

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

November-December, 1961

No. 6

Jesus Saves — Jesus Heals

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, . . . Titus 2:11.

". . . by grace are ye saved . . . " Eph. 2:8.

". . . God is able to make all grace abound toward you; . . . " 2 Cor. 9:8.

". . . know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . " 2 Cor. 8:9

". . . justified freely by His grace through . . . redemption . . . " Rom. 3:24.

". . . the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" Isa. 53:6.

". . . He was wounded . . . He was bruised . . . and with His stripes we are healed" Isa. 53:5.

AMAZING GRACE

By Cora L. Vinal

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8:9). This world must have departed far from God to require such an infinite sacrifice. It must have been utterly bankrupt and ruined. And so it was. Through disobedience the whole human race had been sold out to sin and death. Man could not redeem himself. He could not save himself from his lost condition. He could not make himself worthy of eternal life. But God, "Who is rich in mercy" provided a way of salvation by the gift of His Son. And the amazing grace of the Son has been made known in the text: "He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

How rich was our Lord in reality? Take a trip up through the great outer spaces far beyond the sun. Keep traveling until you reach that wonderful realm where God reigns supreme. Take a good look at the grandeur and beauty of that heavenly country. Visit with the angels and arch-angels, and inquire about the riches of Christ in glory, the incorruptible riches of the eternal ages. Think what it would mean to dwell in the Father's blessed presence in perfect fellowship and oneness. And then consider how unsearchable must be the riches belonging to Jesus Christ. For our Lord is the rightful heir to the infinite wealth of this great universe.

But, "for your sakes He became poor." How poor did He become? Look around upon this sin-marred world. Seek out the most needy ones of all mankind. Go to the depths of human misery. Become acquainted with the multiplied afflictions of all the people of earth. Follow the bereaved ones to the silent resting places of their dead. Go where you will throughout the habitations of lost and dying men. And then consider that our Lord took upon Himself the likeness of fallen humanity, and condescended to walk as a fellow pilgrim along the dangerous pathways of earth. He knew what it was to be without a place to lay His head, and to be severely tempted and tried. And all because He loved this world enough to become closely associated with its sufferings and sorrows. "And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. 2:8).

Why did He make such a costly sacrifice? "That ye through His poverty might be rich." How rich? Ask the ones that have received the forgiveness of sins, and the ones whose names have been written in the Lamb's book of life. Ask the ones that have been made children of God, and the ones that have an eternal inheritance in the world to come. Ask the ones that have received the promise of the Father, even the Spirit of truth, the blessed Comforter. Ask the ones that can walk through the valley of the shadow of death without fear or sadness. Such ones have been made rich indeed. Was it because they were more righteous than others, or more highly-educated? No. Was it because they had by some means made themselves more worthy? No. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3:23, 24).

Such is the amazing grace of our wonderful Lord. Not willing that any should perish, He gave His own life a ransom for all. Not willing to leave us in the cruel clutches of the enemy, He came from heaven to rescue us. Not willing that we

should suffer the awful consequences of our own wrong-doings, He gave His back to the smiters and suffered in our stead. "All we like sheep have gone astray—and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53:6). What an exceeding heavy load to bear, even the sum total of all the sins of mankind from the garden of Eden to the end of time. And all because He loved the souls of men. How many crimes had He ever committed? Not one. How many persons had He ever harmed or derided? Not one. How many times had He allowed the cry of distress to go unheeded? Not one time. Had He ever displeased the Father by taking His own way? Never. He deserved no punishment. "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities . . . and with His stripes we are healed."

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9). A gift cannot be earned; it must be received. And grace cannot be merited; but it can be allowed to change the whole heart and life of the believer. It is a most effective remedy for a sin-sick soul. The song-writer has expressed it thus: "Amazing grace! how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see!" Grace is God expending Himself upon His wayward creation. For the Creator did not send the angels to instruct His earthly creatures how to serve Him; but He was "in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. 9:8). God is able to take all of His infinite love and kindness, all of the riches in heavenly places, all that the sufferings and death of His Son affords, and make it all to abound toward His redeemed children. An ever-abounding sufficiency for every possible need. But not that we might glory in it, nor keep it shut up to ourselves, nor to expend it upon our own particular church circle. In that case we might sooner or later become like Laodicea, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." But God gives an abundant supply, that we may abound to every good work, and that we may become channels of blessing to this greatly troubled world.

What shall we render therefore in return for such unmerited favor? Perhaps some readers have heard the story about the American Indian, who first brought his tomahawk to God, then his blanket, and then his pony, only to find that such gifts were not sufficient, and so finally brought himself. Shall we offer to God some small portion of our possessions? Or something that we can do very well without? Shall we offer to Him whatever is left of our time and strength after we have gratified our own desires? Or shall we think to please Him by placing a few paltry dollars on the church offering-plate while we live extravagantly? Shall we hope to have an eternal inheritance in glory while the judgment-bound multitudes of earth are allowed to perish for want of the Gospel?

What is the first and most acceptable offering that we can possibly bring to the altar of sacrifices? It is written thus: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12:1). A living sacrifice unto God! A yielded will! A blameless life! A whole-hearted devotion! All that we are, or ever shall be, to be His own possession, and to be ever at His disposal. Will that

suffice to pay the debt of love that we owe to God our Saviour? Hardly. But it does bring us into a blessed and holy relationship with Himself. And because of Calvary we are accepted and made to share in His own righteousness.

Wonderful grace of Jesus! How it challenges us to arise from our human frailties and limitations! How it moves us to a willing and glad obedience! How it constrains us to forsake our own self-centered activities to render some worthwhile ministry for Christ! How it touches our hearts with such divine compassion that life is not worth living except we can somehow help others to know Him! For this is a desperately needy world, a sick and suffering world, and the day of grace is swiftly coming to an end.

Again we read: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world . . ." (Tit. 2:11-14). Grace teaches us some very excellent things. It makes the best kind of worldly education seem cheap and inadequate. Grace produces the most noble traits of character, and promotes the highest standards of living, ever known among men. Grace reaches down into the very depths of human undoneness and makes the repentant sinner to become a member of the family of God by a new birth. Think of the riches involved in that wonderful relationship! The poorest of the poor can become rich beyond measure by receiving Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. As it is written: "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name . . ." (Jn. 1:11-13). "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 Jn. 5:11, 12). Receive Him today, accept His grace, and live eternally.

Silent Meditation

To be able to face criticism, mistreatment, or ill will without any desire to retaliate is one of Christ's richest gifts to His people. Millions are shackled by grudges and resentments. But Christ would have none to be thus imprisoned.

When we see the lillies spinning in distress,

Taking thought to manufacture loveliness

When we see the birds all building barns for store

'Twill be time for us to sorrow, not before.

Chosen

By Ethel McPherson

Military parades never seem to lose their attraction. The pomp, the glitter, the perfect rhythm of stately stepping, accompanied by martial music, attract young and old alike. Who among those answering the call to national service will be the **chosen ones** for leadership? Many are called, then few chosen for sacrificial service. Jesus stated firmly that "Many are called, but few are chosen." God's call is to "who-so-ever will." Many answer the call but fail to obey. The chosen ones have counted the cost; have weighed the assets over against the liabilities and have accepted the challenge, as did the apostles, the early Christians and those who have followed in their train. What of today? The challenge was never greater for college graduates, whether in secular life, or ministerial service.

During the time of the Boxer War, a certain young man graduated from one of our eastern universities. He was an outstanding student. His personal life exemplary and he was also equipped intellectually and spiritually. He commanded respect in business, social and church life. What was it about him that left his associates with a question? Why that far away look in his eyes? Why so unconcerned about offers of remunerative positions? In the meantime applications were going out to various foreign missionary Boards, but each answer was almost identical; "Sorry but your physical condition is such we cannot accept you for foreign service." Yet, this CHOSEN servant of the Lord was not to be DIVERGED FROM HIS GOAL. His faith was tried in the fire. Fire of opposition . . . BUT GOD . . . Conscious of a definite call from the Lord to GO, this frail man was not to accept defeat nor a secondary position. He made his way to San Francisco; found a freighter going to China, and paid his fare by stoking a furnace. Psalms 1:3 was literally fulfilled in that life. After eighty years he died in China leaving his own memorial, an orphanage and school for the blind, the Bible in Chinese Braille; besides wonderful Chinese Christians whose life and work operate to this day.

These CHOSEN ones in God's army should inspire us anew and rekindle within us a holy flame, the light and warmth of which will reach TO THE UTMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH. — Voice of China & Asia.

Most of us stumble over pebbles not over mountains.

Where God guides, He provides.

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"Christ our wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

Herald Of Hope

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Box 68, Highland Park Station
Los Angeles 42, California

★ ★ ★

Paper currency sent to us from foreign countries can usually be exchanged here for United States money.

Offerings could be sent using international postal orders or bank drafts.

★ ★ ★

Many times papers, letters or books are returned to us because the return name and address was not plainly written. In every case, when writing us, print your name and address clearly on the outside of the envelope. This is especially necessary on letters from foreign countries.

★ ★ ★

As we are continually revising our file, we would be very glad if those of you who have not written to us in the past twelve months would inform us whether or not you would like your name to be kept on file to receive the HERALD OF HOPE.

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.

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6026 Echo St., Los Angeles 42, Calif.

Regular services every night

7:00 p.m.

Prayer Meeting each morning

except Sunday at 10:00 a.m.

Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

Morning Worship at 10:45 a.m.

Fellowship Meetings on the 15th of 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

Sample Copy

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.

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:

HERALD OF HOPE

Box 68, Highland Park Station
Los Angeles 42, Calif. U.S.A.

(Spanish):

HERALDO DE ESPERANZA

Box 68, Highland Park Station
Los Angeles 42, Calif. U.S.A.

(Indian): NIRIKSHANA DHUTHA

(Teluga Herald of Hope)
Address: P. Abraham Samuel
Faith Home
Bezawada 2
Andhra, India.

NAMBIKAYIN THOOTHAN

(Tamil Herald of Hope)
Address: R. Paulaseer Lawrie
19, Khan Sahib St.,
Choolaimedu,
Madras 24, S. India

PRATHIASA DHUTHAN

(Malayalam Herald of Hope)
Address: M. C. George
Gospel Home
Kula Seka Ram
Kanniakumari Dist.
S. India

(FRENCH):

L'HERAUT D'ESPERENSE

Address: Paul Van Kesteren
Menen, Belgium

To our Readers
and Prayer Band:

We are very grateful for the response to the last two issues of the Herald of Hope, in which we presented news concerning the present outpouring of the Spirit upon the Historic Churches. This great move of God is still continuing and we hope in a future issue to bring you more direct information of this Holy Ghost awakening. We believe this may well be the beginning of the last great move of God before Jesus comes for His church and tribulation darkness closes in upon the world. It is a time for all earnest hearts to turn unto the Lord.

"Since the printing of our September-October Edition, the Herald of Hope has suffered a great loss. Our Brother David Salazar, who for a number of years has cared for most of the correspondence for our Spanish paper, "Herald de Esperanza," was called home to be with the Lord.

It was a Friday night service at the "Old Pisgah" Tabernacle, and David had been on his feet giving testimony to the wonderful grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. His word of testimony and exhortation was somewhat longer than usual for it seemed he was carefully choosing his words. Little did we realize that this would be David's last utterance on earth. At the close of his testimony, the congregation arose for prayer and while prayer was being offered, David Salazar slipped out of his temple of clay and went home to be with his Lord.

We all miss David very much. He was so kind and had a smile for everyone. Every conversation with him eventually ended on his one theme; his desire to get the truth concerning Jesus to his Spanish people. He was only 61 years old when God called him home. Surely his life was not lived in vain. Many shall indeed rise up and call him blessed.

Rejoice with us in the printing of the Herald of Hope in the French language. A special announcement concerning this will appear elsewhere on this page. We are now praying toward the printing of the Herald of Hope in the German tongue. Pray with us about this also. Will you please join with us in prayer for the various language editions, that God may supply the needs and that these publications will be enabled to go out on time. Please send your offerings for the printing of these foreign Heralds of Hope to those responsible. Their names and address appear elsewhere on this page.

Our great burden still is to send this Full Gospel message throughout the world and thus help to bring home our King. Your prayers and freewill offerings will assist us to this end. The hour is so late that we have little time left. May God lead His people to cooperate with us in this last day ministry.

Send your prayer requests, testimonials of healing and love offerings to:

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

Your contributions to our work are tax deductible. Please make your checks and money orders payable to Christ Faith Mission, Inc.

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

Could We

Could we only see the goodness
Of the ones we meet each day,
We'd not stop to criticize them
As we pass along life's way.
We'd tell others of their merits,
Rather than of faults we see;
Could we only see the goodness
Much more pleasant it would be.
Could we only see the burden
Carried by our fellowman,
We would be less prone to taunt him
As this earthly sphere we span.
We would seek to aid our brother,
Could we see the load he bears;
Critics would be few and scattered
If we knew each other's cares.
Could we lift the misty curtain
Veiling those we chance to meet,
We would be more kind and gentle
To the travelers on life's street.
We would pluck the thorns that hurt them

On the great highway of life,
Make it easier for the traveler,
In this world where sin is rife.
Could we look into the future,
See those lost eternally;
We'd bestir our souls from slumber,
Cry to God incessantly.
We'd not loiter on the highway
As we plod life's dusty road;
But we'd hasten to the rescue
Of those souls near death's abode.

—Selected—

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.

"Things Just Don't Happen"

H. E. N. Snyder

Pastor, Newburgh, N. Y.

Things just don't happen to children of God,
They're part of a wonderful Plan,
The troubles, reverses, the sorrows, the rod
Are Strokes of the Great Sculptor's Hand.

When some dread accident strikes you
a blow,
And you restlessly fret and demand;
Why try so hard the mystery to know?
Its not just an accident, its planned.

Have you been dropped from a place
of power
Do you wonder and reprimand?
Don't rebel, but look to Him in that hour,
This just didn't happen, it is planned,

Persecution, tribulation, come down like
a storm,
Friends disappoint and withstand,
At last, all alone, bewildered, forlorn,
You look, and He smiles, This is planned.

Do you wonder why God to affliction
should call,
And why you must suffer and moan?
"No man should be moved by affliction,"
says Paul.
For you know it is part of the Plan.

Did some dear one sicken and finally die,
Did your heart break with anguish and woe?
Did you question your Lord and cry "My God, why?"
Don't question. He planned it just so.

Things just don't happen to children of God,
The blue print was made by His Hand.
He designed all details to conform to His Son.
So all things that happen, are Planned.

No matter what happens to those called "His Own,"
Events that are awful or grand,
Every trial of your life, He sends from His Throne,
Things just don't happen. They're Planned.

Read Romans 8:28.

I Will Not Doubt

I will not doubt though all my ships
at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts
and sails
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me.
And because I weep though these sails
are tattered,
Still I will cry, while my best hopes lie
shattered:
I trust in Thee.

I will not doubt, though all my prayers
return
Unanswered from the still, white realm
above:
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for
which I yearn.
And though at times I cannot keep from
grieving,
Yet the pure ador of my fixed believing,
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like
rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a
hive;
I will believe the heights for which I
strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain.
And though I moan and writhe beneath
my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt. Well anchored is this
faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves
every gale;
So strong its courage that it will not
quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of
death.
I do not doubt, though listening worlds
may doubt it
With my last breath. —Selected

HERALD OF HOPE IN FRENCH

We are pleased to announce the publication of the Herald of Hope in the French language. Our brother Paul Van Kesteren will be the responsible Editor, and mail will reach him at the following address:

Paul Van Kesteren, Editor
L'HERAUT D'ESPERENSE
MENEN, BELGIUM

My God bless you, Brother Paul, in this your latest effort for Christ and Souls.

IMPORTANT

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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() Please place my name on the revised mailing list.

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MY EXPERIENCES WITH A KLEPTOMANIAC

Who could have imagined that such a captivating character would turn out as he did?

By DON W. HILLIS

I would never have dreamed he was a thief! Our acquaintance had all been so friendly and casual. It started one evening at my front door. It was a Tuesday in August. "An entertainer turned salesman," was his smiling approach to me. But I was not one to be taken off my guard so easily. I prodded him about his background. "Who are you with?" I asked. It came out that he had ties with several of the largest distilleries. He also had an account with a prosperous tobacco company. "At present," he continued "I'm an agent for a leading national magazine."

So I let him come into the living room and listened to him for a couple of hours. On learning of his connections, I took pains to tell him of my Christian faith and love of Christ.

"There is no place in my life for such things as liquor or tobacco," I told him deliberately. "As a Christian, my body is the temple of the Holy Spirit." I was sure these words would bother or affront him. But no, he was totally undisturbed by my convictions. He would hold his views, I could hold mine. This status quo was to mark all our subsequent discussions.

In a light-hearted moment he slipped off on an off-color story. I was quick to inform him such things did not go in my home. In fact, I cut him off sharply.

As you may imagine, I had reservations on the truth of many of his stories. Still, I must admit his experiences often excited me. After having an interesting evening together I invited him to come back the following night. "I may have a helpful influence on him," was my naive hope.

It took my wife's words to remind me that his return visit conflicted with our church Midweek Prayer Meeting. "I should attend," I confessed, "but I must stand by the invitation I have given this friend." I shared with her some of the things he had said to me. Well, to put it lightly, she was reluctant to accept him. "I just don't trust him," she would say. She grew steadily more concerned as he took up more and more of our family life.

My entire day was boring in comparison with my evenings with this character. He had an imagination that was captivating. I would sit and laugh myself sick at all his crazy experiences. There were other times that my hair would stand on end. His scrapes with the FBI and the law were absolutely breath-taking.

If his stories were true, he was also an "extra" in motion pictures. But he couldn't talk about this without including sex. This forced me to cut him off time and time again.

Then he began to affect my teenage son Charles and my nine year old daughter, Eloise. They just couldn't wait to catch his latest quip or some hair-raising tale. They would have stayed up all hours if we had allowed it. All this distraction was hurting their studies and did their health little good. I began to worry about this fellow's presence in our home.

And then it came. The "straw that broke the camel's back." One day several of my best books turned up missing. I searched in vain for them. "This fellow may be something of a thief," I concluded. "If he is," I continued, "who can tell what else he's taken from us?"

It all looked very suspicious. The next day I was so wrought up about it I decided to check on him next door. Sure enough, he had taken things there too. I was amazed by his subtle maneuvers. They certainly confirmed my wife's original point of view.

In one home he had entered as a religious teacher. "He has revealed the truth of our modern cults," they said. Another neighbor, a salesman down the block knew him as an efficiency expert. "He's showing me the latest gimmicks," he called after me. "The sort of thing a successful salesman can put to use." He certainly has a lot of ways getting in, I concluded.

To all of these people I suggested a check of their belongings. Most of them found something missing. At one friend's home I noticed no more Christian magazines. In another the Bible had disappeared. I was surprised to hear that their Sunday and Mid-week church service time was spent with this fellow. As I left this house the husband told me their family altar was missing too.

A few days later I met this fellow entertaining at a neighbor's. He paid scant attention to me and I was glad for it. I had come to talk with their teen-age daughter about her faith in Christ. Well, this fellow monopolized the whole evening's conversation. He stole all serious thinking from her mind and heart. I was sick about it. Finally, I just had to say a word to the

The TITHE IS THE THING

Anyone who thinks about it knows that the paying of the tithe as a sign of stewardship has nothing whatever the matter with it.

It saves the Christian's self-respect. He need not apologize either for doubtful methods or inadequate results.

It conserves the energies of the church for the church's real business.

It puts a stop to the necessity of the church becoming a peddler of pies, oysters, ice cream, chicken pie, and notions.

It gives the business men of the place a new regard for the church as a business institution.

It collects itself.

It puts a quietus on all display and self-seeking one one's contributions. Nobody can get puffed up over paying his debts.

It makes the Christian's financial relation to his church a pleasure instead of a perpetual annoyance, and so does a good work on his disposition.

It is the one sure way of proving we are in earnest when we say of God that He owns all we possess.

It is the plan our Lord approved.

And, every time, everywhere, with rich churches, poor churches, city churches, country churches, little churches, big churches—it works!

—Copied

Poor givers in church work are usually lavish in their advice as to the use of church money.

"Money talks, but its owner must be the interpreter."

girl's mother about this lack of courtesy. "Oh," she exclaimed, "It's that way all the time." I found also that she had a five-year-old boy who was emotionally mal-adjusted from loss of sleep; all from this fellow's visits. I walked home deeply concerned about what I might do.

At long last I realized my visitor was afflicted with kleptomania. Like an inveterate thief, he had stolen my books, magazines and time. But the chief things missing were my close friendship with Christ and the evenings spent in talking with my friends and family. I'm sure that others are having similar experiences.

Some have lost things of real value, not trifles, but precious family things they once enjoyed together. Spiritual, social and intellectual experiences have been taken from them, replaced by only a moment's crackpot amusement.

This fellow is not at our home now. Though, if I could keep him in his place, he would be quite harmless to have around. Kleptomaniacs are not always deliberately bad. Even this one might profitably drop in with his tidbits of news and a light word or two. But you must keep your eyes open, or such a person will continually steal things from you.

I still see him now and then at my neighbor's. And he still keeps them laughing or excited hour after hour. I've been trying to recall his name so you will be alerted about him and his many subtle methods. It escapes me, and I'm not sure now that he gave it. But I will never forget his initials. They were "T.V."

I wonder: what T.V. has robbed from you. Time? Devotions? Good reading? Wholesome conversation? Church attendance? Check your list—and see! You may be very surprised at what you'll find missing!

Note: This article may be obtained in leaflet form for \$1.00 per hundred copies from H. M. Hillis, 600 Fairmont St., Glendale 3, Calif. CI 3-3226.

The 23rd Channel

The TV set is my shepherd. My spiritual growth shall want.

It maketh me to sit down and do nothing for His name's sake, because it requirith all my spare time. It keepeth me from doing my duty as a Christian, because it presenteth so many good shows that I must see.

It restoreth my knowledge of the things of the world, and keepeth me from the study of God's word. It leadeth me in the paths of failing to attend the evening worship services, and doing nothing in the Kingdom of God.

Yea, though I live to be a hundred, I shall keep on viewing my TV as long as it will work, for it is my closest companion. Its sound and its picture, they comfort me.

It presenteth entertainment before me, and keepeth me from doing important things with my family. It fills my head with ideas which differ from those set forth in the word of God.

Surely, no good thing will come of my life, because my TV offereth me no good time to do the will of God; thus I will dwell in the place of the Devil and his angels forever. —Selected.

Cheap at Twice the Price!

James Worsham says: Several times a week Z. R. Word, an old colored preacher in the hills of Alabama, would come to my office asking for money for the church and orphanage he had founded.

Finally one day I got tired of it. I said, "Parson, you are all the time making demands on my time and my pocketbook for that church and that orphanage of yours, and I'm getting tired of it. I am going to stop giving and I'm going to stop right now."

My abruptness and unusual manner surprised and hurt him. As he sat there for a few moments in silence, I watched him.

His head was smooth as a billiard ball, because a gas explosion in the mine had burnt all the hair off and it had never grown back. He had beautiful white teeth and his eyes really got on fire when he was "expounding the Word."

I recalled when I had asked him one day what the initials of his name stood for.

He answered, "Zechariah, suh."

"And what is the 'R' for?" I questioned.

He replied, "That's for the 'Riah' part."

Though lacking any formal education, he was a born orator and singer and had a wonderful memory. After hearing others preach, he would come back and deliver the same sermon to his own flock.

As I thought of these things, I felt a bit sorry for hurting his feelings. He was fumbling for his hat in an embarrassed manner.

Finally he looked up. Haltingly he said, "Mr. Jim, I'd just like to tell you something. I think I understand exactly how you feel. I once had a little boy and he was always making demands on my time and my pocketbook. It was a nickel here and a dime there and a quarter some place else. There never seemed to be any let-up. I was everlastingly being called upon for candy, peanuts, a pair of shoes, a hat, a suit of clothes, and many other things. Just when I thot I had him all fixed up I had it to do all over again."

"He'd make demands on my time, too. In the evening when I was all tired and worn out from my work in the mines, he'd climb upon my knee and I'd have to tell him stories. But, Mr. Jim, my little boy doesn't make any more demands on my pocketbook." He paused a few moments before he went on. "My little boy is dead."

Then directly he resumed, "Mr. Jim, when this colored man's church is dead, when they have nailed up the doors and boarded up the windows, there'll be no demands made on your time or your pocketbook. But as long as it's a living force in this community; as long as that little orphanage sits up there on the hill with its doors open to the little helpless black folks of Alabama, it will not only make demands on your time and your pocketbook, but these demands may be greater as the years go by."

He got up and stood for a few moments, gazing through the window at Red Mountain, and then slowly walked down the steps into the afternoon sunshine with \$20 more than when he came in.

To this day, when I get exasperated at so many demands on my time and my pocketbook from churches, missionaries and other Christian organizations, I think of that man and I say to myself, "When Communism has nailed up the doors and boarded up the windows of every church here, there will be no demands on my pocketbook. Then I would wish I had had given ten times as much."

—Cyrus Osterhus

Someone has defined "money" in this way: a medium of exchange that purchases most everything vital to human existence with the two great exceptions, namely—HAPPINESS AND HEAVEN!

If all who rob God were immediately locked up, many preachers would have to conduct their meetings in jail.

God's man is more than a moral soul Who lives a life that his friends extol, Who pays his debts when his debts are due

Whose wife will vow that he's not untrue. God's man is more than a man who stands

Saluting the Lord and His great commands,

Who reads the Bible and kneels to pray And goes to church on the holy day. God's man is the man whom Christ has freed

From sin and guilt and the grip of greed; Who counts as gain all the earthly loss Which he must suffer to gain the Cross.

It's nice to be important, but it's also important to be nice.

Secret Society for Mothers

How I should like to start a Secret Society for Mothers! No coffee party meetings, no selling tickets to fashion shows, etc.! Just try (how well I know it isn't easy) and abide by the following suggestions:

1. Get up earlier and have time for a peaceful, wholesome breakfast with your family.

2. Give your child the joy of seeing, hearing, and knowing the world around him by persuading him to walk whenever possible to his destination.

3. Be there when your child comes home from school. If this is impossible, leave cookies, sandwiches, or just a bowl of fruit with a loving note telling your whereabouts.

4. Reach for the Bible instead of a fashion magazine sometime during the day and choose a verse to say quietly before the evening meal. If you prefer, say a spontaneous thanksgiving and encourage all the members of your family to take turns in this daily ritual.

5. Be firm and always see to it that all chores and homework are finished before going out or watching TV.

6. Go to church regularly as a family.

7. Remember that a becoming dress or fresh blouse and neat skirt dignifies your incomparable role as mother.

8. Try to keep your voice low and loving at all times.

9. Remember that the off-color stories and gossip you may have heard during the day must not be repeated before young ears.

10. Ask God each day to help you understand the difference between selfish love and objective love which allows your child to develop a sense of security, yet permits your child to grow into a responsible, independent human being.

—Lucy H. Dean

Christian Science Monitor

Ask New Teen Tag

WASHINGTON, D. C.—FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover would like to see the term "juvenile delinquency" banished. He would label teen-age gangsterism "youthful criminality."

In a message to all law enforcement officials today, Hoover said:

"The depredations of young criminals start at home and can more accurately be attributed to 'adult' delinquency."

"At the same time, the brutality of the crimes committed by teen-agers certainly pales the all-inclusive pampering, palliative phase of 'juvenile delinquency,' which is used today."

More people are run down by gossip than autos.

A. G. Ward

The life of the late Brother A. G. Ward of Canada was filled with many instances of God's provision as he and Mrs. Ward put their implicit trust in Him. Of one occasion he wrote, "It was Saturday morning, the time for getting Sunday provisions, but there was no money with which to buy food and our cupboard was bare. I felt the situation keenly. My wife, walking across the bedroom floor, had her attention drawn to a penny lying on the carpet. She stooped, and picked it up. Then she saw another penny, and still another. She looked up and asked the Lord what lesson He had for her in finding these pennies. He said: 'My child, I want you to know that if need be I can turn every spot in the carpet into money, and that I can keep you and your family in the city quite independent of human help.'

"Soon there was a knock on the front door. When I opened it, a strange woman stood before me. She asked if I were Pastor Ward. She said, 'This morning the Lord spoke to me in my home' (her home was several miles away) 'and told me I was to go out and locate Pastor Ward and give him a sum of money.' She gave the money to me. I never learned who the woman was; but that was the beginning of the fulfillment of what God had spoken to my wife's heart only an hour earlier, and for four years following He provided for us in that city without anyone knowing how much we received or where it came from."

A short time before his Homegoing, Brother Ward was visited by a friend who referred very sympathetically to the great pain he was suffering. Brother Ward turned his piercing eyes on him and said, "It's part of my training. My Father is getting me ready to sing in the choir of heaven."

—The Pentecostal Evangel

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (St. John 3:16)

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.

GOD IS GOOD

Like previous years in which you have prayed for her, my wife is keeping fine in childbirth. We thank you for praying for our son while he was yet unborn, that God may bless him. God has indeed blessed him, for he is very happy, and is growing well. —V. & C. L., Tobago, West Indies

BURDENS ROLLED AWAY

Your praying for me helped me a lot. All my burdens rolled away. I am trusting in the Lord for each day. —A. S., Gasperville, W. I.

HUSBAND NOW A BLESSING

I wrote you in 1959 for prayer. My husband was troubled, would not stay at home, and was fretful to his family. He stays at home now and is nice to his family. —A. M. M., Unadilla, Ga.

STOMACH TROUBLE GONE

I wrote you sometime ago for prayer for my stomach, and for my Mother. I can truly say that God has really healed my Mother, and I have no more trouble with my stomach. —E. C., Greensboro, N. C.

BLESSINGS

I had written to you all sometime ago and received answer and the cloth, too. I was greatly healed of my illness and troubles. I thanked God for doing me a grand work down in my soul. —A. M. R., Jamaica, B.W.I.

BLESSINGS

Since I have been wearing the cloth that you sent me I am happily married and have a year round job. —J. M., Fairmont, N. C.

HUSBAND RECEIVES JOB

Thank you much for your prayers. My home is more peaceful. My husband is changing; he has given his heart to Jesus and the ugly, disagreeable ways he had before are gone. —T. B., Flanagin Town, Jamaica.

CHILD'S HEAD BECOMES NORMAL

I had a baby grandson that had R. H. negative blood, also a head that was hydrocephalus in shape. I prayed continually and asked your prayers also. Today he is fifteen months old, has a good weight and color and a well-shaped head as normal as any child. —Mrs. D. A., Houston, Texas

DESIRE GRANTED

I wrote you to pray for me that the dear Lord may lead me to some good people to work for, and God has answered our prayers. I work for a couple and they are nice people and I am so very glad to be with them. —M. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HEALED OF CANCER

I know faith and the prayers of the Herald of Hope people saved my niece when she had cancer and was expected to die any time. —Mrs. M. J., Buffalo, Wyo.

STILL FREE OF ARTHRITIS

Praise God, I am still free of arthritis by releasing my faith and using your prayer cloth in 1958. —J. K.

PEACE IN HOME

I want to thank you so much for remembering us in your prayer. God has abundantly blessed our home with peace. —Mrs. T. G., Hope, Ark.

HEALED OF LIVER TROUBLE

My little boy who was sick in July with what the doctor said was liver trouble, is fine; hasn't been sick since. He is the happiest and jolliest child in our household. —Mrs. M.B., Henderson, Texas.

GOD WORKING

I can feel the power of God working in my home, because my husband isn't as cross as he used to be. My greatest pleasure is to continue receiving your Herald of Hope. —Mrs. V.U.B., Kingston, Jamaica

HEALED OF ASTHMA & MALARIA

I have asked you to pray for my husband to be healed of asthma and malaria. Thank God, now he has been completely free from these. —Mrs. P.F., Trivandrum, India.

GOD DOES WORK

Some while back I received a packet with powerful tracts which have moved me tremendously, to such an extent that I confess before my Lord all my shortcomings and outright negligence before Him. Praise God, I have resolved to wake up and be refilled with the Holy Spirit. What is mystifying is where you obtained my very much changed address, since no one knew my last one. So I know it is God somewhere along the line and I recognize His ways of speaking to me. —O. B., Spain.

RHEUMATISM GONE

Thank you very much for the blest handkerchiefs received sometime back. I used one for my younger sister last year—she was suffering from rheumatism, but since I put the handkerchief on her chest, she was cured, and throughout the year she has been well. —Mrs. D. A., Rajasthan, India.

HEALED OF T.B. AND SAVED

Rev. O. D. came to the hospital where I was sick with T.B. and prayed with me and gave me a copy of your Herald of Hope. Believe me, Rev. D's prayer and your paper brought great blessing to me and I was healed that very same week. After reading your papers from time to time I realized more and more the power of God and His good works, and I am a new-born person in the Lord. —Z. R., Monrovia, Liberia.

MAN, WIFE HEALED

I wrote you for prayer for my husband and me and your prayer cloth brought great relief to both of us. My pressure was down when I went back to the doctor. I didn't have to take any more medicine. I do thank and praise the Lord for that. Also my husband hasn't had a hard case of indigestion any more. —Mrs. L. M. J., Alpine, Ala.

SLEEPS SOUND

When I received your paper in April I was so nervous I could not rest or sleep at night. I slept with your paper on me and now I sleep sound and rest good every night. Praise God. My nerves are so much better. —M. K., Sylvania, Ga.

MINISTER RENEWED

Sometime back I wrote to you that the devil had me poisoned and I was dying by inches and I did all the instructions you sent me and now, beloved, I am completely healed, praise God. I was near death. We had an old issue of the Herald and an unseen hand touched me and the deadly poison came out of my body. Oh, glory! Then the power of the Lord Jesus was felt around the room and a voice was heard, "I will heal My servant." I am a minister, and now I denounce the work of evil with a voice not mine. —Sr. G. M. C., Shepen, Peru, So. America.

RECLAIMED

I requested that the Lord would restore me back in holiness. Truly he has done it. I was reclaimed the next night or two after I wrote. —Sister J., Bassett City, La.

GOD IS GOOD

I had mentioned to you a sister of mine and her predicament and, praise the Lord, she is out of danger in a miraculous way, as she was not expected to live and her own children had deserted her. But your prayers were heard—they all came to see her and what is so mysterious about it is that no one had told them, for no one knew where they were. —Sra. A. C., San Isidro, Calif.

SAVED

I bless the hour in which the matchless Blood of my King brought the price of my victory, with love sublime. Much more because I am a Jew according to the flesh; but it was the Lord's sweet pleasure to show me His Divine mercy and excellent peace and joy, and I bless the day when I received your letter which so urgently I needed and by which I did find this glorious peace and joy, but over all, the Lord did guide your hands to do so, as I have had the approval of the blessed Holy Spirit which was a refreshing in my heart and to all my family. We are all out to get others, Jews and Gentiles alike, to find this joy in Christ Jesus. —Sr. M. K., Argentina, S. A.

MENTALLY FREE

I was attacked by demons that drove me mad, and the doctor ordered me to the asylum at Kingston Bellview Hospital. Thank God, while I was there a man came and prayed for us, in Jesus' name, and glory to God, I am at home now, working and free from the power of demons. —H. B., Jamaica, W. I.

PEACE AND HAPPINESS

I have found peace and happiness since you have been praying for my family and myself. —Mrs. I. P., Los Angeles, Calif.

A CHANGED HOME

I can tell you through God's great power and your prayers my home is a changed home. Great peace is in it. My husband and I are loving, and that great burden that I always had in my heart, praise God, it's gone! —Mrs. A. P., London, England.

HEALINGS

My daughter took an anointed handkerchief and prayed for a lady who was very sick and for awhile it seemed that the Lord was going to take her away, as she was so weak from hemorrhages. But immediately she was restored and is up and completely healed, praise the Lord. Another, a man who was very sick with colic so terrible that he was partially paralyzed; the doctors were sending him to the hospital for an operation. But as we placed on him the anointed handkerchief it was not long before he was healed and glorifying our Lord. —Sr. N. V., Huanrico, Peru, S.A.

ULCER ON FOOT HEALED

I received your blest cloth and the same night I received it I spread it over the ulcer on my foot, and the next morning when I woke up the ulcer had dried up and withered, just like when Jesus cursed the fig tree. —Mr. N. M., London, England.

SOME ANSWERS TO TELEPHONE PRAYERS

A minister who blacked out, is able to go about, in fact took a trip. The Lord healed a sister of nerves. N. J. got a job as a companion. A sister called saying the case was thrown out of court.

No sugar was found in a blood test. A heart was healed last week. God has helped a wife who went to pieces when her husband dropped dead after she had mistreated him. God gave her victory and rationality.

A Catholic lady has been listening to the Broadcast, and tells other people about the Broadcast.

A sister in Indianapolis received the Herald of Hope and is praising God for victory in her body.

APPRECIATES CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

Some of our brethren here have received some tracts and Heraldos which have been a great blessing to them, and they do not even think of departing from them even if they have to walk for miles to get it back. Will you be so kind as to send us all surplus literature? —Rev. G. A. O., Peru, S. A.

BAPTIZED WITH HOLY SPIRIT AND FIRE

Your prayers have been a great blessing to us, as many have been already healed of many diseases, praise the Lord, and they have requested me to write you and thank you for them, as some cannot write nor read. I thank the Lord that as I was baptized in water the Holy Spirit baptized with Fire from on High, and it seems like the Spirit is teaching me to preach the Gospel. The Spirit speaks in tongues and then gives me the interpretation. Oh, this is wonderful! —Ma/de J. G., Mexico.

EXPECTING BABY

I wrote you last year and asked you to pray for me that I may have a baby. Now I am expecting one, so I need your prayers that I may get over safe and that the child may live and grow in the sight of the Lord. —Mrs. I. E. L., Long-sight, England.

CANCER ON HAND HEALED

My aunt that had a cancer on her hand is much improved—the cancer is gone and the place is almost healed; she can eat and rest better and has gained back some weight she lost while suffering so badly.

My 16-year-old son who had rheumatic fever two years ago and was left with a heart condition, is doing real good. His doctor made a check of his heart a few days ago and said he is in fine shape; said he couldn't even hear a murmur now. —Mrs. L. B., Anderson, Ind.

LITTLE GIRL IS BLESSED

Thank you for sending the blest handkerchief and the paper, also for sending it to my little girl. She pinned the handkerchief on her, and she got her Report and it was good. She also used to wet the bed, but since she pinned it on she doesn't do it any more. —Mrs. E. H., Newfoundland, Canada.

WANTS MORE OF GOD

I am writing to you through my Senior brother in Eastern Nigeria, whom I met when I visited home a couple of months ago a really changed man. I started to ask, when I beheld the inscription on his door, "FAITH IS VICTORY," and he told me what God had done for him through your Mission work. I am really thankful to God for this change in his life. My letter now is to acquire more information from you as regards the real prayerful life. I am saved through the redeeming blood of Christ, but the devil often increases sleep in me during my prayer period, and some nights I sleep without saying my prayers. —Mr. P. A. U., Kano, Nigeria.

HEALED OF CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

God has marvelously healed my daughter of chronic constipation and headaches. I had sent to you and asked prayer for her. —Mrs. B. J., Shawnee, Okla.

SALVATION

This is my last year of confinement. I might be released on parole. Praise the Lord. I can hear the voice of the Lord yet by Brother H. J. Smith when he spoke to me and to all that were here. I have my whole life to be grateful to your ministrations, for the Lord used you to save my soul. Sr. L. F., Puerto Rico.

VERY HAPPY

I am very thankful for all the prayers and help I have received from you all through Jesus Christ. Today I am very happy . . . I am delivered like a bird from a cage. —Wolverhampton, England.

GOD ANSWERED

I sent in a petition for prayer for my daughter who was about to take up her examination at the College. Your prayers were assuredly answered. —G. E., Bond Brook, W. I.

HEALTH SO MUCH BETTER

My health is so much better since I wrote to you to pray for me. —Mrs. I. G., Toccoa, Ga.

HEMORRHAGING STOPPED

The Lord has manifested ever since you sent those packets and the letter of instructions. As I was to go to a town nearby, the Spirit of the Lord spoke in clear tongues telling me just where to go, first to a family where the lady of the house was laying with a terrible bleeding continuously for 2 weeks and she was at death's brink. Praise God, the Spirit of Jesus was there and stopped the hemorrhaging. The next one the Lord called out was a child with high fever and bronchitis. I pinned the last anointed handkerchief I had and instantly the child could breathe normally. Praise His Holy Name. And not only all this, we placed the Herald and empty packet and an anointed handkerchief in our little prayer house for a revival, and as a few of us were praising God, we saw the blessed Jesus walking around those that were gathered, and soon all were alarmed, so strange to us that we could not go home, and continued praying and praising the Lord all night. Many are coming from many places and everyone is restless, expecting more and more from the Lord. —Sr. D. L., Peru, S. A.

HEALED OF ARTHRITIS

I could hardly bend my knees; they were swollen with arthritis. Also my feet would swell to where I could hardly get my shoes on. But since I used your handkerchief and prayed, the Lord has cured me. I am happy, and thank God for his healing power. I must tell others what the Lord has done for me. —P. W., Henderson, Tex.

A JEWESS RECEIVES CHRIST

The shortening of days gives me more time to write, and it may seem strange to you people to realize that our winter is just upon us and to my wife also, who had to adjust herself, as she was born in a European country.

I thank you for sending me some weeks ago a Herald of Hope, together with some tracts and prayer cloths. We make use of them in sending on to sick persons.

I've mentioned my wife and I had previously set before you my lonely condition and lack of fellowship, with request that you pray that God may change things. It may seem strange to you, but my wife is a Jewess, born in Czechoslovakia and later resident in Vienna—that was when Hitler took control. Her story is stranger than fiction and when she told me of it I stopped her in the middle of it and read to her the 1st chapter of Ephesians. Her escape from the Nazis was God-directed and her arrival in England without a word of English, penniless except for 5/-, did that not give opportunity for God to reveal His power? Yes, and it was listening to children singing choruses which drew her, and presently she became a Christian. Later, after all the horrors of war and narrow escapes, she came to New Zealand. Ill health led her to attend a Pentecostal Mission, where she received healing from a clot in a leg. Then started a deeper life in God, and in that Mission I met her. She was alone in this country, her husband, father, mother and brothers and sister with their young children all being put in the gas chamber in Auschwitz concentration camp. So I thank God for your prayers and that I have a Christian companion. She has made wonderful progress in spiritual matters, and likes to study the Old Testament, probably because of her deep interest in the Jewish problem, having one brother who escaped to Palestine and also shortly before her own escape she was warned by a friendly Nazi woman to get her only son into Switzerland. He was one day ahead of those who would have grabbed him. She is burdened to tears at times over her only son, still a nominal Jew (of darkness) and her brother living in Haifa. They tell her that to accept Jesus as Messiah would mean loss of livelihood and for her brother, loss of Israeli citizenship. This is a wee bit of her history. Thanking you again for prayers and interest.—F. H. P. Auckland, New Zealand.

STOMACH TROUBLE AHEAD

I praise the Lord Jesus for having healed me of a stomach-ache of 30 years' standing. I received an anointed cloth from the Church where you sent 5 anointed handkerchiefs and they read to me the instructions to follow for a week. I learned them by heart. Praise God, all the pains are gone; now I can eat anything I want. Praise the Lord for His healing power.—P. I., Hidalgo N. L., Mexico.

SPIRITUAL UPLIFT

I received your most welcome letter, which was of great comfort and spiritual uplift, and thank you for the anointed handkerchiefs, also the booklet. I tell you these things have done so much for us that we can readily see the hand of God in everything you have already done. What surprises us is the way you seem to know the things that are happening to us without any other way of communication except the Lord.—C. A. deT., Rep., Dominican.

BLOOD PRESSURE DOWN

I was suffering from high blood pressure and just a few days before your last letter I consulted my physician and with very much surprise he asked me, "What is it you use in bringing down the pressure?" I know it's the work of the Lord.—Mrs. V. A. Kingston, Jamaica.

STOMACH PAINS GONE

I had written you before how I had suffered of a terrible malady of the stomach, to such agony that I couldn't stand it. At times it would draw all my breath away and I became almost dead. I had not much faith in anointed handkerchiefs, tracts, etc., for we have had many given to us from many sources and I had been prayed for many a time by most evangelists. So one night as the pain seized me again I ran to the other room and around the house, and I felt as someone had said, "Pick up the yellow envelope," and as I opened it I found the anointed kerchiefs. I applied one to my stomach and the pain was immediately gone. I began to so thank the Lord for healing me that I woke up the neighborhood. My husband thought I was mad. Oh, praise the Lord, I have not been tormented any more. Praise the Lord.—Sra. J. T. deS., Argentina, S. A.

GETS JOB

I wrote you all to pray for my husband to get a job and now he has one. My son had a bad stomach and I wrote for a handkerchief and his stomach hasn't bothered him any more. We are giving the Lord the praise.—A.T.W., —

QUICK DELIVERY

I am writing to let you know how the Lord blessed me in my delivery of a fine baby boy. It was the quickest baby I have ever had.—Mrs. M. P., Shreveport, La.

PASSES EXAM.

Last year I requested prayer for my success in the Grade III Teachers Certificate Examination, and I'm happy to tell you that God crowned me with success.—C. N., Nigeria, W. Africa.

FAITH AVAILS

I asked you to pray that my husband would be healed of arthritis, and he is better, and I believe he is going to be completely healed.—Mrs. S.S., Washington, D.C.

KIDNEYS HEALED

I wrote to you for prayers for a run-down condition and urinating blood, kidney and bladder troubles. But praise the Lord, as I read your letter and the tracts and as we also went to prayer in my church, I have discovered I am completely healed.—P.A.D., Peru, S.A.

FRONT LINE EVANGELISM

We are engaged all out in evangelism for our Lord Jesus Christ ever since the first letter to you and this is the second year, praise the Lord. Your prayers have uplifted us to such a great extent that almost everyone here has become a preacher and going out to testify of the mighty power of the Lord to save and heal. I am so glad that the Lord has honored your prayers in regard to the gifts in our church. The evil one has fought us severely, but we can see that the Lord is in His saving, healing, baptizing in the Holy Spirit just the same.—Rev. J.F.D., Sabinas Hgo, Mex.

HOME IS BLESSED

I have received the blest kerchief and I thank you for it. Since receiving it there is more peace in the home, also prosperity, also that lifelessness has gone out of my body and I have more energy.—E.F., Jamaica, B.W.I.

BORN AGAIN

Through my young daughter you are well aware of my waywardness and drunkenness, gambling and all that goes with it. I found on my inner clothing a small strip of prayer cloth that was securely sewed on. At first I did not care for it; but I went and got curious and read the Bible verses in an old Bible, and then something struck me and I knew not myself for several hours. Then all of a sudden I felt that everything was new, a new world, surroundings never noticed before and no more desire for drinks. I am happy, for I was bound by the devil for many years. Out of my chest came praises that I knew were not there before. Oh, I am so happy. Now I know of the supernatural power my daughter had read about until she was filled with the Holy Spirit. Praise God, I got it, the least of the worst of sinners, and she was inspired by what you had advised her to do, and this is what has happened. Now I boldly tell all of the saving power of Jesus Christ. All the household is so happy because I have been born again.—Sr. J. C., Nogales, Chile, S.A.

HEALED OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

I have received the blessed handkerchiefs several times for different people. The last time you sent them to me it was for my daughter. She had a nervous breakdown, but thank the good Lord, she only had to stay a few weeks in the hospital. She came home and never did have to go back any more and today she is well and taking care of her family.—Mrs. N.L., Decatur, Illinois

DOING FINE

Sometime ago I asked you to please help me to pray for my daughter whom the doctor said had cancer of the womb, but thank God, when she had the test at the hospital they did not find cancer and she now is doing just fine.—Mrs. M.H., New Baden, Ill.

CHURCH IS BLESSED

Your wonderful letter, no doubt inspired by the Holy Spirit for my joy, was exceedingly unusual. Hallelujah, so that I had to tell every one I met. The tracts have a powerful message. We had a special day in our church just reading aloud those wonderful words, and believe me, we all were blessed.—Sr. G.S., Puerto Rico

SETTLED

I remember to have written you about Bro. A.L.T. and asked you for assistance in prayer because of "that other woman." In the meantime a Brother has come from Djakarta and told us that everything in his marriage has been settled now. Bro. T. is now kinder to his wife than before! Praise be the Lord Jesus! His wife has been converted in the meantime, has been baptized in water and has received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Bro. T. wrote me that he is ready now to go out for the Lord, assisted by his wife.—Bro. F.J.E., Amboina, Indonesia

CASE SETTLED

I received your blest cloth and I can't say thanks to God enough for helping me. I asked you to pray for me about my case that I had for the past four years and which could not come to a stand still, and thank God, your prayers was answered. I won the case after I got your blest cloth, and when it came over on my side, everybody said God really helped me. Praise the Lord.—L.R.H., Kingston, W.I.

EASY DELIVERY

I am thanking you for your prayer, for safe delivery during childbirth. It was safe and easy, not more than two hours in labor, and I have twins.—S.B., Cross Roads P.O., Jamaica

PARENTS' HEARTS CHANGED

Since you have been praying for the tranquility in our home, praise God, what a change! My parents have gone with me to Church; they had been fussing with me for so long because I accepted the Lord Jesus, and was baptized with the Holy Spirit, and at that time they would have nothing of it. Sra B. C. P., Chile, S.A.

DELIVERANCE

I have been healed of sugar diabetes, over-eating gluttonous spells, heart trouble and nerves, laryngitis, bowel trouble and a demon.

HEALED OF ASTHMA

My asthma has disappeared and I am much improved. God has been so great to me; my doctor had actually given me over, but the Lord took me up and I am healed, praise be to God.—A.M.R., Kingston, W.I.

MOTHER HEALED

I am writing this to you almost a year after the receipt of the blest handkerchiefs and Herald of Hope copies. The first one to receive healing from the blest handkerchief was my Mother who, while I was preparing to address a convention, fell ill. On that very day your parcel of kerchiefs arrived and I thought it was of God in a special way. My Mother was completely healed.—Evang. G.D.S., Madras State, India

BROTHER SAVED

I'm writing a praise offering. You helped me pray for the salvation of my brother, also deliverance from liquor. Praise God, he heard and answered prayer. He has been saved about 1½ years.—International Falls, Minn.

PASSES EXAMINATION

I am writing to you with a joyful heart. I have got word from my son this week that he is successful in passing his exam.—D.A., Tobago, W.I.

HUSBAND COMES HOME

I wrote you sometime ago to pray for my husband's papers to go through so he could come home to us. The Lord answered your prayer. He got out of the Army.—Mrs. D.R., Washington, D.C.

GETS JOB

Through prayer I got a job. To begin with it was part time, but since I got the job I have been working every day, getting along fine with everyone I work with. Sometimes we don't see how we can make out, but always in the end we do.—Mr. J.W.E., Fayetteville, N.C.

BABY HEALED

Not long ago I sent in an offering and a request for a blest handkerchief. When I received this I added my prayer with it that God would just forget my request and heal a little baby of an enlarged heart. It was in the hospital at that time. It is home and doing fine now. God healed that baby through your anointed handkerchief.—R.F., Beckley, W. Va.

CHRIST IN THE HEART

I'm happy to say that Christ came into my heart with the Holy Ghost. I am very happy.—Mrs. M.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.

GOD'S BLESSINGS

I asked for prayer for my granddaughter. I pinned the healing cloth on her and her crossed eye has been very much improved; also she is doing fine. My son got a good job.—Sis. K.C., Los Angeles, Calif.

DESIRE GRANTED

I always trust in the Lord and through your help and prayer I find that all my worries are gone.—M.B., London, S.W., England

STEADY IMPROVEMENT

It is now three weeks since my husband has shown a steady improvement in health; the things that he was afraid to do you can see him doing them. Thank and praise God.—V.A., Grenada, W.I.

A JOYFUL WAY

I thank you for the Herald of Hope paper. I feel blessed as I read it. I listen to the broadcast every morning—it is a joyful way to start the day.—Mrs. W.B., Los Angeles, Calif.

HUSBAND IS SAVED

My husband has got to where he reads the Herald of Hope, too. I wrote to you quite some time ago, probably three or four years, for him to get saved. Well, praise God, the answer finally came, and he is also seeking for the Holy Ghost.—Mrs. R. T.

MENTAL DISORDER HEALED

In 1954 I was suffering from a mental disorder and wrote to you for a blest handkerchief and your prayers. God only knows how happy I am that your prayers were answered, and that I am sound in mind and body again.—Chicago, Illinois

LIVES CLOSE TO WORK NOW

The last part of April I wrote to you, requesting your prayer to help us find a house close to my husband's work. I am writing now to tell you that we found a house within a five minute drive to my husband's work, and we are very happy in it.—Mrs. P.D., Stamping Ground, Ky.

VICTORY

Surely, the work is done, although the enemy wants to bring in unbelief, yet the Lord is working marvelously on the enemy too, and I am having complete victory.

I am healed of blood pressure, terrible heart beating, growth is gone, and the demons who were bringing on the sickness are rebuked.

My maid hasn't the fits since.

My goat was ill and I put the Herald of Hope paper on it and rebuked the sickness and it's made whole.—Deeside P.O., W.I.

PASSES EXAM.

The Almighty God heard your prayers and supplication on my behalf. I successfully passed in all my examinations and am fully qualified as a senior student for the coming semester.—D.T., Monrovia, Liberia

ASTHMA CURED

Some months ago I wrote to you for a blest cloth for my sister. I thank you so very much for praying for her. Now she is completely cured. Thanks be to God for answering prayer.—J.E., Jamaica, W.I.

NO SIGN OF CANCER

I asked you all to pray for my sister that had cancer, had one operation and the doctor said she had to have another one. I wrote you all for prayer and God heard and answered. She went back to the doctor and he checked her. He told her he couldn't understand it. She needed no operation, no sign of the cancer.—Mrs. W. J. E., Winterville, N. C.

ABLE TO WORK

I am so much better now, able to work five half days and do my house work and look after my children.—Mrs. M.M.

A FRUITFUL HOUSE CALL

Have intended for sometime to write you, as I have a story to tell of what Pisgah Home did for me over 30 years ago.

It was summer of 1930 we moved into Highland Park, knew no one, unsaved and lonely. But a dear old lady from Pisgah Home started calling on me. Can't remember her last name, but her first name was Julia. Her ministry seemed to be calling on folks and leaving tracts and talking about her Lord. At that time I was unsaved. But my husband had accepted the Lord a year and a half before and I knew what it had done for him. But I couldn't see it. But this dear old Sister never failed, week in, week out, to come to my house and have a chat and always asked me to read the tracts, which I did.

One day as she was talking to another lady and myself, she said, God has shown me this neighborhood needs Cottage Prayer Meetings but no one seems willing to invite our prayer group in for service. (I wasn't a Christian, in fact, I had been in Christian Science and studied to be a practitioner for 17 years.) But something moved on me and I spoke up and said, Oh, we have a large living and dining room. You can come any time to my house. She said, We will be there coming Wednesday night.

Was I disturbed, as my husband generally got home about 2:30 P. M. to go to bed and had to be at work at 1 a. m. I didn't tell him I had opened the home to Gospel Service until the day they were to be there. I hardly knew how to tell him, but he said, Praise God, just leave my bedroom door open so I can hear the singing and preaching.

Well, bless God, from those humble little Cottage meetings I found Christ as my Saviour on Feb. 19, 1931, and have been walking on the King's Highway ever since, almost 30 years now. My husband went home to Glory two years ago in Colorado where we moved to in 1941. I am living here alone, and lonely except for my Lord. May God richly bless all of your efforts. I really enjoy the Herald of Hope.—Mrs. H. E., Maywood, Calif.

The Experience of Harald Bredeesen

Pastor, First Reformed Church,
Mount Vernon, New York

The reformed church is the Dutch equivalent of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, only the Presbyterians named themselves after their form of government and the Reformed after their theology. Both groups have the same government and the same theology. However, I grew up in a Lutheran setting. My father, grandfather, grand-uncle and cousins were all Lutheran ministers, and it was hoped that I would follow in the family tradition. But I had other plans for my life. My uncle was in Congress, and he had promised me that he would prepare a post for me in the Diplomatic Service if I would prepare for it.

If anybody had asked me at that time, "Harald, do you love God?" I would have said, "Why, of course I do." I would have been afraid to admit the real state of my mind. Actually I loved God about as much as a debtor loves his creditor, and I appreciated His presence about as much as a schoolboy, who doesn't have his lessons, appreciates the presence of his teacher.

In my last year of college, I was at church one morning. My father was preaching on a text where Peter had denied Christ, and, feeling very much the sense that he had failed his Lord, he returned to his old job of fishing. Peter and the others had been out all night and had caught nothing. That morning, rowing towards shore in the early morning light, John spied a familiar figure on the shore and he exclaimed, "It is the Lord!" And at that, Peter jumped into the water, swam ashore, and, as I visualized it that morning, cast himself at the feet of Jesus to ask His forgiveness. Jesus didn't say one single word of rebuke. He didn't say "Simon, in your moment of opportunity you denied me three times with oaths and curses." He simply asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And he repeated it three times. That morning, my father repeated this question three times, just as Jesus did. In that moment, it seemed that the pulpit, the pew, and everything else just fell aside. For the first time in my life, Jesus Christ stepped out of the Word of God into my heart, and He was asking me this question, "Harald, do you love me?"

Up to this point, I would have had to say, "Why, no, Lord, you just make me feel uncomfortable." But in the very moment that He asked me if I loved Him, He gave me a glimpse of who He was, of how altogether lovely and loving He is, and all my plans and ambitions for my life fell at His feet. I had just one desire, and that was to bring joy to the heart of Jesus!

Immediately after the service, I dashed up to the sacristy and said, "Dad, I'm going into the Lutheran ministry!" My father was overjoyed to know that he was going to have a son in the Lutheran ministry. I guess if he had known that I wasn't going to stop there he would not have been quite so happy!

That fall I entered Lutheran Theological Seminary. We had very many devout professors there who were a great blessing to me, but the man at whose feet I learned most was a Pentecostal gangster. I was hitchhiking home one day and I was picked up by this dark-complexioned young man who had headed a notorious gang in the Twin Cities. He told me that he had gotten involved in the drug traffic, and the F.B.I. had put him behind prison bars in what amounted to a life sentence. He was dying of kidney disease. He said, "Right there, on my death-bed, in the hospital prison, I began to think of the words of my godly old grandmother who had said, 'Warren, no matter how far you get from God, in your moment of need, turn to Him.' And I knew this was my last chance. I cried out, 'Jesus, save my soul!' I was lifted up off my bed. The power of God went through my body, and when I fell back on my bed, I knew that I was completely whole. And, sure enough, the prison physicians had to confirm the fact that I was completely healed. Then I was released from prison!"

Then he said, "Now, I want to hear your testimony." Up to that point I had thought I had a testimony, but it seemed as if his testimony took all the wind out of my sails. I don't know that I was aware that this man was Pentecostal, but I knew that he was in a dimension spiritually, that I had never known anything of, and that, even as I talked with him, my heart burned within me like those two men on the Emmaus road who walked unwittingly with Christ!

The next experience along this line came on my theological internship. In the Lutheran Church we have four years of college and then four years of advanced training, one of which is like a medical

internship. I had prayed that I would be under a highly spiritual minister. The Lord answered that prayer by putting me under the most coldly intellectual pastor, I trust, in the entire Lutheran Church. Because a larger portion of the large congregation were professors and students, the pastor thought he had to preach very high philosophical sermons. Most of them were far above the heads of his congregation who seemed to enjoy the thought that they had the most intelligent minister in town. One little girl, I thought, had a deeper insight, when she came home and said, "Mommy, I wish our pastor wouldn't talk so much about pillosopy."

The pastor had one thorn in his side, and that was the Assemblies of God pastor who came and set up shop in a little basement tabernacle, just a few blocks from our church. At first our pastor did not even acknowledge his existence. If he met him on the street, he wouldn't even greet him. But the time came when we could no longer ignore his presence, because some of our people were straying over to his church and never coming back.

I was given a list of derelict members to call on. The first home I came to, the wife said, "Well, it wasn't easy for me to leave the Lutheran Church. All of my family and friends were there. But when my little baby was dying of pneumonia, your pastor came and he said a prayer. Then the Assembly of God pastor came and he really laid hold of God, and didn't let go until six o'clock in the morning, when my baby coughed up an object from his lungs. And now you can see him completely healed and well!"

I thought this woman was too far gone for anything I could do for her, so I went to the next person on the list. She related that she had had a large exterior goiter. She had gone to the church to be prayed for. Nothing had happened, but in the taxicab on the way home, she had coughed up her goiter into her handbag!

The third person told me that he had been so hopelessly cross-eyed that he had to use large, telescopic lenses. He said, "They prayed for me at this little church, and, in faith, I threw away my glasses and went back on the job as a section hand. When the other men on the crew discovered the reason I wasn't wearing my glasses, they really had a field day with me, and for six weeks I went through Hell. I was getting extremely discouraged. I came up from the basement one morning, groping my way up by the hand rail, and suddenly everything came into focus. Now look at me!" And I looked at his eyes and they were completely straight. It was impossible to believe they had ever been crossed, or that they were the eyes of a man who would tell a lie!

I suppose I should have been very delighted to discover that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, as the Scripture affirms, but instead of that, I was very much upset. New truth is always upsetting, and this was particularly so because, if it were true, it would mean that I would have to re-evaluate so many of the statements that I had taken at face value, that I had been taught from earliest childhood. One of these was that the Age of Miracles was past. I thought the best way for me to find out the truth of this was through a test case.

There was in our congregation a hopelessly crippled invalid, who had suffered from very painful arthritis for eighteen years, completely confined to her wheel chair. I went into the church office and I said, "Lord, if You heal today just as You did when you were on earth in the body, then prove it to me in Your Word. I'm just going to take a Bible at random off the church library shelf, plunk it down with my eyes closed, and put my finger down. The very verse my finger strikes, I want You to tell me: 'Do You heal today, or don't You?'" It was a very naive approach, but many times God does meet us at that naive level if we are sincere. When I opened my eyes and saw the verse my finger was on, I was astonished! It was: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases!"

And so, thus armed, I went to this woman's home and told her what had happened and I asked, "Do you want me to pray for you?" She said she would be delighted. I anointed her with oil, according to the statement of James where he says, "If any of you be afflicted, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them anoint him with oil."

I remember how small my faith was at that moment. It was, I'm sure, at absolute minimum. But I'm so grateful that God never asks much faith of us. He asks just enough faith that we obey and, if we do that, we're sure that the results will cause our faith to grow.

I went back the following day with very little expectancy, and was met by a radiant housewife. She said, "Pastor, last night, for the first night in eighteen years, I had absolutely no pain." And

now the woman, instead of being a helpless, hopeless invalid, was up and around, taking care of her family.

I went back to Seminary for my last year, and I recall a sentence made by one of our most capable professors: "Boys, don't laugh at the Holy Rollers. It's quite apparent they're getting some Spiritual Vitamins which we lack!" Later on I had the opportunity to go back and share these Vitamins with him from my own personal experience!

When I got out of the Seminary, I felt that I was so deeply immersed in my churchy background that I really couldn't quite call my soul my own. I felt like a chick that had to burst its shell in order to live. So I went New York City and became Public Relations Secretary for the World Council of Christian Education, affiliated with the World Council of Churches. It has member councils in some fifty-seven different countries. This was right after the war, and it was my job to enlist men of money and influence for the reconstruction of the war-torn Christian Education Systems of Europe. I went to Washington, got resolutions introduced into Congress, spoke to President Harry Truman, and enlisted him as a sponsor. Then I got the King of England and about five or six other Heads of State, as well as Henry Ford, Ex-President Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and two hundred people of that caliber, as sponsors. All at once, the number of our contributors jumped by about 1100 per cent.

The General Secretary, of course, was delighted. He said, "Harald, we want you to think of this as your life's career. You could travel from country to country in which we have members and set up these promotion programs."

I was very much titillated about this at first. I thought "Well, here I handed over the glamour and excitement of the Diplomatic world to serve God, and now He's giving it all back to me on a silver platter." Yet within me was this still small voice which was questioning, "Is this really Christian education? Is it really Jesus Christ that these vast sums of money are being used to exalt, and to bring these children to, or is the money going to wheels within wheels, so that the organization is becoming an end in itself, rather than a means?"

I didn't want to answer that question, because I was afraid it would cost me my job. The moment that I refused to be honest with myself on this issue, it seemed as if all the creative springs within me dried up. Whereas before I had been bubbling with ideas, now it seemed as if I became absolutely arid. It really panicked me! Nobody on the staff knew what was going on within me, but I became more and more rigid until, finally, one morning, while dressing in the bathroom, I said, "God, I cannot go on this way, half for myself and half for You, or I'll split apart! I don't care what You do with my life, whether You put me to digging ditches in North Dakota or working in a state insane asylum (those were the two worst things I could think of) just so I can be sure I am where You want me to be, doing what You want me to do!" I had no great emotion. As far as I knew at the time, that prayer didn't go above the bathroom ceiling.

But that night I found myself in the hotel room of Abraham Vereide. It was around twelve o'clock. He said, "Harald, I believe God is calling you to work among world leaders. These very men, whose money and influence you have been exploiting for public relations purposes, you should be leading to Jesus Christ!" At that thought, my inwards turned to jelly. But the fact that this call had come the very night following the morning that I had handed my life over to God seemed to be more than a coincidence. So I got down on my knees and I said, "Lord, if this is a call from You, confirm it, please, in three ways: first, make Yourself real to me; lead me like a little child; and open up the doors. Lord, if You'll do these three things for me, I'll go anywhere or speak to anyone about You!"

Again, I had no great emotion. I left Vereide's room, and was walking home through the shadow of the Empire State Building, which is a very dark, deserted part of town at that time of night, and I asked, "Lord, how can You ever use me as a witness to world leaders?" I enumerated a long list of disqualifications. Just like the stroke of a bell came these words, "I have chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." And I said, "Lord, on that basis, I qualify!"

For the first time in my life, I felt completely secure! Up to this time, I had felt that everything depended on my own wits and I knew that one of these days people were going to discover how few I had, and I'd be way out on a limb. But now it was so marvelous to discover that all I had to be was a little child who didn't know what the next step was, putting my hand in the hand of an all-wise God! My heart was so filled with gratitude to God for making it all so simple, and for being able to use me, just as I was, that I had to pour out my

soul in praise, and thanksgiving, and adoration right there on the street! I couldn't sing a hymn—I just made a melody of praise and worship to God!

Suddenly, I was aware of a man walking right behind me. His face was shining. He came up and asked, "You're a Christian, aren't you?"

I answered "Yes."

He said, "I came up behind you, and the Holy Spirit said to me, 'I need that man. Speak to him.'"

I replied, "Well, who are you?"

He said, "You might think of me as the Lord's Minute Man. He has led me to give up my business and go out on a highway-byway ministry like the early disciples."

"Maybe He's led you to me," I replied. "This morning I gave my life to God, and tonight I received a call from Him, and I feel so completely inadequate to work among leaders."

And he said, "Well, the Lord has been using me in much the same strata." I was very much encouraged by the things he told me. He said, "God can lead you and open up doors in the same supernatural way. But, first, you must have the same endowment of power that the early Christians had before they were sent out, because Christ didn't send these ignorant fishermen out unprepared. He told them 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the world; but first, ye must tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high!'" He told me that what I needed was this Baptism of the Holy Spirit which would enable me to be an effective witness, and to be led by the Spirit of God, who would open the door into the realm of the Spirit.

Two hours later, I left for home, promising to meet him at Glad Tidings Tabernacle the following morning, which happened to be Sunday.

The next morning, we met at Glad Tidings Tabernacle. I don't remember the message—I just remember the altar call. The British guest minister said, "If anyone has a sense of need, let him come forward to the altar." I knew that what I needed was the infilling of the Holy Spirit. I went to the altar, and was met there by an old high school chum and classmate whom I hadn't seen for about fourteen years. And he said, "Harald, since I knew you, the Lord has saved me, and filled me with His Spirit, and now I'm an Assemblies of God Chaplain. I just got off my ship, and I believe God has brought me to this altar to meet you, to encourage you to continue your quest for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit!"

So I went to the Assemblies of God Camp Meeting at Green Lane, Pennsylvania, and it was almost like going to the Promised Land. I had never seen so many faces filled with light, and love, and joy. I thought of the early Christians of whom they said, "See how these Christians love one another." These people seemed to delight themselves in the Lord. I had never seen people really enjoy God to this extent before.

During their service, someone would frequently raise his hand and would speak in what appeared to be a very sublime foreign tongue. I had a smattering of linguistics in preparation for Diplomatic Service, consisting of about five different languages, so I knew the difference between gibberish and articulate speech. This was articulate speech, but the person had not studied the language being spoken. Then I went into the prayer room and began seeking for this infilling.

I was soon aware of how bored I was with my prayer, and of how bored God must be, and I thought how wonderful it would be to go to bed. Suddenly, I just took my soul by the scuff of the neck and said, "Lord, if it gives You any satisfaction, if it gives You any joy, I'll praise You till I drop!"

The moment I abandoned all thought of personal comfort, I suddenly found myself entering into a new dimension in which I was being borne along as if someone else was praying through me. God gave me such a glimpse of His Glory that my worship became involuntary. In that moment, it seemed as if I saw a large reservoir of limpid, pure water, while all around was a huge parched wilderness and desert. It seemed as if that water was yearning to burst its dikes to beautify that desert. But there was one bottleneck and that was Harald Bredeesen—not only my sins or my vices—just Harald Bredeesen seeking to realize himself and at the same time seeking to serve God. I said, "Jesus, make me after Thine own heart!"

The next morning, in the service, there came a glorious message in tongues, with interpretation. The Lord said to us, in effect, "Oh, my people, if you could only stand where I stand and see this world hurtling toward destruction, littered with broken, wounded hearts! I yearn to pour the healing balm of my gospel into these hearts, but to do so I must have channels, human channels, completely yielded and

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The Experience of . . . Doing The Impossible

(Continued from Page Six)

surrendered to me. Will you not yield? Oh, will you not yield?" And there was such a yearning in that voice that, for the first time in my life, I realized that our God is a heart-broken God; that the thing that breaks His heart is not the sins of the sinners, but the satisfiedness of the saints; that we are satisfied in having so little of Him and in His having so little of us!

In that moment, I caught a glimpse of the love of Christ, as if He yearned to possess me utterly. It was as a jealous lover who would not be satisfied until he had all of me. Up to that point, I had loved God with reservations. I had served Him with reservations. Therefore, I thought that He must love me with reservations. But now it seemed that my sins and failures had no more power to shut out the love of God for me than a fly speck could shut out the sun. My gratitude to Him for His love and wanting me was so great that it was unutterable. I said, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!" And my hands suddenly rose involuntarily in awe and wonder! Immediately, as if a bottle within me was uncorked, my real, innermost being that had always been inarticulate was given a voice! There poured out a torrent of words in a tongue that I had never heard before! I thought, "Lord, if this language is from you, then reveal to me what it is. I'm going to leave this place and walk in the woods."

As I walked in the woods, still speaking this tongue, I was met by a little girl about eleven years old, and she looked at me, laughingly, and said, "Why, you're speaking Polish!"

I wrote on a piece of paper, "Where is there a Polish man? I want to speak to him." I was afraid to speak in English for fear I would never be able to speak in tongues again. She led me to a man standing on the stoop of his cabin. The moment I saw him, I said inwardly, "I have never met this man before, but in Christ we are brothers." And he cried out to me, "In Polish you are saying, 'We are Brothers!'"

I was preaching at a state mental hospital, on weekends, and I went to the man who is now the clinical director and I gave him my testimony. He said, "I wish I had what you've got! I would lose professional caste with my associates if I shared with them my theories regarding some of these incurables here. But I am convinced that many of them are not split-personalities, but invading personalities from without. I have been looking for the power to cast out demons as Christ promised His church. I find only two groups who pay them even lip service. One of the groups are Roman Catholics who ordain their priesthood according to Mark 16, to a three-fold ministry of preaching the gospel, healing the sick, and casting out demons. But I think it is more of a ritual than anything else, now. The other group are the Pentecostals, who claim to have this power, and I believe they do!"

I became pastor of a Lutheran Church where I served until I was called to the First Reformed Church. The Lutherans were extremely good to me and I love them very much.

I was called to the First Reformed Church at Mount Vernon, New York, through a vision. I had just told the president of the Lutheran Church that I did not want to accept a parish ministry. I didn't feel that I was equipped for it, and that my real niche was the promotional end of the kingdom. A friend of mine called me over to her home, and told me that the night before she had seen a vision of me preaching in a church. She said after she had seen the church and the environs, a large yard, and parsonage right next to the church, she had seen my wife standing by the organ. There was a cluster of women around her and they seemed so delighted to have her as their minister's wife. Shortly thereafter, when we were called to the First Reformed Church, it turned out that this was the very church she had seen in the vision!

The Lord has enabled me to open up many doors among the "up-and-outers," which was my original calling. This church might not have seemed the best base of operation for that, but it has turned out to be so. God has performed a great many miracles, all of them direct manifestations of the Holy Spirit!

Our healing service in this church is a very free type of worship. I do not stand up in front or occupy the pulpit. I sit with the congregation and we just wait on God to minister to us through the various members of the body. We have a number of gifts operating within the church, such as gifts of revelation, prophecy, tongues, interpretation, and exhortation. We just enjoy basking in the presence of God!

Our service last Sunday lasted for two and a half hours, after which we all felt

By Harry A. Reed

As Chairman, Public Relations Committee, World Council of Christian Education, Reed sent the following recommendation of Harald Bredesen to the well-known and well-loved Lowell Thomas, who had engaged Bredesen to contact heads of Governments and other men in places of high authority in a very difficult and important assignment.

Harald Bredesen has told me that he is to do some work for you, and since I am closely associated with him as Chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the World Council of Christian Education, of which he was Secretary in charge, I am writing you this letter. Of all my acquaintances in the public relations and reporting fields, which numbers a great many people, as I have also been Chairman of the National Public Relations Committee of the YMCA, this young man is perhaps the most unique. He has ability of a very unusual sort.

When, for example, we sent him to Washington to get a statement from the President, he returned with a statement. Difficulties that would have stopped another, merely added zest to his quest. I asked him on several occasions to do things that I thought were impossible. As I recall, he did them, every one. When he encountered a stone wall that would have stopped anyone else, he refused to see the wall. I frequently said of him, when he worked with me, that he was the only person I knew who specializes in doing impossible things!

In the work that Bredesen is to do with you, or for you, whether the assignment is easy or difficult, he is likely to accomplish the mission. I think you will be pleased, and perhaps amazed, with his accomplishments. Coupled with his uncanny knack of seeing people and getting them to talk, is a deep religious experience that dominates his life. This may explain his peculiar qualifications. I can think of no better explanation!

"O the prospect it is so transporting!
Saviour, hasten Thy coming, we pray,
We sigh for the land Thou hast promised,
And the dawn of the bright endless day."

"Watchman, are you growing weary,
Watching night and watching day?
Do the hours seem long and dreary
Till the shadows flee away?
Grasp the standard, hold it firmer,
Meet the foe 'midst shot and shell,
Heavenly rest will be the sweeter
If you do your duty well."

"Christian, are thy crosses growing
Heavier, and the journey long?
Art thou saddened by the knowing
Right is conquered by the wrong?
Strive a little longer, bravely,
Although drooping spirits mourn,
Crowns will be more worth the wearing
If the cross is nobly borne."

"Here is but the time of testing,
Time of battle, tears and pain;
There the joy of sweetly resting,
Nevermore to toil again.
Let us, then, bear all the sorrow
God shall deem it wise and best;
Soon will dawn the glorious morrow,
With its sweet eternal rest."

(Author of poem unknown)
From an old Hymn book.

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.

How To Stay Young

Youth is not a time of life, it is a state of mind. We grow old only by deserting our ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the mind. Worry, selfdistrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. We are as young as our faith and as old as our doubt—as young as our self-confidence—and as old as our fear—as young as our hope and as old as our despair. —Selected

so rested, including myself as minister. We were all refreshed because it had been God who had been ministering to us, not a minister. I believe one reason so many ministers are having nervous breakdowns is that they, rather than the Holy Spirit, are carrying the burdens!

Let us, every minister of every denomination, first receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and then let us allow the Holy Spirit to minister through us! He, the Spirit of Truth, will lead us into all Truth, and will lift up Jesus, Who will draw all men unto Himself!

The Last Shall Be First!

By Thomas R. Nickel

In the Natural, it could well be said that the Episcopalians have attained a front-line position in the Pentecostal movement without intent to do so; but we are not dealing with the natural; this is a supernatural act of a sovereign God!

In addition to the testimonies and reports carried in Full Gospel Men's Voice, the January 1, 1961, issue of "The Living Church," "A Weekly Record of the News, the Work, and the Thought of the Episcopal Church," established in 1878, is heavily loaded with tremendous treatises on "Speaking in Tongues."

One of these reports is from the commission appointed by Bishop Gerald F. Burrill, of Chicago, composed of William H. Baar; William F. Maxwell, Jr.; Christopher Morley, Jr.; G. F. Tittman; William H. Nes; and Chairman J. Ralph Deppen. This commission, appointed to investigate the manifestations of speaking in tongues in the diocese, came up with six suggestions. One of these suggestions was that: "Our strongest apostolic authority is Saint Paul in I Corinthians 12:14. The principles which support his directions to the church of Corinth in the matter of spiritual speaking are valid today."

Three of the suggestions are warnings against the dangers of separatism, sectarian spirit, irrationality, emotional excess, and fondness for the new and bizarre. Two of the suggestions are: "All Christians must be ready to submit special experiences of this type to the judgment and decision of their pastors"; and "Methods of instruction and prayer which are unquestionably grounded in the Holy Scriptures and proven through centuries of Christian practice are to be given priority over methods which rest on tentative if not dubious foundations."

The commission concluded their report with a statement that the Apostle Paul, no doubt, would have been pleased to have penned in one of his Epistles: "In profound and ever-renewed humility, we must submit our judgments in these high matters to God the Holy Ghost, who leads His Church into all truth, who sustains His Church by His love. Let us strive together in patience and in love to witness to His working in us by showing forth the fruit as well as the phenomena of His working. 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.'"

Observations made in the process of the commission's investigation were recorded as follows:

(1) This is a special kind of ecstatic activity. It can become routine and imitative, but it can also be unquestionably genuine. There can be no doubt whatever that it is a practice enjoyed by certain sincere people who attribute to it the clue to a complete and desirable change in their outlook and way of life.

(2) Its participants are not theologically articulate or systematic. They are divided as to whether it is (a) a latent faculty in everyone (Christian or not), (b) a special gift only meant for some (Christian or otherwise). They seem to agree that it can be given or awakened by the laying on of hands with prayer by a group—with the earnest desire of the recipient.

(3) The practice consists of two phases: (a) a rapid, unintelligible series of utterances, eyes closed, voice quiet, body relaxed — sounding like true language in its inflections and pauses and intonations, seeming very close to various tongues which might be heard any day in the United Nations, and (b) an "interpretation" done in the same manner except in English, consisting of an introduction, "Thus saith the Lord," and an opening form of address which is always plural and affectionate in the Johannine manner, "My little ones," "Little children," "My beloved ones," followed by various admonitions and general promises or warnings, some hackneyed, some sounding rather original, concluding with "Thus saith your Lord"—after which the group joins in "Amen."

(4) It is said that it can all be private and silent, that interpretation can take place without the preliminary "tongues."

(5) Upon questioning, the participants clearly distinguish between the activity of tongues with interpretation and the work of the Spirit: that is, their indebtedness is not to the practice itself but to the sense of the power and indwelling of the Spirit Himself to which the activity attests. As is to be expected, this distinction is not likely to be firmly maintained in personal attitude and general feeling but only during the attempt at objective analysis.

(6) There is no sign of disorder, overexcitement, etc. The activity can follow,

almost immediately, light conversation and ordinary party-talk, and when all have had their turn, the resumption of casual chatter and objective observations of what has happened is instant and easy.

(7) Without exception, all the participants testify that their having discovered this faculty and their regular sharing together of it have made the most profound and permanent change in their lives from top to bottom, all day, all night; that it has launched each and every one of them into a moment-by-moment "practice of the presence of God" for which they are obviously grateful to the Lord beyond telling; that the daily routines in home and at work and play, as well as the regular practices of the Churchman's life, have all taken on new meaning and new joy and quiet excitement; that they feel in their spirit and conversation and faces the marks of real and sustained conversion to lives of faithfulness and obedience to God.

An appendix to the report under the title, "Glossolalia in the New Testament," by the Rev. William H. Nes, D. D., Professor of Homiletics, Seabury Western Theological Seminary, and a member of Bishop Burrill's investigating commission, is in the form of a commentary on the various references to speaking in tongues in the New Testament, together with an interpretation of what Paul meant in his numerous references to this phenomenon, concluding with this summary: "But behind his effort to regulate and control, and clearly fundamental to his argument, is his effort to divert the zeal for spiritual manifestations to other channels: 'Pursue the better gifts, and above all that, pursue the far more excellent way of faith, and hope, and love.' For these are the supreme charismata and the intrinsically and supremely Christian pneumatika."

In an editorial in the same issue of The Living Church, Editor Peter Day and his staff summarize the findings of the Chicago commission and conclude the editorial with these observations:

"There are two things prominent in our own thinking as we read these reports. The first is the rational, logical, factual character of Christianity. Christian faith is not based on occult knowledge or esoteric illumination or any other suspension of the mental faculties. Even though the exercise of Christian faith may bring many deep spiritual experiences, the Church's message unto salvation is, 'We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen.'

"The second is an entirely different matter. It is the fact that Christianity as Christ preached it and as the Apostles lived it was primarily 'good news to the poor.' The Churches in which Pentecostal manifestations have been taking place in recent generations seem to have carried good news to the downtrodden much more effectively than the standard brands of Christianity. We wonder whether this point has any relevance to the resurgence of speaking in tongues in the Episcopal Church!"

The Negro's Advice

A young minister received a call from two different societies at once, to become their pastor. One was rich, and able to give him a large salary, and was well united; the other was poor, and so divided that they had driven away their minister. In this condition he applied to his father for advice. An aged Negro servant who overheard what they said, made this reply: "Mister, go where there is the least money and the most devil." He took the advice, and was made the happy instrument of uniting a distracted church, and converting many souls to Christ. —Selected.

IF

If you're working, my son, for the wage of the day—Quit now.
If your job's just a job that is figured by pay—Quit now.
If your office and desk are mere incident things;
If you estimate work by the silver it brings,
And you're really a puppet controlled by the strings,—Quit now.

If you can't see the good and the real in your work—Quit now.
If duty, and faith, and ambition you shirk—Quit now.
If there's nothing of interest to glitter ahead;
If the urge to grow bigger and better has fled
Don't stand in another one's pathway, instead,—Quit now.

Please

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Parable of a Beautiful Woman

By JANELLE LACKEY

This is the parable of a beautiful woman. I closed my eyes the other day and I saw a woman—a beautiful woman—surely the most beautiful woman in all the world. She was the envy of all the other women. She was poised and graceful and her every movement was carefully observed. She was unbelievably rich.

She was extremely generous and kind. Her influence extended to all domains, and the needy children of the world found in her a real friend. When she spoke kings sat up and took notice. She was honored as no woman was ever honored. She was religious and called herself a Christian.

But there was a discrepancy in her life. Although she gave generously for religious causes, she spent five times as much for liquors of many varieties, which she consumed in great quantities. Though she could be found in church on most Sundays, during week days she could be seen in many taverns. It was thought proper for the men who represented and protected her to drink. She was a specialist in beverage alcohol and because she was a specialist she was known as a woman of "distinction." She taught her children to drink, and gradually they became the products of her teaching. Although she was the champion of liberty, many of her children became the victims of drunkenness, corruption and organized crime. When her children were asked how they felt about making this liquor legal, a great majority of them were in favor of legalized liquor. Misery and heartache were her rewards for using liquor. Her jails were full; her prisons were many and overcrowded.

Rich? Yes. Cultured and beautiful? Yes. Educated and skilled? Yes. Kind and generous? Yes. Religious? Yes. But many were beginning to wonder about this greatest of all women. Was her beauty beginning to fade? How long could she continue to be great if she insisted on using liquor? When would she fall and how very great would be her fall?

I shook myself and opened my eyes—thinking that it was all a dream. Then I realized that this woman was truly an actuality. I closed my eyes again and offered a small prayer for this great woman . . . a prayer that she would change and return to His way of life and liberty. You see, this woman is very dear to me. Her name is AMERICA.

—The Union Signal

This We Can Know About Alcohol . . .

In recent years many scientists, universities and independent groups have spent much time and money in the study of beverage alcohol and its effects—physically, emotionally, socially, economically and psychologically. This research provides information and agreement in many areas, including the fact that:

- Ethyl alcohol is present in all alcoholic beverages.
- Alcohol is an anesthetic.
- Alcohol slows reaction time and detrimentally affects brain functions.
- Alcoholic beverages are habit-forming.
- Alcohol dulls the hearing.
- Alcohol dims and blurs the vision.
- Alcohol interferes with judgment.
- Alcohol contributes to inefficiency.
- Alcohol contributes to accidents in the factory, on the farm, and on the highway.
- Social embarrassment often results from the use of beverage alcohol.
- Alcohol retards religious development.
- Alcohol undermines the power of decision.
- The abstainer is a better risk where surgery is involved.

In Spite Of These Facts

There are more liquor outlets in the United States than the combined total of churches, synagogues, and temples.

Here are the figures:

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Retail dealers in liquor | 275,876 |
| Retail dealers in beer | 162,057 |
| Total | 437,933 |
| Churches and synagogues | |
| Protestant | 279,744 |
| Roman Catholic | 21,327 |
| Jewish | 4,079 |
| Eastern Churches | 1,357 |
| Old Catholic and Polish | |
| National Catholic | 337 |
| Buddhist | 49 |
| Total | 306,983 |

—The Calif. Liberator

The U. S. has about 800,000 tuberculosis patients, 1,200,000 cancer victims. But we have 5,015,000 alcoholics. But there's more. We're creating 300,000 alcoholics every year. But we're only rehabilitating about 20% of them. When do we start doing something really useful about prevention? It will take lots of God's people and lots and lots of money.

Two Votes

Along in November, when chill was the weather,

Two ballots were cast in a box together.

They nestled up close, like brother to brother

You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other

They were both gin votes and sanctioned the license plan

One was cast by a jolly old brewer—

And one by a Sunday School man.

The Sunday School man, no man could be truer,

Kept busy all summer, denouncing the brewer,

But his fever cooled down with the change of the weather

And late in the autumn they voted together.

The Sunday School man had always been noted

For fighting saloons, except when he voted.

He piled up his prayers with a holy perfection

But knocked them all down on the day of election.

The jolly old brewer was cheerful and mellow,

Said he, "I sure admire that Sunday School fellow!

He's true to his church, to his party He's truer,

He talks for the Lord — but he votes for the brewer."

Clipped from the bulletin "The Life-line"

Published by The First Baptist Church, Greenfield, Indiana.

The U. S. is producing alcoholics at the rate of more than 1200 a day—over 50 an hour.

—Dr. Andrew C. Ivy

How Tobacco Affects the Heart

"One cigarette has nineteen different poisons which get into the blood stream, making heart action difficult" . . . quoting Dr. John Kellogg. Nicotine, prussic acid, carbon monoxide, pyroline, acrolein and furfural — these few are given to show what effects they have on the heart. One to three cigarettes when smoked will contract the small arteries. This causes the heart to beat faster, which makes a blood pressure rise from 1 to 25 points, trying to force the blood through the arteries. Furfural has the above effect. There is as much poisonous furfural in one cigarette as in two ounces of whiskey.

The pipe contains 2 percent nicotine, a cigar gets stronger as it nears the butt end, a cigarette has the least nicotine. But what the cigarette lacks in nicotine it makes up in poisonous furfural, and acrolein. The burning of cigarette paper causes this poison. Thomas A. Edison said acrolein poison has a violent action on the nerve center, producing degeneracy of the cells of the brain . . . and he said, "I employ no one smoking cigarettes." The furfural in a cigarette is fifty times as poisonous as alcohol. Furfural in minute doses causes staggering, trembling and twisting; in larger doses convulsions and muscular paralysis. Alcohol dilates the small arteries. That's the reason for the flushed face of the beer drinker and the red nose of the whiskey toper.

Tobacco is a narcotic and not a stimulant. To the nineteen poisons are attributed the following: HEART trouble, lung liver, kidneys, even causing cancer of the nose, throat, and stomach ulcers.

Dr. Alexis Carrol states that nicotine leaps straight at the heart and circulatory system and just one puff of a cigarette contracts the tiniest capillaries in your feet and legs.

If you smoke a pack of cigarettes a day you inhale 400 milligrams of nicotine a week. That much nicotine in a single dose would kill you as quick as a bullet.

A British doctor said that offering a cigarette to a friend should be considered a social crime rather than a courtesy.

Dr. W. H. Bond, of Birmingham United Hospitals, told a Rotary Club meeting there was no doubt of the link between cigarette smoking and lung cancer so there was no courtesy in offering a smoke to a friend.

—Sel.

CHRIST MAKES US CLEAN

By CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Though dishonest as the thief, though unchaste as the woman who was a sinner, though fierce as Saul of Tarsus, though cruel as Manasseh, though rebellious as the prodigal, the great heart of love will look upon the man who feels himself to have no soundness in him, and will pronounce him clean when he trusts in Jesus crucified.

Teen-ager 'Go Home!'

Note—The following Open Letter to a Teen-Ager first received public attention when it was quoted by Juvenile Judge Philip B. Gilliam, of Denver. More recently it appeared in Abigail Van Bur-en's syndicated newspaper column. The author of the letter is not known.

"We hear teen-agers complain, 'What can we do? Where can we go?'"

"The answer is: go home! Hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves, mow the lawn, shovel the walk. Wash the car, scrub some floors. Help the minister, rabbi or priest, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army. Visit the sick, the poor. Study your lessons. And when you're through, if you're not too tired, read a book.

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your city doesn't owe you a recreation center. The world doesn't owe you a living. You owe it your time and energy and your talent so that no one will be at war or in poverty or sick or lonely again.

"You're supposed to be mature enough to accept some of the responsibilities your parents have carried for years. They have nursed, protected, excused and tolerated you. They have denied themselves comforts so that you could have luxuries. This they have done gladly, for you are their greatest treasure. Teen-agers, grow up and go home!"

—The United Evangelical

Good Children

In these days when we hear so much about juvenile delinquency and teen-age crime, it might be well to refresh our minds by considering some "good children" in the Bible.

Do you remember the account of God's call to Abraham to offer the ultimate in sacrifice? If God had called for anything else other than his son of old age, I believe Abraham would not have questioned, but when God called for the sacrifice of his heir and child of promise, it is possible that Abraham wondered how this could be. Yet all this was God's way of proving that faithful saint. But what was the reaction of Isaac? He was the son. He was the Heir. He was the one given to Abraham in his old age. What would Isaac say to such? He was an obedient son. He served his father without question. He helped carry the wood for the offering and then permitted himself to be bound and placed upon the altar. However, we remember that God stayed his father's hand even while the knife was raised and a ram became the substitute. (Gen. 22:7).

Jephtha's daughter was another example of a good child. She did not resist the decision of her father though it meant her death. Of course we all would say that her father did foolishly in making a vow to sacrifice whatever first came out of his home upon his return from victorious Conquest, but we can never say that his daughter was anything more than an obedient and dutiful child. (Jud. 11:36).

It was written of Samuel in (I Sam. 2:26) that "the child — grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord and also with men." Samuel was a good child. He was obedient. He was holy. He was dedicated to God for service. He became a great power in Israel.

In Luke 1:80 we read "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel." John the Baptist was filled with the Holy Ghost before he was born. He dedicated his life from the earliest years to the Lord. He was a good boy.

And in Luke 2:49 we read of Jesus "And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It looked for a time that Jesus was delinquent when he disappeared from the company and could not be found, but when his parents finally located him in the temple in the midst of the doctors and lawyers, they knew that he was just the same dedicated holy child they knew him to be since his earliest years.

Timothy was another child who was good. We read in II Tim. 3:15 that from a child he had known the holy scriptures which were able to make him wise unto the salvation which was in Christ Jesus. Yes, Timothy was a good boy and was a great blessing to Paul and the early Christian Church.

Where are the good children today? Do we have any? Yes, I am sure we do. Young people, let us prove our love to the Lord by showing Him to the world in a Godly life.—Herald of Hope Broadcast.

Someone has said,

"Our thoughts speak louder in heaven than our words do on earth."

Special Promises to Youth

It is not often that I have felt to dedicate an entire program to any one age group, but somehow today I have thought to especially, honor our young people with some word from God that especially applies to them. Young people, these promises are yours, and if any of you older ones feel you are God's little children you can enjoy this also.

The first promise, to you young people, is that found in Deut. 5:16 "Honor thy father and thy mother as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

What a temptation it is in these days to break with all restraint. The devil would tell us that our parents know nothing about our problems and that we have to make our own decisions. Don't be fooled by the enemy of your soul. Be reverent children. Honor your father and mother. Here is a commandment with great promise. If you want to live long show respect for your parents.

Many homes are broken up these days. Divorce is all too common, and when ever such takes place, children are many times forsaken or cast out to shift for themselves. In Psa. 27:10 we read, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. If you are tempted to feel that you have been forsaken, remember God has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

To those who seek God in their early youth, the Lord says, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me!" (Prov. 8:17) Don't let anything hinder you from seeking God in your youth, young men, young women, God will be very real to the one who seeks him early in life.

In Prov. 8:32 God speaks unto obedient children "Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways." To obey is always better than sacrifice. As the prophet of old declared, it is better to hearken now than to sacrifice later.

Let us consider for a moment God's tender love to his little ones. Read with me Isa. 40:11 "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Young people, you will know no greater care than this. God considers you as the lambs of His flock. His arm is around you. He would enfold you in love and press you to his bosom. Yes, my young friend, God cares for you.

One time as Jesus sat and taught, people began to bring their young children to him. Some thought he was too great a man and much too busy to spend time with mere children, but hear what he said about this after he had registered much displeasure with the older ones who barred the way for the children: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

As Christian parents, many times we are greatly concerned about our children. One verse encourages us just now. When the promise was made concerning the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, it did not exclude children, for in Acts 2:39 we read "For the Promise is unto you, and your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Thank God, the moving of the spirit is for all. The gift of the Holy Ghost is for our children too. God loves you young people. You can have all that God has ever promised me or your parents.

In closing let me read you the first commandment with promise as found in Eph. 6:2 "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise." Great is your promise, my young friends, if you refuse to dishonor those who brought you into the world. Esteem them highly, for God has given them to you and you to them, and you both belong to God. —Herald of Hope Broadcast.

There's just one thing about rules for success — they don't work unless we do.

Many a quitter makes an opportunity for a go-getter.

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