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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the February, 1960 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
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GOD ON THE SEARCH
By J. E. Cook

"And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none." (Ezekiel 22:30)

Israel had failed God and the nations. Jerusalem, the Holy City, had become a city of sin. Prophets, priests, and princes profaned the holy things of God. The people of the land lived by oppression. The strain was tremendous, and a breach appeared in the wall. The stream of iniquity poured in and moral resistance was broken. God went on a search for a man to stand in the gap. The search was fruitless. Judgment and destruction were inevitable.

The picture is prophetic. The wall is down and the stream has widened. Ezekiel brings us to the climax in chapters 38 and 39. Daniel also tells us we are in the end-time. Communism vs. democracy are the two ideologies represented in the iron and clay in the feet of his prophetic image. These substances will not cleave one to the other. While statesmen seek a summit of agreement, the flood-tides continue to rise. Tribulation is inevitable. The coming of our Lord draweth nigh. The rapture of the Church is eminent. But in the meantime, Jesus' admonition is "Occupy until I come." The search for men is really on in these last days.

God is searching for **PREACHERS**. Preachers with a mission and a message. Not place-seekers and time-servers, but men with the assurance of "the word of the Lord came unto me." Men who have lost their message and run their course will never meet the challenge of this emergency. Passion and purpose are the needed qualities. Broken-hearted Isaiah's and weeping Jeremiah's are the need of the hour. Cold-hearted, dry-eyed, ease-loving men will never arrest the attention of this pleasure-mad generation. God is on the search for preachers who will join hands

and leap into the breach, stand in the gap, and make up the hedge. Oh God, give me the strength, the courage, and the will to discharge my responsibility to this Laodicean Age!

God is searching for INTERCESSORS. History is replete with instances of divine intervention because of prayer. Gideon and his three hundred faithful men won a victory unsurpassed in time, and resulted in a revival throughout Israel, but it all was started when the people "cried unto the Lord."

Esther and her maidens, through fasting and prayer, averted disaster for the Jews because she felt that they had come to the kingdom for such a time as this. Thousands were slain in Jerusalem because sighers and cryers were so in the minority. No denomination became apostate and no congregation ever backslid as long as they had a praying people. And Jude, writing to the sanctified, tells us the most effective way to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints" is "building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost." Praying is not glamorous, but is the one talent which every true Christian has and is the most important in the preservation of true Holiness and in the salvation of souls.

God is searching for GIVERS. Offerings were basic in the worship of the Jews. Abel obtained witness that he was righteous because "he offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain and by it he being dead yet speaketh." One of the most severe indictments against Israel is that they had robbed God of tithes and offerings. One of the amazing things about the Revival of Pentecost was the generosity of the people with their means. This is always a true expression of the joy of the Lord. "God loveth a cheerful giver." It is clear then that one cannot long retain the favor of God who seeks to avoid the responsibility of sharing so great a salvation.

God is searching for GLEANERS. Ruth did not look upon the fields of Boaz in hopeless despair. True the harvesters had already gone over the fields and gathered in the grain. But Ruth diligently searched for the sheaves that had been dropped, or trampled down, or broken over, and in the neglected corners; and her success notable. Not only did her diligence sustain her and Naomi, but it also attracted the attention of Boaz until he chose her for his wife and she became the great-grandmother in the lineage of the Son of God.

The field today presents a perplexing and discouraging picture. Tremendous harvesting campaigns have already come and gone. Perhaps some grain was saved. But look at the broken down, neglected, disappointed, and discouraged souls. Never has there, been such an opportunity for faithful gleaners. "The harvest truly is ripe but the laborers are few." What a reward is awaiting. Self-preservation, an increase, and a heartening commendation when the day is done. "Well done good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things. . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Work, for the Night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tents are glowing,
Work, for day-light flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;

Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er."

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE FREEDOM OF HOLINESS

"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:34-36) "And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." (Ezek. 36:27)

The world uses the terms "freedom" and "slavery" chiefly to express external conditions with little or no reference to the mental and spiritual life of an individual. The truth is that bondage or liberty are essentially qualities of the interior life. Physical coercion may imprison the body or intellectual error bind the mind, but the most fatal and degrading bondage by far is that of the soul under the dominion of sin, ignorance, passion and rebellion. "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin." The commission of sin brings the guilt and condemnation of sin that make one a convict and a coward. The act of transgression robs one of his sense of dignity, freedom and confidence. The consciousness of guilt causes fear and bondage.

The life of the unregenerate man is a harsh and gloomy servitude. He thinks God is a hard task master when all the time it is sin and Satan that oppresses him.

The heathen look upon God in this same light and they make terrible and ghastly images that express their cruel conception of Him. The Roman Catholic idea of the necessity of approaching God through Mary expresses to some extent the same tyrannical conception. Man in his sinful state thinks of God and is troubled. Through fear of death, all his lifetime he is subject to bondage. At the bottom of all man's pessimism, abjectness and despair is the consciousness of sin and guilt. Shakespeare expressed this truth when he wrote: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

The terrors and the wretchedness which haunt man in his natural state are not merely mental conditions that could be abolished by a fuller intellectual light. These conditions arise from an accusing conscience and they can only be cured by cleansing away the stain and guilt of committed sins.

In the experience of regeneration Christ forgives all our committed sins and breaks the fetters that bind the soul. In the hour of deepest degradation and distress the sinner cries, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." (Psalms 51:1) "Nothing is more surprising than that such an audacious hope should have sprung up in the sinner's soul in the very moment that it touched the black depths of conscious sin! Yet the daring appeal was inspired by the Spirit of God, and the fullest response to lot is made in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." Thus in regeneration God

frees man from the guilty past and the dominion of sin; so that by His grace man can live a life of victory over sin.

The freedom of holiness is freedom from the nature of sin. In regeneration there is freedom from guilt and from the power of outward sin but there remains that bondage which is caused by the carnal mind. "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Romans 8:7) The carnally-minded may think themselves possessed of a large liberty but earth and time at their widest are narrow to the spirit. How materialistically inclined the carnal nature is!

Who can fathom or describe the melancholy of the unsanctified soul in its insatiable longing, its inconsolable discontent, and its incurable restlessness when its infinite aspirations are being denied and mocked by the mirage of materialism? The tendency to gross worldliness and sensuality that becloud the soul's vision of immortality and hinders the fellowship with God entail sufferings beyond all that flesh is heir to. The buffetings without are nothing compared to the warfare within. What are outward persecutions compared with the pain of shattered resolutions, and stifled promptings which haunt the soul? The love that never finds an object, the genius that never finds a sphere and the greatness that never finds a mission, suggest a pathos beyond that of martyrdom; but the regenerated soul that fails to find freedom in the Holy Ghost is the most terrible of all. Such a soul is doomed to the loss of the spiritual life that it once possessed. No wonder the Apostle Paul cried out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. 7:24) He declares the possibility of freedom when he climaxes by saying, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom, 7:25)

The freedom of holiness is not freedom from law. It does not lie, as some foolishly think, in the direction of repeal or abrogation of the law. In company with a godly pastor, I made a call on a man who was once a preacher of old time radical holiness. We found the man bitter in spirit and critical toward all churches. He gave a cynical laugh at our invitation to attend the meeting. In his effort to justify himself, he told us that he was working out his own salvation and that he and his wife were enjoying such freedom as to be like heaven on earth. A large television set occupied a prominent place in the room. The man's wife, who once was an old fashioned Christian lady, now had her hair cut and wore make up. They had become a law unto themselves. They had renounced their former convictions and shaken off all inhibitions that once governed their conduct. They boasted of their independency but while claiming liberty they were the servants of sin.

He is a slave indeed who obeys only force, fatalism, and caprice "To obey only animal impulses, to seek sensuous pleasure, to hope for nothing beyond social promotion, to find our motive and end in earthly things, and in a word to surrender ourselves to the fatalism of circumstance, is an infinitely worse slavery than to be bound hand and foot."

To get rid of the doctrines, laws, and prohibitions, the hopes and fears of the Christian faith is to emerge into nothing but chaos. The Christian hope lies in obligation, duty, discipline and obedience. Christ did not repeal the moral law; He did not release its claims by one jot or tittle; He did not in any wise adulterate it to accommodate our weaknesses; He declared the infinitely solemn sense of obligation and obedience. But in the experience of holiness He provides man with grace and strength within to meet the high demands of that moral law until he meets it with ease.

Freedom comes with the knowledge of and harmony with the law. The sanctified experience enables one to fulfill the law and thus he is "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

The freedom of holiness is possible because God, through the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, destroys the law breaker within. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." (Rom. 6:6) Without this deliverance, even though a man may refrain from the act of sin, he is consciously a slave. The evil within constantly seeks to rise up and bring the soul into bondage, dishonor, and shame. He is a slave who is a slave at heart Fencing a sow in a clean pen does not change her desire for wallowing in the mire. An insane man is not restored to reason by placing him in a straitjacket; a thief is not made honest by steel handcuffs; and the restraints and penalties of society do not make us holy because they make us moral. The sinful desire, the inward enmity toward the law may exist in terrible force when the outward life is irreproachable. Only a mighty radical inward purging of the heart by the Holy Ghost can change our natures from sinfulness to holiness.

Paul expressed the condition of the unsanctified heart when he said, "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. 5:17) He speaks of the evil that exists in sympathy and purpose. This consciousness of ignoble compulsion brings a shadow over the happiness of the regenerated experience. "The beautiful world, the beautiful home, and life rich in the materials and opportunities of happiness are all made hateful while selfishness, anger, impurity, jealousy and their vicious kindred subjugate and scourge the soul."

Christ gives freedom through the Holy Ghost by delivering men from the deceits and passions which betray and addle the will. The experience of a holy heart makes us more than conquerors! The struggle is over in the absolute victory of a pure heart and a holy will. The Lord writes His law upon our hearts and causes us to keep His judgments and do them with a pure victorious enthusiasm. It is said that a close friend of Tennyson made a study of the works of the great poet with the principles of good writing in mind. He collected from his poems a great number of laws and examples. He spoke to Tennyson about the wonderful laws of writing that the great poet had observed In replying Tennyson said, "It is all true, I do observe them, but I never knew it." It is much like this with the soul that is filled with the Holy Ghost. Unconsciously he observes the highest law in its manifold obligations. The noblest impulses of the soul freely fulfill themselves and in so doing they fulfill the law.

He is free who is free within. When the Holy Ghost has purged the last beam and mote from the inner eye so that we have a clear vision of God and our duty; when there is no more false bias inclining the soul to worldliness and egotism; when our will is fully yielded and our hearts are purified from all idolatrous creature loves; when self is lost in love for others; when the holy law has the complete sanction of our minds and hearts; when we seek only God and His glory and the honor that comes from Him; when we are really and truly delivered from the prejudices, passions and perversions which mar the integrity of our spiritual nature, then we are free indeed although imprisoned with Paul and Silas, exiled on the lonely isle with John or burned with the martyrs. Glory to God!

I feel like Alfred Judson must have felt when he wrote:

"Freedom from all the carnal affections,
Freedom from envy, hatred and strife;
Freedom from vain and worldly ambitions,
Freedom from all that saddened my life.

Freedom from pride and all sinful follies,
Freedom from love and glitter of gold;
Freedom from evil temper and anger,
Glorious freedom, rapture untold.

Freedom from fear with all of its torments,
Freedom from care with all of its pain;
Freedom in Christ my blessed Redeemer,
He who has rent my fetters in twain."

Hallelujah!

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WISDOM OR FOOLISHNESS

By H. A. Erdmann

We recently read a statement that brought other statements to our mind, and these, in turn, presented some questions. The statement we read was: "The Apostle Paul was foolish enough to believe that what Christ had promised He was also able to perform." Then we thought of expressions we had heard from well-meaning, and, we believe, good people. From testimonies, and from sermons of good preachers, the following have been gleaned: "I had little enough sense to believe God." "I was just foolish enough to believe what the Bible said." "I didn't have any better sense than to. trust the Lord," "I'm glad I had little enough sense to believe the Bible," "When I heard holiness preached, I was just foolish enough to believe it was for me," and other such statements.

The question comes, Does it require a lack of good sense to trust Lord and believe the Bible? Is it foolishness to commit ourselves to the Lord? Does it require foolishness? Is it inferred that there are better ways than to trust the Lord? Do. such statements glorify and exalt God? Is it a foolish thing to mind God and walk with Him?

What do we read? What does God's word say? Does God say that it is a lack of wisdom, or that it is foolishness, or a lack of good sense, to quit sin, repent, believe God, walk in the light, consecrate all to Him and let Him baptize and fill one with the Holy Ghost? The Bible tells me that it is the foolish and unwise who reject God and salvation, hold on to their sins, and go marching right on to their ruin.

Christians ought to be more careful of their language. They ought not to make such off-brand expressions, NO MATTER HOW WELL-MEANING THEY ARE IN IT. Such expressions do not glorify God, nor do they exalt the great and glorious salvation our Christ made possible for us. What sayeth the Bible? "The foolish shall not stand in thy sight." Ps. 5:5. "Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction." Prov. 10:14. "Be not overmuch wicked; neither be thou foolish." Eccl. 7:17. "My mouth shall speak wisdom." Ps. 49:3. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Ps. 111:10. "The wise shall inherit glory; but shame shall be the promotion of fools." Prov. 3:35. "He that hearkeneth to counsel is wise." Prov. 12:15. "Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son." Prov. 28:7. "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way." Ps. 101:2.

In Matthew 7:26-27 Jesus tells of a foolish man who built his house upon sand. And in Matthew 25 He tells us of five wise and five foolish virgins. It was the five wise ones that went in to the wedding feast, but the five foolish were forever barred.

In Titus 3:3 the Apostle Paul says, "We ourselves were sometime foolish, disobedient, deceived, etc." And in Proverbs 19:3 we read "the foolishness of man perverteth his way."

Again we read, "The Lord give thee wisdom and understanding . . . that thou mayest keep the law of the Lord thy God." Here God declares that it requires wisdom, not a lack of it, to mind the Lord. The Psalmist again declares, "The mouth of the righteous speaks wisdom." Ps. 37:39, and in Proverbs 16:16 we have "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."

The Apostle Paul told the Colossians that he was praying for them "to be filled with knowledge of His will in all wisdom." Col. 1:19, and in Col. 3:16 he, admonishes "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."

Jesus never placed any premium on foolishness, or on any lack of sense or wisdom. In Matthew 10:16 we hear Him say "Be ye therefore wise as serpents."

Let us be wise, act wisely, and speak wisely. Is it not better to say, "I am glad that I was wise enough, or that I had enough good sound sense, to heed the voice of God and to surrender myself to Him," than to say "I was foolish enough to do so," or, "I didn't have any more sense than to believe God." Of course no one has any better sense than to do just that, but the expression sounds as though if one had had better or more sense he would not have done so. No. Fools do not believe God. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Ps. 53:1.

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BEULAH MOUNTAIN CHILDREN'S HOME

Greetings from Beulah Mountain Children's Home. We want to take this opportunity to thank all of you who helped us to give the children a good Christmas. If you could see how the children enjoy everything you would be more than repaid for all you did. We are sure you have already been blessed for your help to these boys and girls and we pray that the Lord will continue to pour out His blessings upon you.

[See Graphics\hdm1690a.jpg]

This picture is one taken of our children during school. We are getting along fine with the school and we are hoping to be approved by the state when the State Board of Education meets again next April. Pray for us that we may be able to get this approval for it will help us in many ways if we do.

Our two oldest girls are not in this picture. They are high school age and therefore they are not in class in our school. They are taking correspondence courses in their high school work, and they are doing very good work. All of the children are doing good work in school and they are improving all the time. Pray for our teachers as they try to give the boys and girls an education and at the same time give them religious training. We want to do all that is within our power to see the children brought to God while they are still under the care of the Home. Also in the picture are Bro. and Sister Joel Miller at top row and Sister Harold at the bottom on the right. They are teaching the school.

Thank you for all the nice things you did for us the past year. May His richest blessings rest upon all of you as you start another year in His service. -- J. C. Gomilla

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MY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

By David J. Seevers

I never was as happy as when
God sanctified my soul and then
As I leaped for joy and told the story
The Saviour filled my soul with glory.

It came so hot and stuck so fast
I believed that the blessing would last.
Whatever I did, where ever I turned,
The Holy. Fire still would burn.

When criticized for this holy fire,
It made me shout and jump the higher
It came in such tremendous showers
I never will forget the Hour of hours.

I sought this Grace for over six months,
And thought I had the Blessing once
But instead of the old man being dead
He was only wounded on the head.

For looking back on my conversion

I saw there had been a sad desertion.
There were some breaks and leaks
Sometimes for days, sometimes for weeks.

Before the Spirit was on me poured
I had to seek to be restored.
I confessed my backslidings and sin,
And then the Lord took me in.

The token of His Love was peace
My load fell off, I felt release.
I knew that I was God's dear child,
The Father and son were reconciled.

Then I determined at any cost
To find the blessing that Adam lost.
I mourned and wept and prayed aloud
Till the Holy Ghost burned up my shroud.

And from that day until this
The Comforter stays with burning bliss.
These forty years have come and gone
But this Holy fire still burns on.

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ORIGINAL SIN AND SANCTIFICATION

By G. J. Gantzer

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3:25

The question is often asked, "Why must I be Sanctified, what will it do for me?" To answer this question, we must go back to the Garden of Eden where it all began. We all know the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden and how the Serpent came and deceived Eve into sinning.

Eve made use of her free-will and by a sin of commission, fell and then turned to Adam and caused him to make the same free moral choice. Hence the first thought of the carnal mind was to cause another to be dragged from the original state. After having sinned the first reaction to sin was that "guilt" that goes with it. They ran and tried to hide from God. Men have been running and hiding ever since.

The first result of the sin was the Scriptures declare, "for in Adam, all die." The result was of a three fold nature. First, an immediate spiritual death, (no longer an image of God). Second, a temporal death, which sentenced us all to the appointment with death and judgment. Third, eternal death, without a Redeemer.

I say this to say that man created originally in the image of God fell to the state of a devil's mimic. The Primogenitor or beginner of the human race leaves the scene cast down and cast out of the Garden. What a sad picture! Once an image of God, now an image of Satan. Once a holy being, now a self-willed being, driven by sensual appetites. Man now is horribly depraved and warped in his every aspect of being. Some would disagree and say that the original sin was not transmitted to the race, but let's notice the first twins born, Cain and Abel.

Abel made a perfect sacrifice; however primitive, it was a sacrifice and accepted of God. His brother enraged in envy, strife, and malice because his sacrifice was not sufficiently administered, driven by the tyrant of the carnal mind killed his brother, then tried to lie out of it.

We find that the original sin is lurking in the carnal heart and leaves each new human being on earth a potential murderer.

The New Birth, or being saved will remove the guilt of sin by way of forgiveness of sin. Such as a person returning stolen goods is forgiven and guilt removed. The first work of grace forgives sin, removes guilt, writes name in Lamb's Book of Life, and paves the way for Holiness; but the bent to sinning still exists.

The act or work of God, Sanctification is the only cure for the distorted mind and heart. It will rectify the carnal mind and restore the equilibrium of good over evil. It will also restore man to the image of God in the ultimate. It will make us more like Jesus and this should be our chief desire. Then it makes us the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Praise God for an undefiled Temple. Last of all it renovates the motives. We will live each day as though it were our last and do all to the glory of God.

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THE NEW-COMER IN HELL

By W. M. Tidwell

We dislike to turn from the happy contemplations of the new comer in Heaven to the dismal consideration of the new comer in Hell. But we must be true to the Word of God. Both are contained in the inspired Word. The same Bible that tells, of the glories of Heaven just as clearly describes the horrors of Hell. Possibly Jesus said more about that lost world than any other. He said, "Better give up a right hand, right foot or eye than be cast into Hell fire where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." What he meant was if we have a sin as useful or dear as these members, better give it up than go to Hell.

It is pitiful, indeed, to think of one living in this world and rejecting the offered mercy of a good God; rejecting the love of a dying Saviour, spurning the calls of the Holy Spirit and the entreaties of loved ones here and finally dying without Christ, taking a leap in the dark, and spending eternity in Hell. Christ said, of the rich fool, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Just when he had gotten his new barns built and his goods stored, and he was ready to live, the summons came. "This night." It is always day when the child of God goes. That is, it is light. The dying saint said, "Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory." It is always night when the

unsaved depart this life. "Thy soul shall be required of thee." Webster says to "require" is to "demand or to claim." His soul shall be demanded or claimed. Matthew Henry says the thought here is, "They" shall require thy soul." Who shall require, demand or claim the soul? "They." First God shall require it. Death shall require it. Probably fallen angels shall require it, as good angels seem to accompany the spirits of the saved. And last of all the Devil shall require it. It has been sold to the Devil and served him. He has a right to claim it now. But as this poor lost soul is aimed by the Devil and fallen angels and escorted to the regions of the damned, we wonder what inquiries will arise. Just as the saved did not discover many things in Heaven that were in this world, so the damned will likewise not find much they found here.

As we behold this new comer in Hell, we wonder if he will inquire, "Whence this place? What is the origin of it? Why such dark and dismal abode?" Then the answer, by some fiend, would be, "It was prepared for the Devil and his angels." "It is the penitentiary of the universe." While prepared for the Devil and his angels all rebels are to be incarcerated here. Then I think I hear the newcomer, as he shudders, inquire, "Where can I find a friend? I am in great distress and need someone to help me." But the doleful answer comes, "This is a world where there are no friends. Everyone here hates everyone else. There is no help or mercy here. The world from which you came was a world of mercy but that has all ended now." Then I seem to hear the friendless soul, as he begins to feel the gnawing worm of a guilty conscience, shriek, "Then I will end it all. I will commit suicide." But the pitiless answer comes, "That is impossible here. Back in yonder world men could do that but it is different here. There is no escape from the bitings of a guilty conscience. How it all must be endured I cannot tell, but it must be done. But remember you will never find a friend or helping hand in Hell."

But again, I think I hear this newcomer wailing, "I am so tired, I have had no rest since I left the earth. Please tell me where I may find some place to rest." But, instead of being shown some place of rest, ten thousands fiends with hoarse, stifled voices mutter, "There is no rest in Hell. As you gaze upon this mighty, restless throng, not one of them has had one moment's rest since they came and the sad part about it a-ll is that, while the countless ages pass by, they can never find rest. This is a world of torment and pain."

But another question, "I have been here some time now and it has been dark ever since I have been here. I have not seen one ray of light. When will night end and the morning come?" But again I hear, like the roar of the thunder, a chorus of voices as they cry, "It will always be dark. Morning will never, never, come." Hell is a night without a day. "No morning will ever dawn on thy gloom." Again he inquires, "Where can I find some water for I am tormented in this flame. Only a drop. O give me a drop." But again the disappointing answer is given, "There is no water in Hell. That is a small request but too great to be granted here. The world from which you came was a world of mercy but that day has passed. No favors are granted here."

But last of all I hear him wail, "If there is no light, no love, no friends, no water and no mercy, how long is it to last? How long am I to be here? Surely only a brief time. Pray tell me how long, oh how long?" But the response comes ringing through the corridors of the damned, from fallen angels and damned men, it is "forever and forever." How it is to be endured we cannot tell, but on the infernal gates, if you have noticed when you entered it read, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." "On the crest of every fiery billow, and on the grim countenance of every benighted

inmate of this dismal world, the word forever seems to be indelibly placed." "Your destiny is fixed. Your doom is sealed. Time has passed and eternity, which shall never end, has begun. It is all too late now." "Christ died to save you but you refused His mercy and rejected His grace. It is forever and forever too late."

"Too late, too late, to all farewell;
My doom is fixed, and I'm forced to tell,
As long as God in Heaven shall dwell,
My soul, my soul is lost in Hell."

When time has fled with you and me, and we hear the splash of the boatman's oar in the river of death, and eternity draws apace, and we are to be escorted to the eternal world and we shall be the newcomer, in which world shall we find ourselves?

"Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

"I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at His command to Heaven
Or else--depart to Hell.

"Show me the way to shun,
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy Throne,
I may with joy appear."

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FOREIGN MISSIONS

Spencer Johnson, Secretary
1409 N. 18th Street, Duncan, Oklahoma
Phone ALpine 5-6643

[See Graphics\hdm1690b.jpg]

Branch Sunday School of Brother David London's. These children are East Indians and are of Hindu background. Please pray that they may all be saved. The tall man in the back of the picture is Brother David London, our pastor at Plaisance, Sparendam Village. The lady with the hat on is Sister London. The tall girl in the background is Hulda, Brother London's daughter.

Brother and Sister James A. Todd and the younger members of their family have arrived safely in Georgetown, British Guiana, South America and they have established their address. Their address is Box 802, Georgetown, British Guiana, South America. They write:

"We arrived in Georgetown about dawn of Wednesday, December 16. That is ten days ago, and they have been ten full days! We were graciously met at the airport by the pastor from Agricola and his wife, the Eversleys. They would not leave us till we had been shown to our house, and till we were taken out to buy a few provisions, etc. Before they left, we had our pastor from the East Coast, Brother Titus James to arrive. Then Brother David London and his wife from Sparendaaam Village were over to meet us. They have all been very kind to us. Sister Eversley made the mosquito netting for us on her treadle sewing machine. It was a job of several hours. How we appreciated the labor and the comfort of having nets to use! Sunday morning we attended the services in Sparendaaam. Brother London preached a very good message. Tuesday night at prayer meeting we heard a very fine message at Agricola by our young preacher, 19 year old Walter Eversley, Jr. At 5:00 A.M. on Christmas morning we were back to hear the pastor, Brother Walter Eversley, Senior, bring a special Christmas message. From there we watched the dawn as it broke over the coconut palms and thought how different it was from any other Christmas! I have heard each of the native preachers preach except Brother James and we expect to be up to Friendship for Sunday morning. Also, I have preached at some of the services. We have been busy paying our respects to the various government agencies, etc. and also meeting with the places of business where we are to do business. I am advised that our application for government registration of the Bible Missionary Church will not take too much longer now. On Sunday, December 27, I visited Brother London's branch Sunday School where the (Hindu) East Indians attend. That night we preached for Brother London at Sparendaaam, and some of the East Indians from the Sunday School were there also, seven boys, ranging from 8 to 12 years in age, all East Indians, were at the altar to be saved. They were somewhat unemotional, and as this is their first time to go forward for prayer, and they are not far along learning about Christianity, it is impossible for me to say that any of them were genuinely converted, but they did profess to accept Jesus as their Saviour and agreed to "quit their meanness." Pray with us that they will go on with Jesus!

"Our pastors are godly men, and there are some good folks in the churches. We love and appreciate them, and feel a kindred spirit in them to the folks of the Bible Missionary Church back home.

"We certainly appreciate the prayers and offerings of the churches back home. To all the wonderful folks we met on the short deputation tour and promised to write, we will let them hear from us as soon as possible. We have not forgotten the wonderful hospitality of our pastors and people in the churches, nor the fellowship we received on the tour. It was such a blessing to be able to visit the Bible Missionary Institute, and the churches! We feel that our people will remember to pray for us! We thank God for the Bible Missionary Church, and we feel that He has certainly raised up this great crowd of wholly Sanctified holiness people for the day in which we live. We would rather feel that this crowd is praying for us and standing behind us, than any crowd we know! We love and appreciate everyone of our leaders, from the General Moderators to the pastors of the smallest churches and we have made it a matter of conscience to pray often for every one of them for several years now that we have belonged to them. Now, as your missionaries, we feel the same bonds of love for our folks in the church, but there is a new sense of our dependence upon you for your prayers!

"It is our genuine feeling that the God whose we are, and whom we serve, has lead us out at this time to represent the Bible Missionary Church in this field of British Guiana. We are not afraid of the future, for it is in His hands, and with the song writer we can say, "He never has failed us yet!" We do not want to be a failure for Him, nor to disappoint you who are praying for us in the homeland! Our native pastors are holding firm. They want to see this land sowed with true Holiness, without which no man can see the Lord."

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PETITION

By Edith M. Maxey

I've trod the busy city streets
Through many toil-filled days,
I've seen the face of discontent,
Despair, the fearful gaze.
I've looked upon man's anger
And heads bowed low with shame,
The haughty look, the scornful glance,
The haunting marks of pain;
All this I've seen from day to day,
Thousands with heavy loads to bear,
Hurrying by me on the street,
But, dear Lord, do I care?
Saviour, thou dost tread the streets
Among the marts of men,
Thou see'st the needy, outstretched hands
Thou hearest 'mid the din
The cries for aid; thy heart is touched
By every unshed tear;
O, Master, help me, too, to see,
O, help my ears to hear
The unvoiced cry from broken hearts,
The grief too deep to share;
O, Lord, in mercy let me see,
That I may also care.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
Box 598, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY

"Let's go for a walk," David shouted to Danny as he came hurrying across the lawn. "Not before I go and ask mother if it's all right for me to go," Danny replied. "Must you always ask your mother and father about everything you do?" David retorted crossly. "I just go when I get ready and come home when I want to," and a dark scowl came across his face.

"It's not that I must, I guess, but I just want to," was Danny's reply. "I love dad and mother and don't ever want to hurt them by being unkind and stubborn, and disobedient to them. I'm saved and sanctified, and a real Christian treats everybody the way he wants to be treated himself; so that means I shall ask mother if it's all right for me to go."

"You sound just like a preacher or something like it," David grumbled. "Let's go. You don't need to always ask your mother." He continued mumbling as Danny answered firmly, "No, I'm not going until mother says it's all right, and that's settled! As for the preacher business you were talking about--every real Christian is a witness for Jesus, and I'm not a bit ashamed of standing up for Him. I'm a soldier for Jesus--a Christian soldier! You like to play soldiers, David, and you always pretend to be a big, brave soldier who's winning the battle, and chasing the bad army, and that's just what a Christian is--a real soldier--a soldier in Jesus' strong army."

"I didn't come here for a sermon," said David. "Now ask your mother if you may go."

Danny disappeared into the house and David began rolling a snowball. He watched as the small ball kept gathering more and more of the soft white snow, and kept growing bigger and bigger with each push he gave it. He noticed too, how dark and bare the earth looked from where he had rolled the big snowball. Wasn't his life just kind of like that? There was a day when his life was good and clean--sort of like the snow--only a whole lot cleaner than the snow, for he knew the snow had lots of impure things in it, but his heart had been pure and clean at one time like Danny's; and then one day he allowed one little sin to enter his heart, and soon he found he was nourishing that sin by thinking upon it, and doing it over and over again and again until it had grown as big as his snowball maybe even bigger--and all the while he was allowing that sin to remain in his heart, it was adding more sins, and still more, until his own boyish heart was inwardly as dark, and bleak and dismal, as the ground beneath his snowball. How unhappy he was since he lost Jesus and let that first sin enter! He wasn't a brave soldier like he pretended he was--no sir! Why anymore at night he was even afraid to go to bed--afraid he might die. And he knew where he'd go if he died without Jesus! He must get saved! He just must --only this time he would pray and read his Bible so he'd have power to resist the Devil and sin.

All these thoughts were racing madly through his mind when Danny came out with some cookies and his old 'walking stick' as he called the crooked old stick he found in the woods and always took with him when he went on a hike.

"I may go." Danny said cheerfully, "and here's some cookies mother said to give you. I must be back before four o'clock as there's some work I must help to do before supper. So, be on your way brave knights, be on your way!" and away the two boys went, kicking up the snow and throwing snowballs at each other, then rubbing snow in their faces to see whose cheeks would be the redder.

They came to the edge of the town then started out across Mr. Brown's farmland. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were a kind old couple who always looked forward to the boys' visits and many times gave them good things to eat. The boys were crossing the meadow where they helped Mr. Brown make hay back in June, and where they got into a bumblebee nest. How those bees could sting! "I wonder where those old bees are now," said David. "The meadow's so nice looking with all this snow, and the bees must be asleep. Look at the apple tree, Danny," he went on. "It looks like its arms are reaching out to catch all the snow that falls, doesn't it?"

"Why yes, it does," replied Danny, "and so does the old rail fence too."

The boys climbed up on the old fence and sat down on the top most rail, brushing the snow off the fence as they talked and rested. They watched quietly as a snow shoe rabbit hopped up close to where they were perched. It was almost unbelievable how quiet they could be if they wanted to. When the big white rabbit had hopped away they jumped off the fence and again moved onward.

They came to the brook that gurgled and babbled gaily in the spring and summer months but lay still and quiet now beneath its thick blanket of ice and snow. How the boys loved to watch the minnows during the summer time as they darted here and there! Now you saw them, now you didn't! "I wonder if the minnows are sleeping too, like the earth." Danny finally said. "I don't know," replied David, "but I know one thing--I've found some tracks here along the creek bed. Let's follow them. Shall we?"

"Good!" Danny said excitedly. "Maybe they're fox, but more likely than not they're muskrat. They love it along the creek beds and in swampy places."

The boys followed the tracks down the creek's edge to a barbed wire fence. They fell on their stomachs and crawled beneath the prickly old barbs in the wire, then brushing the snow off their clothes they suddenly noticed there were no more tracks to follow. Where had they lost them? It couldn't be far back, for they followed them up to, and a short distance past, the wire fence. They kn. their own boot tracks had wiped out any trace of the animal tracks. "I know," Danny said, "I'll cross the creek. Maybe the animal crossed over." With that he jumped to the other side. He landed with such a loud 'Plop' that some chick-a-dees which had been resting on the low bushes flew away making loud twittering sounds.

"That was a crash landing," laughed David, "and those poor little birds didn't know what was coming." They laughed and chatted as Danny continued his search for the tracks. Suddenly he cried out excitedly, "I've found them. I found them! Here they are!" David decided he too would make a "crash landing," so with another loud 'Plop,' and 'clomp,' he too was across, on the other side of the creek, and once again they were on the trail of their little furry friend. Be it fox, muskrat, or skunk, they would follow!

The tracks led them far down stream, then into the open fields, and finally at the edge of a wooded area they stopped. Where were they? This no longer was familiar to them! Should they follow the tracks farther or go home-which? Since it was still early and they could follow their own tracks back home, they decided to move on a little farther, so-into the woods they plunged.

They hadn't gone far when they noticed a small, black house, and the tracks were leading them awfully close to that house. David looked frightened and wanted to run, but Danny urged him on with "Maybe it's empty for all you know. Nothing can hurt us," he said. "I have Jesus for my Saviour and my Protector. Why even when I'm afraid He has His Angel right by my side to see that nothing or nobody hurts me, No, I'm going right up to the door and see what's inside. Maybe it's full of rabbits and birds living in it."

Just then a dog let out a loud shrilly bark and David turned and ran, then hiding behind the trunk of a big oak tree he watched as Danny went forward.

A squeaky old door slowly opened and a stooped, long whiskered old man hobbled forward. "What ye a'doin 'bout my land young'un? Don't ye know I can punish ye fer settin' foot on this yere place? Ye're on private prop'rty, and ye'd best beat it away from yere, fast too, or I'll sick old Fangs, my dog, on to ye, and he'll tear ya to pieces. Now beat it!" And the old man's voice roared like a mad bull.

David began to cry and pray at the same time, and would have run away, but he knew the bewhiskered old man would see him if he ran, so he stood in his hiding place. "Oh, Lord save me, save me! Please do, Jesus. Forgive me for all my sins and most of all for losing You, dear Jesus. I'm so sorry. I want to be a good, clean boy again." On and on he prayed as he heard Danny's voice--just as calm as though he were talking to his friends--"Sir," he was saying, "I'm terribly sorry I'm on your land when I'm not supposed to be on it, but I didn't know." Then a little voice deep inside him whispered, 'Maybe the Lord wants you here, will you witness for Him?' and Danny continued, "Mister, are you a Christian? Do you know Jesus the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world? He loves you. He really loves you! In fact, He loves you so much that He died on a cruel cross just for you." Then feeling the cookies in his pocket that he had forgotten to eat, and which mother had wrapped in wax paper, he drew them out and extending his gift to the long whiskered old man, said, "Sir, I have a few cookies here that my mother made, and she bakes the best cookies in the world. Guess you haven't seen any homemade cookies since you were a little boy like I am, and when your mother made some for you, have you?"

The old man stood staring hard and long at Danny's earnest, intent face, then a tear fell, then another and another. Fangs kept up a continuous low growl and looked as though any moment he may pounce upon this intruder Finally the old man spoke. This time he spoke kindly: "Son," he said hoarsely, "Come in. Ye must tell me more. I've been a lonely old man, very lonely. No one yere but me and Fangs and I've let bitterness creep into my soul like the bitter snake root that grows wild yere in these woods. But first, thank ye my boy, thank ye, for the cookies ye give me. Been y'ars since I had any. I was once a happy, good boy like ye, but mother she was taken, and Pa, he drank hisself ta death, and me -- I was left alone with bitter mem'ries. 'Twas then I decided ta build this yere shack and never care ta see mortal man again, never! I says to myself God was unfair to take my good, holy mother; but she tells me afore she died that some day God would catch up with me, and He has, He sure has! Now ye sit right down yere and tell me all about Jesus. Ye're a good boy, ye are," and he lovingly patted Danny's red cheeks.

Fangs lay down beside the chair of his master and cast wary glances at Danny as he talked. Danny told the old man all he had read in the Bible about God's great love, and how He was searching for men just like this old recluse, then noticing on his watch that an hour and half had passed by, he asked, "Mister, why don't you get saved right now? I'd like to pray for you," and without any further coaxing the old man was kneeling by his chair, the tears running like rivers down his cheeks as he prayed "Lord, save me I Be merciful to me a sinner! Old Ben's a'comin' home. Save me!" Danny too was weeping and praying for him, when suddenly the old man sprang to his feet, and grabbing Danny in his arms went 'round and 'round the room shouting "He's come! He's come! Right in my heart! Thank God, thank God!"

Before he left the old shack Danny pulled his own small New Testament from his pocket and gently placed it in the old man's roughened hands saying, "Be sure to read this every day. It's our light to Heaven." Then departed with the old man's voice floating after him, "Ye must hurry back son. Ye're a missionary--a little missionary I God bless ye I Come back!"

Danny's heart was as light as the powdery snow, and he felt good and happy all over. He was glad he hadn't run like David, who had long since gone home. He was a soldier in Jesus strong and mighty army.

"Those must have been Fang's tracks," he said aloud as he walked home through the clean white snow. His heart felt like the world looked -- all shining and white.

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MISSIONARY MESSAGE FROM OUR
MISSIONARIES TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE AND CHILDREN
By James A. Todd, Sr.

Did you ever long for an English Bicycle? one with a high seat and small tires? Then you have something in common with every one of our pastors in British Guiana and with most of the people here. The bicycle is the main means of transportation. The folks ride two or three on a "cycle." We have one pastor, who has no cycle and no other way to go except to walk. A friend gave him a frame, and he would be able to fix it up for about \$30.00. If I had the thirty dollars, I would gladly give it to him to fix up the old cycle, because a new one would cost almost a hundred dollars. He is a good pastor, and has also a new Branch Sunday School in another village. The school meets on Sunday afternoon, and started in late October, 1959, with about 35 enrolled, of whom nearly all are East Indians, whose former religion was the Hindu. It was my privilege last night to preach at Brother London's church, and several of his East Indian Sunday School people were there to hear me.

I preached a simple message on the Second Coming and gave my testimony how God had saved me as a lad of 16 and then I made the altar call. Seven of the East Indian boys came to the altar to seek Christ. It was their first time to come for prayer. They know but little about Jesus, and we ask you to pray that everyone of them will be genuinely converted and keep the victory. Also for Brother London, that He will be able to fix his cycle. Here is a part of an illustration I heard Brother London give. "If the Lord had wanted children to do as they please, He would not have put

them in homes with parents, but would have let them grow up like weeds instead. I know of a young man who was allowed to grow up in the evil way of doing his own will, and he went out in sin. When he was arrested for his crimes, he was sentenced to be hung. He asked for his mother to be brought, so he could tell her a secret before he died. When she leaned over to hear the secret, he bit her ear real hard, and hurt it. Then he said, "I am going to die today, and you are responsible, because you did not correct me, but allowed me to grow up in this evil way. You should have taught me and required of me a better way." Then Brother London preached and told how as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, Jesus was lifted up on the cross to die for our sins. I am sending a picture of the East Indian Sunday School Brother and Sister London teach on Sunday afternoon. Look for it on the missionary page. Seven of these boys were at the altar when I preached over at Plaisance the other night. --James A. Todd

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IS TV OF GOOD REPORT?

By Larry Jonas

Vancouver, Washington

(From The Pattern)

Is television of good report? In A1 Capp's comic strip, "Little Abner", TV received a nation-wide BAD report. In seeking to rid our country of the "horrible" little animals called Schmoos, A1 Capp developed "Method K". For weeks leading up to the final announcement of "K" it was described as the most inhuman and vicious thing known to man, able to take decent citizens and turn them into sadistic killers. When "K" was announced, it stood for kid's TV programs. Seventy-two hours of crime and western programs like America watches every week was the worst thing A1 Capp could think of for destroying man's morality. Not dope, not alcohol, not the movies, but TV is nationally thought of as our most indecent thing.

Close on the heels of "K" came an AP story from Johannesburg, South Africa by their government saying that they were going to protect their nation's children from TV by keeping it out of the country. The article explained that parents have no control over TV once it gets to the house, so they were stopping it from getting that far. The article said "the experience of other nations showed it is impossible to control TV." Is television of good report? "Ignorant and godless Africa" can see the extreme danger of the living-room evil harbored by many who wear the name Christian.

The two large local papers in this area have carried stories telling of "sex and sadism." One author tells of the torture and female display scenes of "Staccato", "The Rebel", "Cheyenne", "Laramie", and "Lineup." He says that even in portraying a nun TV was indecent. "Her habit must have been designed by Dior. Around the waistline and bust it fit like the proverbial glove."

The second local paper carried an article by a young journalism student who links the violence of TV and movies to delinquency. This worldly writer says "the most dangerous effect of television and movies is. the subtle distortion of human values they produce." Crime, violence, bloodshed, sadism, low necklines, etc., are listed by him as everyday occurrences to the young American.

Is TV of good report? Certainly and absolutely not! When worldly cartoonists, journalists, and whole nations warn against an evil it is. time Christian people took alarm. In fact, it is past time we took alarm. Christians should be those with the highest morals and the first to cry out against violence, gun-play, semi-nakedness, and passionate public caress. We should not wait for Africans to first say "it can't be controlled." Many object, "But we do control it." Friend, if you have seen One western, mystery, space adventure, crime, dance review and leg or bust show, yes, any one of these in the last week, you aren't controlling TV. How can you control it when you don't know what is coming next? Maybe you could control a physically poisonous snake, but I would guess you would leave it out of the living room. You would not invite a teacher of "Stalinism" into your home to lecture for an hour a day even if he promised not to try to influence you. You would not trust him for he would undermine you and politically poison you. Yes, we would control physical and political poison by making distance between us and it. Will you do the same with moral and spiritual poison, admitted such by the world?

Some excuse their having TV as a Christian because of the wishes of a non-Christian member of the family. I know a worldly family who have enough sense to build a basement TV room for the one so the majority of the family could be free of the rot. Other's who claim they have a title to. the name Christian are afraid of being different by not having TV. Friend, what does holiness mean if it does not mean separation and purity from the vices of the world?

So TV is of bad report, what command of God does that violate? It would disqualify a spiritual leader such as an elder. One of the requirements for the elder is that he be of good report. (I Tim. 3:7) You can't be an owner and engager in things of BAD report and still be Of good report yourselves. "Elders" who will not attend a movie will sit at home and watch 10 year old B and C rate shows. The world has long seen the inconsistency of condemning Hollywood and embracing the one thing that has put Hollywood out of business. How can we influence children against TV's moral depravity when their Bible school teacher is a known addict?

TV is controlled thinking! God has given certain commands about thinking in Philippians 4:8 and TV breaks all seven of them. You can't violate a string of God's laws and remain holy!

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THE END