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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the December, 1960 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
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GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH
By J. B. Chapman

"They presented unto him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Jesus was King, so they brought Him gold; He was Prophet, so they brought Him frankincense; He was Priest, so they brought Him myrrh.

The gold spoke of His deity, the frankincense of the beauty and holiness of His character and life, and the myrrh of His death for the sins of men.

Like the wise men of old, we would come to the Master today, Let us therefore bring our gold of unselfish love, our frankincense of heartfelt praise, and our myrrh of true contrition for sin. He has promised to abide with us, if we only love Him. The sacrifice of praise is comely to the upright. And God dwells in the high and holy place and with him who is of an humble and contrite heart.

Gold is an element--not an alloy. Nothing can add to its purity and nothing can be subtracted from its essence. It is a Gift of God. Our love, likewise, must be "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost" that it may be accepted of God. All we can do is to will to possess this unmixed affection, but it is God's to give. "Herein is our love made perfect."

Frankincense (frank means pure) is fragrant only when it burns. Cold it is odorless and useless. Likewise our love must be vital and enkindled and hot with holy passion for our beloved Lord. Love is indeed a principle, but it is an active, not a static principle, and whatever burns consumes. The gifts of love are not such as the giver can spare, but are the fullness of ability poured forth. John the Baptist was "a burning and a shining light." Forney Hutchinson says he shone because he burned.

Myrrh is bitter and pungent. As frankincense speaks of devotion to God, myrrh speaks of aversion to sin--the despicable thing that God hates. Let us come, then, to Christ with a love that is gold for purity, frankincense for moving passion and myrrh for hatred for sin. And let us worship and bow down before Him who is King, Lord and Savior! -- From the Herald of Holiness

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

May the Christ of Christmas be near to you one and all at this most blessed Christmas Season. May His presence cheer your hearts now and throughout the New Year. From Bible Missionary Church: Board of General Moderators: Elbert Dodd, J. E. Cook; The General Board; and the entire staff of The Missionary Revivalist.

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THE INCOMPARABLE CHRIST

He came from the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on immortality. He became Son of Man that we might become sons of God. He came from heaven, where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade. They never phone for a doctor, for there no one is ever sick. No undertakers and no graveyards, for no one ever dies--no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscurity; only once crossed the boundary of the land, in childhood. He had no wealth nor influence and had neither training nor education. His relatives were inconspicuous and uninfluential.

In infancy He startled a king; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the books that could be written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all song writers combined. never founded a college, yet a. the schools together cannot boast of as many students as He has. He never practiced medicine, and yet He healed more broken hearts than the doctors have healed broken bodies.

He never marshaled an army, drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, yet no leader ever made more volunteers who have, under his orders, made rebels stack arms or surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of Astronomy, the Rock of Geology, the Lion and the Lamb of Zoology, the Harmonizer of all discords, and the Healer of all diseases. Great men have come and gone, yet He lives on, Herod could not kill Him, Satan could not seduce Him, death could not destroy Him, the grave could not hold Him.

He laid aside His purple robe for a peasant's gown. He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor. How poor? Ask Mary! Ask the wise men! He slept in another's manger. He cruised the lake in another's boat. He rode on another man's beast. He was buried in another man's tomb. All failed, but He never. The ever Perfect One-He is the Chief among ten thousand. He is altogether lovely.

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PLEASE LORD

I thank you Lord, for all Blessings.
I'll love you as long as I live
I'll go where you want me to go Lord,
But please don't ask me to give.

I'll pick up my cross every day Lord,
I'll bear it as long as I live,
Just pour out your blessings upon me--
But please don't ask me to give.

I'll sing and I'll play and I'll shout Lord,
I'll pray as long as I live.
I'll take everything you have for me:
But please don't ask me to give.

I've barely enough to get by Lord,
It won't keep me as long as I live;
But I know that you'll never forsake me,
So please don't ask me to give.

I struggled to get what I have Lord,
It was hard but I think I will live;
If you just let me keep what I have Lord,
And don't ever ask me to give.

I'll go to church every Sunday,
I'll work as long as I live
To help get others to heaven,
But please don't ask me to give.

It costs so much to get by Lord,
And it takes just so much to live,
That I don't see how I can help you--
So please don't ask me to give.

I'll tell folks how you have blessed me,
Without you I just couldn't live.
You see Lord I'm willing to serve you,
But please don't ask me to give.

I'll try to pay all the tithe Lord,
I think I can do that and live:
I don't want to feel like I'm selfish;
So please don't ask me to give.

Perhaps folks would laugh if I told them,
How much it costs me to live.
It's just that they don't understand me--
So please don't ask me to give.

They tell me that many are starving,
It's a shame how some folks must live:
That's why I want to be careful,
So please Lord--don't ask me to give.

I made up my mind long ago Lord,
That you wanted a person to live.
So I just set back and say nothing,
Whenever they ask me to give.

Now I'm not one bit contentious,
Of how the other folks live--
If they don't care for the future,
Let them go on and give.

I know I'm a bit independent:
After all it's my life to live;
I believe I'm as good as the rest, Lord,
So please don't ask me to give.

I haven't forgotten the depression,
And the struggle I had to live;
But I'll be prepared for the next one,
So please don't ask me to give.

Of course there's old age that I'm facing,
No telling how long I may live:
I don't mean to die in the poor house,
So please Lord, don't ask me to give.

-- By Melvin Shiery

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

CHRIST AND HOLINESS

Jesus Christ is holy. He had neither committed sin nor inbred sin. He was absolutely holy in heart and holy in life, holy in word, thought and deed. He was holy in His birth, holy in His death, holy in His resurrection, holy in his ascension and holy in His eternity. Praise His holy Name!

The Angel said to Mary in the annunciation, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1:35) The writer of Hebrews speaks of Him as "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Peter said of Him, "He did no sin neither was guile found in his mouth." Christ the Divine founder of the Church was holy in his infancy, holy in His childhood and holy in His manhood. Since He was and is holy He desires and provides that His Church shall be holy. To this end He suffered on dark Calvary. "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5:25-27)

His teachings are filled with the doctrines of holiness. His sermon on the mount inculcates holiness as the privilege and duty of His followers from beginning to the end. Many things are taught which would be impossible to those who are not sanctified wholly, such as, "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, love your enemies, resist not evil" and much more. The sermon on the mount outlines the principles which are to govern God's kingdom on earth. These principles are elucidated and enlarged in the writings of the Apostles and evangelists and inspired by the Holy Ghost, who is the comforter, teacher, and guide to the believing Church until Christ himself shall come again.

In addition to the many precepts which imply holiness there are a number, also, which expressly require it.

In the beatitudes Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Purity of heart cannot exist while there is any sin in the heart. Whenever there is sin in the heart whether committed or indwelling, there is also pollution; and purity and pollution are incompatible terms.

Heart purity, therefore is synonymous with sanctification. Heart purity not only gives power so that a man is useful in proportion to the purity of his heart and life, but it also endows one with perception, enabling its possessor to see God. It gives one an inward spiritual vision of God and will also enable him to see God in the rapture when Christ comes to catch away his saints.

Again Jesus said, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48) This command at first sight is simply overwhelming. It is astounding. So much so that our hearts shrink back in bewilderment, and we are ready to say our case is hopeless. We are baffled at the thought. But let us give this command a closer look.

He does not say that our perfection is to be equal to our Father in Heaven. Only God has absolute perfection. God is infinite in all His attributes. We are poor, weak, finite beings and can never even approach the boundless perfection of our Heavenly Father Who has no limit as to power, space, duration, justice, and holiness. The command is not to be equal in the degree of holiness but to be perfect with the same kind of holiness which pertains to Him. As the cup full of water from the ocean is the same kind yet only a particle of the ocean so our perfection is similar in kind while falling infinitely short of His perfection in degree.

Apart from the attributes of God is His essence. The essence of God is love. The Bible declares, "God is love." Then the essential perfection of the Godhead is love. John the beloved assures us that it is possible for us to be made perfect in love, and to have the perfect love which casteth out fear. (I John 4:17-18) Therefore, if we are perfect in love, we are perfect even as our Father who is in Heaven is perfect.

The context of the scriptures preceding this command proves that it is a perfection of love. Jesus had just said that it is not sufficient to love our friends and do good to them that do good to us. Sinners and worldly minded people do as much. But Jesus goes on to say, "I say unto you, love your enemies, etc." (Matt. 5: 44) Why? That we may be the children of our Father which is in Heaven. "For He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. 5:45)

If we are the children of God then we must possess His sentiments and love in our measure as He loves. The essence of His being is love and all His unlimited activities are directed, regulated and controlled by love. When there remains nothing contrary to love in our hearts, so that all our finite works are in like manner motivated, aimed and guided by love, then we are perfect in love, and perfect even as our Heavenly Father is perfect. Paul declares, "The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart." Glory!

When the lawyer asked Jesus "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And when asked in reply what were the words of the Mosaic law he answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Here the Saviour declares that holiness consists of nothing more nor less than perfect love to God and man.

Such a love leaves no room for horse racing, dancing, bowling, Futhermore, one cannot love his poor heathen neighbor as himself and waste money on tobacco or jewelry. At this Christmas season we wonder how so many can profess this perfect love and waste so much money, while a poor, sin benighted, world goes on groping in the darkness having never heard of Christ the first and greatest Christmas gift to humankind.

It is our love that Christ desires above all else. If He has our love then He has our all. It is not enough merely to offer him our service. In most professed holiness churches there are too many

"meat loaf Marthas" and "pancake Pricillas" who are in a constant fever of activity, dashing from Dan to Beersheba. They are careful and troubled about many things. But they have not sought the one thing needful to make them Christlike, the purifying power of the Holy Ghost within. The holy man does not serve God to become holy, he serves Him because he is holy.

Jesus prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." (John 17:17) And again, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." (John 17:19) Here we see the two meanings of the word "sanctify." Jesus sets himself apart or consecrates Himself to the cross to provide redemption so that His followers, in all generations may be not only set apart or consecrated, but Also cleansed or made holy in heart and life. He gave Himself for the world of lost sinners that they might be pardoned and saved. At the same time He gave Himself for the Church that He might sanctify and cleanse it. (John 3:16 Eph. 5:25-27)

Thus the atoning blood of Christ provided forgiveness and adoption for the penitent sinner. It also provided sanctification for the consecrated believer. And it is only by meeting His terms and receiving Him as a perfect Saviour that He "is made of God unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (I Cor. 1:30)

This blessed experience of holiness of heart is the treasure that Jesus spoke of, as being hidden in the field, which required all that a man had to possess it. Multitudes have thought the price too great and have deprived themselves of the unspeakable Blessing by refusing to pay the price. Christ would not have us fail to count the cost to be holy, and the cost is all we have. But when we love Him supremely, we shall learn to be satisfied with Himself, and what He in His love and mercy chooses to give us. "We are to love His gifts and thank Him for them, but still more we are to love the Giver Himself." There is no holiness apart from Christ, by the power of the indwelling Spirit.

"O let me feel Thee near me,
The' world is ever near:
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:

My foes are ever near me,
The battle's noise and din,
But Jesus draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin."

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CHRISTMAS

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

Here behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes;
God in His own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

-- Charles Wesley

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THE ABIDING CHRIST

By Clenard R. Price

Paul's prayer for the Ephesians, 3:17, was that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith. I like to put it this way; That Christ may dwell.., by faith. For this is the case with everyone who believes. Many people seem to get saved and then when trials come they give over and go down because they do not exercise the same faith as it took to get saved. The song writer wrote, "I mean to keep believing."

In Isaiah 12:3 we read, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Some people may think from this that they must run back to the place where they first drank, or to some other well further up the road. No, that is not it. Let us take another scripture found in 1 Cor. 10:4. The rock which followed the children of Israel in the wilderness was Jesus. He is our spiritual rock and just to know that when they were thirsty they could turn aside and drink without making a long trip back or waiting until they could reach a given place in their journey. Wonderful, you say, to have him so near. But again this is not it.

Jesus in talking to the women at the well John 4:14 said that the water that He would give, should be within, a well of water springing up into everlasting life. So we may have this water within. Paul writing to the riches of the glory; of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.

Thus we see in this dispensation we have not a well to run to, nor a rock which follows, but an abiding Christ within. He is there in the person of the Holy Spirit. We may continually drink.

We live by faith, we walk by faith, let us see to it that Christ abides in His fulness by faith also.

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THE EVANGELIST

By William O. Nimrod

No church can long exist as a spiritual force unless it has revivals. Because of the very nature of things revival must be repeated over and over again in each generation. Since evangelistic preaching is so necessary in the promotion of revivals, a God-called Evangelist is one of the greatest contributing factors in any real revival of religion.

The old time praying, fasting, uncompromising, prophet-like Evangelist has almost become extinct. There seems to be an abundance of glamour-boy evangelists, who have plenty of time to bowl, golf, visit friends around the TV set, and hunt but there are few who will spend enough time in prayer and study to equip themselves with the power of the Holy Spirit that brings conviction down upon a service. The modern evangelists are versed in psychological schemes to get people to an altar but they know nothing about the compassion of heart that would keep them praying and agonizing until the last seeker gets through to victory in a know so experience of Grace. Thank God for the few old fashioned, spiritual, uncompromising, compassionate Evangelists that are left in the land. I have observed a goodly number of evangelists of the Bible Missionary Church. I believe they are sincere men of God who stand for the principles of old time Bible holiness. They impress me as men who have a real passion for the lost. The pastors and churches should do their best to stand by them with their prayers and financial support.

Many good evangelists in other denominations have been forced to leave the field because they did not have the proper backing and financial support. The pastor and church should always stand by the truth, no matter how rugged it may be, if it is preached in a spirit of love and tenderness. The church should not expect the evangelist to draw the crowd. The evangelist can do some calling and personal work but he cannot give the proper amount of time to prayer and study if he is expected to spend his day calling. The Church and pastor should have the unsaved already attending the services of the church before the meeting begins.

The evangelist can not do his best work if he is staying in some home where he is constantly under strain. Many times the concern for the needs of his family back home will make him prefer most anything to staying in a good hotel and eating well because he knows that at the end of the meeting it all comes out of the offerings and his family must suffer while he lives in comparative comfort.

Perhaps the evangelist and his family suffer more loneliness than any other class of people in the work of the Lord. Some evangelists started out traveling with their companions. They could have kept on indefinitely if they had avoided a family but they were spiritual people and were too conscientious to refuse to have children so in time they found themselves living lonely lives for the sake of the call that God had placed upon their hearts. The children suffer too because they are deprived of the companionship of their Daddy in the time when they need him most.

The question is often asked, "Why don't evangelists take off more and spend more time at home?" There are at least two good reasons. One is that no one ever wants to release a good evangelist. They all say he should take off and rest, but of course, right after they have had him for a meeting. Then there is that ever pressing reason, as the financial one. The evangelist must work when he can. The evangelist never knows when a cancellation may come and mess up his whole

economic existence. Some churches feel that it is a crime for an evangelist to cancel a meeting but they will wait sometimes as close as a month before a meeting and then cancel the evangelist. The very best of evangelists have difficulty slating on such short notice. Many evangelists have it rough during the summer months. Camp meetings and district activities are making the summer months more difficult all the time for revivals in local churches. Few evangelists are called to preach in the camp meetings. The District and General leaders are usually called for the summer camps.

The evangelist is so ethically bound that he cannot mention the problem of his finances. Some folk actually think that the evangelist is over paid. They forget that he must pay house rent, utility bills, traveling expenses, etc. while in most all the places these things are furnished to the pastor in addition to his salary. The average pastor receives far better pay than the average evangelist. If a pastor receives as much as \$75.00 per week and his parsonage and bills then an evangelist must average \$300.00 per two Sunday meeting to do as well.

The evangelist must pay his own house rent, his own bills and all his traveling expenses. Some churches not only pay the utilities and furnish a parsonage for their pastor but they provide the furniture and give him a gasoline or car allowance in addition to his salary. If the pastor gets sick, the church continues to pay his salary and in some instances his doctor and hospital bills. If the evangelist gets sick what church will think about paying his rent and bills, much less his salary?

Then of course, there is Christmas. The evangelist is always off at Christmas. It is the one time of the year that he gets to be with his family for no church wants to be bothered with a meeting during Christmas. So the evangelist comes home to his family for Christmas. But many times it is a bleak old Christmas for the evangelist and his family. There are two weeks without pay. The evangelist barely makes ends meet when he is busy all the time, and now with presents to buy and bills to meet and no income Christmas loses much of its cheer. The little family suffers.

The church, of course, remembered its pastor by giving him a nice Christmas present, perhaps an extra week's salary, and certainly the pastor deserves it. But what church gave the evangelist such a present for Christmas? People who are thoughtful of their pastor bring things in to help the pastor and his family, and they should, but the evangelist lives somewhere else and his family is forgotten. Many of you who read these lines were glad and anxious to do something nice for your pastor at Christmas, and you are to be commended for it, but you never thought about the evangelist's family who suffered days without number of untold loneliness that some good man might come and help you have a revival.

What is the answer? One way to solve the problem would be for our churches and pastors to plan ahead for the financing of a revival. Usually they have the meeting slated for months in advance, why not use some of that time to raise the money for the meeting? Some pastors will wait until the last Sunday of the meeting to make any effort toward raising an offering for the evangelist. If the weather is bad and the crowd is small then of course the offering is poor. In my pastorates, I always had the money for the revival pledged up before the meeting ever began. During the meeting we would pass the offering plates to give opportunity for visiting friends to contribute but we did not depend on that for the financing of the meeting. One pastor had a plan whereby a great number of his members gave one dollar a week extra above their regular tithes and offerings. This

was put in a revival fund and it would build up between meetings so that his revivals were financed well and without any undue strain. Perhaps we could about double the amount we give in the offering for our evangelists if we would plan ahead when we know we are to have them for a revival.

Then too, we could remember their families like we remember our pastors. Let us not forget that evangelists are human and that their families are human too and often very lonely. May God bless the good evangelists of our land. We should pray for them. Many of them have already been forced to leave the field.

"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all come in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." (Eph. 4:11-13)

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THEORIES

By Mrs. Bonnie W. Johnson

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith: who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. 12:1-2)

Man is a theoretical being. Every man has a theory. Name the subject and every person develops a theory. Theories have their place and are alright as long as man keeps in mind that mankind is a weak and fallen crowd depraved since the fall and unable to grasp eternal things by Himself. You say, "What is a theory?" "A supposition explaining something." Why do men set up theories and why are they so varied?

Man hunts for a theory because he is depraved and away from God. He is intelligent enough to know that something is wrong within himself and so hunts a theory for it in his ignorance, that man came from the monkey. Yet men have felt learned and intelligent and proclaimed this error. A pitiful crowd are we in our self-esteem. Wiser we feel but somehow degenerating every year as the human race, once in the image of God, now ignorantly rejecting Him.

More than in ignorance, however, man develops these theories in rebellion. This depraved nature of fallen man has a will of its own. Unwilling to accept God's plan, leadership and wisdom, man sets rules and theories of his own. This is in rebellion to God. Man claiming his own superiority defies the one that created him; not realizing the bigness of God nor His mercy and love for man. Take Communism for example. These people say there is no God nor eternal things. They break the natural laws of God, even to depriving parents of the privilege of raising their own children. They teach no life after death. This is all a sign of the rebellion in the heart of man.

Neither of these ways was God's plan for man. Man was created in the image of God but he fell. After this man became a weak creature, full of death. God began a new plan for him. This was faith in God. If man will be honest enough to see his weakness and depraved self within, God can help that soul, He may not work out theories of renown nor be considered so intelligent in this life but he can have the joy of sins forgiven and cleansing from all unrighteousness.

The one chief requirement is simple, childlike, faith or trust in God.

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THE CHRISTMAS ROAD

Men still travel the Christmas road
The Holy Child to seek;
And some are very rich and wise,
And some are poor and weak.

Some carry gifts of matchless worth,
As did wise men of old--
The fragrant myrrh and frankincense,
The richly gleaming gold.

And some, like lowly shepherds, come
With humble gifts, it seems--
The quiet gifts of love and faith
All wrapped about with dreams.

And He who knows the deep intent
Of every heart sincere
Receives with blessing every gift,
And counts them wondrous dear.

O pilgrim friend, by cares oppressed,
Come, walk this starlit way,
And find the faith you laid aside
Some troubled yesterday.

The Christmas road is bright with hope,
And at its end there stands
The Christ of Christmas, glory-crowned,
With blessings in His hands!

-- Kathryn B. Peck

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THE FOUR "CS" THAT ENDANGER THE CHURCH

By Rev. Foy Bullock

The things which endanger the Church directly or indirectly endanger all humanity. And the subtlety of evil in our day seems to paint for humanity a future of stability, when in reality the very fundamentals of life underneath, are loosed from their moorings.

All doubt of pre-millennialism seems to vanish as the realities of this dark hour sober our thinking. Human philosophies are not creating better understanding. The United Nations has about run its predestined course. Every session serves to augment more problems for a world already over-burdened with problems.

The Church (the blood-washed "ecclesia"), not the outer shell of professed Christendom, is faced with some formidable enemies. Some are seen, and some unseen. They compose a diabolical web which threatens to ensnare the very heart of God's kingdom on earth. As a spider encircles and closes the web upon its victim, so are these engaged against the Church.

Notice these "C's" that endanger the Church:

Communism: This is materialism in the sense of a gospel. This philosophy preaches equality for all. World liberation is its goal. For the Christian the problems of this gospel are simple: (1) it is atheistic, and (2) as long as sin remains in the heart, Communism will never work. But ignorant, hungry and deprived peoples of the world are reaching for any promise of material prosperity. Approximately one half of the world's population is now under the direct or indirect domination of this enemy of the Church. Oh! what a militant force that is arrayed against God.

Catholicism: This enemy of the Church is approaching from another position. With the belief of Apostolic succession and armed with some 1600 years of ecclesiastical power, earthly priesthood, indulgences, and tradition, this anti-Christian, sin cancerous giant marches against the very cause it professes to foster. Biblical illiterate Christendom looks with pride and envy on this hellish force as God's Church. This giant would snuff out spiritual freedom and compel every knee to bow to the apostate leadership in Rome, the Pope.

Commonism: The two previous enemies may be considered as outward foes, but Commonism is an inward foe which struggles for the throttle of spiritual power. Every evangelical denomination in church history has soared with God until this subtle enemy has reached the throttle, cut the power, released the steam, and put out the fire. We are actually living in a prayerless, powerless, and almost convertless age. Almost all Christendom has been strangled by this robber. And when this happens no amount of substitutes can atone for this type of defeat; it must await the judgment of God. Intercession, sacrifice, spontaneous joy, and compelling love are lost graces. The stamp of Commonism rests upon all spiritual life. May the Lord save us from this death dealing enemy.

Conformism: The last foe composing this diabolical web is that of adopting the fashions and practices of the world. Bible Missionary Institute has just concluded a wonderful week of revival with Brother W. M. Tidwell of Chattanooga, Tennessee. His sixty years of holiness

preaching and leadership has given him Biblical insight which few people can equal today His teachings on premillennialism with its implications of worldliness and spiritual adultery has had an immeasurable effect upon the faculty and student body of our school. We shall ever be grateful for Brother Tidwell and the truths he gave to us. It was like taking a full Bible course in one week. Worldliness with its allurements, inducement, and temptation, is a perpetual foe to the Church. Separation alone does not insure the favor of God, but the Church cannot have the favor of God without being separated.

As we survey the spiritual conditions of the world, must we become fatalists? No! A thousand times no! The Bible Missionary Church has been called out for this hour. Holding the Light for a dark world! What a calling! What a privilege! What an opportunity!

My Bible has in ages past,
Withstood the tests of man
When infidel and skeptic blast,
Have tried to break its plan.

It stands undaunted, safe and sure
Wherever sin doth reign;
His faith is strong, who rests secure,
And calls upon His Name.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
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THE CHRISTMAS THAT CHANGED A FAMILY

"Oh, Mother," cried Mary in desperation as she hurried out of her bedroom and ran sobbing into Mother's waiting arms, "somebody's stolen all my Missionary money that I was saving for the special offering Bro. White was going to take up on Sunday before Christmas."

"Are you sure, dear?" asked Mother as she gently stroked the silken blonde curls of the weeping girl. "Let's look again, shall we?" and she led the way to the bedroom that Mary and Faye Evelyn shared.

"Maybe Faye Evelyn will know more about it when she comes home from school," said Mother, then added "Your sister may know what happened to it. How much did you have dear? Do you know?"

Between sobs, the soft blue eyes looked pleadingly up to Mother's face as she said, "No, I know it was stolen." Then a fresh burst of tears followed as she said, "Look at the window, Mother! Somebody's pried it open. I...I...I must have had close to eight or ten dollars, for I put all the money Grandpa gave me for my birthday into that little box, and, Mother," she said as she wept

loudly, "every time you and Daddy gave me a nickel or a dime for candy, I put them in every one of them. I wanted to give some 'sacrifice money' as Bro. White preached a few months ago."

"That's a wonderful girl!" Mother said tenderly as she gathered the soft form into her arms, "and the Lord will somehow make it up to you, dear. Just wait and see !" Then placing a kiss on the soft, silken head said, "Run to the bathroom and wash those big tears away. Faye Evelyn will soon be home from school. Remember, dear, what Romans 8:28 says!"

"Yes, Mother--about everything working together for good to them that love the Lord." Then excitedly she said, "Maybe the Lord wants to teach me some lesson, Mother."

"Could be," Mother called from the kitchen stove where she was already busy frying chicken, and taking care not to burn the biscuits.

Just then the front door opened and a dark haired, tender blue-eyed Faye Evelyn called out, "Where is everyone? Oh, Hi, Mom! Sure good to be home again. But what do I smell? Yummy! It smells delicious!" Then hurrying to the kitchen she placed a loving kiss on Mother's pink round cheeks, then, "Oh, Mom, you're the dearest Mother ever!"

"Thank you, honey," said Mother lovingly, "but I have the best children ever." Together they laughed as Faye Evelyn hastily reached for her apron and began to set the table, then suddenly she asked, "Where's our little goldilocks, Mother? Oh, I miss her!" and she hastily ran to the hallway, then the bedroom where Mary was standing with her face close to the window and looking out into space, completely unaware of her sister's presence, when Faye Evelyn swooped her off her feet and into her arms.

"My little doll!" she teased as she kissed her small sister. You're the sweetest Sister a girl ever had. But why are you so sober? Something happen today?"

"Oh, Faye Evelyn," Mary began, "somebody stole all my Missionary money from my box on top of the dresser. Mama and I went to the grocery store this afternoon and I saw my box open when I came back, but Mommie says the Lord makes all things work together for good, and I was just trying to help God make it that way. I may even sell Liza Jane to get some money for that offering for those missionaries."

"Oh, you darling," said Faye Evelyn, "already you have a heart as generous as our wonderful Mother. Honey, maybe I can do some extra baby sitting and help you on your offering."

"No," said the blonde, "I must give something that will be a sacrifice, like Bro. White preached. I saved all Grandpa's birthday money after it was tithed, and all my candy and ice cream money; now it's all gone and I believe Liza Jane must go."

"Oh, Mary," Faye Evelyn pleaded, "Liza Jane's your very favorite doll; but if you feel this is what the Lord wants, do it, honey!"

In the days that followed Mary's "sacrifice box" grew fatter and rounder, as Grandpa came by and told her he felt he should give her a very special Christmas present before Christmas, then handed her ten dollars all in change. "Thanks, Grandpa, thanks!" she exclaimed happily, then running into her bedroom she softly closed the door but the coins could be heard falling into her box. She seemed to be getting more candy and ice cream money than usual, and outside of her tithe pennies, the rest was all dropped into the "sacrifice box," until she could scarcely get any more in.

The night before the offering was to be taken, Faye Evelyn bundled her small sister up good and warm, and with a big box full of groceries, clothing, and toys, she said, "We're going to the Tanner home honey. Daddy's driving us there. Mr. Tanner left poor Mrs. Tanner and those four children. We must help make them happy. O. K.?"

"Oh, goody," said Mary joyfully; then rushing into the bedroom she came back carrying--of all things, Liza Jane all bundled up in a soft pink blanket.

"I want to make Sara real happy, Faye Evelyn. She loves Liza Jane as much as I do, and doesn't even have one dolly, and I have three pretty ones!"

Faye Evelyn started to say something, but added instead, "That's right, honey, you didn't need to sell Liza Jane; maybe the Lord will get more glory out of her this way!"

"Everybody ready?" called Daddy from the kitchen doorway. "I have the big box in the car; just bring yourselves," and he laughed as he held the door open for his pretty wife and two lovely girls; Then with a look of pride at each one, he locked the door and joined them in the car.

When they got to the Tanner home a dim light flickered feebly through a small window and the light seemed to reflect the very atmosphere that pervaded the inside of the home.

Faye Evelyn squeezed Mother's hand lightly as they stepped upon the porch, being ever so careful not to step through a broken board. Softly she whispered, "How I thank God for you and Mom and Mary, Dad. Ours is a happy home!"

The soft knock on the door was answered with a gruff, "Who's there?" and opened almost at the same time by a course looking woman whose arm was cuddling a sick child, her hair disheveled and uncombed with three smaller children clinging frantically to her skirt for protection. In a dark corner sitting on an orange crate was Sara.

"A blessed Christmas through Christ to you all," Mr. and Mrs. Wayne called sweetly.

"Come in! Come in!" said the poor woman. "Taint much I can offer you to set on, but you're most welcome to come in."

"Be glad to," said Mr. Wayne, then quickly setting the big box down on the floor, he said:

"Mrs. Wayne will be glad to help you with the sick child." Already Mother had the little dirty ragged child in her arms and asking for a pan of hot water, she bathed the child who

responded beautifully to the clean feeling, and a drowsiness suddenly seized him and he fell asleep in Mrs. Wayne's arms after she had given him a small piece of aspirin for the fever.

"We've brought you some food and clothing for the children and yourself, also a few toys for the children," Mrs. Wayne said, then added, "Open the box. The names are on the boxes!"

Quietly stepping over to the frightened looking Sara, Mary said, "Here, Sara. I want you to have Liza Jane for all your own. She loves you too." Then giving the doll a last big squeeze and hug, she insisted, "Take her, Sara. She's your very own."

For a moment it looked like the frightened child had seen an apparition, then suddenly she burst into tears and was saying:

"No, no, take Liza Jane! I don't want her. Already I've got too much that belongs to you, Mary. Take her! Take her away!" and she went sobbing into the small kitchen, where Mary followed pleadingly: "She's yours, Sara. Jesus seemed to tell me to give her to you, and you must have her!"

"What's ailing you?" came Mrs. Tanner's coarse, gruff voice to her daughter. "Come back here and thank these here people for their presents."

Faye Evelyn stepped forward then, and placing a gentle hand on Sara's trembling shoulders said clearly:

"Sara has something to tell you, Mrs. Tanner. Don't you, dear?" she asked.

"How.. how.. did you know?" Sara asked, her face as pale as death, then quickly burst out between sobs:

"Oh, Mary, can you ever forgive me? I stole all your money. I knew where you kept it and when you and Mrs. Wayne went grocery shopping, I pried your window open and took all your money. I did so badly want to buy Mother a present, and that's why I took it, but I haven't been able to sleep one single night since I took it. I have Mother's present, but you take it and get your money back. I can't rest. Forgive me ! Forgive me! Please!" she pleaded.

Tenderly Mrs. Wayne, Faye Evelyn, and Mary threw their arms around the frail Sara, then Faye Evelyn said:

"Honey, I knew it from the day Mary's money was taken. You see, something you told one of your friends told a sister of my best girl friend, but I prayed for you. Now, you must never do it again. It's so wrong and sinful. We freely forgive you, but what about Jesus; have you told Him? You helped put those cruel nails through Jesus' Hands by this sin of stealing. Wouldn't you like to tell Him and repent of this wicked thing you did?"

"Oh, yes," sobbed Sara, "please pray for me. I want to be good and sweet like you and Mary are. I want Jesus in my heart."

"Please pray for me too," suddenly Mrs. Tanner cried out. "I've been a wicked woman and I want a new heart too."

The orange crate was set in the middle of the room for a mourner's bench and Mrs. Tanner and Sara prayed and prayed until the Lord Jesus stepped down into the room and came right into their hearts. How they all rejoiced together and praised God for the Christ of Christmas.

Before Faye Evelyn went to sleep that night, she lovingly hugged her blonde haired sister and said:

"The Lord made Liza Jane and the money work together for His glory and your good, didn't He, honey?"

"He really did," said Mary sleepily, "and I believe I have two times as much sacrifice money as I did in the first box."

"Thank God!" said Faye Evelyn, "the Lord always does more than we ever expect."

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THE INNOCENT DANCE

By Billy Sunday

We cannot trace the source of this letter other than that it was written to a Mr. Brown in the U. S. A., who was a secretary for a church youth fellowship. Anyone who has worked at night in the large cities knows that this story is not far-fetched, but is the echo of a myriad of other young voices protesting to our lax Christian principles today. Dear Sir:

I am going to write to you a long, long letter and tell you something that no one knows yet, and when I am through I am going to start down the last slide that stops in the center of hell itself... The real reason for my confession will be very evident before I close this, my last letter on earth. I am going to write plainly, I am going to tell you some of the heartache the agony, the anguish that we suffer. I am going to put into your hands something that will speak in letters of blood from the very gates of hell itself. I am going to try to save some other soul from this hell with my last breath. This very paper is bought with the price from money I would have spent for liquor. I am going to take you, as it were, and have you stand with me on the rim of hell and look down among the souls of girls who have lost their balance. I want you to see the agony, the anguish, the despair, I want you to hear the souls cry out in de.spair--and then I charge you to tell this story wherever possible, warn all young people you meet not to wander from their Saviour. ...The only safe thing for young people to do it to keep close to their Lord. Tell them in no uncertain notes the inexpressible agony, remorse, anguish that may become theirs if they do not keep close to their Lord.

When you get this I will be nonexistent, Mr. Brown, and there will be no one to mourn, no one to care, no one to weep or miss me, but if I can save one soul by exposing my life, perhaps I may not have lived in vain, after all.

My parents were "Christians," but love did not rule the home. Church appearances were adhered to, but the week-day life was a sham. My mother did not tell me the vital facts of life, the purity, the divine purpose in my body... My mother thought ignorance was innocence and left me unwarned. Oh, if mothers only believed in the pureness, the majestic sweetness of motherhood and then watched their babies with an eagle eye and would talk things over in a right way. If some mother could only hear the moan of this little girl of nineteen years in my own room now. Oh, if my mother had only told me what: it meant to be a girl. I am not speaking now of the girls who know what they are doing, but I am speaking of those who LEARN life's lessons in the card parties, the dances, skating rinks, etc., where their emotions are aroused and they do not see the danger rocks.

Oh, where is your Christ? Is He a stone image, is He an idol? Is there not real joy enough in Him to make the young people happy without these things? Oh, when will the Church people get close enough to their Saviour so that they can feel His heart of love beating and find in Him their pleasure.

Yes, Mr. Brown, I once knew the sweetness of loving Him, but now the gates of hell are closing behind me, and I am HERE because of a dance given in a church parlor. I did not know it was wrong to let a man take me for a walk alone. I was only fourteen. I learned that night the sweetness of being kissed. It was only a matter of six days from that day before I had taken the first step down, and nothing happened, no one knew; then again and again, and then a scandal, and I was sent from home disgraced, yet was I to blame for my ignorance?

Once upon a time I gave my heart to Jesus Christ, and loved Him, but now--what a change! Even after my fall I did not sink very low. I rallied because of my Saviour's love, and tried to be good. I studied and studied and wanted to fit myself to warn girls. Finally, I met and loved the son of a minister. My story was repeated with this exception--he did not play fair. From that time I went the pace...

My case now is hopeless, but there are many young girls who have not taken the first step. If those who profess to know Christ would only live as if they knew Him. Oh, I know it is not His fault that I am here, it is not His fault. Oh, you people who profess Christ, oh, hear me from the very gates of hell, live for Him, tell others of Him, keep close to Him. Tell the young people that the world and all its pleasures are only traps for their feet. Oh, the heartache, the sorrow away from your Lord Jesus. Hear me, once pure as you are, with outstretched arms, with tears in my eyes, warning you of the broken hearts, the pain and mental sufferings, the sleepless nights, if you leave your Saviour. The world may glisten and invite you, but it is all a sham. Christ is all that is worth while. The world turns to brass and gall when it has lured you away and then laughs at your emptied, seared soul. It is not necessary that you go to the depths of sin to feel its sorrow and anguish.

Monday will see me out of this world forever, unmissed, unloved, unmourned. Oh, that someone really cared, that God could reach me now and help... Well, this is the last good-bye--remember the souls of the young people you meet, and oh, warn them before it is too late. -- A HEART-BROKEN, LOST SOUL, BOUND FOR HELL

The dance is simply a hugging match set to music. The dance is a sexual love-feast. The dance is the moral graveyard of more girls than anything else in the world. I say it is immoral. You let a man, whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar, dance with your daughter, and see what happens. The dance is the hotbed of immorality, and I unflinchingly denounce it as one of the greatest social evils in the world.

Sisters! If you countenance the dance you are your sister's murderess. You are responsible for her fall, because you could have thrown your influence against it. She will listen to the honeyed lies if some dude whispered into her ears while dancing, and should she fall, after ruining her life, he will cast her off. Society turns from her pleadings, and she hides herself in some dark spot of a great city, and waits the death cry in her ears.

If only you knew how many letters I receive from mothers and doctors and midwives, from the people called to look upon scenes of sin and see the evil of the modern dance- letters thanking me because I fearlessly denounce all these things. If I speak plainly it is because of blood-red conviction; and I have the wail of lost souls ringing in my heart. When you die you don't send for the dancing master to pray over you.

This crusade against the dance is for everybody w for everybody interested in morals, whether in the church, or out of the church. I have never known a preacher worth a snap of his fingers, who didn't cry out against the dance. -- From thee Evangelist of Truth

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PRAYER

By Clenard R. Price

One day I said I cannot pray,
The clouds are just too great
And yet the Spirit called to prayer,
He bade me pause and wait.

The Scriptures came "Ought not to faint,"
And "shall renew their strength,"
"Where is your faith?" "Sirs, I believe"
My form in prayer was bent.

It was not mine to lift the load,
To change the shade to light;
It was but mine to trust His Word,
And pray in this His might.

Not what I see, what I believe,
Shall the conditions be;
The clouds were gone, the light had come,
My spirit now was free.

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THE STAR IN THE EAST

By Reginald Heber

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels, adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

-- From The Burning Bush

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"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Luke. 2:10, 11.

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THE END