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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the May, 1960 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
Official Organ Of The Bible Missionary Church, Inc.**

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Digital Edition 08/10/2000
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TITHING GOD'S FINANCIAL PLAN FOR THE AGES
By Elbert Dodd

"Will a man, rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3:8-10)

In the Manual of the Bible Missionary Church under paragraph thirty-one in the general rules we read: "Faithfully tithing of ones income for the support of the ministry and giving offerings for the work of the church according to the ability which God giveth. (This means storehouse tithing.) We believe the storehouse to be the local church where one's membership is held. This rule applies to all members of the Bible Missionary Church both preachers and laymen. When one joins the Bible Missionary Church he takes a vow that he will live according to the rules of the church. The practice giving one tenth of one's income to God is known as "tithing." God has always honored and blessed those who have faithfully paid tithes.

The Scriptures teach that tithing was practiced before the law was given. Abraham paid tithes (Gen. 14:20) and Jacob paid tithes (Gen. 28:22) and all the saints of all ages have practiced tithing. The commandment to tithe was also given by God as a part of the moral law. "And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord. And if a man will at all redeem ought of his tithes, he shall add thereto the fifth part thereof. And concerning the tithe of the herd or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." (Lev. 27:30-32)

Tithing was also taught and approved by Jesus in the New Testament. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." (Matt. 23:23) Tithing is God's law for all His people. Tithing along with offerings is the only Scriptural plan for supporting God's work and cause. It prevents other financial substitutes such as suppers, rummage sales, etc. God will bless any individual that practices strict storehouse tithing and He will bless any church that tithes its income and gives offerings to the support of the District and General work of a true holiness church.

Tithing is reasonable. If we rent a farm we pay a third and fourth to raise cotton or corn, the owner furnishes the land, pays the taxes and keeps the fence up. We should pay him his part and any honest man will pay him. God furnishes the sun, rain and strength to raise the crop. The land owner must have one third or one fourth, while God only asks one tenth. We could not raise one twig without God's blessings of sunshine and rain. To be honest, one who has light, must tithe. Tithing is paying a just debt.

I want to testify that it pays financially, physically and spiritually to tithe. God will bless beyond measure. For years I have paid more than a double tithe. My personal light is that I must double tithe. The Jew had to pay two tithes and he had no grace under the law, therefore I feel I must double tithe because of the great plan of salvation that has come my way and because I have light, life, full salvation and an opportunity to serve God. I can do no less, living in this enlightened age of the Holy Ghost dispensation.

To be a good steward one must be a strict tither. What a Christian has all belongs to God. We are but stewards over the possessions that God has lent to us. God has shown us how to handle that which is His and we must do it to be faithful. Praise God for the privilege of tithing to God.

Friend, if you have not been tithing, then try it for six months and God will bless you and you will be happy. God will pour you out a blessing that you will not have room enough to receive it!

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE GENEROSITY OF HOLINESS

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

To be generous is to be liberal, munificent, bountiful, high minded, honorable, strong and stimulating. A generous man may not be a holy man but a holy man is always a generous man. Holiness delivers one from selfishness. A person cannot be selfish and holy at the same time. "Selfishness is that disposition which prompts us to seek our own interests or our own gratification without due regard to the rights or happiness of others."

When Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," (Matt, 19:19) He recognized the fact that we are within scriptural rights to love ourselves. We are commanded in the Bible to have a due regard for our own happiness. All the Divine promises are founded on the principle that it is right for us, within proper limitations to pursue our own welfare. Abraham left his country and his kindred to seek for "a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." (Heb. 11:10) Moses forsook the honors and treasures in Egypt because he "had respect to the recompense of reward." (Heb. 11:26) "But this principle, so proper in itself, must be carefully regulated and kept within the bounds which God has prescribed, or it becomes sinful and pernicious." It is well to remember that there is a difference between self-love and selfishness. Holiness does not destroy the selfhood but it does destroy every tendency to selfishness. Self-love takes into consideration the Whole of our existence for time and for eternity. Self-hood or self-love has due concern for the happiness of others; selfishness inclines us to seek our own gratification without respect to the duties which we owe to God or man. God gave man self-love for his own preservation. The Devil, at the fall of man, implanted selfishness as a substitute for self-love in the human heart. From the tragedy in Eden to the present hour, selfishness has been the most fundamental characteristic of a depraved and carnal heart.

Selfishness is the bitter fountain head from which all corruptness springs. It is the cause of all the broken homes, sinful deeds, ugly attitudes, and horrible crimes that blight the world. It is the evil tree which bears every kind of wicked fruit.

Selfishness is never satisfied, the more it is appeased the more it demands. "It becomes most intense when there is least apology for its existence," It exists in a thousand different forms and in every strata of society. The most cultured and highly educated are as much under its blight as the most ignorant and unrefined.

Holiness and selfishness cannot live together. The purging, cleansing experience of sanctification burns out all littleness and selfishness from the heart until the once greedy soul becomes generous and magnanimous. The sanctified man is generous in his praise to God. He does not feel that his lack of sinful habits or his freedom from worldliness is a result of his own goodness. He is aware that grace alone makes the difference so he is bountiful in his praise to God. A holy man is lavish in his commendation of others. He ever rejoices in the successes and promotions of his brethren. He never calls attention to his own accomplishments and holy modesty makes him silent about any sacrifices that he may make.

Holiness makes one generous to the point of cheerful sacrifice in his giving to the cause of God. A saved man pays his tithe but a sanctified man recognizes that all he has belongs to God, in fact he has dedicated his all to his Redeemer to such an extent that he does not hesitate to give three or four tithes or all when the demands of the kingdom require it. If it is right and proper for an individual to tithe and give offerings, it is also right and Scriptural for every church to tithe. In a very true sense the pastor lives of the tithe just as the Levites did under the Mosaic dispensation. In the Old Testament times it was the duty of the priests to see that a tithe of the tithe was offered to the Lord. "Thus speak unto the Levites, and say unto them, When ye take of the children of Israel the tithes which I have given you from them for your inheritance, then ye shall offer up an heave offering of it for the Lord, even a tenth part of the tithe." (Numbers 18:26) In this enlightened

dispensation of grace, surely no church, that professes holiness, can do less for the cause of God and missions than to give ten or twelve per cent to carry on the district and general work of the church. It is passing strange, how some pastors can draw good salaries and live in good homes and not make any effort to see that their church pays the small percentages to assist the general and district phases of the church, which they profess to love, while other pastors, who must work part time to have the privilege of preaching on Sunday, are careful to see that their church sends it in regularly. An occasional hit or miss special offering will not sufficiently meet the needs of the kingdom of God any more than the individual in the local church who alibis his lack of systematic tithing by giving "conscience" money on certain occasions. "Every effort to raise money for the church by means of fairs, festivals or similar contrivances is an appeal to selfishness.' God's plan is tithes and offerings. It cannot be improved upon. Tithes and, offerings are not burdensome to a sanctified man or a sanctified church. The compulsion of love takes him as far beyond the simple tithe as grace goes beyond the law.

A holy man is generous in his devotement of time to God. He recognizes that God has a claim on his time and that his life is not to be spent entirely in pursuits of self gratification. A man of God will not permit the cares of life and the business of living to crowd out his time each day for God. Some special time should be given out of each twenty-four hours in the presence of the King. He sets aside a day in seven as a day of rest and worship to God. Under the Old Testament dispensation there were certain times during the year when all work was laid aside and the people came together for a holy convocation, while each seventh year was a year of rest for the land and every fiftieth year a jubilee. We are not advocating the Jewish ceremonial law but it would help multitudes of holiness people to make arrangements each year to have certain seasons, like camp meetings and holiness conventions, when they would lay aside everything and draw nigh to God.

The commandment to "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" has not been abrogated even though there is indisputable evidence in the New Testament that it was changed to the first day of the week. The English word "Sabbath" comes from the Hebrew word "Shabbath" meaning, intermission, cessation, repose, rest. It is significant that each time the children of Israel began to drift away from God, it was first evidenced by their failing to tithe and to keep the Sabbath.

The experience of holiness makes one ever ready to stretch an open hand to the needy. He cannot turn a deaf ear to the cries of the poor and the down trodden. A world steeped in sin and waiting for the gospel weighs heavy upon his heart. It is basic with him to share the gospel with those who have never heard.

A holy man is generous in his feelings toward others. He places the best possible interpretation on the actions and attitudes of those whom he may not understand and commits the final judgment to Him who judgeth righteously.

The disciples were so completely delivered from selfishness that they "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need." (Acts 2:45) "Whether this is or is not to be regarded as a model for Christians, in all ages, to follow, it is certainly a specimen of the spirit which Christian holiness is to produce." Surely it is for this purpose that such scriptures as these were written: "Let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." (Phil. 2:3-4) "For none of

us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14:7) "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." (Gal. 6:2) "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." (Col. 3:2) "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." (Heb. 13:16)

All the good resolutions in the world cannot make a man generous. His nature must be changed. "Selfishness has the utmost tenacity of life, and never dies a natural death. It can wear out the strongest constitution, but is never worn out itself. It can be slain only by the sword of the Spirit." The mighty Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, alone, can destroy the selfish nature and fill one with loving, holy generosity that gives expecting nothing in return; blesses when it is reviled; patiently endures when it is persecuted and entreats when it is defamed.

Holiness makes men generous because it makes them like Him Who spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all. No man can look clearly on the suffering Christ of Calvary and remain little and selfish, stingy and grasping. May God help us to go back and gaze long on that sublimest spectacle of all the ages. Then we too can sing with Isaac Watts:

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

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A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

By Mrs. Paul E. King

You were not a woman of fame or fortune, nor was your name flung around the world through the printed page and columns of fashion and society as one of the fashionables of the age; neither have you been listed in history's annals under "Who's Who," but you have been a woman whose children have risen up and called you blessed.

You have been a mother of good repute and godly example for you taught us early, life's most valuable lessons, among these the value of prayer.

I remember, dear Mother, when but a very small child how fervently you prayed by our bedside and, as tears flowed freely down your sweet face, I peeked up at you and I too began to weep. You looked so sweet and angelic as you talked to, and with the Lord. Then before tucking us beneath the clean white sheets you taught us to pray--not utter words; oh, sometimes they may have been words but you taught us to pray; then lovingly placing a kiss upon each of the ten round faces, you left us to sleep while angels guarded our bedsides throughout another night.

I also remember how you taught us to believe God when we prayed, for as the Word declares, "For whatsoever is not of faith is sin." You not only made your requests known unto God, but you possessed the needed ingredient--faith -- by which prayers are answered.

Another valuable lesson I learned through your godly example was that of being kindly affectioned one toward another and to always possess a spirit of kindness and unselfishness. Never once (except the man you knew to be a swindler) did you turn your back on the hungry, but always with a loving smile and a God's blessing, were the hungry fed and the unclothed, poor clothed, though you and Dad yourself needed many of the same things. You were a mother of many kindnesses and thoughtful deeds--always trying to lighten others' loads.

You were a mother of small things, those things which so many pass by for bigger, more expensive things. The mountain abounded in these small things; you knew it, so did we; and together we wove undying memories and fashioned dreams that will live on so long as life endures. The talks you had with your girls on these mountain excursions of gathering Violets, Trailing Arbutus, Dogwood, Mountain Laurel and other varieties of wild flowers were invaluable.

Then, too, the time you took out of your busy, busy days to go "nutting" with the boys and girls created a warmth toward you and a love that few children today know anything about. You were our mother--our pal.

I well remember many of your weighty old proverbs or adages such as: "He who works not, eats not" and "What's worth doing, is worth doing right."

Taking the first about working: Yours was an extremely busy life, and a most absorbing one, for what one of your ten children didn't think of doing or getting into, it seemed the other did. In spite of many interruptions, you always worked in the garden (in the summer months), along with the Lord, to raise a bumper crop of vegetables, berries, etc., with which to feed your many ever hungry mouths. The fruits, berries, and vegetables were canned in hundreds of quarts for winter's consumption. Always we were taught to work that which we were physically capable of handling for our years, and soon we discovered the wonderful feeling of doing something really worth-while and rewarding, for no one ever works for long in God's good earth without soon discovering that "rewarding" feeling when the plants come up, take good root and mature and develop. It's like the Lord is blessing you for all your hard work and labors. You knew it too and felt it, and were anxious that we learn life's choicest lessons and the great blessing of satisfaction that comes by honest, hard labor.

However, you were as meticulous about the garden as you were about your own person and the house, always saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and "Children, what's worth doing, is worth doing right." How thankful I am to you today for impressing these so indelibly upon our mind in both word and example! I often have remarked after a good shampoo and warm bath, "Thank God! I'm clean--all over clean! I have a clean, pure heart through Jesus' blood and a good clean body, and I'm clean all over!" You know, dear Mother, Godliness and cleanliness really do go together! I thank you for impressing the worth of doing a thing well and right (regardless of how small or menial) for it was this same wonderful application of those words that made me realize

whatever services I rendered to my adorable Saviour must be only the best, the finest and most faithful. I realized (as you taught us in little things) that my wonderful Lord expects the best of us too, for He Himself said, "He that is faithful in that which is the least, is faithful also in much." Thank you, Mother dear.

You were a clean mother. How I thank God for this! In this age when most everyone is trying to mimic or pattern after someone else--this awful day of hero and idol worship -- you remained a clean, pure woman. As the Saviour is my Pattern, my Example, and constant Guide today, so you were in those years when I made my first attempts to walk and finally mastered it. Ever since I can remember, dear Mother, my eyes were blest by being able to look into clean, pure eyes and a clean upright face and countenance.

Never once did a filthy cigarette touch your lips, nor did the taste of liquor, whiskey, and beer ever enter your mouth and stomach. Yours was a clean body, acceptable unto God!

Your eyes were clean, pure eyes with an inner light that He alone gives. Never once in all your sixty-two years upon earth did you enter the doors of a theater, show room, dance and such, but your eyes were kept clean and pure. You saw (by faith) through walls of jasper and gates of pearl a City that lieth foursquare, eternal in the Heavens, whose Builder and Ruler is God! The things of the world were as tin to such as you. Also, David in one of his beautiful Psalms states, "I will set no evil thing before mine eyes"; you felt the same way, since Heaven is a pure place and an holy place, nothing can therefore enter in which defiles or is unclean as John the Revelator states.

By some, you were considered (and called so by others) old-fashioned! How I thank God for this! Since that's what it takes to keep us clean, may we hear that many more of us are "old-fashioned"! It's the way to Glory.

Your body was never defiled by the promiscuous handling of other men, but you maintained your godly, womanly place at all times. Yours was a clean body; and, as Proverbs says, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," so it was with you. You were greatly loved, by young as well as old, for what you were.

You were a good mother! Oh, how much territory that word good covers! Blessed may be better, but then, goodness and blessed are synonymous. I well recall when the fever raged in the wee small hours of the morning--long before the sun woke up and stretched her long, warm fingers to bathe our world in warmth and light--you sat prayerfully, patiently, and many times tearfully, by the bed of the dangerously ill one and, oh, how gently your kind hands stroked the fevered brow or bathed a burning face! How wonderful were your kisses--especially in those hours! They were almost like an angel's kiss to your children. The night was never too dark, nor the day too long, but when we needed care you were by our side, always praying, encouraging, and loving us.

In spite of many adversities and times of hard testings, you could sing. Those were wonderful times, and though I wouldn't wish you back for a thousand worlds, yet I must confess, dear Mother, a feeling of nostalgia so possesses me until I often weep--for both loneliness and joy. I can hear you and Dad now, as then, as we all sang together while husking corn by moonlight, and

as the night advanced and the stars were polished to a shimmering, glittering brilliance, and a full harvest moon rose dreamily and lazily in the heavens, you led us in song. Oh, those songs! "His Yoke Is Easy, His Burden Is Light" floated sweetly out over the hills and valley like an angelic choir was singing, or "My Jesus I Love Thee" was sung with such intense meaning until many times we'd all be weeping or some of us either shouting or praising the Lord. We had wonderful "meetin's" -- just us--at our house. I wonder, now that I'm grown and have a family of my own, and since I've experienced a few of the many hard places and testing times we all need so badly to make us better Christians and take us deeper with our Lord, if you weren't especially fond of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," because you found Someone who really understood you like no one else, and Someone on whom you had learned to cast your every care and heaviest burden. I've found Him to be, oh, so very much more than a friend; He's the Lover of my soul and was yours, too.

You left us, Mother dear so suddenly and unannounced. Yet this was one of your desires and wishes, and the Lord granted it to you. You heard the summons from on High and left without a farewell. I shall never forget it! How we have missed your presence from us! It is as though one has taken a rare, exotic bloom out of the room and transplanted it elsewhere, but the perfume and fragrance continues to invade every nook and corner.

The beautiful Indian Summer was upon us and the whole of earth was permeated with a freshness and a cleanness that fall alone brings. The woodland, meadow, and mountain sides were ablaze with color and resplendent in beauty created by the Hand of the Master Artist. You worked hard that day, and your body tired at an early hour. You bathed and said you were going to pray, then go to bed. Your elbow marks were left upon the freshly turned back covers on the bed the marks of where you knelt and buried your face in your hands in fervent prayer--and then it happened! You felt the attack upon your heart and made your way downstairs to the kitchen, and there in the big old-fashioned family rocking chair we found you--asleep in Jesus -- not death. You left a fragrance behind you that still lingers, Mother dear, and will continue down through the years to permeate the earth because you were a godly mother.

I shall see you, dear! Already the shades of evening are lengthening fast and the night is far advanced. Eagerly I'm waiting for the sound of the trumpet when Jesus shall rapture away His Bride; and, if death doesn't claim this mortal body of mine, then as the Scripture says:

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

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LITTLE FELLOWS
George E. Roberts,

Pastor--Boise, Idaho

From the time of the Garden of Eden we have had little fellows. Cain slew his brother Abel because he was more able than Cain. Usually that is the reason for the whole story of these little fellows. Abel brought a more excellent offering to God than Cain, so Cain was jealous of him and decided to slay him. There is still slaying being done today only in a little different manner. Jealousy, fear, and lack of faith are the things that make fellows little. Help us Lord. My Bible says in Rom. 12:9 & 10, "Let love be without dissimulation (hypocrisy, false pretense, fallacious appearance). Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." Also Rom. 18:8, 10,12 & 18, "Owe no man anything but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law Love worketh no ill to his neighbour (brother, preacher friend, anyone else); therefore love is the fulfilling of the law The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light Let us walk honestly..."

My mind goes back to a few years ago when those in leadership were doing their best to slay old-fashioned, sin-digging preachers. People were advised not to have some dear old brother just because he died to self, everything and everybody one day -- they were trying to slay him. If carnality is not eradicated, jealousy will creep in and the same thing will happen again. What was the matter? They were little fellows. Fear had captured them just as it had the ten spies who went over to spy out the land of Canaan. They saw nothing but giants whereas Joshua and Caleb, with sanctified eyes, had only a good report to bring. Praise the Lord, fear had been removed from their hearts. Are we afraid that one little Holy Ghost preacher will ruin our people? If he can, we need help. Give us sin-digging, carnality-preaching, boom-sitting preachers who will blow sin clear out of the church and off the map. We can't do it with little fellows; it will take men of great faith. I trust the percentage of faith is much greater in our dear little Zion than it was with the twelve spies who went to spy out the land. Just two of the twelve got beyond fear. Once I was pastoring a backslidden church where about ten out of twelve on the board would always be against any step of progress saying that the church didn't have the money. However, the people had money for new automobiles, nice homes and other things. What was the matter? Little fellows, they didn't put God first. The Bible says seek first the Kingdom of God.

Demas was a little fellow--the battle got too hot for him. All the Demases are not gone, today for many are still afraid of the red hot battle. Persecution and jeering caused Demas to turn back. Some today are not willing to bear the reproach of being called old fashioned. Oh God, keep us dead to self and alive unto God. Poor Demas loved this present world so much that he turned back. The praise of people, or the desire for it, can be dangerous. (It can be worldly to a great measure). Yes, we want the flowers while we are living, but be careful that we don't want flowers all the time. We had better want the red hot battles and persecutions as well as the flowers. I believe that Demas would have made it if the storms had not been so big. Paul said, Rom. 8:35-39, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? . . . We are killed all the day long for thy sake." That doesn't sound like flowers and chocolate candy to me. "We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." (Keep on preaching red-hot holiness, preachers. Don't look for too many flowers here, but God will give them when we get over there). "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Should we use wisdom? All the wisdom we possibly can, but don't fail to hit sin. James 1:5 says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." All of us need plenty of wisdom, but let's also have the old fashioned truth without fear or favor.

Paul said, "I have fought a good fight." I believe that it will be a fight if we make it. The fight is not over because we changed churches. There are still little fellows today. Are we big enough for the battle, or are we looking for a rooster fight? Give me the battle as Paul fought.

I believe that Jesus Himself found a rough battle. It was a big battle against sin and the devil. Oh yes, God was much bigger than the devil ever thought of being. Remember how Jonathan and his armour-bearer, recorded in the 14th chapter of I Samuel, took on a big battle and God didn't fail them, but gave them great victory. They won the battle because they were more than little fellows and God was on their side. We are nothing in ourselves, but thank God, we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Let's go out to slay some giants and be bigger than the little fellows!

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GOD'S WISDOM

We cannot see the wisdom
That moves God's hand of love
To guide us on our journey
From earth to Heaven above.
And many times we wonder
Just why our way should be
So dark and filled with trouble
And much uncertainty.
But God directs His children
Throughout each weary day,
And: if our steps should falter
He is our help and stay.
So we can trust Him always
Assured He's ever near,
And with His love and wisdom
Will keep us in His care.

-- By Mary E. Owen

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

"CHARMED"

It was a hot day in May, and Shaaron and Tim were playing in the sand box in the shade of the big Maple tree that grew in the corner of the big yard.

Mother stood looking out the kitchen window at the beautiful apple orchard which was all pink and white with apple blossoms, and when the gentle south wind blew it made the beautiful petals of the flowers drop like snow to the ground beneath. She was tempted to go at once and rest beneath one of the shady trees for the day was so hot. Then another thought struck her--why not go for a walk with the children! The spring Violets, May flowers, and Trailing Arbutus were in full bloom, she knew, and Jack-in-the-Pulpit was blooming down by the creek bed too. Wiping the last dish and putting it in the cupboard, she went to the kitchen door and called:

"Shaaron! Timmy! Where are you? Come in, Mother has a surprise for you!"

The children came running into the house with "What is it, Mother? What's the surprise?"

"We're going for a walk today, but first, you must both get into your shoes. You can't walk good in the woods with bare feet," laughed Mother as she pinched first Shaaron's fat stubby toes, then Tim's nimble feet. The children laughed with glee and scampered rapidly up the stairs in search for their shoes with Mother in hot pursuit on their trail.

It was so heart-lifting to be in God's great outdoors where all the kitchen and household tasks were forgotten and left completely behind, and Mother forgot just how much older she was getting, but in her heart she was once again a girl, taking a walk with her own mother. How light-hearted she felt! All about her and the children spread the rich black farm land which didn't look black any longer but appeared to be a great velvet carpet of richest green, for the wheat was growing rapidly under the sun's warm rays, and the air smelled like some exotic perfume from Araby. The gentle errant breezes caught at Mother's loose strands of hair and played a game of "catch" with it, while her cheeks became a pretty blushing pink color from both sun and breeze.

Down by the creek's edge they stopped to rest and watch for the minnows.

Soon the climb led directly upward at a very sharp angle and the children grew tired. It was Tim who first said anything.

"Mother," he said, "Me hot!" "So am I," echoed Shaaron. "And my feet are tired too," she continued.

"Let's rest for awhile again, shall we?" asked Mother, and the children found a soft carpet of moss beneath the drooping boughs of a hemlock tree where they sat wearily down. Tim took his shoes off and stretched out on his back muttering lightly, "Me tired!" Shaaron sat down, contentedly arranging her bouquet on the moss beside her when Mother suddenly whispered:

"Sh! Sh! Don't talk or make any noise but come here by Mother. Quick!" In an instant Tim bounced on her lap and Shaaron was cuddling up close and tight in her arms.

"What is it?" they whispered. "What is it?" "Just don't wiggle nor make any noise but be real still! Do you hear a bird making a funny noise just across the path?" asked Mother.

"Yes," answered Shaaron trembling and almost in tears, "but why is he making such a funny sound?"

Mother put her head down low to the children's ears, then whispered softly and soothingly into them:

"There's nothing for you to be afraid of. Mother's here and is protecting you, but there's a big snake all coiled up on the other side of the path, and he is charming that poor little bird, and as soon as he sees the bird is completely under his power, then he'll kill it and eat it. He's got the poor little creature now until he's almost helpless. Do you see how still--how very still--that mean old snake is? But he has an evil eye and is looking right at that poor innocent bird, and the bird's scared. Hear him making that funny noise?" And again the three listened -- they themselves were almost as "charmed" -- watching as was the helpless fluttering bird. Suddenly Mother realized the snake was about to strike the bird which was almost in its clutches, and she noiselessly got a piece of tree limb lying right beside her and whispering again to the frightened children:

"Be real still. Let's pretend we're soldiers in a big war, and we're going to kill a bad, bad giant who's trying to kill a poor little helpless girl, shall we? You stay right here--Mother's going after the bad giant--and you must be watching for me when I return from battle."

The children, feeling it was a big game, agreed to remain in their places while Mother went to battle; then cautiously making her way to the edge of the path, she took aim and let the heavy weight of the limb come down upon the poisonous viper just as it was about to strike the bird. She hit it once, then twice, then again and again until she knew it was dead; then calling to the children she said:

"Come out now. The bad giant's dead, and the bird is free."

The children came scampering through the bushes and stood behind Mother looking at the long snake she had killed, and holding tightly on to Mother's skirt.

"It's dead, dears," she said, "He'll never hurt another poor bird. Did you see how the bird flew away as soon as Mother killed the snake?" she asked. "It was so glad to be free, and I'm glad we decided to rest," she added. "And now, let's go on up the slope to where the Arbutus are blooming, shall we? Get your shoes on, Tim" she ordered, "then we'll go."

In no time at all they were ready to climb upward to the desired spot. They came to the place where two paths met and Shaaron asked, "Which way do we go now, Mother? There's two paths!"

"Yes, that's right," Mother said, "but we'll take the path to the right, this is the one we want." And she led the way.

Soon they came to the place Mother knew so well and stopping suddenly she said, "Now let's see who can find the first pink trailing Arbutus. Let's go," and down the path all three scampered.

"Oh look, Mother! Look!" said Shaaron, "I found them! I found them." Tim was saying, "Me find too!" and laughing in boyish glee as they all began picking the fragrant, delicate flowers. Mother told both children not to pull the rootlets or the plant would die, but to hold the stalk down with one hand and gather the clusters of flowers with the other.

"Oh, smell my flowers," shouted Shaaron excitedly. "Mother, they 'smell like Aunt Dot's perfume -only better," she added.

"Yes, they really are beautiful to look at and so good to smell," said Mother, "and to think, Jesus made all these things for us to enjoy!"

They picked white Trailing Arbutus and pink until Mother finally said, "I do believe: we've gathered enough of these now. I want some violets yet, then we'll go home. I want to take some to sick Mrs. Carr, and Daddy can take a bouquet to Bro. Miller who's in the hospital, so let's go and get the violets, shall we?"

The children were eager to go after violets for they knew it was damp and cool where they grew, so they started down the narrow path.

Soon they came to the place where the battle was fought; again they stopped to look at the ugly-looking snake lying on the ground and Shaaron said:

"I'm so glad you saved that little bird from the bad snake, Mother."

"Yes, I am too," Mother said, then added, "but you know something, children, sin is just like that dreadful snake! That's exactly what sin does to boys and girls. The devil comes to your heart like the snake and tries to charm you by making sin look harmless and beautiful. He starts you out by doing little things that don't look bad at first, and then he charms you, like the snake did the bird, by saying, 'All the other boys and girls are doing it! It won't hurt you!' Soon you're watching the devil like the poor little bird was the snake, and thinking, 'Oh, well, I told one lie and nobody knew I lied,' and the devil says, 'Tell another one,' when you're in a tight spot; and before you know it, sin looks harmless and even glamorous to you; all the time the devil is charming you until you don't realize how deadly are his plans. After he's charmed you to the place where he sees you're powerless and helpless, then he'll drag your soul to Hell, for the Lord's Word says, 'Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death,' just like that mean old snake meant to kill that poor innocent bird; that's what the devil has in mind all the time; he wants to drag your never-dying soul to Hell. He's a wicked being who wants to send all to Hell that he can, and just as I killed the poisonous snake, so Jesus Christ came to earth to bleed and die for our sins, that 'Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Thank God, children, we can be free

from all sin just like the bird was free after I killed the snake. Through Jesus' precious Blood, we can be free from all our sins, but we must confess all the bad things we've done, and forsake them too--that means don't ever do them again-before Jesus will save us."

"Oh, Mother," Shaaron said as they walked down to where the long-stemmed purple violets grew, "I don't ever want to live in sin. I love Jesus and want to always be good and please Him."

"That's right," replied Mother happily, "I always want my children to be loved by Jesus and go to Heaven with Daddy and Mother. You see, Jesus loves us too, when we love Him and are all His."

The children learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson that day while gathering flowers with Mother.

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IS THAT HOLINESS?

Saved and sanctified you know,
Yet I watch the TV Show,
And to ball games love to go.
Is that holiness?

Painted face, and chopped off hair,
Arms and legs completely bare,
Ready for some lustful stare.
Is that holiness?

Neighbors get a bawling out,
Things go wrong, then fuss and pout.
Then on Sunday sing and shout.
Is that holiness?

Envy, strife and temper hot,
Critical and talk a lot;
Sanctified? Of course you're not.
That's not holiness!

-- By Mary E. Owen

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THE MEEK AND LOWLY CHRIST

By Mrs. Archie Pounds

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly...."

This morning as I bowed my head and heart in worship and adoration of the King of all the universe I began to see Him, who is my Saviour, in a new light. Suddenly I saw Him for the first time as the "meek and lowly One." Often I had read these lines concerning Him and heard others ascribe them to Him in words of praise; but this morning the blessed Holy Spirit unveiled my heart and let me see Him thus.

Philippians 2:6, 7,8--"Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Jesus, the only Son of the most High God, only and rightful heir of heaven and earth, whose wealth and riches cannot be numbered, came to earth to share His wealth and His right to the Father's throne with poor fallen sinful man. He, who had been rocked in the bosom of God, came to be cradled in the arms of a woman.

His heavenly home in the Father's "house of many mansions" was exchanged for a barn and later on a humble carpenter's dwelling. In the heavenly home there flowed from the throne "the river of life." In this home He carried water from the spring. He was the light in that home above; in this one a flickering candle gave Him light.

He, who had eaten of the "tree of life," which yieldeth its twelve manner of fruits in its season, came to eat figs and raw corn plucked from the farmer's fields.

He, whose feet had trodden upon streets of gold, walked the hot dusty roads of Palestine littered with sharp stones which cut through the thin leather of His home made sandals, amidst the sweat and the grime and the heat of the day. He, who has ridden upon the fiercest storms in the Father's chariots of fire, rode upon a lowly ass or a plodding camel.

He, whose closest companionship was found in the heart of God, whose followers were the angels of heaven, associated Himself with man, whose thoughts were not His thoughts, and found His followers in the humble fishermen, the tax collectors, the Mary Magdalenes, the poor and the needy, the cleansed lepers and the restored demoniacs of Gadara.

He, who had been waited upon for His every need by angels and seraphims, came to earth to become the servant of men. His was a life spent ministering to the needs of the bodies and souls of men. His hands supplied the needs of those whom society and a proud haughty church world had forgotten. The fallen woman, the outcast, the leper, the demon possessed, the beggar, the lame, the blind, the poor in their poverty, the bereaved in his sorrow, all received mercy and love and needs supplied by His loving hands.

He, whose greatness has never been fathomed by the minds of men, so great that He measures the dust of the earth and weighs the mountains in His balances, is yet so meek and lowly that the poorest of earth feel perfectly at ease in His presence if washed in His precious blood.

He, who was clothed in the brightness of the morning sun, bestudded with the stars of heaven, laid aside His robes of glory in exchange for the purple robe of cruelest mockery and the crown of thorns.

He, the spotless, sinless Lamb of God, in whose mouth no guile was found, "became sin that we might become the righteousness of God in him."

Denied by those who should have stood by, mocked by the crowd, numbered among the transgressors, forsaken by God, suffering untold pain and agony, yet without a murmur at His lot, He cries out, "It is finished," and gives up the ghost, paying the debt of man's sin that all men through Him might live!

Yes, I saw the "meek and lowly Christ" today. Today, my soul has known the touch of nail scarred hands. All day long my prayer has been for a heart that can weep o'er the fallen ones for whom He died, and bleed for a world lost in the darkness of sin and ever moved with pity for the poor and needy round about me-for a heart akin to His.

O heart of mine, how can you ever be the same again, having looked at the "Meek and Lowly One."

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MY EYES ARE FIXED ON JESUS

My eyes are fixed on Jesus
And through this world of strife
I mean to live each moment
A true constant life.
Christ shall be my example
In word and thought and deed.
His footsteps I will follow.
His voice I've always heed.
I know that I can trust Him
Until the very end.
Though others disappoint me
On Christ I can depend.
His love will hover o'er me
And keep me every day.
His presence will be near me
Along this pilgrim way.
My eyes are fixed on Jesus
And though the world around
Is filled with Satan's power
And so much sin abound
My feet shall never falter,

For Christ shall hold me fast
And guide me ever onward
To reach my goal at last.
I want to enter heaven
Whate'er the price may be;
To dwell with Christ my Saviour,
And live eternally.
For I have thought it over
And counted up the cost
Of what an awful price I'd pay
If my poor soul was lost.
My eyes are fixed on Jesus.
Let others be untrue,
And turn their backs upon Him
And other paths pursue.
But I shall ever serve Him
And keep close to His side
Where there is grace sufficient
In Christ my constant guide.
O yes, my heart is troubled
When friends and others fail,
And turn their steps from heaven
Toward eternal hell.
And yes, I'm disappointed,
But still I shall be true.
My eyes are fixed on Jesus
And He will see me through.

-- By Mary E. Owen

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MOVIE AND TV 'TRASH MILLS' DENOUNCED BY CHIEF OF FBI

Washington (UP) -- FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover today denounced movie and television "film trash mills" which he said "spew out celluloid poison, destroying the impressionable minds of youth."

He called for strong public pressure to take the initiative in correcting an "ominous trend of crime glorification."

Writing in the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, Hoover harshly decried movies and television shows "which flaunt indecency and applaud lawlessness."

"No standard of decency or code of operations can justify portraying vile gangsters as modern-day Robin Hoods," he asserted.

As an illustration, Hoover cited the case of two brothers, aged 10 and 12, who recently terrorized an Oklahoma town in a shooting spree that left one man dead and two others wounded. Hoover quoted the boys as telling police they "got the idea from watching television and movie crime stories."

The FBI chief said he deplored censorship. However, he insisted police have the right to speak out when law enforcement is "held up to ridicule" and the criminal is elevated to "heroic proportions."

He urged parental supervision over the entertainment fare of children.

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AS QUICK AS A TELEPHONE

One night a well-known citizen, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started downtown for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for Father to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife or child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that, in changing his coat, he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within--for the night was chill--and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the walls. But these were nothing to the pictures by the hearth. There in the soft gloom of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her fair head bowed, and, as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say: "God bless Mother, Father, and my own self. God-bless Father--and please send him home--sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with Father, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mother, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?"--Gospel Herald

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THE END