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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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RESURRECTION REVELATIONS

By J. E. Cook

"He showed unto them" John 20:20.

Jesus Christ was and is the revelation of God to man. The prophet Isaiah said he would be named Immanuel, a Hebrew word meaning, "God with us." Paul wrote, "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." His birth into this world is a Bible affirmation and a historical fact. But His Divinity and our redemption stands or falls upon whether or not He arose from the dead. Thank God, He lives today! Only the Christian religion can boast that its founder died and rose again. And upon the fact of His resurrection rests our holy religion today. What revelations His resurrection brought to mankind.

The Resurrection reveals to us the Christian Sabbath. Jesus arose on the first day of the week, which is our Sunday. (Jno. 20:1) The Disciples met on this day thereafter for worship. Jesus met with them on many occasions on this day. I would not quibble but it is significant that the Church has met for worship ever since on that day. I am glad He will meet with us on any day we will gather with true hearts and welcome His Divine presence. But let us remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The Christian Sabbath was made for man. (Mark 2:27)

The Resurrection reveals Christ's Peace to us. He invoked it upon the disciples as they gathered behind bolted doors for fear of the Jews. (Jno. 20:19) Again the prophet said He would be called "The Prince of Peace." Angels announced at His birth, "On earth, Peace, Goodwill to men." His mission, then is Peace, made sure by His resurrection. The Justified have Peace WITH God. (Rom. 5:1) The Sanctified have the Peace of God." (I Thess. 5:32) The writer of the Hebrews admonished us to "Follow Peace with all men and Holiness without which no man shall

see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14) Jesus pronounced a special blessing on the Peacemakers. (Matt. 5:10) One day He will come and set up His Kingdom of Peace for a thousand years. At this Easter season let us rejoice in this Peace that His Resurrection guarantees to us.

The Resurrection reveals the restatement of the Great Commission. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. If His responsibility was to come, ours is to go. Selfishness will sit and conserve and think in terms of staying and keeping. Unselfishness and sacrifice will go and tell and share and give. He was sent. I am sent. You are sent. We may go as preachers or missionaries. We may go through our prayers or gifts. We may go through personal work and witnessing. But all together, in every way, the church constitutes a mighty moving force that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. May we as a church and as individuals carry out the mission our resurrected Christ has given to us.

The promised Comforter was another Resurrection Revelation. He breathed on them and said, Receive the Holy Ghost. This was an earnest, a foretaste of what they would receive in His fullness at Pentecost not many days hence. They were commanded to tarry until He came. (Lk. 24:49) (Acts 1:4)

They obeyed and received the Holy Ghost. Their hearts were purified, their lives empowered, their hearts filled with joy, their tongues loosed to Witness, and their liberality for God's cause knew no bounds. They turned the world upside down as they went everywhere preaching the Gospel and were not content until they witnessed in Caesar's household. The promise is unto you. (Acts 2:39) Are we perpetuating Pentecost today? They continued in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts 2:42) The Holy Ghost still comes in cleansing fire and enabling power to make his saints more than conquerors. Let us claim our birthright and insist on our inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith. This experience is assured us because He arose from the dead and ascended to the right hand of the Father We know Jesus is there today for He said if He went away He would send the Comforter. Thank God "the Comforter has come to abide"

Finally, His Resurrection reveals the requirement to make Disciples. "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." What a responsibility! What a charge! The business of every Church and every Christian. Preach the Gospel. "When Zion travails . . ." "He that winneth souls is wise." "He that goeth forth weeping" "He that converteth a soul from the error of his way shall save a soul from death" From death to life. Resurrection Transformations. What a salvation! It is ours to possess, to enjoy, to propagate. Life and life more abundantly. Eternal life. "Oh, death where is thy sting, oh grave where is thy victory.., thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I share Paul's desire when he cried, "That I might know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings."

"He lives, He lives,
Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me
Along life's narrow way;
He lives, He lives, salvation to impart!

You ask me how I know He lives;
He lives within my heart."

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SANCTIFIED

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." (II Cor. 12:7-10)

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." (I Peter 4:1)

Suffering has always been connected with sainthood. Not imaginary suffering, but real suffering. By its very nature suffering is unpleasant, He who permits suffering expects us to accept it as such. The Son of God prayed that the cup might pass from Him and the great apostle, deeply wounded, sought the Lord thrice that his thorn might be removed. It is a serious mistake to think that sanctified people are exempt from suffering and are always prosperous. It is not always God's will to deliver us from our afflictions, more often He delivers us in our afflictions.

The world has rightfully been termed, "a vale of tears and shadows." Holy men and women have real misfortunes and sorrows. Many things only scratch the surface, but often they reach the depth and sting the soul, infirmities of speech and hearing, bodily defects, and disfiguration, often occasion suffering in people of a sensitive nature. Some men are severely wounded by business mistakes and misfortunes. To some, public life brings intolerable harassing and humiliation. Others are staggered by the inexplicable ingratitude and alienation of those whom they loved best. We are solitary and silent in the wake of great bereavements. Holy men are often conscious of a strong irony in life. The brilliant student loses his eyesight, the singer is silenced by a throat affliction; the preacher's tongue is palsied; the beautiful face is marred; the parent is taken from a dependent family and in a thousand other ways good men and women are lacerated and pricked in the heart. The trouble they dreaded worst comes upon them; the thing they desire most to keep is taken; the most distasteful of all cups is given them to drink. The irony is so obvious that it startles us and we stop to think. Paul felt that his trouble was of this nature and sooner or later we all must come into the fellowship of his suffering. There are thousands of martyrs who are unseen and unknown. "They are held in unrecorded duration, scorched by slow fires, fretted by invisible fetters, scourged by secret wrongs, and sufferings, crushed by mean tyrannies, dragged through poverty and disease without being dragged into fame, they are real, but inglorious martyrs, martyrs by the

pang without the Palm." But all who keep submitted to the Divine Will, find that He sanctifies to them their deepest distress.

The deepest sufferings of the sanctified are inexpressible, Paul does not disclose the character of his thorn in the flesh, and preachers have sought in vain to reveal it. But the great truth from the apostle's silence is that there are sufferings in life which are unutterable. Our highest experiences cannot be expressed. Words are inadequate to express our supernatural moments, soaring thoughts, brightest visions, and sublimest emotions of the soul. Sometimes in intercessory prayer, groans are better vehicles to convey the burden than words. And this is equally true of our deepest, saddest sufferings.

Superficial souls incapable of great grief will prate of their sufferings; but real griefs are sacred and holy men are reticent. The brook ceases its babble as it enters the ocean and the soul is silent as it merges into some infinite deep of trial and suffering. Often self-respect demands a silence before men. There are times when honour demands us to suffer silently for the sake of others. Sometimes one is silent because of surprise and dismay. The unexpectedness and the magnitude of disaster leaves one speechless. There are times when emotions are too deep for words or tears. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." There are occasions in the lives of the sanctified when they imitate Christ's silence.

The sufferings of the sanctified are unavoidable. We must face them and find grace for victory in them. There is no discharge in this war. Paul sought thrice removal of the cause of his affliction and then knew that it had come to stay.

"All life is different, immensely different, when hope dies out of it; if we see any likelihood of recovery and restoration we can bear much, but when one day we are brought face to face with the fact that nothing is left to hope for--no renewal, no compensation --we know a new and overwhelming sensation. When we see plainly that the love we courted is missed forever; when it is placed beyond question that, despite our struggles, we must die in embarrassed circumstances; when our beloved are taken from us, whose place none may fill; or when the physician honestly avows that our complaint is fatal, then a great silence settles upon us. A spark is small, but when hope's last glint is extinguished the night is darker, the solitude deeper, and the dread more intense than it ever was before. The incurable ward has a pathos all its own. When that day and hour arrives, happy is the man who can confidently cry, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."

The sufferings of the sanctified are caused by the devil, but permitted by the Lord. Job's sufferings were caused by the intervention of the devil. Paul declares that his thorn was "A messenger of Satan to buffet me." In the life of Jesus, the same obscure problem of evil comes forth. Behind the temptations, by which He was tried, the oppositions that opposed Him, and His treacherous betrayal, lurked the malignancy of hell, to which our Lord was painfully aware. There are some trials that arise from the natural course of human life, but the sharper trials are embittered by the sense of the power of the devil. Often our trouble comes because of the failure of those we have trusted. Sometimes our grief is caused by the base ingratitude of those we have helped. Occasionally we suffer from unkind treatment, foul misrepresentation, or cruel injustice. The suffering is all the more painful when we are stricken by a poisoned arrow. "A messenger of God,

even with a sorrowful message, we may receive with resignation, but that a messenger of Satan is the agent of our affliction is intolerable." The pain is greatly intensified the moment we discover in it the element of wickedness, the power of iniquity.

Though, we find it most difficult to bear the sufferings that are occasioned by the power of darkness it is well to remember that God permitted the Evil One to tempt us and that there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (I Cor. 10:13)

The question naturally arises, "Why does God permit the Holy to suffer?" What is the purpose of the affliction of the sanctified?"

The sufferings of the Sanctified contemplates their safety. Paul says, "Lest I should be exalted above measure." Could Paul be in any such peril? The great, learned, talented, blessed apostle in the very heights of victory! Is it possible that one who had been caught up to the third heaven be cast down to hell? Yes, even such a man stood in danger. It is generally understood that worldly prosperity is dangerous to the soul. We are also aware of the jeopardy of soul caused from popularity. Few people can stand popularity. Perhaps we are not as aware of the peril that is posed by high religious privilege, experience and achievement. "Rare visions, sublime hours and lofty experiences of God are attended by corresponding risks. Privileged spirits standing on crystal peaks and snowy crests of Alpine Purity and Vision see dark Chasms yawn at their feet." There are subtle temptations that one in high spiritual state must guard against. Temptation to spiritual pride lurks amid pitfalls of the valley of the shadow of death. The glimpse permitted into heaven reminds us of its greatest tragedy and should teach us to take heed. Angels and archangels in glory kept not their first estate; pride ascended the golden stairs and breathed itself into the hearts of holy and perfect principalities; even they yielded to a wicked ambition, counting it not robbery to be equal with God, and fell into everlasting shame. We do not fear when we see Christ on the pinnacle of the temple, but the holiest of men may tremble to stand there. The strongest and purest of men must watch and pray. Great is God's solicitude regarding our danger and our salvation. He permits severe trials to come our way to teach us our reliance and utter dependence in Him. Any loss or suffering is light if it drives us to prayer. Promoting the glory of the inner Man and securing our salvation. "God overrules the wrath of men and Devils to the advantage of His People."

The sufferings of the sanctified strengthens them. "My grace is sufficient for thee." When I am weak then am I strong." A sense of weakness often drives us to the bosom of Him who is all power. God deprives us of our natural strength, takes away worldly hopes and chastens us that He may manifest to us a new and Diviner strength. The captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings. (Heb. 2:10) He was crucified in weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God. (II Cor. 13:4)

The suffering of the sanctified enlarges the realm of service. Often through personal affliction and suffering, men become more efficient teachers of the highest truths. We learn only by experience. No preacher is at his best until his heart is broken. No singer can truly bless until his spirit is crushed. The poet cannot write until first he has lived. Paul was a great logician, but his

writings abound with expressions of sympathy and understanding, because he had suffered much. Our Lord Himself is touched with the feelings of our infirmities. (Heb. 4:15) and being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted. (Heb. 2:18) As Paul's afflictions were connected with "revelations," so through our hardest trials, bitterest sufferings, God equips us with keener discernment, kinder attitudes, and stronger convictions, empowering us for greater service.

Multitudes of sanctified people know that the blow which shattered them and reduced them to what the world terms weakness, was the providence of God; that the human disappointment was the Divine appointment to higher and holier accomplishments.

May God help us to humbly accept and patiently endure the sufferings of life. "The messenger may be the messenger of Satan sent to buffet us; but the message is from God, and the executioner brings us glory, honour, incorruption, and eternal life." I feel like C. P. Jones must have felt when he wrote:

Deeper, Deeper, though it costs hard trials
Daily let me go.
Rooted in the Holy love of Jesus,
Let me fruitful grow.

* * * * *

MISSED

By M. E. Foltz

"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty" (I Samuel 20:18).

David's life story is most exciting. Israel, God's chosen people, after their deliverance from Egyptian bondage was ruled by judges for more than three hundred years. Then they began to clamor for a king; they wanted to be like other people---and the other people were Gentiles, heathen.

If God's people have a desire to be like others round about them it means that they want to be like the world. There are but two classes--Christians and sinners. Therefore, for God's child to want to be like others can mean nothing else than that he wants to be like someone who is worldly.

Samuel the prophet warned the children of Israel against a king. He told them it was not God's will, but nevertheless they cried for a king, and Saul was chosen. In the course of time Saul disobeyed God and an evil spirit entered into him. David the son of Jesse was then anointed by Samuel to be Saul's successor.

A little later the Almighty delivered Goliath, the Philistine giant, into David's hands. It was then that the women sang: "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." This angered the king and he determined to kill David. Now and then Saul would seemingly relent and have David return to the palace and play the harp which at times drove away the evil spirit. But soon the evil spirit would return and David's life would again be in danger.

Jonathan, Saul's eldest son became greatly attached to David. No such love is recorded as they had for each other. On one occasion when Saul was seeking David's life he fled from Naioth, and meeting Jonathan said, "What have I done? What is mine iniquity? And what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?" (I Sam, 20:1). Jonathan assured David that he would not die. David however, said, "There is but a step between me and death."

Fearing Saul, David decided to remain away from the new moon feast--a feast which it was customary to hold when the new moon appeared. He told Jonathan that if anyone asked about him to say that he had gone to Bethlehem to be with his people. David and Jonathan then went out into the field and there pledged their faith the one to the other. Jonathan then said to David, "Tomorrow is the new moon and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I do not need to follow the story of David any farther, but will draw some lessons from the text.

David's place under proper conditions would have been at the table. He was a member of the king's household--the husband of the king's daughter.

Every man has his own proper place, where he ought to be. God has designed him for it, and it belongs to him and no one else, and every man may know and find his place if he will. It must be his own sincere desire to be in his place, and he must go to God heartily praying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Where wilt thou have me to be?" Let him surrender his own will to God's will, and God will lead him, and he shall make no mistake.

"And it is a most blessed thing to be in one's place; there one is most happy--more happy than he can be in any other place. God will be with him there. He will cheer and strengthen and sustain him. He may have trials but he meets them in the path of duty, and God's grace is sufficient for him. The same compassionate God who was with Daniel in the lion's den and the three Hebrews in the burning fiery furnace will not leave him nor forsake him. Being in his own proper place he can go to God with confidence, and he shall be comforted and supported, and he shall be joyful in all tribulation."

In the future some time, and we believe the time is not far distant, there is to be a gathering of the saints of all ages. Christ will descend, we are told, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the righteous dead shall arise out of their graves. And we are told further that they who are alive and are serving God will be caught up with the resurrected saints to meet the Lord in the air, "and so shall they ever be with the Lord."

If a parade is being held and some great man of earth is to appear, how the onlookers are thrilled as the time approaches for the distinguished one to make his appearance. How the little company gathered about the grave of Lazarus must have been thrilled when Jesus said, "Lazarus, come forth."

But how much more thrilling will it be to the living saints when the voice of the Son of God rings out over the entire world, "Saints of God, come forth from your graves. Death has claimed

you long enough. Come forth to the marriage of the Lamb--to eternal life." At the sound of that voice every infant and every righteous person from Abel to the end of the age will respond. And then this company will wing their flight through the starry vault of heaven to the city of God. Here will occur that mysterious something the Bible calls the marriage of the Lamb to His Bride. We do not know just what this will be, but it will be glorious beyond our wildest dreams. And when the marriage is consummated, will occur the marriage supper. The saints of all ages will be seated around the banqueting table where they will be served by their Redeemer Himself.

The question I am bringing to you today is, Will you be there? or will it be said of you as of David at the table of the king, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty"? There will be a seat for you at the table, but will you occupy it? You may, but will you? Some will occupy theirs; some will not. With which company will you be?

If we are there we shall have to give up sin. The Bible says that nothing defiling or unclean can enter in. "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart" (Ps. 24:3-4). Unless you come to God and have your sins forgiven--unless you have purity of heart your seat will be empty.

Following the marriage supper Christ and His Bride will descend to earth. Satan will be bound for a thousand years and cast into the bottomless pit. Jesus will then set up His millennial kingdom. "I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them." To whom was the judgment given? To the redeemed. Will you be there, or will your throne be empty? Let us see what the Word says: "Blessed and holy (sanctified) is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Rev. 20:6). "Blessed and holy." Have you that experience?

My friends, God's word is unchangeable. It has not been toned down to suit the people of the twentieth century even if many of the great preachers so proclaim. "I am the God that changeth not." God has not changed His mind about sin. Theft is still theft; a lie is still a lie; murder is still murder; adultery is still adultery; covetousness is still coveteousness, no matter what modern society may decree.

You may try to dodge the issue, you may call me an alarmist; you may say it is not right to frighten people into religion; but you will have to face God in the judgment.

Are you going to fail to meet God's conditions? Are you going to let pride cause you to be missed because your seat will be empty? Are you going to fail because you will not confess your sins? Doubtless there are people reading this who will never confess their sins--husbands, wives, children who will keep their lips closed--and their seat will be empty.

But remember, God's word says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." How often have I seen people cover their sins, refuse to confess to the one wronged or to the proper persons, when if they had, perhaps only one or two would ever have known it. But refusing to confess, covering their sin, hiding it away, it was brought out, and as the Bible says, "proclaimed from the housetops."

God cannot and will not forgive unconfessed sins. But if you will confess He will abundantly pardon--cleanse you and make you whiter than snow. And on that day you will be in your seat, cleansed by the blood of the crucified Savior.

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THE STRANGER ON THE EMMAUS ROAD

As the two disciples walked the Emmaus Road
With hearts so heavy they seemed a load--
Their spirits too heavy to care to know who.
A stranger was who journeyed too.

Both pondering their own intrusive fear
While the wondering stranger was drawing near
Just a wanderer He seemed to them so,
Having no home or place to go.

They were growing weary--their steps were slow
The day was far spent, and the sun was low.
The stranger must sleep by the lonely road side,
Cleopas then said, "Will you with us abide?"

There is warmth and food, and rest inside
It is far to an Inn -- you have no way to ride.
The stranger then with hesitation,
Accepted Cleopas' invitation.

But on the strangers face, at the table there burst
A familiar feature unnoticed at first,
Until then Cleopas did not surmise
That their guest was surely the Lord in disguise.

But while their gladness was at its height,
He suddenly vanished from their sight.
Then the, two agreed with glad accord--
That the pleasant stranger was the risen Lord.

Not caring to eat for joy and gladness,
They hastened to the eleven still in sadness.
They knew they had entertained the stranger,
Who slept his first night on earth in the manger.

-- W. D. Johnson

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MILLIONS NOW AWAIT YOUR HELP

There are hungry souls throughout the world
Bound down with chains of sin;
There are aching hearts that long for rest
And know no peace within.

There are longing souls in misery,
Who weep and cry and groan,
But the One who loved them, died for them,
They've never, never known.

There are many souls in agony,
As onward seasons roll,
And they plead and strive for peace of heart,
They cry for rest of soul.

Through the dark despair they seek and toil
As swift the years go by,
For they spend their life in search of hope--
But hopeless, lost, they die.

Every year the millions perishing
Shriek out their lost despair;
Every moment dying, wailing cries
Of heathen rend the air.

Oh, 'tis not because they do not care--
Ah, no, they sought for light,
But with tortured bodies, tortured souls,
They perished in the night.

They had prayed and longed and searched for light,
They'd searched for peace in vain,
And they gladly awful torture bore
That they some hope might gain.

But their search did not bring peace of soul
For Christ they did not know,
And for many years they've suffered now
In dark confines of woe.

Other millions now, upon their knees,
Beneath their heathen sky,
There await with outstretched arms the Light,

For soon they too must die.

They are crying unto idol gods
Of earth and wood and stone,
For the love of Him who died for them
They never have been shown.

Then, oh, why not bring the news to them
Of Christ the loving Lord?
Then, oh, why not point them to the Light
And preach the living Word?

Can't you hear them pleading that you haste?
Oh, hear that awful cry!
For the millions now await your help,
And soon they too must die.

-- Wesley L. Duewel -- From S. S. Messenger

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

KITE WEATHER

Sandy and Jerry sat on the top step of the porch watching the clouds drift lazily by across the heavens when suddenly Jerry stood to his feet and clapping his hands together said:

"Sandy, Sandy, I see a kite. It looks like a big bird. Look!" And he pointed excitedly to the sky, trying to guide Sandy's small eyes to the exact spot where the kite was sailing high with the wind.

"I see a pretty white cloud," Sandy said, "that looks just like a soft woolly lamb, but I can't see a kite."

"It's up there all right," continued Jerry, "for I see it. Let's go fly our kites too. This spring wind surely is fine for kite flying."

"Oh, no, Jerry," Sandy said. "We can't fly kites today; this is Sunday and Mother and Daddy said we could sit on the steps and watch the birds and clouds, but we mustn't be loud nor fly any kites. This is the day the Lord made for us to rest and worship Him. We never fly kites on Sunday," and her voice took on a horrified tone.

"That's what you think," Jerry said stubbornly. "I'm going to fly my kite. No one will know! Mother and Dad are resting and they won't be up for another hour so how could they know?" he asked indignantly.

"But God knows, Jerry," Sandy said, "and He'll see you!"

"I'm going to fly my kite, Sandy, and that's that," he added with great finality. "You coming or not?"

"Oh, no, Jerry! I couldn't go. I love Jesus and want to please Him. Please, Jerry," she pleaded, "don't go! You'll be sorry!"

"Why should I be sorry? I'm not going to make any noise, I'm just going out to the vacant lot to fly my kite. You're a softie -- just like a girl--a big softie!" and he laughed as he rushed into the house and got his kite.

Sandy heard her brother go out the back door and down the steps and then the impact of his words settled down upon her little heart with a bang. Jerry had called her a 'softie'--a girl 'softie,' and the devil was right there too to tell her that's exactly what she was.

A big tear rolled down her cheek, then another, and another, and she was so busy crying that she never saw her Aunt Betty and Uncle Al pull up in the big driveway until a kind voice spoke softly.

"Why, Sandy, darling, you're crying. What's the matter? Are you hurt?" and Aunt Betty gathered her into her arms.

"Oh, no, Aunt Betty, I'm not hurt. Well--I mean, not exactly. Jerry just called me a 'big softie' 'cause I won't go kite flying today, but Mother and Daddy said we could sit on the steps and watch the clouds and birds, but we mustn't make any noise nor fly kites and play ball, and Jerry's gone out to the big vacant lot. I told him the Lord saw him and was watching all we did; and then he said I was a 'softie.' That's why I'm crying--and, Aunt Betty, Mother said the Lord loves for us to be obedient, and when we disobey something usually happens. What if something should happen to Jerry? He's disobedient!" and a fresh shower of tears started flowing.

"Now, Sandy," Aunt Betty said, "you just stop worrying about Jerry. The Lord may have to punish him to make him obey, but for now you're going with Uncle Al and me."

Sandy's mouth opened wide and she started to speak but Aunt Betty was leading her toward the car as she continued:

"This was to be a nice surprise for you and Jerry; that's why your Mother and Daddy didn't make you lie down this afternoon and told you both you could sit on the porch steps and watch the clouds. We're taking you over to our place for the afternoon; there's so much to see. My white duck "Missy" just got a big family of fifteen fuzzy yellow ducklings; and Belle, the sheep, had twin lambs; and Prissy, the kitten is more playful than ever, so you can see them all today, and the

flowers you planted are in full bloom. You can pick a big bouquet for church tonight -you'll be staying with us until church time."

Sandy's heart was so light and happy that she wanted to jump for joy. Then suddenly she said:

"But what about Mother? I should kiss her good-bye. She may worry! And poor Jerry, can't he go?"

"Mother won't worry," Aunt Betty reassured Sandy, "she planned it this way--a surprise, you remember? As for Jerry, he must pay for his disobedience and sin," and she lovingly placed Sandy on the front seat between Uncle Al and herself. Then the big car was off, and soon out of the town on to the country road.

Sandy's heart beat rapidly as she saw the big white farmhouse and bright red barn looming up just ahead, and she wiggled and squirmed on the seat with her nose awfully close to the front car window--so close, in fact, that when Uncle Al hit a bump going around the big red barn, she got a sound knock on her little pug nose, but her joy was so great and intense that she hardly felt the bump.

No sooner had the car stopped than Sandy was out the door and running toward the barnyard.

"Wait a minute," Aunt Betty called after her, "you must change your dress. Come back and get into one of Linda's old dresses."

Sandy followed her Aunt obediently into the neat white farmhouse and spied Prissy, the cat, all tangled up in a ball of yarn but having the time of her life in among the tangles.

"I like your house, Aunt Betty, just bushels and bushels! You always have such a lot of room!" and her pretty blue eyes sparkled with joy and her two little dimples showed real deep and pretty as she lovingly threw her childish arms around her Aunt's neck and gave her a big kiss and smiled Aunt Betty hugged her tenderly, then patting her silken blond hair, said:

"Run along now and have a good time. You'll find Billy around the barnyard somewhere. He's been watching Belle and the lambs. He's so tickled with those twins, he hardly wants to leave them to go to school. Of course, you know Belle is his very own sheep!" And she watched as Sandy disappeared down the stairway.

Billy was sitting at the bottom of the big straw stack in the barnyard and nestled close by was Belle, the sheep, with her twin lambs. How furry and soft they were and Sandy stroked first one, then the other.

"Oh, Billy," she said, "aren't they cute? So cuddly and soft! I know Jerry will be sorry he was disobedient," and Sandy told Billy what Jerry had done and why he wasn't there.

After awhile Billy said, "Sandy, I haven't named the lambs yet. Mother and Dad thought since they were twins, it would be nice for you and Jerry to name them for me, but since Jerry was disobedient and isn't here, you and shall name them. How about it, Sandy?"

Sandy was so excited she could scarcely think, and first one name entered her mind, then another, but somehow none of them seemed to fit those soft bundles lying on the clean straw. After a long while she said:

"Billy, I believe I know what I want mine called 'Cuddles'! How does that sound?" and she looked at Billy who was gently stroking one of the soft woolly lambs.

"That's pretty," Billy said, then added, "Would you like to name both of them?"

Sandy's blue eyes grew large and round as she said excitedly, "Oh, Billy! Do you mean it? I'd love to!"

After some time of thinking, she said, "I have it! I have it! The other lamb must be called 'Frisky' as Aunt Betty said how frisky they are. Cuddles and Frisky and Mother Belle! What pretty names!" she said affectionately.

"Which shall be which?" Billy asked. "One has a black spot on the ear and the other doesn't."

"That's easy," Sandy said, "Frisky has the black spot and Cuddles doesn't!"

"That's fine," Billy said, "and now I must tell them their names," and he whispered softly into the ear of each woolly lamb. Mother Belle looked understandingly at Billy, then lay her head down on her bosom again and went back to sleep.

Just then Sandy heard Aunt Betty call softly to her and she ran in to the big farmhouse.

"Don't you think we'd better get our bouquet of flowers ready for church?" she asked Sandy.

"Oh, yes," replied the blue-eyed girl, "and, Aunt Betty, has my pretty little hummingbird come back anymore? I surely hope so," and she smiled sweetly.

"Oh, yes, Sandy," her Aunt said, "many, many times we all watch the ruby-throated bird plunging his long bill 'way down into the flowers after the sweet goodness."

The two went down the path that led toward the beautiful flower garden and Sandy stood in wide-eyed wonder, looking at all the beautiful colors. There were pinks, blues, yellows, white, reds, and just all colors! She clasped her little hands tightly in front of her and exclaimed over and over:

"Oh, how beautiful! How very beautiful! Doesn't Jesus make pretty things!"

When the supper dishes were dried, everybody bathed and changed clothes for church.

Sandy was so tired that she almost fell to sleep riding in the back seat with Billy, and not until she saw Mother and Daddy sitting on the second pew was she aware that Jerry was missing.

She walked quietly down the aisle to Mother and threw her arms about her neck, then whispered ever so softly, "Where's Jerry?"

For a moment Mother was speechless, then Daddy said quietly, "He's with you, isn't he?"

It was then Sandy told them about Jerry and what he had done that afternoon, and how he didn't come with Uncle Al and Aunt Betty because he had gone to the vacant lot to fly his kite.

Mother's pretty face turned pale and Sandy thought she looked sick. Daddy must have noticed too, for quickly he said, "Let's go see what's happened to that boy, shall we, Mother?" And he led Mother down the aisle with Sandy following. He paused at the doorway to explain to Rev. Myer's wife, and motioned for Sandy's Uncle to come, then telling him what had happened, he went out the door and quickly got into the car.

It didn't take them long to get home as Daddy was in a big hurry and Sandy, sensing their keen anxiety, sat real still and quiet. She saw Mother was crying and in her heart she too felt like crying. Then Mother's words kept ringing in her little ears--"You disobey, children, and something is liable to happen to you!" What had happened to poor Jerry? Poor disobedient Jerry!

Daddy opened the car door for Sandy and Mother, then headed straight for the vacant lot calling loudly, "Jerry, Jerry!"

Mother turned the porch and garage lights on and waited anxiously with Sandy on the same porch steps she and Jerry had sat that very afternoon.

They heard Daddy's call growing fainter and fainter as he followed the narrow pathway that led to the vacant lot. Then, after what seemed like a long time, Daddy was coming toward them with a bundle in his arms.

"Why--Why," and Sandy stuttered, "it's Jerry, Mother. It's Jerry! Is he hurt?" she asked quickly as Daddy came toward them. Then she saw that Jerry was crying and nestled ever so closely in Daddy's big arms.

Mother rushed forward and flung her arms around her boy and asked again and again, "Are you all right, Jerry? Are you all right?" All Jerry could do was cry.

"I think his leg is broken," Daddy broke in, "for he can't walk on it. He was lying in a hole when I found him, and he said his leg hurts him terribly. We'll take him down to the hospital and see what they say."

"He has a bad break--a very bad break, Mr. Allen," said Dr. White after he had examined Jerry, "and I fear he may have to stay in the hospital for quite some time," he added, and Jerry whimpered like a wounded puppy.

After the Doctor had set Jerry's leg and put it in a big heavy cast, the nurse wheeled him down the long aisle to his room and put him in one of the many beds in the room, then kindly she said, "My name's Miss Grantham, and Dr. White tells me you're Jerry Allen. Is that right?" And Jerry only nodded.

"Well, Jerry," and she smiled at him, "since you're going to be here for a long time, we might as well be friends! I'll be taking care of you now until you get better," and she patted his head, then disappeared out the doorway saying, "When you need me, just press that buzzer on your bed."

Then Mother and Daddy came into the room and Jerry began to sob and cry. Mother put her kind hand on his head, never saying a word, but it was Jerry who broke the silence:

"Mother, can you and Dad ever forgive me? I was so disobedient and naughty to do what I did today, and to think it was the Lord's day of rest for us! Please forgive me, will you?" and Daddy and Mother both were weeping and loving and caressing their boy. "Why, of course, we'll forgive you, Jerry! You know we will," they both said, then Daddy spoke and said:

"But what about the Lord? Have you told Him how disobedient you were and that you're sorry?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy," Jerry said. "I got saved out on the vacant lot in that old hole. I told Jesus how stubborn and disobedient I was and He came and whispered to my heart that I was all forgiven, but I mustn't ever do it again, and I promised Him I wouldn't and I mean it, Mother and Daddy. I won't! You can depend upon it; I mean to be true to Jesus. Mother, you remember what you used to tell me? 'Jerry, you disobey and somewhere or sometime you'll pay for it!' Well, Mother, I'm paying now, but I'm so sorry. I'm going to be a different boy from now on because Jesus has saved me and forgiven me all my sins. Oh, I thank Him for letting this happen to me."

Just before Mother and Daddy said "Goodnight" to Jerry, he said tenderly:

"Please tell Sandy I'm sorry. She was right--I was wrong; and, Mother, I -- I called her a 'softie' because she wouldn't go kite flying with me. Will you please ask her to forgive me? If only I would have listened to her."

"We'll tell Sandy, Jerry, she's down in the waiting room now and she'll be so happy to hear about you getting saved." Then planting a kiss on his forehead they said, "Goodnight."

Down in the waiting room a little blonde haired girl was sleeping. The day was long and tiring but pleasant, and a smile played across her sweet face as Daddy lovingly gathered her into his big arms and gently placed her in Mother's waiting arms for the ride home. The smile continued to linger as Sandy was again with Cuddles and Frisky in dreamland.

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"THE ASHES OF BROKEN VOWS"

By Mrs. Ilah Downs

Ecclesiastes 5:4, 5, "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools; pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay."

I am amazed in the study of this subject to find how much God has to say about broken vows. I am overwhelmed to see with what severity God deals with them. While we are busy here and there fussing over this and that, trying to keep our doctrine straight, our theology just right, and preach our sermons pretty and pleasing to the ear, pick all the flaws in the "other" churches that are not quite as spiritual as we are, lo and behold we have found that the crying sin of both priest and people is "broken vows." We are making an effort to do the "work of the Lord," we are trying to push the battle, but while we are "pushing," our feet are slipping in the "ashes of broken vows." We have been delivered from the Apostasy, and what one of us is not grateful for that? But we have been delivered to do more than just talk about it. We have been delivered to go out there, not to build churches or denominations, but to .tell the lost, the hopelessly lost, that "there is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins, and sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all, thank God, all their guilty stains."

But we are spinning our spiritual wheels. We lay the blame at the door of "The day in which we live," "The high standards of the church," "The unwillingness of people to pay the price," "The hardness of the people"; and true enough these conditions play their part in hindering people from getting to God. But where is the Ancient Deliverer? Is He not the Changeless One? No, our trouble is deeper than this, our trouble is "heart trouble." We have made vows we have not paid. This may startle you as it did me, but broken vows are not forgiven, they must be paid. Our text says "pay that which thou hast vowed." "Defer not to pay it" Ps. 50:14. "Pay thy vows unto the Most High." Ps. 76:11. "Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God." Deut. 23:21, "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it." Numbers 30:2, "If a man vow unto the Lord, . . . he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth."

When Jonah found himself in the belly of the whale, he said, "I am cast out of sight, the waters compassed me about, even to the soul, the depth closed me round about, the weeds wrapped about my head, the earth with her bars are about me, my soul fainted but I remembered the Lord." And he remembered vows he had made. Notice he did not pray "Lord forgive my broken vows," but he determined to pay his vows. It was then the "Lord spoke unto the fish," and Jonah was delivered from the whale's belly. We are cast out of sight, the depth has closed around us, the weeds of disobedience are stifling us because we are wallowing around in the ashes of broken vows.

That missionary offering I promised to give. Yes, even told the Lord I would sacrifice something I was to buy for myself, but when I went shopping sometime later, I saw it "on sale." I felt I could not pass up such a bargain, so I "passed up" my missionary offering. That double tithe I

promised to give and when the testing time came and things got tight, I broke my vow. When God spoke to my heart about getting up in the night to pray, I found it such a battle so I gave up the fight. I broke my vows. When God talked to me about Loquacity (talkativeness) I vowed by His grace to so deepen my spiritual life that I would speak only in harmony with the indwelling Spirit. But when the test came, I walked over the "checks" of the Spirit and had my "LITTLE" say. It usually is LITTLE but LONG. Broken vows, broken vows. When the storms of life are on how quickly we run to the "Shelter" and make our vows: "Lord, if you will deliver me I will do thus and thus," but when the storm clouds have lifted, and the sun shines again we forget our vows and hope that God has forgotten, but God said vows must be paid.

I was preaching one Sunday morning some years ago, in a little town in Illinois, from this text, Ecc. 5:4,5. God had helped us to preach, the Spirit was dealing with hearts and when the altar call was given, folks started coming to the altar, and right in the midst of the altar call the pastor of the church, a Spirit-filled man of God, stood to his feet and asked to say a word. He told the people that God had talked to him about a broken vow. He said, "I know God's Word means exactly what it says; it is not enough to ask God to forgive me, I must pay my vow. This, he went on to say, Will cost me four hundred dollars, but I must, and I will pay it." Needless to say that was a Sunday morning service I shall never forget. In talking to me later about it, he said, "When you read your text God stirred around in the ashes of this broken vow, and I knew then what I would have to do." Time does not permit to tell you how this all came out, but it had a wonderful climax as God spoke to others through the paying of that four hundred dollars.

Let's pay our vows, God has some blessings for us.

A friend of mine has a cousin, a sweet Christian girl who was engaged to a splendid Christian gentleman. Some time before her wedding day she was stricken with polio, leaving her a helpless cripple, having no use of her legs. She ask her fiance to accept his release from his vow to marry her, but he swept her up in his arms and said, "This is a circumstance over which you had no control, and if you will just say the word we will go on to take the vows." Every Sunday in that New England town you can see that man walking down the aisle of that church with that frail little body in his arms, as proud of her as if she were walking by his side, placing her in the pew and sitting down beside her to enjoy the service together. We say he is to be congratulated for having kept his promise in the face of such adverse circumstances.

God give us men and women who, in spite of adverse circumstances will pay their vows to God.

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SIX WORLD CRISES

"But the wise shall understand" (Daniel 12-10)

The first great crisis took place in the garden of Eden, the devil deceived Eve and Adam, and they fell, and were driven out of the garden. But God did not leave man alone, but provided a sacrifice (Gen. 3:21): "Unto Adam also, and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and

clothed them" a divinely provided garment that the first sinners might be fit for God's presence, so the devil was defeated by God in the first world crisis.

The second great crisis: the Flood. The antediluvian civilization became so wicked, (Gen. 6-5) "And God saw that the wickedness of man was so great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Span of years cut down, sickness, death enter the world, the second great world crisis.

The third great crisis, building the tower of Babel.

(Gen. 11-9) "Therefore is the name of it called Babel because the Lord did there confound the language of the earth, and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Wicked, confounded, the third great crisis.

The fourth great crisis is the Egyptian bondage, God sent Moses and Aaron down to Egypt to deliver the children of Israel from bondage. Pharaoh is a type of the devil, he was willful, wicked, rebellious, murderous and blasphemous. He was a liar and a cruel despot, refusing to give his subjects permission to leave him, when he finds he cannot keep them attempting to deceive them by compromises. He is destroyed by the power of God and sinks into a sea of perdition. God delivered his children out of the storm, the fourth great crisis.

The fifth great crisis, the coming of Jesus as a babe in Bethlehem. The wise men were looking for the Prophetic Star and then welcomed Him, Are we wise? Are we looking for Jesus to come? The indicator shows the signs that a storm is coming. Are we ready, packed up, and prayed up and have oil in our lamps, extra supply? The birth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ, fifth great crisis.

The sixth great world crisis is the second coming of Jesus. The nations of the world are in a terrible conflict, backed up by Satanic forces. The devil is putting up hi' great and last battle. God's children everywhere are beginning to realize the awful pressure of the devil, so the devil will be soon incarnated into the Anti-Christ and the demon spirits in the air driven down to earth; then the rapture of the Church and God's sanctified children will be above the Storm, let loose on this world. Great physical convulsions, over throw of governments, plagues that will sweep masses away, revolutions, wars, famines, earthquakes, strange, abnormal weather, political corruptness, traitors, despisers of government, so let us be wise, watching and waiting for Jesus to come and catch away His Bride. The darkest days that this world has ever had are just before us. One does not desire to needlessly harrow people's feelings, but this is the testimony of the Book, the greatest crisis the world has ever known is just ahead, so this will be the final end of the six world crises. -- Rev. A J. Hale

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THE END