

HERALD of HOPE

A messenger of salvation, healing, comfort, good cheer, and encouragement to the poor, the needy, the unsaved, the sick, the afflicted, the heavy hearted, the distressed, the discouraged, and to all who are in need of blessing and comfort from on high.

Vol. 21

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No. 1

Jesus Saves — Jesus Heals

"—Sing of the mercies of the Lord forever;"—Psa. 89:1.

"—Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously;"—Ex. 15:1.

"I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."
—Hab. 3:17.

"—Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust;"—Isa. 26:19.

"—In Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody unto the Lord."—Eph. 5:19.

"—Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. 5:13.

Singing His Praises

By Cora L. Vinal

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever; with my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations" (Psa. 89:1-37). The Psalmist had found something marvellous to sing about, and he purposed to keep right on singing. Of course if his God had been but a graven image fashioned by human hands, then he might well have ceased to sing. Or if he had been singing about his own good qualities, or about the great faithfulness of some earthly potentate, his words would have long since been forgotten. But his heart was set upon things eternal. And so he sings about the mercies of God, and extolls the One Who is greatly to be feared, the One Who has a mighty arm, the One whose faithfulness shall be established in the very heavens. It is not an ordinary kind of song, but an outburst of joyful praise that should greatly encourage the children of God today. For this present generation is greatly troubled and distressed because of the ever-increasing tide of iniquity.

The Psalmist is not singing at this time about personal benefits, nor about the blessings enjoyed by God's people in the land of Canaan, nor about the greatness of the coming kingdom under Solomon; but he is singing a prophetic Psalm about the promised seed of David, which is Christ; and about His children, which is the church body. For we read: "I have laid help upon One that is mighty; I have exalted One chosen out of the people. . . . Also I will make Him My first-born, higher than the kings of the earth. His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and His throne as the days of heaven." He is singing about something far more desirable than earthly pleasures and benefits. He is singing about something that lifts the soul heavenward as on eagle's wings, something that belongs to the children of God for all time and eternity. For this song is centered in the One Who is far above the mighty ones of earth, whose kingly throne shall be established to all generations, and whose seed (the redeemed ones) shall likewise endure for ever. It sounds almost unbelievable, but it is truth. It sounds tremendous, but the half has never yet been told.

In Exodus we find another remarkable song. "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously" (Ex. 15:1-21). This is the song of Moses and the children of Israel after their miraculous deliverance from the Egyptians. Hemmed-in on both sides, and with the enemy following hard behind, God had opened up a way of escape through the Red sea. "And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea . . . and the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them." Surely they had cause for great rejoicing. In their time of extremity the Lord had given them the victory. "The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw the sword, my hand shall destroy them." Such language sounds much like the proud boastings of ungodly men today. But even as now, they did not count upon God. They thought to carry out their evil devices. But they sank as lead in the mighty waters. "And Miriam took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." It was a time of great rejoicing, a time to sing the high praises of God their Saviour.

But if we turn over to Habakkuk we

find the kind of faith that can rejoice under altogether different circumstances. For it is written: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. 3:17). The prophet was looking far beyond his earthly surroundings. His God was more to him than temporal comforts and possessions. Therefore he purposed to rejoice though everything around him should become like a barren wilderness. Likewise all down through the centuries God-fearing persons have sounded forth the most vibrant notes of praise even while passing through times of great tribulation. Brave soldiers have gone forth to the battle singing, and have returned in victory, greatly rejoicing (2 Chr. 20:1-30). While other devoted souls have learned to sing the sweetest kind of melodies in the midst of great affliction and trouble.

Again we read: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord" (Eph. 5:19). Such songs spring forth from the hearts of those that are in love with the great Lover of souls. The natural man cannot produce spiritual music. But the heaven-born melodies ring on and on regardless of conditions. It may be a song of gladness in the darkest night. It may be a song of triumph in sorrow's most dreadful hour. It may be a refrain of peace while the conflict is still raging. But if it has been begotten in the heart by the Spirit of God it cannot be easily quenched by earthly conditions.

But the church of Christ is still in the making, and not every believer has learned to sing when everything seems but failure and frustration. Sometimes the most praiseful hearts are crushed and broken for a season. Sometimes the most tuneful voices are forced to utter moans and groans. And the enemy of souls designs to make it so. He would fill the whole world with funeral dirges, and with mournful sighs and complaints. But yonder in the presence of the great King there is constant worship and adoration. Not one discordant note is ever uttered. Not one mournful sound is ever heard. Likewise here in this present evil world, just as long as the Holy Spirit has an abiding-place in human hearts there will be songs of praise and worship.

The coming days may bring much of tribulation and sorrow, and perhaps bitter persecution, but to the faithful the outcome will be glorious. For after our Lord had foretold the fearful conditions that would prevail just prior to His Second Coming, He then uttered these words of encouragement: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21:28). And in Isaiah we read: "He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord shall wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 25:8, 9). No more shall death have dominion over the people of God. No more shall hearts be broken with sorrow. No longer shall the followers of Christ be counted as the offscouring of all things.

"And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord . . . we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." And again: "Thy dead men shall live. . . . Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the

Walking In The Will of God

Though storms may range and winds may blow,

I need not be cast down nor awed,
Because it calms my soul to know
I'm walking in the Will of God.
Although my path be dark as night,
And often falls the chast'ning rod,
I'm glad I walk by faith, not sight,
When walking in the Will of God.
I know, when'er I backward gaze
Upon the road that I have trod,
The sweetest way to spend one's days
Is walking in the Will of God.
So though the way be hard and long,
O'er mountains steep and valleys broad—
I'll face the future with a song,
When walking in the Will of God.

Margaret K. Fraser

dead" (Isa. 26:19). What a blessed awakening! What a glad resurrection morning! What songs of pure delight! What a perfect and complete deliverance! The apostle Paul has described it thus: "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. 15:54, 55).

However the children of God, under these present conditions, know very little about the supreme joys of the world to come. And yet by God's grace they keep on singing. And the theme of their song is most wonderful and precious. It thrills the soul with pure delight. It is the song of the blood-washed and born-again ones, the ones that have an eternal inheritance in the Kingdom of God. And such ones shall sometime unite their voices in one grand anthem of praise that will bring more satisfaction to the heart of God than any song that has ever been sung. And that will be when the saved ones from every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, shall join in singing the glorious song of redemption. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever" (Rev. 5:13).

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." —John 14:16.

JESUS IS COMING SOON!

Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh. Matt. 24:44.

Song On A Train

By Einar Waermo

The passengers in our coach drank, smoked and played cards. The atmosphere was indescribable. As we crossed Arizona, the condition improved but was far from satisfactory. Toward afternoon as I sat in a corner reading my Bible, I felt the urge to sing.

"No, Lord, I can't," I answered.

Then the Word of the Lord came to me, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God: But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." Luke 12:8, 9.

"But," I protested, "singing is not permitted here."

There was neither escape nor excuse, so I took my songbook to the front end of the car. It was hard to begin. A baby sat in a buggy and I played with her for a while; I asked her name, how old she was, where she was going, and so forth, but I knew that was not why I had come there. I took courage at last, opened my songbook, and turning to the passengers, closed my eyes and sang:

"I have a Friend, oh, a wonderful Friend,
He is all in all to me,
Patient and sweet, and so tender and kind,
So loving and good is He.

"When I was lost in darkness and sin
Without a hope in the world,
To Calvary's mountain went Jesus for me
To bring me safe home to the fold."

I sang all three verses, and scarcely dared look up. Warm and perspiring, but light of heart, I closed my book and sat down. How glad I was to have fulfilled my mission of witnessing for the Lord Jesus!

A lady seated across the aisle from me leaned over and with tears expressed her gratitude for the song. She was on her way to her father's deathbed, and admitted that Christ was not a reality in her life. After a while the man who the previous night had been drinking the most sat down beside me. I had the privilege of telling him of Christ who is mighty to save.

When later I walked down the aisle of the coach I saw a man and woman sitting together weeping.

"We are backslidden," they confessed. "Won't you pray for us here that we may be restored to fellowship with God?"

Of course I would, and as the train rushed across the prairie, these two souls were brought back to the fold. They stepped off the train somewhere in Missouri, joyful and happy, and I expect to meet them both on Eternity's morning.

—Christian Life and Times

Happiness multiplies when we divide it with others.

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and sanctification and redemption."

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If this is the first copy of our paper you have received, please let us know if you wish to have your name placed on our regular mailing list.

Please send us the names of those whom you think will be glad to receive the Herald of Hope. Whether they are rich or poor, and regardless of where they live, in any part of the world, we will be glad to send them copies of our paper.

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If you have not already written us and you desire to continue receiving the Herald of Hope, please clip out this slip and mail to us at once.

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each month with services at 2:30 and
7:30 p.m. Fellowship Supper at 5 p.m.

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OF HERALD OF HOPE**

If you have any chance to distribute a few papers, send and get as many as you can use. Our papers are too expensive to scatter indiscriminately but you can ask for them to send through the mail to friends, and to give to those who might come to your door, or to give out among your church people. As you distribute them as unto the Lord, God will bless you.

Write in for extra papers to distribute. When you give out a paper or pass on the tracts which you receive in our letters, you do not know how many souls may be saved, or how many suffering ones may be healed through this thoughtfulness on your part.

We will be so glad if you can join us in getting this message of salvation and healing to the people. Address your requests for papers to:

HERALD OF HOPE

Box 68, Highland Park Station
Los Angeles 42, California

"HOPE FOR TODAY"

In answer to the many requests for such, we recently published a booklet of selected radio sermons heard on our Herald of Hope Broadcast. We would like to share these with our readers as well as with our listening audience. As long as our supply holds out, we will be glad to send one of these booklets, to all those sending an offering for The Herald of Hope work. The booklets will not be sent out unless requested by name: "HOPE FOR TODAY" is the title.

This offer is only made to those living within the United States, its territories, or Canada. We cannot send them to other countries. No booklets can be sent after our supply is exhausted so please write at once to Herald of Hope, Box 68, Highland Park Station, Los Angeles 42, California.

**ATTENTION—
FOREIGN READERS**

Correspondence and offerings for various language editions of the HERALD OF HOPE should be sent as follows: (All English speaking countries) address:

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Address: R. Paulaseer Lawrie
Box No. 15
Nagercoil,
Kanyakumari Dist.
S. India

**To Our Readers And
Prayer Band**

Dear Friends:

These are busy days for all of God's people. How one can profess to be a Christian and not be concerned about the lost is a mystery to me. Judgment is surely coming to this earth and our own beloved land will not escape. We must do our utmost to win souls for Christ before the door of opportunity closes upon our generation. Some countries already know the dread of that closed door. May God help us here to make the best of these precious hours that are still ours.

After much prayer we have felt that it was wise to somewhat reduce our radio broadcasting schedule for the present. We therefore cancelled our contracts with KBUC and XEMO. We will still continue to broadcast over KGER as we have been doing each week day for a number of years. We know there will be some of our friends who will be disappointed in not being able to hear us, but it seemed almost impossible to continue such a heavy schedule. We did not have sufficient office help nor finance to make such a heavy broadcasting schedule feasible. Then too, since our burden is increasing daily to get the Gospel out in printed form, we will now redouble our efforts in the field of Gospel literature. I am convinced this is the most practical way to reach the greatest number of people in the shortest time.

There is great activity at present among the readers of our Spanish paper, Heraldo de Esperanza. This publication is surely being used of God to help bring a revival to Spanish speaking countries. Great miracles have recently taken place and some marvelous healings. Your continued interest in this work will be greatly appreciated.

Don't forget to pray for the Herald of Hope being printed in both the Teluga and Tamil dialects of India. Send your offerings for the printing of these papers direct to Bros. Samuel and Brother Lawrie. Their addresses are listed elsewhere on this page.

My friends, we are only able to continue printing these papers and tracts as God moves upon the hearts of His people to make such possible. Will you pray and ask God what He would have YOU to do. We don't have much longer to work. Will you help us reach the lost everywhere with this message of hope, comfort and deliverance?

Send your letters, prayer requests and offerings to:

Herald of Hope
Box 68, Highland Park Station
Los Angeles 42, California

May God bless you abundantly in our prayer.

For Christ and Souls,
H. J. Smith, Editor

**It Didn't Make the Collection
Plate**

A business man in Illinois experimented with a dollar bill. He attached a piece of paper to it on which he wrote this request: "Please note on the attached slip of paper the purpose for which you spend this bill." After the dollar bill was in circulation for a while, it came back to the businessman with the following information: It was spent five times for salary, five times for tobacco, five times for cigarettes, three times for candy, twice for haberdashery, three times for meals, once for auto parts, once for groceries, once for laundry, twice for shaves, and once for toothpaste. Not once was it placed on the offering plate at any church!

What the church of God needs is men who talk less and work more.

Not only will a man rob God, but he will take an income tax deduction on it.

FINAL NOTICE

To some, this may be your final notice before we remove your name from our files.

We want to continue sending our paper into your home if it is a blessing to you. The only way we can know is when you write us.

Have you written us recently? Why not fill out the slip at the bottom of this page and send it back to us? That way you won't miss one copy of the paper. Thank you.

If you have recently sent us one slip it is not necessary to do so again. It takes us a little time to make the necessary corrections on our file after we have heard from you.

**Cuba Reported More
Open To Evangelicals**

HAVANA, Cuba—Never before in its 400-year history has Cuba been so friendly toward the ministry of the evangelicals. This word was flashed to the Los Angeles (Calif.) headquarters of the World Gospel Crusades by its president, Dr. B. H. Pearson, who is currently in a campaign to put Gospel literature into every home.

"For many years the Roman Catholic church has had firm control here," Dr. Pearson is quoted as saying, "but now the tables are turned. Premier Fidel Castro has succeeded in loosening the grip of the Catholic Church in his country, and now evangelicals are preaching the Gospel in parks and in open-air meetings and are enjoying liberty like they have not known for years."

A Cuban pastor told the WGN office: "Don't believe all you read in the United States papers. You won't find out about the true picture from them. You hear only one side—the inroads Communism is making. We are thanking God for the freedom He has given us to preach the Gospel. We must hurry, because we don't know how long we have to work."

World Gospel Crusades, serving with Christian Literature, Inc., has already provided more than 300,000 Gospel portions and hopes to send one million to the island republic this summer—the amount needed for the "Every Home" Crusade.—The National Voice.

A Plea From Haiti

Greetings from hot little Haiti! And right now, it's not only hot from the blaze of a tropical sun, but, with both our close neighbors (the Dominican Republic and Cuba) threatening to sell out to the communists, it looks as if we may be sandwiched between two Russian satellites. You can be sure, their venomous propaganda has not bypassed Haiti. So when you pray for God's controlling hand in the affairs of our troubled world, please pray that He will save this little country from the curse of communism—Wilfred & Grace Gulick.

Target - Youth

FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover is a scrupulously conscientious man. He does not make irresponsible statements.

Therefore we can take it as a fact that he has evidence to support his assertion that the student demonstrations in San Francisco in May were infiltrated and paid for by professional Communists.

The demonstrations were against the House Un-American Activities Committee, and it was to it that Mr. Hoover made his report.

"They (the disturbances) revealed how it is possible for only a few Communist agitators to turn peaceful demonstrations into riots," he said.

"Their success must serve as a warning that their infiltration efforts aimed not only at youth and student groups, but also at our labor unions, churches, professional groups, artists, newspapers, government and the like, can create chaos and shatter our internal security."

Youth not only in our country but everywhere is one of the prime targets of Communism. And Mr. Hoover is doing youth a service by pointing it out.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Evangelize!

Give us a watchword for the hour.
A thrilling word, a word of power;
A battle-cry, a flaming breath,
That calls to conquest or to death;
A word to rouse the church from rest,
To heed her Master's high behest,
The call is given: Ye hosts arise,
Our watchword is Evangelize!

The glad evangel now proclaim
Through all the earth in Jesus' name;
This word is ringing through the skies,
Evangelize! Evangelize!
To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of gospel grace;
The world that now in darkness lies,
Evangelize! Evangelize!

—Henry Cracker

THIS MUST BE WORLD'S RECORD

Andrew Murray's sermons and writings have gone around the world. Those on "Divine Healing" said to be some of the best ever written on the subject. He evidently lived a holy life before his children. Eleven of his children grew to adult life. Five of the six sons became ministers of the Gospel, and four of the daughters became ministers' wives. Of the second generation, 10 grandsons became ministers and 13 became missionaries! Don't believe any Christian family can equal that record. Isn't it wonderful?

Twentieth Century Pentecostal Worship

By H. J. SMITH

(A sermon delivered at the recent annual convention of the Pentecostal Fellowship of North America, held in Portland, Oregon).

The turn of the century found an increasing awareness of spiritual poverty among earnest Christians everywhere. There was much exhortation to prayer and heartfelt worship. As spiritual hunger increased, the place of prayer seemed to offer additional attraction to the seeking soul. First the two's and three's and then larger groups began to meet together to pray for a spiritual awakening. Such importunity could not go unrewarded. The heavens bent low and God no longer seemed far away. Then suddenly it came. In Topeka, Kansas, among a group of holiness people; in Los Angeles, at an old mission on Azusa St. which had one time been a livery stable, and then in other cities and hamlets a shout of praise was heard that reminded some of the early Methodist meetings under the Wesley brothers. But there was something a little different somehow about this move of God. As the spirit of God fell upon those hungry souls, strange utterances were heard which was interpreted as the "other tongues" spoken of in Apostolic days. Interpretations to these tongues were heard and also the prophetic voice began to be noticed. Visions and revelations were not uncommon and most of these supernatural experiences were accompanied by seasons of great spiritual ecstasy.

As the believers would assemble together, it seemed natural and easy to enter into times of spontaneous praise. No one prompted such and no one seemed to care to limit it's exercise. Many times these periods of praise would seem to bring God so near that the human became completely oblivious to time, place or condition. What did it matter? God was here. His power was falling. No one questioned; no one criticized; everyone seemed glad. Prayer was being answered. God's will was being done. A joyful sound was heard from many grateful hearts. Pentecost was being repeated. The Latter Rain was falling.

Here and there at times, the voice of sustained praise lifted whole congregations up in a celestial harmony. At such times, both participants and observers were awed by an awareness of other voices, evidently of heavenly origin singing along with these redeemed worshippers. Then too there were instances when those assembled together declared they heard an organ or harps or other instruments playing in harmony with this heavenly choir. This was almost too wonderful and no one thought but that such experiences would continue and surely would usher in the second coming of Christ.

Such were the experiences of "the beginnings of 20th Century Pentecostal worship." Little did these early 20th Century Pentecostal Saints realize that soon the carnal plans and programs of men would grieve and quench the spirit of God until such glad periods of praise would be but memories and formality would once more supplant genuine, God-ordained spiritual worship. Today a new generation is found in our Pentecostal churches. Some of them know little of such experiences as has been related here today. But can we say they would not accept such a revival of pentecostal worship in the same manner as their fathers and mothers experienced just a little over 50 years ago? Here and there one hears or reads of happenings that seem truly pentecostal, although worship in the spirit is almost a lost art in many churches that still bear the name Pentecostal. But, there is a hopeful note in the air again today. Judgment is in the earth and a voice is heard declaring that in such days, men will learn righteousness. There are those who have their ears to the ground and their eyes on the skies and they declare that once again there is a sound of an abundance of rain. Men are hungering and thirsting and praying once more, and there is evidence of spiritual restoration in the earth. Can it be possible that God is again speaking as in days gone by? "Be glad then ye children of Zion and rejoice in the Lord your God. The fountains shall overflow with wine and oil . . . ye shall eat . . . and be satisfied."

Pray and pray without ceasing — in everything give thanks. God has not changed. Revival is on it's way. We shall yet prove that the days of 20th Century spiritual worship have never ceased. Beginning today, my friend, will you let God use you to make His praise glorious? Then the ends of the earth shall hear and shall honour His great Name.

Condemnation without investigation is the height of ignorance.

Deliverance

God did not deliver the Hebrew boys from the furnace. Into the furnace they went. But God's response to their magnificent faith was larger than they ever dreamed. Instead of delivering them from the peril, He delivered them in it — which was infinitely greater. He made the peril contribute to the strengthening of their whole being. They did not escape the fire, but they experienced a fellowship in the fire which they had never known before.

-Selected-

HEALED OF T.B. AND DELIVERED FROM DRINK

I was 68 years old yesterday and saw Pisgah Home when a young man in 1914. A young convert in the Salvation Army, I had T.B. of both lungs. A friend drove me to Pisgah and Doctor Yoakum prayed for me. He was lying on a couch, as he was old and very tired from a trip. Asking me to kneel beside him as he lay there, he touched my head with oil. I can remember his words so well! So simple a prayer! He said, "Brother, I anoint you in the name of Jesus Christ. Father, drive all disease from this man's body, and we'll give you the praise in the name of your Son." Instantly something went like a warm wave through my body from head to feet. I was healed completely, instantly.

Later, with me at work and my youngest boy in his first month at kindergarten, my wife proved to be unfaithful. Somehow, it just broke me, everything I cherished was shattered and I lost out.

I grew worse, was overcome with drink, became just a "bum", going from town to town, finally a "wino" on skidrow. Like one driven, I kept going, never still, always that gnawing inside, the realization of what I had lost, the seeming hopelessness of getting back, the great desire to do so. Above all, the consciousness of my awful sin after God had healed me so long ago. How could He forgive me after that?

One day, after five weeks of steady drinking, I went to the porch hoping, almost praying, that someone I knew would have a drink or get one. Liquor gone, money gone, night approaching, I knew what that meant unless I got that bottle some how. A man I knew was right there and motioned me across the street to him; he had a bottle. What happened then is a thing few believe.

Although the sun was bright, the air around that man seemed to turn darker, his friendly grin became a derisive smile. It seemed to me that beyond him and his bottle there loomed a Psychopathic Ward, or a headstone. Then a stranger thing happened. Clearly, as though visually, I saw my childhood home, the parlor, my sister at the old organ, Mother in her chair, Daddy in his. Old time Methodist Christians, they often sang hymns at night. I seemed to hear that deep bass of my Daddy's as they sang "Beulah Land."

I was stunned. I just couldn't believe that the poor old drunk was the little boy who once lived in that home. The one who later rang the bell for Wednesday night prayer meeting. But it was. Oh how clearly I saw my lost condition! I turned, went inside and cried to God for deliverance. And it came! That was Sunday. From then until the next Friday I sat up all night with a light at my shoulder to keep away the "THINGS" that were about to kill me.

Two Christian people came in, their faith was weak. They said I would die or lose my mind unless I tapered off. And they would get me a bottle to do it with. I refused. On Friday their words rang in my ears as I walked the floor. "Oh, how foolish; just one bottle to alleviate this awful suffering and nervousness." I felt certain then that I was about to die, I could take no more. I stopped my pacing, put my foot down hard, and said, "Lord, if I have to die, let me die now. But by your grace I'll never give in and go back to that any more." At that instant I felt something leave me. I cannot explain how I felt it, but if you were to pluck at my shirt I would feel it, it was that definite. Final victory was mine, praise God!

Now, at 68 years, I appear fifty; no organic ailment, fine health except the back, which is partially disabled due to arthritis, but I can walk around fine. My great desire is to go to the skidrow missions and tell those poor fellows what God did for me.

C.A.D., Sierra Madre, Calif.

Fact, Faith and Feeling were walking on a wall,
Feeling got to near the edge
and took an awful fall,
Faith was so close to Feeling
that he fell too
But Fact remained and
pulled Faith up and that
Brought Feeling too.

He Can

In looking to God for deliverance of any kind, we are prone to try to discover what material He has on hand to work on in coming to our relief. If we are praying for financial help, we are apt to look over the community to see if we can think of any one whom the Lord might influence to lend us some money. If there are no apparent signs of help in that direction, it is difficult, indeed to believe for hard cash.

If it is employment we need in order to insure the continuance of our bread and butter, we make diligent inquiries in the industrial centers, and, if we find that the shops, stores and factories are more than full handed, it is pretty hard work to be hopeful that we are going to get work.

If we are ill and our physician is at a loss to know what next to try in order to alleviate us, it is not at all easy to convince ourselves that we are going speedily to recovery.

It is so human to look and crave for something in sight that will help the Lord out. In time of need, if we can only find a little something for God to begin on, we seem so much better satisfied. To need a sum of money and not to be able to think of a friend, a man or a monied institution from which it might be obtained, gives a dark background to the scene.

To need work, and to find that throngs of others as needy as yourself are also idle, makes the human outlook very dark. To be in bed day after day, feeling no better, but rather worse, doctor's bill increasing, business suffering and patience giving out, make a situation in which relief does not seem very probable. The trouble is, there does not appear to be a single human prospect to begin on. The outlook is all liabilities, with no resources to help out.

Now, to God's child, what is the real situation? Is there nothing but liabilities? Much every way. Are there no resources? Yea, thousands, millions, billions, trillions! Where are they? Above you, below you, around you. Earth and air are full of wealth untold. Can't you see it, eh? You don't need to see it. Keep your eye on Him.

Just think a moment. It is not at all necessary for you to see any help in sight, nor is it really necessary for God to have any relief on hand. He does not need anything to begin on. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What did He make them out of? Nothing, absolutely nothing. When the earth was made what did He hang it on? Nothing. Pretty satisfactory earth to be made of nothing, eh? Remember, not a scrap of anything was used to make it. "He . . . hangeth the earth upon nothing."

It hangs all right, doesn't it? Very well, then. A God Who can make an earth, a sun, a moon and stars out of nothing, and keep them hanging on nothing, can supply all your needs, whether He has anything to begin to work with or not. Wonderful, isn't it?

Trust Him and He will see you through, though He has to make your supplies out of nothing.—P.J.S. in Tract.

Read this over and over again. It will mean more to you each time.

O child of mine, I have sought you in the crowded mart; I have sought you in the desert wild; I have sought you in the palace and in the hovel. I sought you in the crowded street and in the quiet parts. I have sought you in wealth and in poverty, from earliest youth, under all conditions and circumstances, and when fever was on thy brow. In pleasure I looked for you. When suffering came, I knocked and I sought you then. I am seeking you tonight, in every song and in every testimony; in all that is said and done. How is it you are so slow? Did you think that I gave you the Bible and then left you? Did you think I gave you a little word and then left you? No! No! Every day I am with you. Every day I have some message or warning. Every day a finger of warning is raised. Do you think the "Yes" that you said years ago is enough? No! But each day is a question mark. What are you doing with all the warnings? What are you doing with all my petitions? I want an answer.

Prophecy by the late Elder Brooks
April 21, 1941, Zion, Ill.

IF GOD FORGOT

If God forgot—what a world it would be
Everything awful for you and me;
If the sun didn't shine, and the wind
didn't blow
And the rain didn't fall, and the flowers
didn't grow.

If God forgot, what could we do?
Could we do better than He would do?
No! No! We couldn't so just let us rest,
With peace in our hearts—that He knows
best. A.B.C.

From "The Shepherd Psalm"

(Ps. 23)

" . . . As this psalm hath virtue, which streams to heal those who touch, so it is true that its power lies in dwelling so little upon man and so much on God. See how every verse tells us what He is doing. This is the true policy of life. Unbelief puts circumstances between itself and Christ, so as not to see Him; as the disciples did, through the mist, 'and they cried out for fear.' Faith puts Christ between itself and circumstances, so that it cannot see them 'for the glory of that light.' Unbelief fixes its gaze on men and things and likelihoods and possibilities and circumstances. Faith will not concern herself with these; she refuses to spend her time and waste her strength in considering them. Her eye is fixed steadfastly on her Lord, and she is persuaded that He is well able to supply all her need and to carry her through all difficulties and straits.

O trembling heart, look away and look up! Your sorrows have been multiplied indeed by looking at difficulties and second causes. Now cease from all this. Talk no more about the walled cities and giants, about the rugged paths, and dark valleys about lions and robbers; but think of the love, the might, and the wisdom of the Shepherd. Love that spared not its blood! Might that made the worlds! Wisdom that named the stars! Your salvation does not depend on what you are, but on what He is. For every look at self take ten looks at Christ.

Tell us no more of your tears, your failures, or your sins; but tell us, of the all-sufficiency of Jesus, and how your needs have been the foil of His deliverances. Sing again the old song of how all wants are swallowed up in the shepherd love of God. And emphasize each 'HE' as you say again the psalm of childhood and of age." (F. B. Meyer)

You Are His Responsibility

"Isa. 41:10 . . . Do not let your heart be afraid. Fear is just an indication of unbelief. As His children, we have a right to His protection, and He is responsible for us and He will not shirk His responsibility. Oh, if we would just meditate upon it! Hold Him responsible. Press the truth upon His heart. It is the faith that presses the truth home on God that receives. How quickly He responds to faith in us! The slightest touch of faith will bring His help.

Let us take comfort from these words, "Fear not, for I am with thee . . ."

Recently I took a stand of faith: I went forward in a transaction that seemed a bit daring to me, and then, almost immediately, God gave me Isa. 41:10, "be not dismayed (do not look around for help); I am your God, I will be responsible for you. 'I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'"

Are you quiet enough to hear? When Isa. 41:10 comes to me, by His enabling grace, I immediately put away all fear.

If you do not hear His voice, you are not quiet enough — you are planning worrying, etc. There needs to be an inner quietness. Ask Him to bring that inner quietness to you. He will as you go into His hands and seek His life. God bless you. Helen H. Markham

GOD IS IN EVERY TO-MORROW

God is in every tomorrow,
Therefore I live for today,
Certain of finding at sunrise,
Guidance and strength for the way;
Power for each moment of weakness,
Hope for each moment of pain,
Comfort for every sorrow,
Sunshine and joy after rain.
God is in every tomorrow,
Planning for you and for me,
E'en in the dark will I follow,
Trust where my eyes cannot see.
Stilled by His promise of blessing,
Soothed by the touch of His hand,
Confident in His protection,
Knowing my life-path is planned.
God is in every tomorrow,
Life with its changes may come;
He is behind and before me,
While in the distance shines Home!
Home—where no thought of tomorrow
Ever can shadow my brow,
Home—in the presence of Jesus,
Through all eternity—NOW!

—Laura A. Barter Snow

Try to find the inner meaning
Hidden deep it often lies.
The caterpillar really
Is beauty in disguise.

The ladder of life is full of splinters
but they always prick the hardest when
we are sliding down.

If I have not compassion on my fellow
servant even as my Lord had pity on me,
— then I know nothing of Calvary Love.
Amy Carmichael

Blest Handkerchief

Our authority for sending these handkerchiefs is based on the Word of God as found in Acts 19:11, 12, "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." If it could be done then, why not now? Elijah was a man of like passions as we, yet he prayed and God heard and answered him. God will hear and answer yet today.

Paul said, "It is no more I, but Christ," We can also say, "It is no more I, but Christ." To Him be the glory. Do you want to add glory to His great name? One way you may be able to do this is to get the poor, sick, and discouraged ones, the devil-ridden ones, to write to us in a brief way, describing their case or situation. We will pray for them and send them the handkerchief, and our paper. We are sure that God will bless you in doing this as you do it in His name.

Please do not fail to read the Gospel tracts that are enclosed in the letters. They are sent for your benefit and better understanding. Read prayerfully the Scripture references and we are sure that you will be greatly benefited, for it is the entrance of the Word that giveth light.

Please do not send for handkerchiefs without giving the name of the person, their disease or trouble. We send them out, not only for the healing of the body and casting out demons, but also to take the place of laying on of hands of the elders for special blessing, as well as for power of service when elders are not available.

TESTIMONIES OF HEALING

NOTICE!

In view of the fact that the writers of the testimonies sent to us have sometimes been bothered by those writing to them for help, which they are unable to give in most cases, we have decided to omit their names and addresses.

HUSBAND IS CHANGED

My husband used to be so cross and fretful over everything at home. He is much different, thank God.—D. M., Highlands, Trinidad

PASSES EXAMINATION

I wrote to you about three months ago asking you to pray for the exams I was to take. The results have been published and I have passed, thanks to God.—L. R. W., Surrey, England

COOPERATIVE HUSBAND

I wrote to you about my husband, and to my surprise when he got his March 3d money he brought every cent to me.—E. Y., Liberia

HEALING BLESSINGS

I asked you to pray for our lad with the heart trouble; for release from trouble from relatives, and my healing of nervous exhaustion. Our lad has not been examined again, but I am sure he has been healed, for he looks better than he ever has. He is working long hours on his feet during his summer vacation, yet shows no sign of fatigue and enjoys every moment of it.

My terrible exhaustion left me the day I got your letter.

Regarding the trouble in my hip, I had just read your letter and was sitting at a table reading one of the tracts when I felt a queer but very soothing sensation on my right hip bone as though the bones had been loose and were being gently molded together. Without thinking, I put my hand on my hip and no longer was it any different from the other one. Thanks be to our Saviour.—N. M. L., Dummurry, Ireland.

HEALED OF COLDS

A year and a half ago I asked you to pray for my 14 year old son who took so many colds, and every time he took part in a basketball game would come home too tired and get down sick. He refused to give up sports in spite of this, so I asked for your prayers and placed the healing cloth on him. Today he looks fine, gained thirty pounds, and played many strenuous games of basketball last year.—Mrs. M. C., Arriba, Colo.

RETURNS TO GOD

Thank you for your prayers for me. God healed me of the breast pains. I was a backslider, but I have gone back to church.—G. E., Winslow, Ariz.

CHURCH IS BLESSED

I write to say, God has wonderfully answered prayer for our church. We have had 8 souls saved, and a children's work has started. God has sent in workers. Glory and praise to God.—E. G., London England

REVIVAL

You sent me two anointed prayer cloths, one to put in our church. I slipped it in a song book with a silent prayer. Well, glory! We had a revival. Fifteen new ones were taken into the church and more to follow.—E. C., The Dalles, Ore.

HEALED OF DIABETES

Five weeks ago I went to the doctor and he said I had sugar and had it bad. He put me on a diet and gave me some pills. The next week I went back and I still had sugar. So he told me to take two pills in the morning. After coming back the same day, I thought I should put my case in God's hands and wrote to you for prayer. The next week I went back. I was feeling a lot better and he told me that the sugar was gone. Praise God.—H. B., Freeland, Mich.

NO NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

I wrote you for prayer, as the medical doctor had told me I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown. God healed me instantly and I thank Him for it.—L. J., Lake City, N. C.

GOD HEALS

The prayer cloth you sent my dear aunt is working miracles. She can sleep better, the hot flashes have gone and her mental attitude is much better.—G. H., Lakewood, Calif.

QUICK BIRTH

I am a mother of 8 children. I had a hard time with all of them but two. I gave birth to one in February. I prayed to the good Lord to let me bring it into the world quick. I got one of your papers and put it on my stomach. I gave birth to an 8 pound girl in about an hour. Thanks be to God.—J. L. H., DeKalh, Miss.

HEART HEALED

My granddaughter has been healed of a heart ailment. Oh, how we praise God for her wonderful blessing.—R. E. J., Leland, N. C.

HEART TROUBLE HEALED

I received your prayer cloth and wear it all the time, as in my work I have to go up and downstairs every day. I put on the prayer cloth I prayed for my heart trouble and nervous headaches. I kept on praying and in 3 days I was healed.—Omaha, Nebraska

LOSES WEIGHT

My mother wants you to know that she was glad to have the prayer cloth. She was weighing 164 lbs. before she got the cloth, but now she weighs 140.—G. R., Columbia, S. C.

MIRACLE BABY

Thank you for your prayers. My daughter-in-law had her baby and it was an easy birth. It was a miracle. The doctor had told them last Tuesday she could never have it, that it would have to be taken, but praise God, Mother and baby both are fine.—M. R.

GOD IS GOOD

I wrote to you sometime ago requesting prayer that I would have a baby. Now I have the most beautiful little boy. Praise His name forever.—J. A., Africa

SAFE CHILDBIRTH

I wrote you to pray for me to have a safe childbirth and God answered your prayer. I have a fine little girl now 3 weeks old.—O. T., Jamaica, W. I.

HUSBAND IS CHANGED MAN

Thank God for you praying for my husband. He is a changed man. He has stopped drinking and he said he is going to get saved, and do thank God for it.—Mrs. A. M. D., Roxford, N. C.

HEALED OF RINGWORM

I wrote for prayer for my grandson, who had a ringworm on his head. The doctor said he might have to go to the hospital to kill the roots of it, but when you prayed, for him it went away.—M. P. G., Goldsboro, N. C.

ENCOURAGEMENT

I wrote to you for prayer regarding a terrible pain on an entire leg, which was a torment. I have applied the anointed cloth and followed the instructions and have been improving to a great extent. I have gone through very tough times and really there is sound encouragement with your valuable intercessory prayers, and I praise to God forever.—E. S., Mexico

HUSBAND RETURNS

I wrote sometime ago to ask you to pray for my home. My husband and I were drifting apart and it seemed like the devil was determined to break us up. For many years he was after us, and finally my husband left me and went to St. Louis, Mo., and got a job in the State Hospital. In November I got a summons from the court in Missouri that he was seeking a divorce. I had a nervous breakdown and one day I made up my mind to ask everyone I could to pray for me and him, that he would throw the divorce out and come back to me. So I wrote my husband a long letter, telling him it wasn't God's will for us to get a divorce, asking him to come home to me. He wrote an awful letter to me. It hurt me so, but I prayed over it and wrote him another kind letter. He wrote and said he would not answer my letters and for me not to write anymore. The 28th of November I was washing the dishes and ready to dry them. I started crying, and I threw the dish cloth down and went to the bathroom crying and praying. I said, "God, the old devil isn't going to get my family and break us up." I prayed and cried to God and put a fast on for seven days, and one evening I got a call from my husband saying he was coming back to try again and on Thursday last of November he walked in. I thank God for answering my prayer.—A. C., Union, Mo.

HEART OPERATION

I wrote to you to pray for my little girl who had a heart operation. I thank God and you people, she is back home and doing fine and has no more heart trouble.—M. D. W., Washington, D. C.

WORDS OF LIFE AND BLESSING

Those words in manuscript, and quotations from the Bible, which you sent have done wonders to me and my family. My family is astounded at the blessings God has seen fit to render us.—V. O. de A., Venezuela, S. A.

ABLE TO WITHSTAND

Thank you for the tracts and issues sent. I have been able to withstand because of the enlightenment of the Word of God.—Sra. L. G., Sun Valley, Calif.

CHANGE OF AFFAIRS

Since the day I received the anointed handkerchief there has been a great change of affairs at home. Also our health is improving tremendously.—Sra. J. P., Cayo Mambi, Cuba

INSPIRED TO PREACH

This is the first time I had the opportunity of seeing a copy of the HERALD and it has inspired us to go out to the streets and preach the Gospel.—L. de T., Chimbote, Peru, S. A.

CONVERTED IN PRISON

As you know, I am the man converted in prison, and others are being convicted because of your tracts sent to me, praise God forever. I am now studying English, and have need of a concordance very much, and all the tracts you can spare. It has been my desire and prayer that the Lord will see that whenever I get to the U.S.A., I will look up the Church that has done so much for me and seven others saved by your efforts and prayers. L. F. V., Camp Zarzal, Puerto Rico

ANOTHER CONVERTED IN PRISON

I write you this letter because you have shown so much interest in us who are confined in this penitentiary. You have written to Brother F. and sent him the appropriate literature and as I read it I have been convinced of the reality and worthiness of the great Jesus Christ. Praise God, that as we prayed the Lord Jesus saved me and now I know I am His child, and we tell everyone confined here of the saving grace of Jesus.—D. B. M. Zarzal, Palmar, Puerto Rico.

MOTHER AND BABY HEALED

Out here in the open country, miles away from the nearest neighbor, my wife took seriously ill and the baby was practically dead. My wife was stricken in bed for 8 days. Brother R., who had received some letters from you and anointed kerchiefs, brought and pinned a kerchief and prayed for them; we were not expecting them to live; the baby could not move; but praise God forever, they were healed.—Sr. D. L., La Chimba, Peru

BLESSED

Someone handed me one of your periodicals and in the reading of it I found some food for my famished soul and my husband and I are convinced of the unselfish spirit of those that are connected in any way in sending out these God-sent messengers of the Truth which is in Christ. I have just acquired a Bible and we are reading it daily. My husband has had a change since reading the Bible, for he had been drinking to excess.—Sra. M. de M., Colombia, S. A.

NOW HEALED

I was very sick for weeks, more to die than to live, and on the 10th of January 1960 the Prayer Band came to visit me at my yard. They preached to me a sermon and I confessed my sins to God and they prayed for me and now I am completely healed. I am not yet a Christian, but I am determined now to change my ways and serve God the rest of my life.—Miss R. D., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN HOME

I would like the world to know that in our home all are saved by the grace of the Lord. It has been over 14 years that the blessed Jesus saved and baptized us with the Holy Spirit. I have a Sunday School for all the neighbor's kids and we really enjoy learning the Word of God.—Sra. M. M. De., Arg., S. A.

EXAMS A SUCCESS

I completed my work for my Master's degree. The Lord was with me all the way. All my exams for which I asked you to pray were perfect successes.—E. D., Leaksville, N. C.

CONVERTED PRIEST

I sent you my testimony somewhere back. Will you please send me 10 anointed handkerchiefs and the Heraldos. I am the converted priest. I love the Lord Jesus Christ and will serve Him all my days. My testimony will be published in German, Portuguese and Spanish. I have traveled quite a lot, preaching the unsearchable riches of the Word of God to all these people.—S. C., Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A.

TUMOR DISAPPEARS

I wrote my petition to you for prayer regarding a tumor at the vertebrae column. The doctors gave me no hope, said they were tubercular, etc. The anointed handkerchief was sent to me with the instructions and a personal letter. Praise God, I have proven my Jesus through you dear people. At that time I fell in a deep trance or sleep, and the ulcers or tumors actually fell off. I held silence as the doctors thought they would come on every one or two years, but there has been no trace of anything.—Sra. B. G., Banta Hab., Cuba

SALVATION

Sometime back I asked prayers for my children, for the salvation of a daughter, and she has accepted the Lord, and for my elder son, and, praise God, there has been a change for the better.—Sra. E. R., Camaguey, Cuba

THE JOYFUL SOUND!

I was sick for 7 years, complications from childbearing, and had taken all kinds of medicines. Then the Hallelujah people gave me some little printed papers and said they would write to you for prayer for me. Every time I remembered you were praying for me, a joy in my heart would come, and a heavy sweat and tremble all over my body so that my relations thought I was dying. But bless the Lord for ever, I showed them the little papers under my pillow and told them the Hallelujah people were praying for me. In 3 days I was up, with no pains, and I am healed, and my home is opened for the Hallelujah preachers. We have wonderful meetings and my own relations are being converted, and my neighbors also are being converted to the Hallelujah Christ.—Sra. A. R. M., Ponce de Leon, Maseo Orte, Cuba

HEALED OF STOMACH ULCERS

We wish to let you know how the Lord has blessed us because of your prayers and anointed handkerchiefs. The Lord has healed me of the continued headaches, praise God forever. As I pinned the anointed handkerchief I felt a bolt of light strike me and I am healed. My husband's stomach ulcers were gone as we went through the prayers and fastings as you prescribed. Now he eats just anything and feels stronger.—Sr. S., Villalreal, Tampes, Mexico

RELIEF IN HEALING

I was suffering with a pain between my shoulders and could not get healing. One night I went to the Prayer Band Healing Meeting and they laid hands on me, together with a blest cloth from HERALD OF HOPE, and immediately after their prayer I was completely healed.—Mrs. L. W., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

STOMACH AND BACK HEALED

I can't explain my complaint because all sorts were on me, especially a bad pain in my stomach and my back. I tried so many doctors and spent much money, and couldn't get any better. So I came to the Healing Meeting of the Prayer Band. I was told there that all was caused by sin. I confessed my sins and they prayed for me with a blest cloth from the HERALD OF HOPE, and now I am telling you, praise God, I was instantly healed.—C. S., Sandy Bay, Jamaica.

PAIN LEAVES

I was suffering with pain in my right hand. I could hardly use it, and one night I was instantly healed by prayer from the Prayer Band.—S. V., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

GREAT BLESSING

I would like to tell you that the Herald you sent us is a great blessing and our only spiritual adviser next to our Bibles, and believe me, these are hard times and we need such help.—Sra. J. S., Buenos Aires, Argentina

THE LORD IS WONDERFUL

I am a very old lady and I tell now to you young ones, the Lord is wonderful. I was suffering with crampness all over my body and because I believed in Divine healing, I was healed at the Healing Meeting held by the Prayer Band.—Mother J., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

HAND HEALED

I was suffering with a severe pain in my left hand. It was actually dead because I could not use it to do anything, and when it came to pain I could hardly bear it. I had to weep day and night. Doctor was no good to it, remedies were no good. I was glad when those of the Prayer Band came to visit me. They did want to hold the hand, but they could not even touch it as much, so they prayed for me and promised to send me a blest cloth from the HERALD OF HOPE. I am telling you all who never tried healing from God, that He is wonderful, because two days after the prayer of the Prayer Band my hand was completely healed.—Mrs. E. D., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

RELIEVED OF PAIN AND GAS

I was suffering with pain in my head and gas in my chest, and I came to the healing meeting. There I delivered myself unto the Lord. After they prayed for me, I was completely healed. Praise God.—Mrs. M. D., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

NO MORE PAIN

I was suffering with great pain in my stomach and in my hips—I could hardly walk. I had shortness of breath. I tried the doctor with much money, but it seemed to get worse. I wrote to the HERALD OF HOPE and they sent me the blest kerchiefs and I laid them on my hips and stomach and prayed, and, my brethren, I am completely healed.—Bro. W. D., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

PAINS LEAVE

I was suffering with pain all over my joints and I came for healing and I was instantly healed. Thanks to the Prayer Band, and praises to God on high.—R. C., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

MIRACLES

I must say thanks unto the HERALD OF HOPE for their blest handkerchiefs that they are sending us. God is doing great miracles by them. Many people have received instant healing from our Prayer, laying on of hands and the blest cloth from HERALD OF HOPE. I also was healed from spots all over my body and on my neck, and I am one who determined that whenever I am sick I am going unto no doctor, but my Jesus. I came to the Light to know that God has made my body for His glory, as His temple, and never made it for sickness, nor for illbusements of sin.—Bro. V. A. E., Sandy Bay, Jamaica

PASSES PHYSICAL EXAM.

The Lord answered unexpectedly for my elder brother, as he wanted to join the aviation school and was rejected because of a heart ailment, and was preparing to go to the U.S.A. On opening the Bible he was attracted to the anointed handkerchiefs and said he picked one and place it in his breast shirt pocket near the heart unknowingly, and praise God the miracle happened. He recalls that he had a sort of a groaning inside and had felt to cough, laugh, shout or just anything to release something he felt, and he did just praise the Lord Jesus, and as he went for the examination the doctors pronounced him to be in perfect health and no trace of heart failure. Praise God, he has renewed his vows with the Lord with all his heart.—A. S., Mexico

HUSBAND SAVED AND SERVING

I wrote you a couple of years ago for my husband to get saved and stop smoking. He has been saved a long time and also stopped smoking and joined the church and is working for the Lord.—Mrs. J.C., Clinton, N.C.

ENCOURAGED IN THE LORD

Will you please be so kind as to send me a roll of the Heraldos to distribute here? We are 'way out into nowhere and the community is devil-ridden. I had a mild heart attack. I applied the handkerchief sent me and am well recovered. It sure makes us feel great to hear from you dear folks. Please write us more often.—Rev. L.P., Chile, S.A.

STOPS SNUFF HABIT

I thank you for praying for me. I have stopped the snuff habit, and I am healed of cancer. Thank the good Lord.—Mrs. E. B., Daytona Beach, Fla.

SOULS REBORN AND HEALED

We greatly appreciate your efforts to reach us 'way out here, hardly touched by any missionary work. Praise God for your letters and useful tracts and past issues of magazines with beautiful articles that have been a great blessing to us. They are read out loud as sermons. When you can send us more please do, for souls are being reborn and healed.—Sr. D.L., Tingo Maria, Peru, S.A.

THE LORD HEALETH

It is with joy that I write you to tell you how much good is being done through your Spanish literature, and how many prayers have been answered. Thank you so much for sending a good number of anointed cloths. These have been used and for various afflictions, some acute illnesses and others in the natural would have lasted as chronic diseases for months and perhaps years.—Mrs. E.C., Peru, S.A.

HUSBAND SAVED, FAMILY BLESSED

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Thanks be to God for you who helped to hold up my hands. I am sure you will rejoice with me, for this my husband was lost and Jesus has found him—he was blind, but now he can see—indeed he was dead—dead in trespasses and sin—praise God, he has begun to show signs of real, new life. On the 14th of January he received Christ as his Saviour. Since then he has been endeavoring to go straight. God can really do anything but fail. He has done for me what was the hardest present-day miracle. A man deep down, far out, quite up in the blackest pit of sin, now crying (actually) to God for mercy, for pardon, for help to go right. He now gathers his children for family worship morning and evening.—Mrs. B. P., San Fernando.

GOD HEALS AND BLESSES

A few weeks ago I wrote to you soliciting your prayers for hoarseness in my throat. I could not sing a note, but thanks be to God, I can sing again. The hoarseness is almost gone now. I still wear the blest handkerchief and there has come to me a peace and contentment that I never had before.—L.M.J., Detroit, Michigan.

GETS HOUSE NEAR CHURCH

I asked you to pray for a house near to the church. God has answered; it is two minutes walk from the house to the church.—N.F.R., Wynberg, So. Africa.

HEALED OF T.B.

I am healed from T.B. and weakness through the prayer of HERALD OF HOPE.—I.R., Stony Hill, P.O., Jamaica.

BACK IS HEALED

For over a year my husband had a pain in his back. At times he could hardly get up and down, on and off the bed, in and out of a chair. So the other night the Lord brought to my mind the Herald of Hope paper and I took it to the bed room and told my husband that we would let him sleep on it. I promised the Lord if he would heal his back I would write and tell you. It stopped hurting. That was about the 20th of July.—Mrs. C.D.S., San Antonio, Texas.

BLESSINGS BESTOWED

It was a blessing bestowed upon me when you sent me your healing kerchief and I am rid of the bad feeling in my stomach and of sugar in the blood.—Mrs. D.G., Kingston, Jamaica.

HAS GOOD JOB

Because you prayed, the Lord gave me a good job. Enclosed find tithe.—Mrs. E.B., Los Angeles, Calif.

ABLE TO WORK

I had been unable to wash, but since I wrote for prayer and received one of those cloths I am doing all of my work; the first time I have been able to wash two tubs of clothes and not get tired.—M.B.F., Milledgeville, Ga.

HEALTH RETURNS

Believe me, I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for the recovery of my Daughter to her former health. From the time she received the blest handkerchief she has never got sick again.—R.E.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.

RELEASED FROM PRISON

Sometime ago I wrote you to pray for B.J.B. He was released from prison and is a free man at home with his daddy and mother now. He was given 90 days credit for good behaviour and was released 3 months sooner than he was supposed to get out.—Mrs. I.R.M., Wetumpka, Ala.

RECEIVES SCHOLARSHIP

I wrote you sometime ago to help me pray to get a foreign scholarship. Our prayers have been granted.—N.S.J., Montrovia, Liberia.

FINDS HER DEED

I want you to know that God miraculously answered prayer about Camp ground. I found my deed on Saturday after you prayed.—M.M., Harrisonville, Pa.

RECOVERS FROM HEART ATTACK

Thank you for your prayer for my son that had a heart attack, and thanks be to God who answered the prayers. He got healed, and has been working hard.—Mrs. A.P., Almont, N.Dak.

BLESSED WITH A CHILD

Sometime ago I asked prayer for my son and his wife that they would be blessed with a child. They have a little girl just about a month old, praise God.—Mrs. E.R., Lanett, Ala.

STRONGER AND BETTER ABLE

Around 2 to 3 months ago I wrote requesting healing of dysentery of 7 years standing. I received your prayer cloth, put it on and felt His Presence touching my body. I am so very grateful, as the Lord is healing me. I passed at that time much waste tissue, etc., and still do at intervals. Praise His Precious Name, I am getting stronger and better able to teach than before. I am working among the Japanese here.—Mrs. C.W.S., Culver City, Calif.

GOD IS ABLE

The day I received the handkerchief one of my cousins took sick, couldn't speak. When they called the doctor he said it's now up to Jesus, he can't do a thing. He sent her to the hospital. Just before the ambulance came my letter with the kerchief arrived and I pinned it on her in Jesus' name, and read the tract—"By His Stripes We are Healed." They stopped giving her treatment, for she was dying. The nurse said there was poor hope for her, but God be praised, she came back from the hospital healed.—R.M., Nevis, B.W.I.

PRAYER ANSWERED

My first request was for deliverance from painful menstruation. Secondly, for a baby, and thirdly for a safe delivery, and praise God and Christ, it all has been answered. My son will be 3 years old this month.—G.H., St. Kitts, B.W.I.

PASSES EXAMINATION

I asked you to pray for me in order that I may pass my examination. God has heard my prayer and I passed my examination.—P.L.O., Ghana, W.A.

EASY CHILDBIRTH

I wrote to you to pray for me to have an easy childbirth. Praise the Lord, I had a very, very easy childbirth.—Mrs. A.M.B., College Lane, Vadduhaddai.

QUITS BEER BUSINESS

About 6 or 7 years ago I wrote to your prayer band to pray for my two boys who were running a beer joint. You prayed and sent me an anointed cloth. I sent it out there and had it placed in the beer joint and God answered prayer—they soon sold it.—V.G., Ben Hur, Ark.

RECEIVES WANTED LETTER

Through your prayer I heard from my children's father. After I left Jamaica I wrote him and let him know I arrived safely and he didn't reply. Christmas, I sent him a postcard, no reply; in this year I posted him two letters, no reply. One was little before I wrote and asked you to pray, then last week Saturday I got a letter from him. I was shocked. I had to hold up the letter and say, Thank God. Well, he writes that he would like to come.—J.C., London, N.W.2, England.

HOME BLESSED OF GOD

I wrote to you a few months ago to pray for me and my family and thank God your prayer has been answered. My husband and I have found God and my daughter has made my home happy again.—Mr. D.R.

SON GETS JOB

A few weeks ago I wrote you to pray that my boy would get a job. God heard and answered your prayer.—Mrs. E.M.K., Fraley, Ala.

GOOD JOB

Sometime back I had requested prayer for my extension of service. Though I could not get extension, by God's grace I was fortunate in getting a good job in a company.—J.J.T., Nanthancode, Travandrum, India

SUCCESSFUL IN EXAM

Just to tell you that I have been successful in my examination, about which I wrote asking for prayers.—B.E.A., Surrey, England.

HAPPY ANSWERS TO PRAYER

I asked that a friend of mine would find suitable employment to meet his financial needs and for a very difficult situation he found himself involved in. The Lord provided him with a very good sales job and also answered in regard to this low case in which he was involved.—J.C.

BREAST HEALED

I want you to know my Mother is healed from the knot on her breast. Also, my neck doesn't hurt me any more, nor my throat.—Pastor L.B.W., Roxbury, Mass.

GALL BLADDER HEALED

I have not had a pain in gall bladder since writing you for prayer. I also have not had a vomiting spell and my urine is normal. I do not suffer now with constipation as I did before writing you. I have been helped so very much—all of my neighbors and friends are amazed.—H.H.J., Monroe, La.

LIVES STRAIGHTENED OUT

I requested you to pray for the discharge of my husband from the hospital and you were so prompt in answering my request, I want to thank you. He was discharged and our lives were straightened out in answer to prayer.—Mrs. F.C.H.

CHEST PAIN GONE

I was suffering from a severe pain in my chest, and from the time I placed the blest cloth on my chest there has been no more pain.—Mrs. A.S.

ANointed OF GOD

By Divine Providence I received a large letter from you with two anointed strips and tracts, also the Herald. All this came verifying a dream or a vision I had previous to this, that the Holy Ghost would send us a sign. I, of course, didn't at the time understand what the meaning was. But as I was handed the packet, I was anointed, and I am sure now what He wants me to do.—W.D.J., Peru, So. America

GOD IN CHILE

Letting you know that your prayers have saved thousands of the Pentecostal people here in Chile, as you, I am sure, have learned by now how amidst the fury of the elements many are homeless and stranded, etc. I happened to be south of the country evangelizing and we have made good use of the tracts and the anointed kerchiefs. Praise God, the blessed Lord has saved thousands of the believers I have met. They could feel the payers of you dear people and God has saved us. The spiritual needs are desperate now. We must let the world know how His mighty hand protects and saves out of pandemonium.—Sr. Juan N., Concepcion, Chile, S.A.

A VERY PRESENT HELP

Please continue my HERALD OF HOPE, as it is the same in our home as a Doctor. My husband was smothering so bad last night and I got up and got my little paper and laid it on his chest and he soon went to sleep. He has high blood and heart trouble. Please pray for us.—Mrs. L.D.

MIND AND HEART HEALED

I have a wonderful testimony of how God healed my mind and gave me a new heart. My heart was in such condition I had to hold it—seemed as if it was going to fall out at times. But God looked on me.—S.H. Los Angeles, Calif.

GETS THE JOB

I wrote and asked you to pray for me. Praise His Dear Name, I got the job I've waited for so long.—C.W., Los Angeles, Calif.

FAMILY PRAYER

Less than a year ago I wrote for prayer that my husband would join our family prayers; also that my little niece who had been wetting the bed every night would stop. Praise God, all is well. My husband never misses a family prayer again. My niece does not wet the bed any more.—E.C.J., Careysburg City.

GOD IS ABLE

It is with deepest pleasure I can testify to the great power of Christ. Two weeks ago I underwent a further medical examination to check up and to the amazement of everybody the duodenal ulcer which had been the cause of my constant illness could not be seen again. It has just disappeared.—J.L.A., Ghana, W. Africa.

BABY RECOVERS FROM FALL

Re. a friend whose two year old son had fallen from a twenty-foot window—in no time after she received the blessed handkerchief the baby was better and home again.—P.R.

A Bottle of Tears

By J. B. Culpepper

Many years ago, I heard this sad, sickening, shocking story of a bottle of tears, while I was holding a meeting, just over the Virginia line. Afterwards I met a man who knew the parties and confirmed it in all its features.

One moon-bathed evening in October, a sweet girl of thirteen singing summers, stood by the baptismal font and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord, forever.

Only two brief years later, attractively attired in lovely orange, she stood by the same altars, with her hand resting, with poetic confidence, upon the arm of a strong noble man—an F. F. V.—and while aeolian music vaped through the crowded auditorium, she with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for loyalty to him. "So long as skies and waves are blue." Everybody and everything was prophetic of conjugal happiness and prosperity. As they passed under the "wedding arch," rice rained upon them; roses rolled at their feet; glances from congratulatory eyes greeted them on either hand; mothers murmured approval of the match; maidens merrily monopolized the passage to the doors; electric jets jumped from jeweled hands, as they gesticulated in gleesome gladness, the hearty, happy be ye's, which withered mere words. The liveried loungers about the doorway, thrilled by the outpouring throng, sprang to their perches and with one hand drew reins over stamping steeds, while with the other they touched the chord which threw wide open the welcome, waiting doorways of the roof-wreathed, spoke-bestudded, gear-garlanded lamp-lighted carriages, by which amid pealing organ, laughter of boys, bark of dogs, whinny of horses, light of stars, with Lunar queen on her Zenithal throne, they were enwheeled on through the short pretty streets, to the station, where they soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping through strange scenery—on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir, and to which he was now taking his young beautiful bride.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at her gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said, surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality, to make this place perfect. Can anything but Heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-eyried place, to bring breath of poison? Poor woman! We shall see.

Between this lovely mansion and the large well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty doggerly, the gathering-place of the toughs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend (?) Later, he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered in that place and carried home and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and covers a term of ten or twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scant breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had gotten out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer, when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note, from the bar-keeper. It ran something like this: "Dear Madam, (Dear !!!) This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things.

This was unlooked-for news to the poor woman. While the farm had gradually shrunk from twenty-six mules to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner she thought the few acres house and contents were hers. She had wept for the past few years until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding dry tears, left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken, for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sack, which trickled into the saucer, as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken—only cried; had not thought—only cried; had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note—only cried. Reason again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer, and with a woman's intuition, she poured them through a spoon into a phial. This she took and placed in the folds of her wedding dress,

in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had sold her husband the liquor which had ruined him, her and them.

"Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress, you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, schoolday years, of a short, sweet courtship and marriage, to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whiskey, of the day we moved into this palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short, honey-moon spent here. You will find all of these sweet sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden came. You may read it, sir in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of assuring kisses, saying that for my sake, he would never be brought under the baneful effects of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home-love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of his first oath in my presence. You will find there, too, one rainy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night which looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first born, little Mary, came into this old whiskey-soaked world. You will also find, in the bottle of tears, the greed-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician attended me another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas, and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears. I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees, I heard the rain dashing fury, against the windows; the room was jarred by angry thunder; I was for the first time in the throes of paturition. But louder than thunder, to me, were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile, noble and manly, but now fallen and cowardly husband.

You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low strange cry—the advent cry, of the baby—a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish, as I thought of such a fit beginning, to a career, destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of Pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety, from which, you, for gain, had led him.

The next morning, he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and the baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish luster kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home—but they were soon dashed and broken, for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden irretrievable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless; I grew old, my heart petrified. But, sir, you will find it all and much more, in the bottle of tears. I need not tell you of the next few sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury, of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled, by night, with frightened children, from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table, and the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squalor, to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my, now helpless, husband. One night there was such a pain at my heart, that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain, that I must be dying—that she would have to take mamma's place and care for papa and little sisters—that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only bread winner. You will find in the bottle of tears, how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn, in the doorway and watched for her papa's return; how, with the rising

of the sun, he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested, road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms about her father and said—O papa! Our mamma came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sister, too. 'O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath, which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the gravelled walk and left bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had, in my own name and right, to leave you, as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my precious husband home to me, at break of day, and laid him dead on the floor, hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table, over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly Negroes to dig the grave—in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down, under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer and shells in winter, and teach my girls of how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden and under your apple tree! Indeed he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stain of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns that it is your floor, on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this I will be on my way, down the road east. I take that route, only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I don't know where I, with my three girls will spend the night. But one thing I promise you. Whatever there is in a widow's wail, an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at his judgment bar—there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home, which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."

But what cared the petty whiskey dealer? He set in to get that property at any cost and succeeded. Had a collection been taken for the widow, I suppose he would have contributed five dollars. And some people would have esteemed him liberal, would have called him charitable—when he revelled in sixty-five thousand dollars, stolen from that woman and children, to say nothing of the trouble he had brought, the insults he had heaped upon them, together with the murder of his duped patron, and the damnation of his soul. After relating the above incident in a Virginia town, a gentleman told me that he knew this woman and her girls, and that they were being helped by a lodge to which the dead man belonged.

But all of this is another reason for waging relentless war upon whiskey-drinking and selling.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art filled with shame for glory—and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Habakkuk 2:15-16.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" Prov. 20:1.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to see mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the glass, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23:29-32.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

Jesus died on the cross in unspeakable agony of soul for all our sins and rose again the third day. That is why God will forgive us. Jesus said, "If ANY man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth in Me—out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Whosoever is athirst let him take of the water of life freely."

Just before He raised Lazarus from the dead He said to Martha, Lazarus' sister, "I am the resurrection and the life." Won't you trust such a mighty Saviour, Who loves you so much? Without faith it is impossible to please God. Not to trust in Jesus is to call Him a liar. For God has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." —Pilgrim Tract Society

Miserable Memories

By H. J. SMITH

The mind has the faculty of storing up our remembering events that are now history. We sometimes wish we could better remember the details of the good and forget the bad, but we just have to live with what we have, what we are, and sometimes with what we have done and have been.

Moses, to encourage Israel to a holy walk, reminded them that since they had left the land of Egypt they had rebelled against the Lord. His purpose, of course, in reminding them of their failures, was to stir them up to repentance and to holy living. I am sure you will acknowledge that such is a good thing. If all Moses did was to harp upon their past sins, perhaps it would have been wrong, but he also reminded them again and again of good days filled with God's blessings.

Many times, in order that repentance may follow, a clear statement of guilt is a necessity. In Psalm 51:3 we hear the singer say, "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me." Such memory of sin and guilt would serve to constantly warn the offender to flee from another such offence.

Again in Psalm 137, vs. 1, we read, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yes, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Here were memories that were painful, but they were good memories of better days and more pleasant associations. Pleasant things that had been sacrificed because of wilful transgression. Do you remember better days, my friend? Do you desire to recapture the pleasure and blessing of days gone by? You may think such to be an impossibility, but I can assure you that genuine repentance will move the heart of God and work wonders in your present life.

Peter was impulsive. He had many good thoughts and high ambitions, but he was a weak man. The spirit indeed was willing, but he carried about a body of flesh that held him in a place of weakness to temptation. After he had denied his Lord and he heard the rooster crowing, his memory brought him back to the prophecy of Jesus, "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." With such a painful thought of failure he rushed out and found a place where he could weep bitterly. I believe it was not only weeping that went on that night, but genuine heart-searching and repentance. The heart of his Master was moved, and Peter was later changed to a powerful man of God. Memory may become an instrument of good, to draw us into a better life.

The utter hopelessness of memories is exemplified in Luke 16:25 where we read of the rich man in hell. Here indeed is a place of vain regrets. Here there is no hope of change, of release or pardon. Here memory is cruel, reminding men of their sins that now has brought them to this state, but offering no way of escape. This would be hell, indeed, even in the absence of burning fire. May God help us all to listen carefully to the painful prodding of memory down here and seek to find a place of pardon, lest we come to that place of lost hope and no returning.

Memory can become an effective enemy of foolish pride. You may be tempted to think of yourself above that which you really are. Sin is deceitful and would excuse us from misdeeds, but memory deals a crushing blow to pride when it reminds men of the place where they once lived and the sins they once committed. Paul in I Cor. 15:9 declared, "... I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God."

My friend, though we would at times like to escape from memories of things past, yet there is a way to somewhat blot out the memory of unpleasant things. We can fill our mind with the things of God and like the scriptural admonition found in Philippians 3:13, 14, "... forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, ... press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."—Herald of Hope Broadcast.

Do not crouch today and worship

The old Past whose life is fled,
Hush your voice with tender reverence,
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead;
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honour her for she is might!
Honour her, for she is ours!

He who planned daylight
Put darkness in, too;
And gave us some clouds
Lest we tire of the blue.
Then He hung up a rainbow
Against the grey sky,
As a promise of sunshine
When clouds had rolled by.

Confession of Ralph E. Underwood

Co-Founder of the International League of the Militant Godless (America.)

My mother died when I was only seven years old and it was necessary to send me to an orphanage. Though recommended to my father as being a Christian home, it was anything but Christian. Five years of incarceration in that home were more than enough to turn me against religion. I got started wrong, and I became a God-hater instead of a God-lover. I embraced atheism in its entirety. I was convinced that God was a myth and that Christ was not necessary. I regarded the Bible as a Jewish "scrap-book" filled with absurd legends. To this day I believe my bitter experience as a boy turned me towards atheism.

Determined to acquire an education. I devoted many hours to studying and reading in public libraries. I was particularly interested in anti-religious addresses, and I read all the standard free-thought literature; Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, and others.

Joining hands with other infidels. I soon became an active worker for the cause. While yet in my early teens, I started delivering lectures against religion. This I did in the most blasphemous fashion. I referred to my general activities as "pulling Jehovah's whiskers," and I used other terrible blasphemous expressions which I now shudder to even think of, and hesitate to repeat. My tongue was tipped with acid when I spoke; my friends called me "the champion blasphemer."

I travelled over the country, lectured and debated in many of the large cities, distributed thousands of copies of infidel books and pamphlets, and waged a tireless warfare against Christianity. In Chicago I met a man — Martin S. Charles — who was to become my colleague and inseparable partner in atheism. A more zealous, blasphemous, hard-working team of atheists could not be found anywhere. In many parts of America there still exist infidel and free-thought societies that were founded by Charles and Underwood. In 1931, we founded the Godless Age Publishing Company with headquarters in San Francisco. We printed and distributed thousands of copies of booklets and folders as well as the official organ of the American branch of the International League of the Militant Godless, a monthly magazine known as the Godless World. Martin S. Charles was the owner and editor of this magazine, while I was the associate editor and director of publication.

One day a great tragedy entered the life of my friend Charles.

The loss of his wife left him heartbroken and disconsolate.

He soon lost all interest in our work and became subject to extreme melancholia. He started to wander aimlessly about the country in a vain attempt to find relief. He eventually reached the place where he thought of suicide as the only way out of his troubles. On three different occasions I intervened in the nick of time to prevent him from taking his own life; twice I found poison in his possession, and another time I found him unconscious from poison fumes in the garage. He had closed the garage doors and let the engine run, while he sat in the car awaiting certain death.

I decided to leave the city for a visit to my family in Oregon. I remained only a few days, fearing that I would find my friend Charles dead when I returned. And he had expected to be dead; so much so in fact, that he had left instructions for me to dispose of his remains with a typical atheist funeral. He had instructed me to personally conduct his funeral and to permit no minister of the gospel, under any circumstances to say anything over his body, or, he wrote, "I will get up and call him a liar." But when I returned, Charles was far from dead. In fact, he was very much alive! Wonder of wonders, he had actually found God!

The evening of my return to the city, I had conducted a street-corner meeting at the intersection of 10th and Broadway. Before a crowd of several hundred persons, I had launched into a blasphemous attack on religion, much to the delight of my godless listeners. But one of my listeners was not delighted. That was my friend, Martin S. Charles, who had spent most of the day searching for me after learning that I had returned to the city that morning. At the close of the address, I went over, to where Charles stood with his back to a store window, and I asked how he liked my talk — expecting the usual reply.

I was surprised when he informed me he didn't like it. He seemed to be steeling himself to say something very important and serious. And shortly he let it out. I'll never forget the feeling of utter surprise and shock that came over me, when my friend told me that we were both wrong in our be-

liefs, that there was a God after all.

"Ralph", he said, "I know you won't be able to understand, but I have found God all over again! found Him just as I knew Him in my boyhood days." No, I didn't understand; I had been steeped in unbelief from boyhood and had never known the heavenly Father. Mine wasn't the case of being a backslider. I had never had any knowledge of God in the first place. To say that I was thunderstruck at Charles' statement is putting it mildly! I was left speechless. Such a thing was unthinkable. So I decided to humour him. If he insisted on being "saved," then I would let him be saved. I patted him on the shoulder and said, "Of course you're saved." But he knew that I didn't mean it and told me as much.

The days passed. I heard from the lips of my friend the old, but ever new story of Jesus the Christ. I had never heard it in just that way before. It wasn't as though I was hearing a prepared sermon dealing with what God can do, but I was hearing a man testify to what God had done! How wonderful it is to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through individual witnessing! Charles exhorted me day and night. I often remarked that he preached the longest sermon I ever heard. It lasted day and night for about ten days. I can thank God to this hour for his persistence. One day he succeeded in talking me into kneeling with him in prayer. I wasn't the least bit interested.

While he prayed for my soul, I gazed at the wallpaper, bored to distraction.

A few days later, Charles invited me to go to Church. Of course, I didn't want to go, but I finally consented, after much coaxing. I felt rather out of place in that house of God, and especially when I saw a young man who was the leader of a group of gospel workers who conducted street meetings on the same corner where I conducted my atheistic meetings. On several occasions I had so incited the fury of the street mob against him and his co-workers, that they were driven from the street. But they always returned sooner or later, and wearing the same smile and displaying the same courage that I so secretly admired. He was an 18-carat Christian and had no desire to seek revenge, he was seeking souls for Christ.

As I stood there in that church, hoping that this young man would not see me, he suddenly looked straight at me, and his eyes grew wide with surprise. Rushing down the aisle, he came towards me. Fearing for my safety, I looked around for some way out of the building. He grabbed me by the hand and told me how happy he was to see me. Several shook hands with me, some rather timidly. But not a person was the least bit offensive. For the first time in my life, I was looking at people who lived up to the "love thine enemies" creed. At least, it was my first contact with them, so far as I knew.

I can't recall the sermon that night but I was beginning to suffer from old-fashioned conviction of sin. And when conviction seizes upon the heart of the unsaved, there is no peace or rest for that person until he seeks the face of God. I didn't sleep well. I was beginning to doubt my unbeliefs. It seemed that the very foundations of my atheism slowly crumbled and fell at my feet. A feeling of remorse clutched at my heart. I could hear my old father reprimanding me for my infidelity.

My desire to know the truth eventually triumphed.

One evening I went to church with Charles, and when the invitation was given I went forward to the altar (of prayer), dropped to my knees and tried to pray, but it seemed that unseen hands clutched at my throat. I could literally feel the pressure on my throat. The words that I tried to form were cut off before they passed my lips. At a late hour, almost midnight, I decided to go home, fearing that I was keeping others who wanted to leave. So I went.

It seems that God spoke to two of the men who had been kneeling with me at the altar. They walked out with me, and together with Brother Charles we went to our rooms. At their suggestion, we four knelt on the floor and for nearly two hours those three men prayed earnestly for my soul, asking God to reveal Himself to my heart.

As the hour approached two a.m. I had a terrible vision of myself standing before the judgment throne of God. Some will argue that my vision was purely imagination; but to me it was real. I realized the awfulness of my position and my immediate need for "outside" help. I could see myself standing there before God, my friends pleading my case for me, but myself uttering not a word on my own behalf. I suddenly had a great desire to speak for myself, and it was then I commenced to pray, for the first time in my life. I needed no human help.

From the depths of my being I talked to God that night. And my prayers did not go unheeded! The first prayer I ever uttered brought about the most wonder-

Speak Out For Jesus

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Psa. 107.2.

You talk about your business
Your bonds, stocks and gold;
And in all worldly matters
You are so brave and bold.
But why are you so silent
About salvation's plan?
Why don't you speak for Jesus,
And speak out like a man?
You talk about the weather
And the crops of corn and wheat;
You speak of friends and neighbours
That pass along the street;
You call yourself a Christian
And like the Gospel plan—
Then why not speak for Jesus
And speak out like a man?
Are you ashamed of Jesus
And the story of the Cross,
That you lower His pure banner.
And let it suffer loss?
Have you forgot His suffering?
Did He die for you in vain?
If not, then live and speak for Jesus
And speak out like a man.
I'd like to tell the story sweet
Of Jesus. Wouldn't you?
To help some other folks meet
Their Saviour. Wouldn't you?
I'd like to travel all the way
To where I'd hear my Saviour say;
"You've helped My work along to-day."
I'd like that. Wouldn't you?

-Selected-

What Would It Profit?

If all the riches of this world were mine,
And all the lovely gems that brightly shine;
If I possessed a large estate and grand,
And choicest fruitful fields, and timber-land:
What would it profit me, if death should call,
And I should be compelled to leave it all.
If I could somehow win this world's applause,
And rise to lofty heights in some great cause;
If I could have my fondest hopes fulfilled,
And with the prestige won be greatly thrilled:
What would it profit if I reached my goal,
And then should die in sin, and lose my soul?
If I could boast myself of noble birth,
And consort with the greatest ones of earth;
If I could make some friends in every land,
And find in every place an outstretched hand:
How dreadful in the end would be my lot,
If Christ should then declare, "I know you not!"
If I should build my earthly mansion strong,
And entertain my soul with mirth and song;
And spend my life in luxury and ease;
And always seek my wilful self to please:
What would I do at last, and whither flee?
If God my Judge should say, Depart from Me!"

Timely Advice

If you are IMPATIENT, sit down quietly and have a talk with JOB.
If you are just a little STRONG-HEADED, Go and see MOSES.
If you are getting a little WEAK-KNEED, take a look at ELIJAH.
If there is no SONG IN YOUR HEART, listen to DAVID.
If you are getting LAZY, watch JAMES.

We mutter and splutter, we fume and we spurt;
We mumble and grumble, our feelings get hurt;
We can't understand things, our vision grows dim,
When all that we need is a moment with Him.

ful experience I had ever had. That night I was gloriously saved! My doubts and my fears fled like the wind, and from that hour to the present I have never wondered for one instant about my salvation.

My conversion took place in the headquarters of the godless movement

I was literally a "brand plucked from the burning." The experiences of Mr. Charles and myself were the most astounding things that ever happened in the atheistic movement of the Pacific Coast. To-day— I am combating atheism in every way possible, and trying by all means to win the lost to the Saviour.

—"Your Answer."

Faith is doubt turned inside out.

It Costs Too Much

"It cost too much," men say about the church,
And shake their heads, and murmur.
It costs too much —
The Son who might have shared eternity with God
Found shelter in a cave with sheep;
He bore the taunts and gibes of men
Who might have heard instead angelic praise;
Who hung upon a cross and gave His life
Who justly might condemn each man of all mankind
To utmost death;
And still He bears the burden of each soul,
Lifting and striving with it upward,
Tortured by its sin, its shame, its selfishness,
Until at last redemption is complete.
It costs too much?
All that we are and have, and all our lives
Are little worth
Beside one moment of the cost He bears for us.

—James Asa Johnson—

He Works His Wonders

How can we say,
"Where is the God of love?"
Can we not see
He works His wonders
Even in the sea; the storm;
In famine and in peril;
In pestilence and in darkness;
In the heavens; in the clouds;
In the rain and in the harvest;
In the whirlwind.
The glory of His majesty
Rings in the thunder,
Whispers with the winds,
And echoes in the mountains.
His voice in rolling waters
Breaks on every shore.
Even the trees are singing,
And the birds have found a home
In their arms.
The sun shines forth in brightness
Enriching its whole domain.
All nature rejoices,
And nothing dies
Except it strengthens
Something else to live.
He works His wonders everywhere
In the earth and sky;
In the deep and in the mountains;
Yet this is not enough:
He reaches out His own hands,
Loving us fondly, loving us greatly,
And gives us of himself.

Jean Lipscomb

Don't Quit

You did your level best, you say?
Yet you were criticized?
And now you're thinking, "What's the use?"
Ah, well, I'm not surprised.
But try again! The task is great;
'Twill take a ton of grit.
But you can do it—never fear—
If you refuse to quit!

You'll stumble often, I suppose.
Perhaps you'll even fall.
But if you quickly rise again
It will not count at all.
You'll maybe shed some salty tears,
But tears won't hurt a bit
If you will gather up your pluck—
And still refuse to quit!

Part of the Lord's work rests on you,
And it is His command
That you shall use as best you can
That talent in your hand.
Although to you it seems so small,
Be faithful—do your bit.
Trust God, and work with all your might,
And never, never quit!!

—Selected

For Every Day

Every moment
in His love
Every step
in His strength
Every thought
in His keeping
Every word
in His praise
Every act
to His glory.

James H. Taylor

He who does a great deed to be noticed
will not be blessed as much as he who
does a little deed to be helpful.

He who gives when he is asked has
waited too long.

Please

When writing to the HERALD of HOPE,
ALWAYS write your name and address
clearly on the outside of the envelope.

The Devil's Vision

The Devil once said,
To his demons below,
"Our work is progressing
Entirely too slow;
The Holiness people
Stand in our way,
Since they don't believe
In the show or the play.

They teach that the carnival,
Circus and dance,
The tavern and honk-tonk
With games of chance,
Drinking and smoking,
These things are all wrong;
That Christians don't mix
With the ungodly throng.

They're quick to condemn
Everything that we do;
To cause unbelievers
To be not a few.
They claim that these things
Are all of the devil,
That Christian folk live
On a much higher level.

Now fellows, their theology,
While perfectly true,
Is blocking the work
We are trying to do.
We'll have to get busy
And figure a plan
That will change their standards
As fast as we can.

Now, I have a vision
Of what we can do;
Hearken . . . I'll tell
This deception to you,
Then find me a wise
But degenerate man
Whom I can use
To help work out this plan.

There's nothing so real
As the thing you can see;
The eyes and the mind
And the heart will agree.
So what can be better
Than an object to view?
I say it will work
And convince not a few.

The home is the place
For this sinful device;
The people deceived
Will think it quite nice.
The world will possess it
Most Christians can't tell
That it's all of the devil
And was plotted in hell.

We'll sell them with pictures
Of the latest of news,
And while they're still looking
We'll advertize booze.
At the soul-damning cigarette
Also they'll look,
Until they forget
What God says in His Book.

At first it will shock them
They'll seem in a haze;
But soon they'll be hardened
And continue to gaze.
We'll give them some gospel
That isn't too strong,
And a few sacred songs
To string them along.

They'll take in the ads
With the latest of fashions,
And soon watch the shows
That stir evil passions.
Murder and love-making
Scenes they'll behold,
Until in their souls
They are bitterly cold.

The "old family altar"
Which once held such charm
Will soon lose its place
Without much alarm.
Praying in secret
Will also be lost,
As they look at the screen
Without counting the cost.

The compromise preachers
Who don't take their stand
Will embrace this new vision
And think it is grand.
They'll help fool the people
And cause them to sin
By seeking this evil
And taking it in.

Influence is great,
And this you can see.
Just look at my fall,
And you'll have to agree.
It won't take too long
My demons to tell
That the vision of Satan
Will populate hell.

Divorce will increase,
Sex-crimes will abound;
Much innocent blood
Will be spilled on the ground.
The home will be damned
In short order I say,

A Whisky Song

Sing a song of whisky,
A pocket without pence;
A purse that's always empty.
A head that has no sense.
Four and twenty jail birds
Under lock and key,
Curse the drink that cost them
The birthright of the free.
When their cells were opened
Drinking more and more;
A drunkard's life behind them,
A drunkard's life before.
The brewer in his counting-house
Is counting out his money;
The barman in his parlor
Is eating others' honey.
While starving little children,
And women lean and poor,
In rags and broken hearted,
Beg from door to door.
Sing a song of whisky,
Sound it all the time;
The horrid song of whisky—
Sorrow, sin and crime.

The tavern keeper likes the drunkard,
but he does not want him for a son-in-law.
—Greek Primer

A True Tale of The Cigaret

Henry Burnside Smith

"How do you do, children?" I ventured pleasantly as I looked into two tiny faces smeared with grime and dirt. They looked up quickly, but my greeting elicited no response.

"What is your name, my boy?"
"Charley Vance, and her name is Mary Vance."

The big brown eyes of the small speaker sparkled.

"How old are you, Charley?"
"I will be thix my next birthday." The little fellow suddenly turned as if to beat a retreat. As he did so I saw partly concealed in the hand behind him a half dozen white cigaret stubs.

"What do you do with those things, Charley?"

The tiny bit of humanity hung his head, and for a few moments he seemed intent on making toe-prints in the slime of the alley in which unsavory spot our conversation was taking place.

"Smokes 'em," volunteered the sister, slightly annoyed at his failure to reply.
"Who smokes them?" I inquired with much concern.

"He does," and she nodded knowingly toward the diminutive lad.

I stepped to Charley's side and laid my hand gently on his tousled head. I could find no voice to speak.

"Charley, I am your friend. I want you to grow up to be a good man. Won't you throw away the cigaret stubs and promise me that you won't smoke any more. These little things you have in your hand will poison you, child. They will bring you ill health and will keep you from growing into a splendid, strong boy."

The chubby fingers relaxed slowly and the stubs fell to the ground. Charley, however, could not be induced to say another word.

"Thank you for throwing them away," I added, as I went my way.

That evening as I sat in my home, my own six-year-old clambered over my lap. I drew him to me with a close embrace but my heart was very heavy for the little boy with whom I had talked in the alley.

Twelve years have passed and I still reside in the same western city where I am a high school teacher.

"What is your name?" I asked a sal-low-faced boy for enrollment in the Central High School. He was undersized but

When this vision of mine
Comes in to stay.

Get busy, my cohorts,
And put this thing out;
We'll see if the Church
Can continue to shout.
The holiness people
Who stand in our way
Will soon hush their crying
Against show and play.

We'll cover the earth
With this "Devil-vision"
Though we'll camouflage it
With the name "Television."
The people will think
They are getting a treat,
Till the antichrist comes
And takes over his seat.

He'll then rule the world
While the viewers behold
The face of "the Beast"
To whom they were sold.
We'll win through deception
This cannot fail.
Though some "holiness" preachers
Against it will rail.

—Rev. John C. Woodward
Pilgrim Tract Society, Randlemann, N.C.

The Mysterious Horsemen

In a wild and lawless district in Scotland there lived some years ago a pious clergyman, who was sent for one day to visit a dying person. At once he prepared his horse and set off on his way to the cottage; but that way was through a dark, lonely forest, reported to be infested with robbers. The good man rode into the forest, no doubt committing himself to the care of his God; but suddenly a fear came over him that he was in great danger, and he alighted from his horse and knelt down imploring God to protect him. He then remounted and rode on.

The visit was made, the good man was protected and nothing more was heard about that night till long years afterwards. Then came a wonderful explanation of that protection, in a way little dreamt of by him who was the object of it. Again he was sent for to visit a dying man not far from the dark, wild forest, and again the good man set off to obey the summons.

When he arrived at the spot, he was greeted by the sufferer as one who knew him well. "You don't know me, Sir, but I know you. Do you remember being sent for years ago to visit someone who was dying? And do you remember riding through the forest, and when you were in the middle of it getting off your horse to kneel upon the ground and pray? I was lying in wait with some others to attack you. I saw you riding, and I saw you stop and dismount, and kneel and pray. I did not care a straw for your prayers; but one thing I never could get over. Where, Sir, did those two horsemen come from who rode one on each side of you after you had offered that prayer?"

The good man could give no reply, for he had never seen them; the only explanation of it was that they were the angels of the Lord, who ever "encamp around the servants of the Lord and deliver them." How delightful is the thought to the Christian, that he is guarded from all harm, both from earthly and spiritual foes, by the shining warriors of God.

had the appearance of being two or three years older than the rest of the new boys.

"Charles Vance," he said hesitatingly, and shrank back as if he were an intruder. He was all unnerved, and I respected for the present his evident anxiety to escape further questioning.

"Charles Vance!" I sat for a few moments dumb-founded. A thousand times I had thought of the name, "Charley Vance."

I enrolled him in my class and did all that I could to cultivate his acquaintance. I found him obedient and willing to do his best; but he could not get his lessons: I tried to help him and was always on the alert not to subject him to any embarrassment. I asked him the easiest questions, but his staring eyes and trembling, white lips as he attempted to respond, evoked my pity. I was at a loss to know what to do. He had been in school a month when one morning he stepped into my room a half hour before school time.

"Mr. Smith. I have my Latin lesson all right this time. I studied it until eleven last night. Won't you be sure to call on me today?" His face brightened as one in sight of victory.

I expressed my pleasure, and was glad of the opportunity of adding a word of encouragement.

He came to the recitation with a happy countenance. I waited to be sure to give him the joy of reciting successfully, as he had anticipated. After asking a number of questions of the various members of the class, I turned to Charles with one which I felt sure he could not miss.

To my surprise he faltered; his look changed to a vacant stare. For a moment he moved uneasily in his seat, and then, quick as a flash, he sprang to his feet, and started toward the door. I shall never forget the demon-like glare of his eyes. They looked like two balls of fire. The dark lines beneath were a striking contrast to the pallor of his cheek. His metallic voice shrieked out an oath, which was followed by a rapid volley of unintelligible syllables, and then he bounded from the room. It was his last day of school. He was a wreck both in body and mind.

Three weeks later I glanced over a morning paper and read under the death notices these pathetic words. "Charles Vance, aged seventeen." I chanced to have some acquaintance with the family physician and mentioned the matter to him. He told me that Charles was a victim of nicotine poisoning and that the parents had given their testimony that the awful habit which had ruined his life, had its inception when he was a child upon the streets five years of age.

"The Bible Friend"

If you must make mistakes, it will be more to your credit if you make a new one each time.

The False Revival

He wanted revival upon his own terms;
He opened his meetings for fame he
most yearned;
He crowded the Temple, and how people
sang;

With laughter and merriment, how
those walls rang!
But those meetings ended with folks
as they were;

But in all of those people, not a
soul made a stir;

They lived just as loosely as they'd
done before,

Without loving the Lord or His Word
a whit more.

It was just another meeting that
pleased carnal men;

No spiritual refreshing that there
ought to have been;

And the numbers it added to the church
are of doubt

For to meetings of prayer they do not
come out.

God save us from futile revivals as
these;

We need one that puts men right down
on their knees.

We need one that makes people live
in the Book

And leads them to pray and live as they
should.

—Selected

Where Is God's Power?

A city full of churches
Great preachers, lettered men,
Grand music, choirs and organs;
If these all fail, what then?
Good workers, eager, earnest,
Who labour hour by hour:
But where, oh where, my brother,
Is God's Almighty power?

Refinement: education!

They want the very best.
Their plans and schemes are perfect,
They give themselves no rest;
They get the best of talent,
They try their uttermost,
But what they need, my brother,
Is God the Holy Ghost!

We may spend time and money
And preach from wisdom's lore,
But education only
Will keep God's people poor.
God wants not worldly wisdom,
He seeks no smiles to win;
But what is needed, brother,
Is that we deal with sin!

It is the Holy Spirit,
That quickeneth the soul.
God will not take man-worship,
Nor bow to man's control.
No human innovation,
No skill, or worldly art,
Can give a true repentance,
Or break the sinner's heart.

We may have human wisdom,
Grand singing, great success;
There may be fine equipment,
But these things do not bless.
God wants a pure, clean vessel,
Anointed lips and true,
A man filled with the Spirit,
To speak His message through.

Great God, revive us truly!
And keep us every day;
That men may all acknowledge,
We live just as we pray.
The Lord's hand is not shortened,
He still delights to bless,
If we depart from evil
And all our sins confess.

—Samuel Stevenson

A Bishop's Conversion

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, was converted when an undergraduate in Oxford, by the eighth verse of the second chapter of Ephesians, which was read in his hearing in church, with a pause between each clause, by a stranger whom he never knew. "By Grace—are ye saved—through faith;—and that—not of yourselves—it is the gift of God."

Do not expect a thousand-dollar answer to a ten-cent prayer.

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