the front and they were actually indignant as they saw love lavished upon the One for whom they claimed real affection.

"TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE?" What is *waste*? Let us turn our thoughts to a little company of the Lord's own in a far-off land.

In the early part of the day, in a certain out-of-the-way district, the little group set out for

the special purpose of getting the gospel portions into the hands of needy souls. These children of the Lord knew just a little of what the day would bring; there would be the scornful remarks, the supercilious smile, the rude refusals, and also the glad, wondering acceptance of the Word of Life. As on their way they trudged, through sun and dust and heat, the thoughts travelled swiftly back over the miles that lay between them and home, and they seemed in fancy, to hear some of the disciples of the Lord saying, "To what purpose is this waste?" Could it all be worth while? Was there not an unnecessary expenditure of time and money and strength just to get a few copies of the Word of God into the hands of these ignorant people? Let us watch the efforts of these servants of the Lord, and perhaps He, Himself, will give us an answer to the question.

Entering the hot, dusty market place which was crowded already with those who had come to "buy and get gain," they found, beside a wee grass-covered hut, a vacant, native bed. Being warm and weary, they sat down for a few

minutes' rest. Almost immediately the curious crowd gathered. Here was an opportunity to preach the Word, and so, with the help of the Lord, the Bread of Life was dispensed. What joy to talk of Him! The crowd thickened, and then came the opportunity of selling the books which contained more of the precious truth. A few—for oh, so many cannot read—bought the portions, not fully understanding what this new thing might be, but the servants of the Lord rose to go on farther in the dust and heat and noise. Was this "waste"? Something in their hearts whispered, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

The ever-increasing crowd of curious on-lookers gathered close around at each halt; here and there opportunity presented itself of "preaching the Word of this Life," and again and again the precious books found ready buyers. Then came a sad moment—a moment when the blood rushed to the cheek, a pain tugged away at the heart, for a young man, seemingly bright and interested, purchased a copy (the very neatest, cleanest one had been selected from the bundle) and then, holding it up so there should be no mistake about its being seen, he tore it to shreds! **WHAT COULD IT MEAN?** There was **ONE** who knew, and the little company of disciples turned away, with a prayer in the heart, and may we say it, a new courage within, to go on with the precious work.

Up one narrow, crowded, dusty street and down another they wended their way. Many were the wondering glances they received, many were the offensive remarks, many were the curt refusals, but all the time, there were also the opportunities embraced, and book after book was sold. Encouragement rose, and then again came the bitter with the sweet. Once more a copy was purchased, and for the first time in the experience of this little company, the portion was not only bought and torn to shreds, but the bits of paper were thrown, with malice, upon the head of the one who had sold it! Surely at that moment, some disciple of the Lord in the homeland, not **VITALLY** interested in foreign missions, would indignantly exclaim, "*To what purpose is this waste?*"

On and on they labored, these servants who had been commissioned by the Master. The above act was repeated and once more the leaves of the sacred little volumes were torn and

thrown with force upon the head of the disciple. Right in front of the messengers walked one of the enemies of the Cross, hooting, jeering and calling out to the crowd not to buy, and yet all the while people were purchasing and the Lord continued to be with His own.

At length the day was getting late and it was time to turn the steps homeward. Two hundred and thirty-five Gospel portions had been sold. The miles that stretched ahead looked a bit long, for hours in that motley crowd, with the din sounding in the ears, was enough to bring a sense of weariness, and the feet were heavy ere the end of the journey was reached. Over and over the question seemed to be whispering itself, "*Was it worth while?*" The sun was sinking low, the night chill was coming on, the tents in the distance looked far away, but all the time there was a song of joy that sang louder than the question, and the little company communed together as they walked and "Jesus Himself, drew near." And just as they saw the last glory of the sunset, and the place called "home" was reached, just once again the question was borne in upon the consciousness, "*To what purpose was this waste?*" and almost like an angel whisper, the glorious answer came winging its way down from the courts of heaven:

"So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Stirrings in Palestine

THE FOLLOWING is a partial account of some meetings held in Transjordan by Principal George Jeffreys of England and his Revival Party, written by Miss Laura Radford of Jerusalem, who is in charge of the Bible Evangelistic Missions at Jerusalem, Amman, Es Salt and Haifa. When Mr. Jeffreys and party decided to visit Palestine it was not in their thought to hold any meetings, but God ordered otherwise. A meeting was also held at Miss Brown's mission. The report appeared in *The Elim Evangel*.

On March 3rd, I had a message from Pastor Corry telling me that the Principal and his Party had arrived in Jerusalem and proposed to visit our mission in the afternoon. . . . What a precious service it was! Surely the Lord was in our midst!

On Thursday the Party left for Transjordan, but a part of their tour there was omitted in order to minister Christ to needy souls in Es Salt, believed by some to be Ramoth Gilead. Thursday night a meeting was held in our Mission at Amman, and our hall which

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God's Judgments in the Earth

C. B. Hurlbut



FUNDAMENTAL Christians of this generation have rejoiced to see the fulfillment of the many prophetic end-time signs, which clearly indicate to the redeemed that their redemption draweth nigh.

Many prophetic students are peering into the future and interpreting the prophetic Word in accordance with their own finite understanding, predicting many things which they think will come to pass in the near future. These interpreters do not all agree, and some of their forecasts have already failed, proving that it is wisdom to follow God in the fulfillment, rather than voice an opinion regarding the future that is not thoroughly backed up by the "sure word of prophecy."

Any person who will take the time to carefully compare the Prophetic Word with the changes that have come to pass during the lifetime of this present generation must admit, if honest, that a great many prophetic searchlights have by their fulfillment been turned on and made to shine as heralds of the approaching King who is to rule this world in righteousness. Hardly a month passes by that the daily press does not record some new phase of fulfilled prophecy, or else emphasize that which we had previously noted as coming to pass.

A moment's reflection will cause us to understand that the fulfillment of prophecies designated in the Word as end-time signs have all been of world-wide significance. For example, the increase of knowledge and travel (Dan. 12: 4) is evident to all the world; the world war, the flu, the great famines of Russia and China, and the prevalence of earthquakes (Matt. 24: 7), have each attracted world-wide attention. Several other prophetic utterances have been, or are being fulfilled on this same world concept basis. God's works are not wrought in a corner. He is speaking through these signs to the world as a whole, not simply to a nation or to a continent, but to the entire human race.

An outstanding prophecy, unfulfilled and of no significance as an end-time sign in the Spring of 1934, has at this time been brought into bold relief. The 1934 drouth, the most wide-spread in history, almost world-wide in its sweep—the scope and consequences of which have been a leading subject for front-page news items. It

has occupied much magazine space; it has been, and still is, a subject of major concern to the United States Government; it is therefore a matter of world consequence, and falls into the same classification as other fulfillments; and as such, is, it seems, a very literal fulfillment of Joel 1:15-18, "Alas for the day! *For the day of the Lord is at hand*, as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Is not the meat cut off before our eyes, yea, joy and gladness from the house of God? The seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down; for the corn is withered. How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate."

Carefully note the details: "Is not the meat cut off before our eyes?" Secretary Wallace in his review of what he termed "The worst drouth the nation has ever had," said, "The most marked effect of the drouth would show on the meat supplies." While the word for "meat" refers to food in general, it also refers to meat; and to those who have seen the Government moving thousands of trainloads of cattle to the slaughter houses, and greatly depleting the herds of many thousand farmers, it does appear indeed, a cutting off of the meat before our very eyes. "The seed is rotten under their clods." Never before has the world witnessed such vast areas where the seed has rotted in the field; nor has it seen the "garners" or storehouses made so desolate because of such a scant harvest. "The herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture." Millions upon millions of cattle have wandered hither and thither for lack of green pasture. "The barns are broken down, for the corn is withered"; the Hebrew word for "barn" is "*Mamm-gurah*" and has the sense of depositing as in a granary. This word has for its root "*Magar*" which means, to yield up; so this clause literally translated could read, "The yield up to the granaries is broken down; for the corn is withered." While the word for "corn" might include other grains as well, it is a notable fact that in the Government crop report of July 1, 1934, at which time the waving corn fields of America gave promise of a fairly good crop,

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The Sunday School Laboratory

The Test Tube of "Attention"

By S. S. T.

A VISIT INTO any laboratory will reveal to us a busy workshop where test tubes, weights and measures and many other appliances are constantly in use, to test whether or not certain chemicals are "true". The Sunday School laboratory is no exception and whether we realize it or not, we as Church School teachers stand, every Sunday morning, at the laboratory table in this busy workshop and here is applied a very rigid test to an element of far greater importance than any of earth's metals, an element whose influence either for good or bad will live throughout eternal ages—our teaching. Every Sunday the testing process goes on, for within this laboratory there is an ever-present test tube labeled "attention" and you yourself can measure the success or failure of your teaching by the degree of attention you have secured and held throughout the period. If the attention rises high in the test tube it is a fair indicator of proper preparation and right teaching; if low—well, there is vast room for improvement.

How prone we are to put the blame on the pupils! How often we hear teachers say, "I just couldn't do a thing with my class today; they wouldn't pay a bit of attention"; thereby dismissing all responsibility; when, if we faced the facts and admitted the truth, we would have to say, "My teaching last Sunday did not stand the test; the attention in the test tube was *nil*, proving my lack of preparation and low grade of teaching."

Paying attention! The old adage, "No work, no pay," applies to every church school teacher for we simply cannot expect our pupils to pay us with attention when we have done little or nothing to *earn* that treasured element. There is no bargain counter sale in connection with this; there is no short-cut on this road; it de-

*Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.*

*O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet,
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.*

*O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.*

*O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.*

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

mands prayer, work and much study—a study not only of the lesson material but also of proper methods of presentation to each particular group.

Before taking up the HOW of securing this attention, let it be remembered that this attention is, of course, directed to the lesson and not to some new object, be it on the teacher or on some pupil, neither to any antic that some pupil may be performing. There is scarcely a normal child that is not constantly giving attention to *some* thing, but the problem of the church school teacher is to get that attention centered on the lesson.

Great wrongs are committed by the teacher who teaches Sunday after Sunday without gaining attention, for the pupils not only fail to get the divine principles which the lessons should be weaving into the very fibre of their lives, but it cheapens the Bible material in their estimation and they form a life-long habit of irreverence towards religious training and grow to think lightly of sacred things. Might not the answer to much of our adult way of being irreverent in the house of God lie in the fact that proper foundations were not laid.

Now *how* are we to secure and hold this vital element which forms an important test of our teaching? A few seemingly minor details might first be considered, such as eliminating all distracting elements. Do not allow the class period to be disturbed by secretaries coming and going for class records and offerings; all these should be taken care of before the lesson proper begins. The teacher should not in any wise draw attention to herself, either by oddities in attire or mannerisms. A true case might be cited here of a teacher who was priding herself in the perfect attention given by her class of little tots, when, to her surprise, she learned that they had been giving this undivided

attention to a rather gaudy corsage so that they could have recited perfectly on the colors it had, but whether the lesson had been on Moses or David, they knew not.

The seating arrangement should be so planned that every scholar may be seen by the teacher and the moment a mind is seen to wander, let the teacher very skilfully center that mind on the lesson again; not by reprimanding or forceful commands which tend to draw the attention of the entire class off the lesson and on to the disturbing element; but let the teacher rather apply at that moment some truth to that particular pupil, or it may be done by having that scholar read a befitting verse at that juncture.

Then too, the teacher should know his pupils; know them in their daily life, know their temptations and home surroundings so that he may make practical applications. If the teacher constantly generalizes and never "strikes home" regarding practical living, those girls and boys will have nothing to take with them thru the week ahead, nothing that makes a personal appeal in times of temptations. Knowing your pupils will stimulate your personal appeal. One teacher failed absolutely in her efforts to instill into one of her pupils the attributes of a loving Heavenly Father, because the father with whom that boy was familiar was a drunkard who beat them and barred them from entering "home"; consequently he had no use for a lesson which told of a Heavenly Father. But if that teacher had known those home surroundings and made the proper distinction this unhappy circumstance could have been avoided.

But doubtless the crux of the matter hinges on knowing the lesson. "Oh," you say, "Of course we know the lesson. I could almost tell the story of Moses in my sleep, I know it so well." And herein lies much of the danger; we feel we know it so well that we fail to get that fresh touch that enables us to live it with our pupils. First make it live in yourself, for then only will you be able to make the story live for your class. Acquaint yourself not only with the story but with the customs of that day, the foregoing and concluding events of that particular story and then, with this background, put yourself into the story. Have you ever imagined yourself to be blind Bartimeus? taken on his character and lived through the events of his miraculous healing? Have you ever climbed that tree as Zaccheus did and then felt the thrill of Jesus stopping to have a personal

conversation with you? Try assuming these various characters and see how the details will be supplied and how you can actually make the story *live*. You will have enough action in your presentation of the story to hold the most unruly boys fascinated as you make them live it with you. How real the lesson of the boy with his loaves and fishes can become to any group as they are made to see him hurrying to catch up with the crowd, swinging his lunch basket; and the lesson of his unselfishly sharing that lunch can become a part of their very lives so that they will pattern after that un-named lad, thus making them not only hearers but also *doers* of the Word.

And that leads us to another phase which greatly aids in creating attention. We learn best by doing, and a resourceful teacher will not only teach by telling but by enlisting the pupils to do something in connection with the lesson. In the Beginners' Department this can be done very effectively by having them live the story; let them find a safe place for the little ark of bulrushes or let them be the children who are going to see Jesus on that memorable occasion when He said, "Forbid them not to come." This is also workable in the Primary group or they might be asked to draw some scene in the story. This stimulates creative work as well as real thought, and while the teacher may fail to see any connection between the drawing and the lesson, the child has put *his* version into the picture. The lesson had been on the baby Moses and a six-year-old was asked to draw a picture to illustrate the story. When the teacher saw it she was puzzled to know what the long streaks could mean, for the child had drawn nothing but long lines. "What do all these long lines mean, Dorothy? And where is the baby's boat? I can't see it." Dorothy answered in a way that proved she had grasped a deep truth as she replied, "*You* can't see the baby and *I* can't see the baby, only God can see him, and those long lines are for the grass that hid the boat."

In the Junior and Intermediate Departments the pupils will enjoy making maps and tracing the various events covered by a series of lessons or they can make models of oriental objects used in Bible times or they may even develop a Bible scene in miniature.

In all these methods we are but patterning after Him who is our ideal Teacher; follow Jesus, the perfect Pattern and always remember

(Continued on page 23)

The Wooing of the Spirit on a Life

In Spite of Every Natural Force

Mrs. Everett Parrott in Portland, Ore. Reported by L. L. H.



VERY natural force was against my ever being saved; every natural circumstance was against my salvation—my parentage, my rearing, my associations, and my geographical circumstances. There wasn't a ray of divine light in my pathway. I was as much in spiritual darkness as a man in darkest Africa. But God!

Oh that we would reckon with God! I know that there is a God because He saved my soul when there was no other way.

My parents were very thrifty, energetic, hard-working Germans. They had just one ambition in life, to make money. They seemed to think that if they could pay for their 180-acre farm and have money in the bank they would make a success of life. They were young, mother being only 18 years old when I was a baby. They were ambitious and had good health and loved to work, so they worked with all their strength. I have one tribute to give to my parents—they both had a very high moral standard. I never heard my father swear or use slang. My mother would never allow us to speak crossly to anyone in the family. I have known my father to walk five miles to pay a man a nickel whom he had short-changed in mistake.

Father was always very kind and tender to his family. He spoke unkindly to me only once in my life and has been asking my forgiveness ever since. The last time I saw him he said, "I'd give the world if I hadn't spoken crossly to you at that time. You didn't deserve it." But of course I did.

The subject of religion was never spoken of in my home. My parents always saw the best in everybody and never talked about our neighbors' faults and shortcomings. And though they never talked about religion, yet as far back as I can remember I wanted to be a Christian; I wanted to know God. As the years came and went this desire was greatly intensified until, when I became 12 or 14 years of age I wanted to be in the company of someone continually, for the moment I was alone my thoughts troubled me. I was afraid I might die and be lost. The burden of sin pressed upon my heart but I knew not how to find God.

When I was about 14 years of age my father

and mother left me alone one afternoon—they very seldom did that, but this occasion came and mother warned me to keep the screen doors locked, and said if anyone came to the door, no matter who, not to invite them in because I was alone. There were weeks at a time when we did not see anybody; sometimes we saw no one but our immediate family for a week or ten days. But this afternoon the inevitable had to happen, and who should come to our door but the Baptist minister from the town. He introduced himself, said he was around visiting some of the families in the neighborhood and thought he would come in and get acquainted with our family. He was very sorry my parents were not at home, and said, "You people should be attending church." The moment he said that my heart was tender. I had my right hand on the screen and it began to tremble. He said, "Have you ever been baptized?" And when he said that I felt so ashamed that I had not been baptized that I burst out crying. He said, "You are old enough to be baptized." I felt I wanted to be baptized, if that was salvation, and I wanted to go to church, but where? How?

After awhile he left me and I was standing there crying, and the first thing my mother said when she came into the house was, "Why have you been crying?" I said to her, "The Baptist minister was here." "What did he say to you to make you cry like that?" "He asked me if I had been baptized." And she said, "The next time you tell him it is none of his business."

Time went on. When I was about 15 a lady school teacher came to our house to room and board. My father was president of the school-board, and she came early on Sunday afternoon. We showed her her room and she said to my father, "Would you mind if I went to church with you people tonight? You know I want to make a good impression on this community; I want to win the confidence of the fathers and mothers and students at the beginning of the term." My father said, "Certainly, you may go with us." He came and said to mother and me, "Hurry and get ready; we are going to have to take the school teacher to church." Praise God, He had a way when there was no way.

Father hitched the old farm team to the sur-

rey, and the nearest church was the Baptist, just three miles over the hill. I hadn't seen the building very often up to that time. Father drove very slowly, for his heart was not in it. He didn't want to go. We were the last ones there, the song service was over and the minister was preaching as we came stringing in. Everybody turned around to look at us; we managed to sit in the back though there were a large number of empty seats up front.

I couldn't understand a word the minister said. He spoke English but it was all Greek to me. I am sure he didn't preach about Jesus or salvation. I wouldn't be surprised if he were defending the doctrine of once in grace always in grace, close communion, or something of that sort.

At the close he announced the hymn,

"I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home."

I understood that. That was the first theology I had ever understood. It was the first gleam of salvation I had received up to that time and I found myself fighting back the tears. I began to tremble and shake all over. I don't know how I did it but I got out of that back seat—the minister didn't give an invitation—I got out in the aisle, and I was trembling and shaking and crying. I wanted to know God and I walked down that aisle. I had never heard anyone pray, never seen anyone bend the knee in prayer or get saved. The only light I had was

"Open wide thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home."

When I reached the front I stood there weeping and looked at the minister. He stopped, looked down at me and said, "God bless you, young woman," but he let me stand there weeping and crying. I turned around, went back that long aisle and crowded back into that seat. Then the benediction was pronounced and the people began to move out of the church. I was still weeping, and I rushed out to the surrey, but I didn't say a word all the way home. I wept all the way and felt, "There is no use. I will never be saved, never be a Christian, never find God." The burden on my heart became heavier than it ever had been before. I rushed into the house and up to my room, didn't turn on the light or speak to any one.

I locked my door and fell prostrate by the first chair I found. I knew not how to pray but I said over and over, "Oh God, forgive my

sins! Oh God, save me! Oh God, forgive my sins!" All the neighborhood was quiet and asleep but I cried on and on, "Oh God, forgive my sins!" until I was exhausted.

And then, the sweetest peace flooded my soul. I could not explain it in words. It was heavenly. Heaven breathed upon my soul the sweetest peace. I know there is a God. Only He could do that. And then the Holy Spirit—I didn't know it was the Holy Spirit then, but I do now—began to reason with me. He said, "If you asked your mother to forgive you as earnestly as you have asked God, would she forgive you?" "Certainly." "Aren't you forgiven then?" "Well, I suppose I am." "Didn't you ask God to forgive you?" the Holy Spirit reasoned. "And hasn't He done so?" "I suppose He has." "He forgave you the first time you asked." "Yes, certainly He did."

I was exhausted from crying and praying, and the sweet peace of God was so wonderful that in a few minutes I dropped off to sleep. The next morning the same peace was there and oh it was so good! I enjoyed it all day.

Now I am about to say something very, very humbly, and it is this: I have never backslidden from that day to this. I never cared to return to those burdens I had before. I have always been satisfied with Jesus. He immediately became my Lover, my best Friend and my Elder Brother. He has satisfied the deepest emotions of my life.

When I learned that God answered prayer, I took to Him every perplexity, all the troubles and problems that came to my home and my parents. I would rush up to my room and pray and God answered, but they didn't know it. I didn't have very much time to commune with the Lord because my parents believed in everybody working. I helped put up the hay and shock the wheat. I helped to cut and shock the corn, and when my mother worked in the field I had to take full charge of the home and cook the meals. I had no Bible. All we had in our home in the way of a Bible was the big, family Bible on the parlor table, which nobody touched.

But my mother had a hymn-book she had before she was married. I believe it was the second real hymn-book ever published with notes. When I had a few moments' time I'd get that hymn-book, close and lock the door, for I knew God would meet me, and I'd go to the piano and sing,

"Jesus Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea."

I would feel so happy in my soul as I played and sang, I could live hours and days on the blessings I received singing that song. And as I sang, "Holy Spirit, faithful Guide," I'd just feel the Holy Spirit near my side. I didn't know then He had promised to come in and our bodies would become the temple of the Holy Ghost. I had no church, no minister, no one to say, "Pray for me," and I was in a hard place.

Up to that time I had never met a Christian. At night I'd look out my window up into the sky and ask God to make me a true, faithful daughter; that I might not grieve my parents but always be a joy and delight to their hearts. I prayed that I might never grieve my Lord, that He would bless my future, and then I asked Him to give me a Christian husband. I didn't ask Him to give me a rich or a talented husband, but that he might be a Christian.

When I was 18 my parents had paid for their farm, had money in the bank and owned some property in the home town. They were quite young, mother only 36, and she wanted to move to town. Father, anxious to please her, built a beautiful home in town. They are living there now. Father has been mayor of that town for many years. But do not put your trust in earthly things, in money or property. My parents lost everything they had during these last three years of depression. It caused my father to have a complete nervous breakdown, a total collapse. He feels his life is ruined; his trust was in his earthly possessions. But now I had a chance to go to church and to Sunday School. The very first time I attended Sunday School they appointed me as a teacher, but God prepared me.

One Friday evening I picked up the home paper and on the front page there was a headline, "Methodists and Baptists Uniting in Revival." It said a young student from Chicago would hold a revival, and the moment my eyes fell on that name I was impressed. It seemed that name filled the whole front page. I laid the paper down, but that name was before my vision all that evening.

The revival began the following Sunday. I was teaching my Sunday School class when I walked the young Evangelist. He had a Bible in his hand and walked up to the front and sat down until the preaching service began. As the revival meeting continued, my girl friends were getting acquainted with him; they invited him to their homes and I noticed that they got to

the same street corner the same time he did, but he never spoke to me and I never spoke to him. I thought he never noticed me.

The evangelist urged the people to pray for that wicked town, and on my way home there was a vacant lot—it was late in summer and the weeds had grown almost as tall as I. No one used that path in that vacant lot but our family. When I would get in the middle of those weeds I dropped on my knees and prayed God to save souls and send a mighty revival. When I reached home my mother met me at the door, saying, "You are late. Service has been over half an hour. I will never have one of my girls standing on the street-corner talking. You hurry home tomorrow night." The next night I had such a burden of prayer. I thought, "I will just pray a little while and then hurry home." So I did, and just ran home. Mother met me at the door and said, "You are fifteen minutes late." But I had the joy of knowing that God was working.

After the meeting closed the evangelist went into a Presbyterian church community, 15 miles away, to hold another meeting. In a few days I received a letter from him. Was I surprised! In this letter he asked me to come over and help him in this meeting, to play the organ and help around the altar. I turned the letter over to my parents. Father said, "No, you can't go. I never did like preachers." I said next day to my mother, "What shall I answer him?" Mother said, "Papa and I talked it over last night, and we decided that you could go if you wanted to." The evangelist had emphatically stated in that letter that he wanted me to come for no personal reasons whatsoever, but to help in the work. So that helped the situation out. Mother gave me strict orders: "You can go, but don't you dare speak to that evangelist outside the meeting. Of course, I suppose you will have to be at least friendly to him in the meetings, but not outside. Be careful." She thought she could trust me.

I went over and played the organ and helped around the altar, did a little here and there the best I could for the Lord, and I have been in his revival meetings doing a little here and a little there for the past twenty years. I will have to say *we* from now on.

We registered in school the day after we were married, and we have just been going as hard as we can ever since. We haven't taken our honeymoon yet. We didn't have any money. We had little or no experience, but we

knew we were converted. My husband was in his last year of school. I was just beginning. My husband was not afraid of hard work, and he made up his mind to go thru his last year of school, which is always the hardest year. I will take you with him thru one day of rush:

He would arise at 4:30 in the morning and fire furnaces between 4:30 and 8:00 o'clock. He fired furnaces for the rich people in the beautiful mansions in mid-winter zero Chicago weather. He knew about how many furnaces he could take care of between 4:30 and 8:00. Sometimes our home was pretty close up under the rafters. He would come in and snatch a bite to eat and be obliged to be in school at 8 o'clock. Classes 8 to 12. He waited table in the big dining rooms of some of the fashionable places from 12 till 3 P.M., and got home about 3:30. At 5 he started out to do janitor work. Offices were closed at 5 and he would sweep and dust and scrub and wash windows and clean out waste-paper baskets until 11:30; then get a little rest and start out at 4:30.

This was the first time I had the opportunity of hearing renowned preachers and evangelists, and it was glorious. How I enjoyed it! I was hungry sometimes, but my soul was well fed. After my husband had finished school we went out into Gospel work.

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it estimated the corn crop at 2,113,137,000 bushels. One month later, after God had sent a withering hot blast, the Government then reported an estimated falling off of 506,029,000 bushels, while the actual yield as reported in November was 1,372,000,000 bushels, or a total shortage due to the withering days of July of 741,137,000 bushels; or enough corn to fill 5293 one-hundred-car train-loads of 1400 bushels to each car; these trainloads if placed end to end would reach from New York to San Francisco and back to Salt Lake City.

Another feature of this greatest of drouths, is the unprecedented dust storms which have reached the proportions of a major calamity, shocking not only to America, but to other countries as well. We find this also has strong scriptural significance. In Deuteronomy 28 we find God saying to Israel that if they failed to "hearken to the voice of the Lord" He would send judgments, and in verse 24 He says, "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust: from heaven shall it come down upon

thee, until thou be destroyed." Dust storms are therefore in God's catalogue of judgments upon a God-forsaking people.

Once again sum up the details of this prophecy with its fulfillment, including the dust storms which are an aftermath of the drouth, and hear God say, "*Alas for the day! For the day of the Lord is at hand.*" We believe these are days when God's judgments are in the earth; even many non-Christians admit this drouth together with the dust storms are judgments from God. One more scripture—Amos 4:7-12, "I have withholden the rain from you . . . because I will do this unto thee, *prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.*" The judgment message of today is not to Israel alone, but to the world, and more especially to the Church. Are we, the "members in particular," fully prepared? The final test will be, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

Alone With God

Alone with God; how sweet to me,
To be alone, dear Lord, with Thee.
One look into that blessed face,
The tear-drop from my cheek erase,
And hear Him softly say to me,
"Dear child, I've proved my love for thee."

Alone with God; far from the world
And Satan's darts that he has hurled.
Sheltered with love pure and divine,
God softly whispers, "Thou are Mine.
Just let Me lead My precious child,
And I will keep thee undefiled."

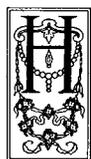
Alone with God; He walks with me,
He holds my hand so tenderly;
He tells me of that home above,
He has prepared us thru His love.
"It is for you, if led by Me,
Thru time and all eternity."

Alone with God; Oh may I be,
When death shall come, alone with Thee;
Thy presence can all fear allay
Till I behold that blissful day.
Safe in the arms of one I love,
At home with Him in heaven above.

The above lines were written by Mrs. Emma S. Brown during her last illness. Mrs. Brown, a member of the Stone Church, has written a number of poems which have been published in various magazines, but this last shows the deeply spiritual nature of the writer and her desire to be with her Lord. She passed away on April 23, 1935.

God's Treasure for War

"Hast Thou Entered into the Treasures of the Snow?" Job 38:22, 23



HERE we have God asking Job one of many questions concerning the mysteries of the earth and sky. Job finally repents when he realizes that God is able to do everything (Job. 42:6).

Today the word *war* seems to be on the lips of the world masses in general so it seems to be an opportune time to glean some facts concerning that mysterious treasure of the snow of which God speaks.

The word *treasure* in this sense means something laid up for future use. God, in His mysterious way, had a secret in the snow that was not to be revealed until a certain time when it would be needed. The holy men of old were moved by the Holy Ghost to speak and write concerning prophetic events of the present day but they themselves did not understand (2 Peter 1:21). In Isaiah 60:8 the prophet sees airplanes but does not understand the vision. Daniel was given several visions of our present civilization; and they bewildered him so that he became sick, and it troubled his head (Dan. 8:27). No wonder, when he caught a glimpse of this present speed-crazed civilization compared to the living standards of his day. God tells Daniel to close the books until the time of the end (Dan. 12:4), until knowledge shall be increased. Since it is the consensus of opinion among God's children today that we have arrived at that day when the books are opened and that all prophecy has been practically fulfilled, the secret of the snow-flake would also be revealed.

We read that it was to be an agency of warfare. That agency is known as T.N.T. Without its discovery, warfare today against modern defense would be of no avail.

I am not versed enough in chemistry to give a very clear composition on the history of T.N.T., but with thanks to God for His help, I shall write a brief outline, and I pray it will give the reader as much of a thrill as it did me and also put a greater fear of God into our hearts and a clearer vision of His greatness.

It is common knowledge that the atmosphere contains many elements of matter in microscopic form. One combination of elements produces nitrates used extensively for fertilizer. It is nothing but the atoms or molecules of soil, water, and air so arranged by atmospheric conditions. For many years man has been able to produce some forms of explosives from nitrates by rearranging the atoms. But the result has always been but a partial success for the reason that with limited knowledge, he could not entirely eliminate all foreign substances. As

knowledge increased and new methods of chemical analysis were discovered, the study of the atom became more simple. It was about the time of the last world war that the English in their desperate necessity, made great strides in the perfection of T.N.T.

Trini-trotol'-uenes is the full name. A derivative of the word trinity, or three in one (soil, air, water). Through the microscopical study of the snow flake plus modern chemical analysis, it was possible to substitute nitro group for hydrogen atoms in the molecule of methyl benzene, another element of our atmosphere.

We must remember it was only possible through a modern, scientific study of the snow flake and its molecules. The result today is a pure explosive free from all foreign substances, and it contains twelve different compounds, each having a separate function, but all working together as a perfect governing body. (12 is God's governmental number.) T.N.T. does not react on any other substance nor can it be affected by any other element such as heat, cold, dampness, etc. It can be used under any conditions and has the same explosive effect in all directions, which other powders lack.

There we have unfolded before us that mystery of warfare that was to be reserved for God's day of battle. Surely that is proof that the coming war is that great day of battle (Joel 3:2; Zech. 14:2; Micah 4:11; Rev. 16:14).

If we check over the events of the last world war, we see that T.N.T. was necessary to penetrate steel hulls and concrete forts. Then came the armistice, (temporary truce, no peace treaty) and God gave the world a chance to repent and come to Him and live in peace. Instead, the world bowed to the god of pleasure. That armistice soon ends, and God in His fury will pour His wrath over the land (Jer. 30:23, 24).

The whole war will revolve around the use of that perfect explosive, T.N.T., that treasure that was discovered through the study of the snow flake. A governing body of twelve compounds, TWELVE, God's governmental number.

Those facts should thrill God's children to greater efforts than ever in these closing days of time.

A few days ago workmen at the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay set a two-hundred pound charge of T.N.T. in the bed rock. It was near the entrance where the current of the tides is swift and six hundred feet deep. Against all that tremendous resistance the two-hundred-

pound charge blew a hole in the bed rock forty feet square and forty feet deep.

The reader can imagine the destruction that would result from the modern five-thousand-pound bombs (25 times more strength) that bombing planes carry today. Stone skyscrapers would crumble in heaps. Not only that, but we must remember this perfect powder of which God speaks cannot be attacked by any other substance nor does it affect any other element.

That is why poison gases, plague germs, and incendiary material can be used successfully in the same shell.

Whatever God does, it is perfect work. It stands to reason His method of destruction will be perfect. The Word tells us that He will pour His fury without mixture (Rev. 14:10). In other words, it will be a complete annihilation.

There is only one stone that T.N.T. cannot move. That Rock is Christ Jesus (Dan. 2:45; 1 Peter 2:6). A sure foundation (Isaiah 28:16). Praise His name forever!

Are you standing on that Rock?

—Frank Isensee in "Word and Work."

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that as a teacher, you are carrying on the same vocation He had. Walk with Him through the four Gospels, sit close by as a silent listener as He teaches His class of twelve; observe His teaching method by the use of questions as He deals with the rich young ruler. How often He answered a question by asking one of His own. Assume the character of the one who asked Him the question, "Who is my neighbor?" and be thrilled as you sit at His feet and hear Him tell that never-to-be-forgotten story of the Good Samaritan. And remember also, that even He left the biggest part of the job to those whom He had been teaching; they too were to learn by doing. He extends to every Sunday School teacher a special invitation to become a member of His class in pedagogy and practical work when He says, "Come . . . learn of Me."

(Continued from page 8)

of Bible training we find they make wonderful preachers and we want you to pray for us that the Lord will prepare us to return to that field; also that He will raise up others to come and help in that great and glorious work in Central America.

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seats only about 75 held not less than 200 that night, and how the Lord worked! Many were saved, glo-

riously saved, and there were several marked healings. Jesus had been lifted up and He drew many of that company to Himself.

The Party was in Es Salt for Sunday night. Long before the appointed hour the hall was packed, and soon the crowds had overflowed into the adjoining schoolrooms, while outside each window stood crowds of men and boys. The Principal's testimony of God's power to save and to heal was a message of tremendous force. Here was a man who was telling of what he had himself experienced, and in every heart there sprang up a deep desire also to know this wonderful Christ. Many were prayed for for salvation and healing. Early the next morning a crowd had gathered at the door of the Mission asking for prayer; a crowd of men, women and children who had become conscious of their own great needs. As group by group came into the Mission House the Principal prayed for them and the Lord answered, and as the hours passed by the realization of the blessing the Lord had poured into many hearts, grew upon them. The burden of sin was gone, the sick bodies were well, the ache in the heart had given way to peace and praise. "The people that sat in darkness had seen a great Light."

Tuesday night was their last meeting in Jerusalem. It was held in our hall which was filled with men and women, most of whom knew nothing about the indwelling Holy Ghost, and many of whom had no assurance of salvation. . . . Some souls were saved, bodies healed, and believers who had been long questioning the fact of the Baptism in the Holy Spirit were caused to know that in no other way is there an endowment of power for service in His Name.

Thursday night the Party was at Haifa and held a meeting in our Mission Hall there. How beautifully the Lord worked in the midst of the assembled group, saving, blessing, healing; lifting depressed sin-sick lives out from the depths of their bondage into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It was wonderful; again Jesus was "lifted up" and again His irresistible drawing power was manifested. How we praise the Lord for sending this Revival Party into our midst, and for these brief days of fellowship we had with His "sent ones." The uplift given to leaders and people alike has helped us to understand as we did not before the meaning of the words in 1 Tim. 3:16: "The mystery of godliness . . . manifest in the flesh."

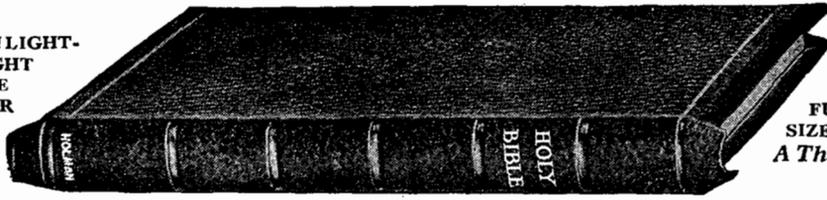
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widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:

44 For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did

A. D. 33.

i1 John 3. 17.

a Matt. 24. 1.

b Luke 19. 44.

18 And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.

19 For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God

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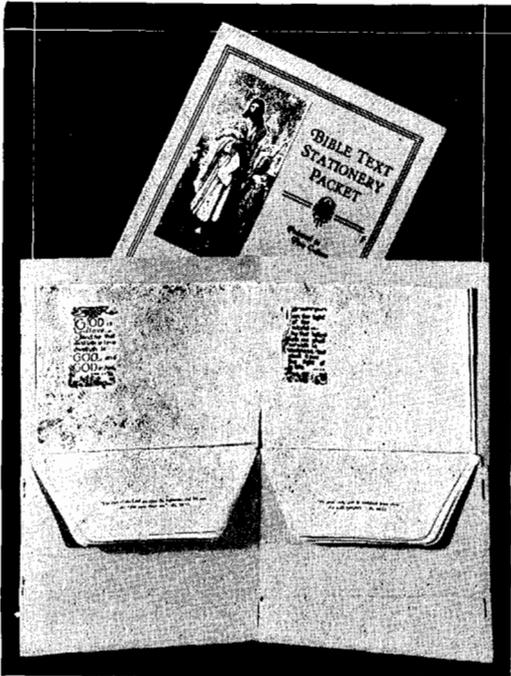
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