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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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

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I SAW BRITISH GUYANA, SOUTH AMERICA
By J. E. Cook

Matt. 28:19, 20

The March meeting of the General Board of the Bible Missionary Church authorized an official visit to our Mission work in British Guyana during the remaining months of 1960. The month of July was chosen as the best time and we went as a representative of our church to the people. Time and space will not permit a diary of the trip but a few observations made may be of interest to our people.

I saw the Country. It came into view first from 10,000 feet up. What a view! Below were rich forests of hardwood, coconut palms and banana trees that cover four fifths of its 83,000 sq. miles. Also plainly visible were the rice fields and sugar plantations that are the chief source of livelihood for the people and from which come much of the sugar consumed by the United States. It is not an island, as many think, but is a part of South America bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, and lays between Venezuela on the west and Surinam on the east. It extends south to a depth of four hundred miles to the Brazilian border. Many things are of interest, among which, is the Kaieteur Fall dropping 741 ft. as compared with Niagara Falls with only 167 ft. drop. It is close to the Equator but is not as hot as had been expected. Seldom does the temperature rise above 90 degrees. Rainfall is heavy and the humidity is very high.

I Saw the People. British Guyana is a land of six peoples. The Amerindians are its oldest inhabitants. They live in the interior. East Indians and Africans form the bulk of its populations. Portuguese, Chinese and English also live in the country. Each race has its distinctive customs and religions but I saw them all as souls for whom Jesus died. They throng the highway and streets, walking with heavy loads upon their heads, riding donkey carts, bicycles by the thousands, cars

and every conceivable means of conveyance in their struggle for survival, but most of them had a look of hopelessness upon their faces. Georgetown, with its half million people, is a seething mass of restless, moving, human beings, some in riches but most in rags, all marching to the Judgment. I shall never forget these heart-rending scenes.

I Saw the Church. Being a British protectorate, B. G. offers religious freedom. It is a land of contrasts -- paganism versus Christianity, superstition versus gospel light, ignorance versus knowledge. I saw the old man dressing himself in public where he had slept on the hard pavement as an act of punishment for purification, while a cathedral towered above him. From heathenism to holiness, the contrast is everywhere apparent. How sad to see the disappointment of the people because of the apostasy of professing Christendom. But I saw some saints, chosen ones, young and old, who had not compromised or cooled off. They sang in the spirit, testified with a glow, prayed in fervency and shouted me on while I preached. Souls prayed through in the old fashioned way amidst tears and rejoicings. Many expressed their appreciation for the Bible Missionary Church and what it stands for. They love Bro. and Sis. Todd, our true missionaries. They have "set the church in order," won the confidence of the people and received encouragement from those in authority.

I Saw Open Doors. Even in British Guyana we drove through city after city of 10,000 or more people and many villages of several thousand. Then there is the interior where thousands of Amerindians live along the many rivers waiting for someone to come. The many islands of the Caribbean, many of whom speak English, will either be invaded by Christianity or Communism. As I told our native preachers of our plans to increase the force by sending Bro. and Sis. Gantzer, and thus enlarge our borders and reach out with this message of holiness they accepted the challenge to go all out for souls before Jesus returns. Let us all pray for more laborers who will go. Let us be faithful in our tithes and offerings that we may send. And thus the Great Commission will still move us all in this age of lukewarmness and selfishness to GO to the uttermost parts of the earth.

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EDITORIAL
By Spencer Johnson

JOB, A WITNESS TO HOLINESS

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." (Job 1:1)

Scholars tell us that the book of Job is, without doubt, the oldest book in existence. Its poetry is sublime and its references to natural science have stood the tests and the criticisms of the centuries. Job lived in Arabia when Babylon and Assyria were infant nations. He was born about two hundred and eighty years after the death of Noah.

God Himself gives clear testimony as to the character of Job. God called him His servant and declared that there was none like him in the earth, "a perfect and an upright man, one that

feareth God, and escheweth evil." (Job 1:8) Job expressed his piety under many and diverse circumstances and with the most gratifying results.

He is spoken of in the Bible as one of the three holy men who had the greatest influence with God. "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the 'Lord God.'" (Ezek. 14:14)

Consider some of the characteristics of this holy man who had such favor with God.

He was a perfect man. The word "perfect" here is the same as in Psalms 37:37 where it says, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." The word here is a qualifying term and has reference to "kind" rather than degree. It also conveys the idea of being, plain, gentle and undefiled. He was the same everywhere you met him. He did not put on airs, he was what he was. It is amusing to watch some modern holiness professors turn on their personality like a light switch in an effort to make a good impression. But Job was not a "play-boy" personality expert, he was genuinely holy through and through. Job's character was a harmonious blending of moral virtues in their proper proportions, He did not have an excess of one moral quality and a dearth of some other.

The Bible further states that Job was an upright man. This is the quality or character with which God created man. Adam possessed this quality before he fell. Job had been restored this original quality of holiness. He was governed in all his relations in life by high principles of integrity. "No opportunity to promote his personal interests could cause him to swerve from the light in the slightest degree." A holiness that does not make men honest is nothing short of hypocrisy. A holy man will give to all that which is their due. He gives no preference to one above another on account of any associations or connections.

Job feared God. He was not a cold-hearted, pagan moralist. He possessed a deep, abiding reverence for the Lord. The fear of incurring the wrath of God was a controlling force in his life. "My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food. But he is in one mind, and who can turn him: and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with him. Therefore am I troubled at his presence: when I consider, I am afraid of him." (Job 23:11-15)

There is no true holiness without the fear of God. "The fear of the Lord is clean." (Psalms 19: 9) A piety that is all love and no law, all positive and no negative is weak and spineless and always capitulates under the pressure of temptation. It is worldly in its origin, motives, policy and tendency.

He shunned sin. This follows as a natural result of fearing God. "The fear of the Lord is to depart from evil." Where wickedness and worldliness openly prevails it is evident that the fear of the Lord has been cast aside. When professed holiness people who once were conscientious about holy standards can now look at television, take the Sunday paper, take vacation trips on Sunday, wear rings, attend the ball games, their women cut their hair, and wear slacks and pedal pushers when it is convenient and still talk about the wonderful "spiritual" services they are having, it is

evident that the fear of the Lord is missing. "The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes. For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful. The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise and to do good. He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil." (Psalm 36:14)

In revivals where the "converts" continue to be proud and dressy as before, and cling to their worldly associations and amusements it will be found that the preaching is of such a nature that it does not produce much of the fear of the Lord. "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men." The old evangelists such as Wesley, Edwards and Finney who had converts that took the narrow way, were men who thundered the law of God until their hearers trembled and fell with the fear of God.

Job manifested the principles of holiness in life under the most difficult circumstances.

As a father, he had a real concern and interest in the spiritual welfare of his children. "And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually." (Job 1:5)

As a magistrate he was merciful and fair. He commanded the respect of all by his justice. "When I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street! The young men saw me, and hid themselves: and the aged arose and stood up. The princes refrained talking and laid their hand on their mouth. The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth." (Job 29:7-17)

O that all our judges were men of this character! Thus Job was a witness to holiness in prosperity.

But misfortune came upon him and calamity struck him. His children were killed by the whirlwind's blast. His property was confiscated and destroyed. A loathsome disease of boils preyed on his body; his friends mis-judged him as friends are very apt to do when one needs them most; and even the wife of his bosom backslid, opposed him, and reproachfully said, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die." (Job 2:9) Yet under this aggregation of trials Job's faith in God never waivered for an instant. He kept his fidelity.

Job furthermore manifested the true spirit of holiness by his forgiving attitude. He prayed for his friends after they had reproached him. When prosperity returned his wife came back and he was willing to forgive her. He carried no grudges. He proved for time and eternity that a man can

suffer without becoming sour and bitter. Job turned his trials into stepping stones to lift him closer still to God. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee." (Job 42:5) Esther Carson Winans expressed this attitude when she wrote:

"O God, Prepare me for Thyself at any cost!
Be it by sunshine, tempest, cloud or rain;
By path of peace, or punishment, or pain,
Through persecution or perplexity,
Prepare me for Thyself at any cost!
So shall I count as refuse what I lost,
That I may gain Christ for Eternity.

"So shalt thou ripen me by sun and frost;
So shall I, though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Find all my stones in purest colors laid;
Unto Thine image shall I be conformed,
From glory unto glory so transformed
And this unworthy me divinely made
Like to thyself (by gazing on Thy face)
Unto the praise of the glory of Thy grace."

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CHRISTIANS AND THE WORLD

By H. A. Erdmann

Christians are not of this world. The Scriptures plainly say that "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Jesus, in speaking of His followers, says, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The Apostle James says, "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" The Apostle Paul tells us in Ephesians 2:3 that when he was in sin, he walked as the world walked; but when he became a Christian he was saved from such a life. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of the world are directly opposite in their nature.

How is the world going? We see it striving, planning to lay up treasures here upon earth. Christians strive to lay up treasures in heaven. We see the world joining secret societies for protection. Christians trust wholly in God. We see the world dressing in jewels, gold and costly array. Such is not the Christian's adornment; for he dresses in modest apparel, with shamefacedness, as people should who profess godliness. We see the world chewing and smoking, but Christians are clean, and live clean, pure lives.

We see the world returning evil for evil; and when wronged revenge is sought. Christians never act that way; they love their enemies. We see the world engaging in foolish and slangy talk, and the telling of smutty stories, etc., but Christians are sober minded and have a sound speech. Every word must be seasoned with grace, that it may minister grace to the hearers.

We see the world going to shows, fairs, card parties, ball games, horse races, theaters, carnivals, rodeos, etc. But one who gives the Lord has too much to do spend time in such a way; besides he has no desire for such things. What would you think of a person professing to be a Christian who was sitting by the side of a non-professor watching a horse race? When the race becomes very close they both become nervous and both hurrah with equal enthusiasm. How much light is that man who professes to be a Christian casting on the life of his non-professing friend?

What is there here to beautify Christianity? Christians are not found there. There is that person who professes to be a Christian, perhaps he is a minister of the Gospel (?), sitting by the side of a worldly crowd watching a wild west, or a triangle love scene, on the television. Both become equally enthused and laugh with equal gusto. How convincing, to that worldly onlooker, is that minister, or that professor of religion, that salvation transforms the very nature of man and makes him a new creature in Christ Jesus? That old things have passed away and all things are become new?

Sometimes we see a company of young men and women, and older ones also, going along the street; it may be that the greater number of them are members of some church, but along with their non-professing companions they are jesting and using foolish conversation, mixed with slang and often with suggestive stories, or remarks; they are all dressed in jeans or shorts so that you cannot tell one from the other. Where, we ask, is the separation between the Christian and the world? May God make every professor of Christianity, who thus enjoys the world, blush with shame as he reads these lines.

Alas! How sad that the standard of Christianity has been so lowered that, in many instances, one is unable to distinguish it from the world! But, thank God, true Christianity retains her exalted seat far above the world. She reigns a queen of light and peace in her robes of spotless white. She is beautiful. "She -- looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

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THE FEARS OF MANKIND

By Parker Maxey

The Bible speaks of "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Just recently we read in the newspaper these headlines: "Reds Plan Overthrow of America." The writer went on to say that the Communists intend to surround and isolate the United States and overthrow our government. This would be a terrible thing to come upon a peace loving people. Many people live in mortal fear of an atomic war. However fearful the thought of these things may be, they are not the things that mankind should fear the most. Governments rise and fall -- they rise and run their course according to the permissive will of an almighty God. "For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another." (Ps. 75:6, 7) Stalins, Hitlers, Khrushchevs have their day and it is soon past.

Changing governments and global warfare at the most could only rob us of physical life. Our fear should be for those things that carry with them eternal consequences.

The six greatest dangers that threaten humanity and the things we should fear the most are:

1. Religion without the Holy Spirit. Salvation that saves us from eternal hell fire and the fires of unholy ambition is of supernatural origin and is a supernatural work wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit. Carnal selfishness is the thing that is working havoc in the world today, and especially the church world. When any person, or group, or organization become personality hunters in place of Holy Spirit followers they are doomed to failure in God's sight. What the Church of Jesus Christ needs today is not flashy personalities that will captivate gullible people who lack spiritual discernment, but men whom the Holy Ghost can use, men with good old-fashioned, common horse sense, through whom the Holy Spirit can flow unhindered.

2. Christianity without Christ. Many make the fatal mistake of trying to accept the principles of Christ, but not Christ himself. The "New Bible" and modern thinking have denied the deity of Christ and the efficacy of His shed blood to save, yet they claim to accept His teachings. How close do we come to this when we fail in our daily lives to walk in close fellowship to Christ through the enablements of the blessed Holy Spirit, and yet testify that we are born again Christians?

"When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on a tree,
They drove great nails in hands and feet and made a Calvary.
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep;
For those were crude and cruel days and human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to (people of 1960) they only passed Him by,
They did not hurt a hair on Him, they only let Him die;
For men had grown more tender, they would not cause Him pain,
They only just passed down the street and left Him in the rain.

Still Jesus prayed, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."
And still it rained the winter rain and drenched Him through and through
The crowds went home, the streets were dark as far as eye could see;
And Jesus crouched against the wall and sighed for Calvary."

[The last line above suggests that Christ suffers more from the indifference of the world today than He suffered from its painful crucifixion on Calvary. Often, what a person does in life is lovingly praised by a few, hatefully criticized by some, but totally ignored by most -- and frequently the third of these results is harder to endure than the second. For what it's worth -- DVM]

3. Forgiveness without repentance. This is neo-antinomianism and teaches that a person can be a child of God and keep on sinning. God, they say, looks at us through Christ and does not see our sins, but sees in Christ perfect obedience and credits us with His obedience while we live in sin. But how far are we from this in practice when we allow any willful departure from God's

known law, either in thought, word, or deed? The Bible states that "He that committeth sin is of the devil" and "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Bible repentance carries a twofold meaning, Godly sorrow for and a forsaking of sin. The only way we can stand justified in God's presence and be free from condemnation and experience forgiveness, is through old fashioned Bible repentance.

4. Salvation without regeneration. If man's spiritual need is not recognized for what it actually is, then his hope of recovery is taken away. To hold anything less than the doctrine of total depravity of mankind is to miss the mark and leave man in his sins. Man is depraved because sin has deprived him of God, the source of life. Mankind, through Adam, has experienced spiritual death. It is the process of regeneration that brings us spiritual life. To claim salvation and Heaven without the new birth would be more absurd than claiming ownership to a piece of property without a clear deed to it.

5. Government without God: Any living organism must have a head in order to exist. Take for example the physical body, the family unit, the church, the United States. What would a body be without a head, a family without a husband and father, the church without a pastor and America without a President? But who is the head of man? Can man be sufficient ruler of man? That would be too much like lifting one's self by his own boot straps. Yet man would dismiss God out of His own world. In Matthew 24:12 we read, "Because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold." "Iniquity" can also be translated "lawlessness." Too many people today claim to serve God but still govern their own lives. What is this but government without God?

6. Heaven without hell. Who can believe the Bible, accept the truth of Heaven as a place of eternal bliss, and yet reject hell as a place of eternal punishment, but people who have deliberately shut their minds to truth?

While the world lives on in a state of fear, may everyone who names the name of Christ, know that perfect love which casteth out fear.

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ETERNITY SOME SOLEMN FACTS

By W. M. Tidwell

It is not so long since the creation of man. Approximately 6,000 years: Only 2,190,000 days, 52,560,000 hours and 3,153,600,000 minutes since Adam lived. Not so long. If Adam had lived and saved ten dollars a day he would not be classed among the very wealthy men. Time had a beginning and will have an end. The angel set one foot on the land and one on the sea and swore that, "Time should be no longer." Rev. 10:6,7. Yes, time will soon pass away. But eternity, never.

But how long is eternity? Unanswerable. Maybe we can get some faint idea, though that is absolutely imperfect. We speak of great numbers, and they have lost their meaning today. You say, "How much is a million?" "How long is a million years?" A million is a thousand thousand. (A million years or a million dollars, of course.) (A billion is a thousand million. (Think of it.) A

trillion is a thousand billions. A quadrillion is a thousand trillions. A quintillion is a thousand quadrillions. Baffling.

You say, "Staggering!" "In, comprehensible." Certainly. But so is eternity. After this bewildering duration, just mentioned, has flown by, eternity has not begun. No. Eternity is endless. It had no beginning and will have no end. Eternity is duration without beginning or end.

Some inconceivable things can be done. For example, give a mighty angel a thimble and say to him, "Drain all the lakes, seas and oceans in the world." Dip up a thimble full at a time. Transport it to some distant clime. Let this be so far away that it will require 1,000 years to make one round trip. He begins. A maddening task. But as the millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions and quintillions of years pass, the gigantic task would, finally be accomplished. Finally all the lakes, seas and five mighty oceans drained. But then eternity would still be young and roll on unabated. Shuddering thought!

Astronomers tell us that it is 93,000,000 miles from the earth to the sun. Traveling at the rate of 100 miles per hour it would require 930,000 hours or 38,750 days to reach it. They tell us that the planet Neptune is 2,770,000,000 miles from the earth. He is one of our near neighbors, belonging to our solar system. But it would require a cannon ball with a speed of 1,500 miles per minute years to reach it. They tell us that stars, so far away, that it would require light, at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, 40,000,000 years to reach the earth.

Something that cannot be done. That is discover the bounds of infinite space. Suppose you charter some mighty airplane, that is self generating, is capable of making 500 miles per hour. And let this mighty monster of the air be manned by some immortal pilot. Then he is commanded, "To find the east." He begins this eventful journey. He flies on for a million, billion, trillion, quadrillion and quintillion of years. Thus we behold him far out in this strange realm and he contacts some strange creatures and inquires, "Is this the east?" But, to his dismay, he finds he is just as far from the east as when he began: The same could be said of the other pilots who had been instructed to find the other points of the compass. North, South, West. They have not made the discovery. They are as far from it as when they began.

We are now creatures of time but will soon be creatures of eternity. All must spend this awful eternity somewhere. There is no annihilation either in the material or spiritual realm. Whatever is shall always be. It may change form but no cessation. We shall exist consciously, (We cannot say through eternity for we shall never get through eternity.) And God's inspired Word declares that this shall be in one of two places. And they are both places. One is the good world above and the other is that lost world below. One is Heaven, the other is Hell. With God, the holy angels and the redeemed or with the devil, fallen angels and the lost and damned of earth.

Just one worthwhile question in life and that is where I shall spend this fearful eternity? The word of God is positive, unmistakable. If we repent, trust Christ as a personal Savior and are made holy through the blood, and endure to the end, then Heaven is the eternal home. If we reject Christ and His salvation it is: Hell. And we must remember that death does not, in any wise, change the moral nature. It is heart purity, holiness now or Hell hereafter. (Matt. 5:8; Heb. 12:14.) It is present salvation or eternal damnation. No second chance. When the old fashioned, ships

would pass each other on the high seas the trumpeter would call out, "Whither bound?" We would call to you, O fellow-traveler to eternity, "Whither bound?" Heaven or Hell? Yes, eternity draws apace. Hear her solemn footsteps. In the little country cemetery there was an epitaph which read, "Reader stop and think. I am in eternity and you are on the brink." O soul, prepare to meet thy God.

"I lingered and silently listened,
To the dull heavy tread of the years;
And thought of the fate of the guilty,
When Christ in His glory appears.

A shudder came over my spirit,
As I thought what a moment might cost;
For eternity's stillness was broken,
By the groans and sighs of the lost."

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OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG PEOPLE

Young people listen to me just a while,
What is your aim in life?
Is it success, or riches or health?
Is it for fame that you strive?

Is it a pleasure-filled life that you seek?
Just to "have fun" while you're young?
Just for a "thrill" would you follow the crowd,
Go with the pleasure-mad throng?

If up the ladder of fame you would climb,
Making a name among men,
After you've reached the height of your goal,
After "arriving," what then?

If you would gain popularity's smile,
Having the favor of men,
But stand at "Jordan" with no one to care,
All friends forsake you, what then?

You may profess to have two works of grace,
Living for Jesus alone,
But what of your interests, your deep desires,
Your conduct does Jesus condone?

What of your thoughts, the books that you read?
What of the songs that you sing?

Could you in honesty face Him right now?
Could you reveal everything?

Or must you hide that wrong attitude,
That deep hidden sin of the heart?
Would you with shame remember your past,
Knowing He sees every part?

Only a "touch" of the world in your life,
Just a "bit" here and there,
Keeping in step with the things of the world,
So folks won't think you're so "queer."

I too am young with a future ahead,
Seeking the best for my life,
But satisfaction I've found in my youth,
I've found the Pearl of Great Price.

One day I stood at the crossroads of life,
Knowing not where to turn,
Life seemed so worthless, so utterly void,
Then a small voice I discerned.

Now I am living for Jesus alone,
Touched by the Master Divine;
Since the sweet Spirit has come to abide,
I cry "Not my will but Thine."

I don't even want a "touch" of the world,
In thought, in word, or in deed,
I just want to be "old fashioned" for Him,
To live so He might be pleased.

Come on, young people, let's launch out for God,
Let's be "old fashioned" for Him,
Forgetting the world with its fleeting charms,
Let's break [all] connection with sin.

Get a possession that burns with the fire,
Go through and take the death route,
Let the sweet Spirit come in and abide,
Let's be a "Holiness" crowd.

-- Donna Strickland

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REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CAMP

The National Camp Meeting of the Bible Missionary Church held at the Maranatha Bible Campgrounds near Maxwell, Nebraska, August 16-21 was owned and blessed of God from the beginning. There was a different preacher every service. There were capacity crowds every day. Some had to find rooms off the camp ground. People were there from more than thirty states and one foreign country. The glory came down in that first service Tuesday night. The opening song service led by Brother Clyde Dilly was truly a time of praise to God. Shouting and testifying seemed to be the order of the day. Brother Elbert Dodd brought the opening message of the camp and challenged our hearts to pray more than ever and to go in to win souls in these last days. A burden of prayer for the camp settled on our hearts in that service.

The 6:00 A.M. prayer meetings each day were times of burden and times of refreshing in the presence of the Lord. People's meetings were conducted each day at 9:00 A.M., a different preacher each day had charge. These were times of wonderful blessing. People testified and shouted and exhorted until our hearts were blessed.

Wednesday morning Brother Lowell Foster brought a stirring message on the danger of making "Shipwreck." The service climaxed with a good altar service. Wednesday afternoon's message was brought by Brother B. M. Loftin. He was used of God to encourage our hearts with his message on God's covenants. Wednesday night Brother J. E. Cook preached from Habakkuk 3:2 on the need of revival. The Holy Ghost struck the service and the altar was filled with seekers.

Thursday morning was given to a school service. Students from the School sang special songs. Brother Parker Maxey, president of The Bible Missionary Institute, Rock Island, Ill., introduced the faculty members and then brought a brief but challenging message. Rev. and Mrs. Foy Bullock, new teachers at the school sang the glory down. Brother Maxey presented Brother J. E. Ray, business manager of the school. Brother Ray started to preach but preaching was unnecessary. God took over. The glory was on. The melting presence of the Holy Ghost prevailed. Brother Ray testified and told of the needs of the school. Hilarious and spontaneous giving broke out among the people and when the service was over they had given \$12,600 in cash and pledges for the support of the school.

In the afternoon service Brother W. E. Carlton brought a wonderful message on holiness. The night service was blessed of God. People shouted and ran the aisles in the song service. God used Brother C. E. McCall to bring a stirring evangelistic message and the altar and front seats were lined with seekers.

Friday morning Brother Charles Dodd brought a wonderful message on the subject, "Not for Sale." Friday afternoon, God used Brother E. T. Harris to inspire our hearts with his message.

Friday night Brother Glen Patterson preached on the Judgment using as his text Amos 4:12, "Prepare To Meet Thy God." Holy Ghost conviction settled mightily on the service and the altar and front seats were filled with seekers. The tide was so high by this time in the camp that people were praying all night.

Saturday morning the needs of the orphanage were presented by Brother J. C. Gomilla. The people responded with an offering of \$2,700.00 in cash and pledges, The morning message was brought by Brother Melvin Shierey. He emphasized the standards of our Church. God surely put His approval on it.

Saturday afternoon Brother George Roberts was used of God in bringing the message. Our hearts were stirred and blessed. Following the afternoon service the young people held a street meeting in Maxwell. They played instruments, sang and testified and Brother Earl Wheeler brought the message.

Saturday night God used Brother Frank Baldwin and his message on hell. The altars and front seats again filled with seekers. Again there was all night praying. Many were taking the death route and groans and crying could be heard throughout the night.

Sunday morning Brother A. L. Turner brought a marvelous message on "The Rest That Remaineth to the People of God." The glory struck the service. God was everywhere. The altar filled with seekers.

Sunday afternoon we had a missionary service. God's presence was there from the start. Sister C. A. Cheeseman, missionary to the Navajo Indians spoke briefly. Brother and Sister Gantzer, out-going missionaries to British Guyana spoke briefly, Brother Kahlig, native preacher from India testified. Sister Billie Holstein preached on faith. The needs of our missionary work were presented and the people hilariously gave \$10,500.00 in cash and pledges for foreign missions. Also some 25 or 30 young people came forward and offered to give themselves to carry the good news of salvation to the ends of the earth.

Sunday night Brother H. B. Huffman preached on "This Thy Day." The altar and front seats were again filled with seekers.

Sister Ilah Downs was used throughout the camp in conducting some wonderful services for the children. Also Brother Bob Barker and Brother Richard Turner brought wonderful messages to the young people.

Brother L. P. Roberts and Brother Carl Dillard and their corps of workers did a wonderful job in caring for the people and making them as comfortable as possible. Brother E. T. Harris and his staff of workers did a fine job running the dining hall. Mr. Olson, manager of the Marantha Camp Ground was kind and cooperative in every way.

The singing and music of the camp was wonderful. I don't think I have ever heard better singing and music. The young folk and some older folk did a wonderful job in forming an orchestra to play for the services. Brother Clyde Dilly, Brother Darrell Kennedy, The Camerons, Brother Clennard Price, the Bullocks, Sister Killingsworth and many, many others thrilled and blessed our hearts with songs.

There is no way to aptly describe the glory that was manifest in the entire camp. There was so little of the human, so much of the Divine. Again and again we heard people say, this is like that first General Conference! Indeed it was and some ways even better. The dews of Hermon were upon us. The precious ointment of unity was everywhere present. Streams of light from the Throne of God above broke through upon us as again and again we stood upon Mt. Pisgah's lofty heights. Truly it was a holy convocation. To God the Father, God the Son and God the blessed Holy Ghost we give praise and honor and glory for condescending to meet with us one more time. Bless His precious name! -- Spencer Johnson, reporter

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

GREENLEGS

He was born into the big family with a fuzzy head of yellow, soft down, and his mother was just as proud of him as she was of the eleven others in her brood. He was cuddly and, oh, so soft, and old Mother Red Hen loved to feel him wiggle his way out beneath her big wings and climb up onto her broad back. However, one thing bothered her sore this lively young cock of hers was no ordinary one; no sir! he was always using his sharp bill to peck on his sisters' or brothers' heads, and how he could peck! Time after time he had pecked their small fuzzy heads so hard until the blood came; that's when Mother Red Hen would give him a sound pecking back. For days afterward the smart little rooster boy did well and seemed to behave nicely, but within himself he was still the cocky, naughty one of the family and always watched for a way (or a time), to be bad and disagreeable. This was especially true when Mother was busy scratching for worms for her family, or had gone to the stream for a drink of water. His poor Mother kept disciplining him and hoped he would grow up to be a fine, respectable young rooster, but what she didn't know was that he had a very bad nature within him.

One fine sunny day as Brenda was out playing with Amarantha, her rag doll, Mother Red Hen paraded by the yard fence with all her brood of twelve and Brenda called excitedly to Mother:

"Oh, Mother, come see! Red Hen has a lovely family and one of her children has green legs."

Mother came hurrying out to Brenda, and, sure enough, there was one of her brood with greenish-yellow legs. Mother and Brenda laughed, and that night at the supper table Brenda told George, Ruth, Bob, and Bill all about the young chicken with green legs, and she laughed gaily as Ruth said:

"I know what, let's call him Greenlegs! Shall we?" and Brenda said:

"Why, Ruth, that's a wonderful name! It just fits him! He'll be Greenlegs then!" And Father and Mother and everybody laughed and said, "Greenlegs! What a funny name!"

It was funny, but sort of pitiful too; for you see, boys and girls, poor Greenlegs not only had green legs, but he had something else green within him; it was green-eyed jealousy. If Mother Red Hen ever gave poor little underweight Fuzzy Button, his sister, a few more worms than he got, old jealous Greenlegs was sure to peck her head that night until it would bleed. Therefore, Fuzzy Button would always try to stay real close to Mother Red Hen for fear of another sound pecking. All of this only made Greenlegs more jealous than ever. He didn't realize that he too could have stayed just as close to Mother Red Hen as Fuzzy Button did and she would have loved him just as much as a Red Hen can love her little boy and girl chicks, but instead he was watching poor little Fuzzy Button -- afraid she was getting more attention than he.

Some few months later on when Mother Red Hen was busy hatching out another brood of chicks and all her family of twelve had joined the big barnyard group, Greenlegs perched his fine body of beautiful red feathers on the barnyard fence and raising his head in a proud manner while the big plume on his tail blew gently in the breeze, he let out a big, long "Cock-a-doodle-doo-ooo!" as if to say, "Just you wait! I'll show everybody who I am!"

The next day while Bob was working down near the pig stable and busy as could be, Greenlegs saw his opportunity; and, as soon as Bob had turned his head another direction, old Greenlegs charged; he ran up to Bob and flogged him soundly with his wings and scratched him with his sharp claws. Quickly, Bob turned around and with a small piece of wood he had just picked up, had hit Greenlegs who raced over to the fence, flew up on it and let out another proud "Cock-a-doodle-do," as though to say this time, "See what I did! I did it once and I can do it again!"

That night at the supper table Mother told Daddy they had better do something about Greenlegs, adding:

"He's hurting the children. He flogged Bob a good one today and when Ruth went to the henhouse to gather the eggs this afternoon he really gave her a sound flogging. She was bleeding from where he clawed her!"

"Just ignore him," Daddy said, "and he'll not bother you!"

"But, Dad," said Bob, "I hadn't even seen him when he flogged me."

"He seems to come out of nowhere," said Ruth tearfully, "and . . . and . . . I'm scared of him."

"Just ignore him," again Daddy said, and the conversation was dropped.

One day as Mother went to the garden to get some lettuce and radishes for dinner, it happened She got inside the garden fence and carefully closed the gate behind her and sighed a

sigh of relief when she saw no sign of Greenlegs for he was becoming more and more of a terror to the whole family -- all that is but Daddy who still calmly maintained, "Just ignore him!"

Mother had stooped over to cut the tender stalks of lettuce off from the roots when like a cyclone, he struck. He flogged her legs, her feet, her ankles, and the blood was running freely down her shins; grabbing a stick she had stuck in for the beans to climb on, the chase began. She chased him all over and around the garden -- occasionally managing to hit him with the stick -when suddenly, like magic, he flew on the fence, let out a big, proud "Cock-a-doodle-doo" and was gone.

At dinner, Mother said seriously, "Daddy, something just must be done with Greenlegs! He seems to appear out of nowhere and disappear as quickly."

Daddy laughed and said calmly, "Just ignore him," and again the subject was dropped.

One fine Saturday afternoon Daddy decided to work on his car. He had been busily engaged in the work and was lying on his back beneath the car. He changed positions and his partly bald head stuck just a short way out from beneath the car when Greenlegs just couldn't resist. Again the urge was on his bad heart, and in a flash he was on Daddy's partially bald head, scratching and flogging, flogging and scratching. Daddy wiggled like a worm on a hot ash and, as he tried to get out from beneath the car, Greenlegs flogged his back, ripping his shirt with his claws. When finally Daddy was up on his feet, he wiped the blood from his bald spot and searched the area for Greenlegs but as Mother said, he had disappeared. Then quite suddenly he heard the conqueror's "Cock-a-doodle-doo" up on the barn yard fence, and Daddy must have really decided Greenlegs wanted attention and for no more ignorings. "If attention is what you want, attention is what you'll get," he said out loud, then finding Greenlegs, he chased him into the henhouse and finally caught him.

"Mother," he said triumphantly as he came into the kitchen, "we've ignored poor Greenlegs too long. It's time he got some attention. Let's give him lots of it tonight at the supper table!"

From then on the whole Smith household had peace and rest but not until Greenlegs was killed good and dead. too!

Just two days after poor Greenlegs was dead and eaten, Bob and George had gone to the corn field to hoe corn. How they hated the job! It was a hot day; the sun was blazing down upon the boys in all of its fury; as a result the boys were both very much irritated and cross and each seemed to only aggravate the other more by any conversation. So for a long time there was complete silence except for the happy song bird who realized the Heavenly Father cared tenderly for it and therefore it must issue a song of praise to God. Bob heard it as it warbled on and on in the top of the shady apple tree that stood in the center of the cornfield and seemed, like an oasis in a desert to the two boys. Quite suddenly Bob said:

"George, why can't you be happy like that little bird up in the tree? You stay so cross and stubborn!"

"I'm not any more cross or sour than you are," was George's tart reply.

"Oh yes you are," continued Bob, "and you . . . you . . . profess to be a Christian. I don't! But let me tell you one thing, when I get saved I want what Mother and Dad have -- not your kind," he added.

Something within George's heart awakened and arose at the same time and before he realized what he had done he saw his younger brother in a heap in the corn field. Then he realized! He really wasn't a Christian! He had struck his brother with the hoe handle and maybe even killed him! Big salty tears rolled like rivers down his ruddy, sun burned cheeks as he knelt over his brother's lifeless form and prayed:

"Please, dear Lord, spare Bob! Please do! Don't let him die! And, oh God, forgive me for professing to be saved when I'm not; but I want you to save me; please do it, Lord, and bring Bob back to life so he can get saved too."

On and on he prayed and cried. When he opened his eyes he saw Bob on his knees with big tears streaming down his cheeks. Quickly he threw his arms around his brother and tearfully begged his forgiveness for hitting him.

"That's all right," said Bob, "but I just see how close to death I could have been, and I'm not ready to die, but I'm going to get ready right now while you do too." And the brothers forgot all their old crossness and meanness toward each other as they wept and prayed for God to save and forgive them. They prayed on and on beneath the sun's hot rays but neither noticed the heat, their hearts were so intent on finding God and then Jesus came. Oh, the rejoicing! The peace and happiness!

When it was time for dinner the boys went to the humble farm kitchen where Mother stood waiting for them -- her cheeks all pink and flushed prettily from the warmth of the day.

George rushed up to her and said, "Oh, Mother, I got saved just a little while ago in the cornfield." "So did I," said Bob.

"I thought I was saved," continued George, "but I wasn't. Now I know I am!" and the tears fell fast again as he said, "I almost killed Bob out in the corn field." "Now, now!" said Bob.

"You only knocked me out for a little time."

"Why..." and Mother's mouth opened wide as she started to say something but George continued:

"I have in my heart just what poor Greenlegs had in his; and, Mother, I--I--I--pity him! He couldn't help himself just as I couldn't when I hit Bob. Something within me arose and, before I knew what I was doing, I hit poor Bob. Now I'm saved -- I know I am -- the dear Saviour saved and forgave my sins, but that bent to sinning must all be taken out. I want the Holy Ghost to give me

a personal Pentecost that will take out all the carnality -- that Greenlegs nature, Mother -- and I want Him to do it right now."

"Me, too," said Bob, "George is changed this time."

Mother, Father, and all the family gathered around the two boys and prayed for God, the Holy Spirit, to cleanse their hearts and make them clean through the refining fire of the Holy Ghost, and while they were kneeling, waiting, and praying, George said "He's come! The Holy Spirit has come and taken out carnality! I'm dean, oh, so clean, and pure in my heart!"

"He's in my heart too," said Bob joyfully. "He just now filled me with His Spirit."

Then George said almost in a whisper as he thanked the Lord, "Thank you, dear Lord, for Greenlegs! You used him -- poor, dead Greenlegs -- to show me what was in my heart, and how I must die out to sin and self before there'd ever be complete rest in my heart. Thank you again for Greenlegs."

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A THOUGHT TO COMFORT

By Clenard R. Price

As I travel through this world of sin and woe
There's a thought of comfort as I go,
The center man of Calvary,
In loving passion died for me.
Rom. 5:8

I know to some it's hard to understand--
How Christ could take the form of man,
And leaving His glory far behind,
Reveal in flesh the Father's love divine.
Phil. 2:5-8

The "God-man" lived, He walked and taught
And many a miracle was wrought--
To prove that He divinely sealed
Could forgive sins on earth and heal.
Luke 5:24

His life He gave so I believe,
Grace and forgiveness we may receive;
My name in "who-so-ever-will,"
Brings peace and joy my heart to fill.
John 3:16, 17

Then hasten friends, your sins forsake,
Repent and turn, e'er 'tis too late;
God waits like a father to forgive
That you with Him might ever live.
2 Pet. 3:9

Have you given your heart to Jesus? Can you afford to lose your soul? (Jesus is able to save, Heb. 7:25)

* * * * *

THE END