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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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THE HOLY ANOINTING
By J. E. Cook

"And thou shalt make it an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary: it shall be an holy anointing oil." Exodus 30:25

Of all the types and symbols of the Holy Spirit, oil seems to be the most significant. Fire, wind and water are representative of some phase of the Spirit's work but oil is perhaps the most inclusive.

The component parts of this holy compound are most interesting and highly typical. Moreover, the blend of these several elements is suggestive of the Spirit's completeness in regenerating and sanctifying the heart and life. Note the ingredients of this sacred recipe.

Moses was commanded to take five hundred shekels of Cassia. Now, Cassia, has great purging and cleansing qualities in medical usage. Is not this the first and foremost work of the Holy Spirit to purge the heart from the root of bitterness, the carnal sin-principle, thus making it fit for His abiding presence? Whatever other graces one might possess, they are eclipsed if there remains that depraved nature. In this ingredient is foreshadowed the spirit's work of cleansing. Just as surely as the human system must be purged after something has been eaten that has poisoned it, so the heart must be purged, for it likewise has been poisoned, as well as the entire soul system, by the taproot of sin. And not until the heart has been cleansed from inbred depravity is it ready to function according to the Divine plan of God. Myrrh also was to measure five hundred shekels. It was used to relieve pain and suffering. Jesus promised to send the Comforter upon His Disciples. And when the Holy Ghost came on the day of Pentecost He brought healing from the hurt of carnality to the waiting believers. Truly the Holy Spirit is a needed balm in this day of reviling and criticism. Then two hundred fifty shekels of sweet cinnamon was included. It has a hot, spicy

flavor. Holiness is not fire alone but is mixed with a spiciness that will enable one to color the environment of their surroundings and lend spiritual flavor to others.

Then comes sweet calamus, known as a cane of fragrance, also of 250 shekels. Used as a perfume, it was very rare and costly and had to be imported. Is not the experience of Sanctification a costly one? It comes to us at such a cost, even the death of Christ. Then too, we must also acknowledge that it is very rare, for out of the great number of those who profess to love the Saviour, how few there are who enjoy this experience. Then it had to be imported. The Holy Spirit does not come by any human agency. His presence is from another realm; He comes from the heavens in answer to the consecration of a redeemed soul. Moreover, the presence of the Holy Spirit in the life will give fragrance and sweetness that will attract an onrushing world. As a basis for these, God commanded that olive oil should be used. Olive oil is best for preserving and retaining flavors and fragrant odors. It tends to counteract spoiling and souring. It is also very penetrating. When a person receives this Divine anointing, the flavor and fragrance of the various attributes of the Spirit penetrate to the very deepest recesses of the soul giving strength and preserving the life and its influence for God.

The usage of this holy ointment was restricted. It was not to be duplicated or imitated. Surely this is a solemn warning and has its anti-type in the truth concerning Ananias and Sapphira. Also, it was not to be put on a stranger, that is, none but an Israelite. The heathen had no part in it. The Holy Spirit is not given today to any but those of the household of faith, who have obtained like precious faith with us. Moreover, it was never to be placed on the flesh. God will never sanctify carnal pride, jealousy, envy, rebellion and worldliness. But God did command its usage in anointing Kings, Priests and men of war. This New Testament experience of heart holiness makes all of God's children kings and priests unto God. It gives the enabling to rule over one's life and also become an intercessor in prayer and be victorious in every battle. It was used also in anointing the Tabernacle and its furniture. Thus the House of God is set apart for a sacred use. Jesus said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer" -- not a house of eating and drinking, of dancing and playing.

What a glorious time when Aaron was anointed with this holy oil as it ran down from his head to his feet, covering his garments and dripping from his beard. This New Testament anointing will cover our entire life, removing friction, giving wisdom and illumination, making us acceptable in His sight and make us a blessing in a needy world. Why not let God impart to your hungry soul this Divine anointing.

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

DOMESTIC HOLINESS

"Charity never faileth." (I Cor. 13:8) "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." (James 1:4)

Someone has said that the home is the battle ground of the soul. There you will win or there you will lose. Multitudes of professed holiness people break down in their experience in that little inner circle called the home.

Why is it that some folk are willing to forgive outsiders and strangers seventy times seven, and can bear up under most any kind of provocation and will not speak in a way that would cause a business associate to misunderstand them but when the company is all gone and the doors are closed and the blinds drawn they break down and fall? The evident answer is that either they never had the blessing of heart purity or else they had it and lost it, through carelessness and lack of watching and praying. Many relax in their watching and praying at home when they should be as careful to guard against the enemy there as anywhere else. In the final sense no man is any stronger in his experience than he is at his lowest, weakest and most unguarded moment.

No doubt there are some good holy people who are not carnal and are not mad who develop the habit of speaking sharply and of appearing impatient when possibly in their hearts they do not feel at all like they appear. I have heard husbands and wives speak to each other in a way that they would not have spoken to me.

Perhaps one of the troubles here is that people take their loved ones for granted. They think, "Oh well, he or she knows me and they know that I do not feel badly toward them, etc." But how much better it would be if they would practice the same little courtesies toward each other that they do toward those outside that precious inner circle. The same grace and courtesy that works at church would work at home in a marvelous way if people would only put it in practice. Many a broken home could have been saved if the husband and wife would have been as kind to each other as they were in the beginning days of their courtship.

How important it is that we live holy lives in our homes! Our children, even though they are small, are watching us and listening to what we say and to how we say it and are noticing our attitude toward each other. They hear us profess holiness, and they hear the preacher tell what holiness will do and then they wonder. Many children have lost confidence in the doctrine of holiness because they have seen so much that is unbecoming to holiness.

Holiness in the home will help parents to kindly but firmly enforce the standards of holiness as well as obedience to the family government. Holiness people insist on holiness standards in their children even though the children may not have obtained a real experience for themselves. As long as the children are at home the parents have a real responsibility here. We know a lady today who still seeks to justify the cutting of her hair on the fact that when she was a little girl her father, though he preached against women cutting their hair, kept her bangs cut. Recently we went to visit the pastor of another holiness church (not the Bible Missionary Church). We were shocked to know that the young woman dressed in pedal pushers and wearing make up, that we met coming out the door was the pastor's daughter. The pastor, in every personal appearance seemed to be an old-fashioned praying holiness lady but the fact that she permitted her daughter to dress as she did was saying to all the world that her mother did not really think that old-fashioned standards were really important. At the close of my morning message one Sunday a preach said to me in the presence of his teen-age daughter, "I thought you didn't know how to preach on anything but bobbed hair. I was too courteous to say it but when I looked at his worldly

daughter I thought, "Brother, from the looks of your daughter you and I both need to preach some more on bobbed hair."

Hair permanents, penciled eyebrows, pan-cake make-up and can-can skirts are certainly not becoming to the children of holiness homes. Parents who permit their children to watch Television, attend ball games, skating rinks, carnivals, bowling alleys and the miniature golf links are placing their children in an environment that is everything but conducive to holy living: Young people from real holiness homes do not need socials and progressive dinners, etc. to keep them interested in the kingdom of God. The church that offers a solid diet of camp meetings, prayer meetings, house to house visitation, cottage prayer meetings, street meetings, jail services, distribution of holy literature, prayer and fasting, missionary study and revivals will not only hold its youth but will produce a generation of stalwart prayer warriors that are worth something to the kingdom of God. Here as in all other realms the church will win or lose in the homes of the people. If the parents take a light and careless attitude toward worldliness it will be reflected in their children. If the parents are really and truly emphasizing the spiritual above all else this too is reflected in the youth of the church.

When you fail in the home regardless of how little you may have missed it, it weakens your faith. It serves as a weapon in the hands of the Devil to club you with. Again and again the enemy of your soul will find occasion to bring it up before you and especially in times of emergencies when you need faith and encouragement, he will be there to discourage you with your failure, when and if you had watched and prayed there would have been no reason for even the slightest failure. The hasty remarks which you made, you find out later, would have been better unsaid.

If we are selfish and quarrelsome at home we need not expect God to bless us at church. No one can be critical of his fellow man in the home and have much fellowship in the church. It takes a great deal of watching in the home lest we speak unkindly of someone in his absence. Few people would think of telling the things they said about someone in their absence in their testimonies at prayer meeting in their presence, for it might kill the meeting. Many things that happen at home would kill the prayer meeting or Sunday services if they were put on display at church. If these things are deadly at church they are just as deadly in the home.

Thank God! There is an experience of holiness that works in the home. You can love the most where you live the most. If you have the real experience of a sanctified heart it works! If you don't have it, then plunge into the fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins and you will come forth cleansed from all sin and able to live victoriously all the time at home or abroad.

Joseph P. Sampson expressed something of this truth about domestic holiness when he wrote:

"An ideal home is filled with faith
And works will coincide,
There trust will ever rest in Thee
Our all, the Crucified.

"The place you find just filled with love

No matter where you roam,
Where Jesus Christ does reign supreme,
There is the ideal home."

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ONE OF LIFE'S CHOICES

By Rev. Rodney Pitts

I stood upon life's highway
At the crossing of the roads
Perplexed and disappointed
Burdened neath life's loads.
The path ahead was cheerless,
The past was dark and sad.
Which road to choose and follow
Was the problem which I had.

A cross stood at the corner
Beckoning straight ahead.
I saw a stranger fair and comely
And this is what he said:

"The path ahead is cheerless,
So dark and sad and lone.
It's barren as a desert,
And dry as parching bone.

"Come, dear sir, and follow me.
You are so young and fair;
Of this world's goods and pleasures
I'll see you have your share."

The road ahead was rugged,
It seemed to climb aloft;
The other fair and comely
Appeared so nice and soft.

Perplexed and bewildered,
I stood and looked about
A choice I had to make
Was clear without a doubt.

I saw two way worn pilgrims,
As down the path they came,
Cumbered neath a heavy load

Shared by both the same.

"What is your problem, son
That bothers you today?
We've journeyed back along life's path
To show to you the way.

"We've trod the way before you
And know each danger near
We've come to help and comfort you
And bring to you some cheer."

I looked upon these pilgrims,
And saw the furrowed brow,
The graying near the temples
That was their lot just now.

They talked of pathways steep,
Of valleys dark and deep.
They pointed out the joy of soul
And peace that I could keep.

They spoke to me of men of old,
Who gave to God their all:
Of Peter, James and John spoke they
And dear old saintly Paul.

And as I watched, their faces lit
And seemed to gleam and glow
As of this path they spoke to me,
In voices full and low.

I made my choice there and then,
That with them I would go.
It mattered not how rough and steep,
Nor deep nor high nor low.

The path ahead had won my soul
Now joy and peace I had.
Who were these way-worn pilgrims bold?
Saintly Mother, and dear old Dad.

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A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF SANCTIFICATION
By K. H. Fay

In the winter of 1960 we were in a revival meeting doing all we knew to assist the evangelist and help souls find God. I scarcely ever enjoyed a greater burden of prayer than I did for the success of that meeting. Things were continuing, however, in much the normal way.

The writer remembers so well the evening while washing dishes at the kitchen sink, that a peculiar Presence brooded about him, shutting other voices out, and causing him not a little discomfort. A strange, sickening, sensation immediately settled upon my heart, and in those moments an indelible impression fastened itself upon my mind that God the Holy Ghost was bringing me to a crisis in my religious career. To my consciousness the words were very plain -- "Ye are called unto holiness."

I became so weak I thought I would fall, so dumb I could not speak, and in those moments of death-like stillness all my former professions to entire sanctification were broken and thrown to the ground never to raise their voices again.

That night as the call for seekers was given, I fell in at the altar like a ringed bull being led to the slaughter house, my coat coming off with a twist and a heave, and seekers on the right and left giving a wide berth on the rail for the death charge. In a minute the die was cast, carnality was cornered, my pride humbled, and both opportunity and hope for recovery fully gone. I was a seeker for holiness!

I was an earnest seeker, aware of what I lacked and fully persuaded of what I could and must have. I would have it as soon as possible. Yea, that very night! But, to my great surprise, instead of finding my soul at that time walking the grand highway of holiness, it was found crawling down that dark and lonesome trail we have since learned to know as the death-route -- a term well-fitting and so correct for the seeker of heart purity.

We held a protracted effort to rout the Old Man some call "taking it by the job," and to aid our seeking we commenced to number on paper the various traits and manifestations of carnality. And how this monster of self did writhe, and squirm, twist, shuffle, and turn. Darting here and there for a hiding place and now and then rearing back its ugly head to strike, and now feigning death. But, the Spirit would have none of it, and as I began to tell on it, calling it what it was, the tide began to turn in our favor, and self began to give ground under the encounter. Things never dreamed of, and others only faintly suspected were turned up under the all piercing eye of the Holy Spirit. It was a sight well adapted to frighten any man, and it frightened me.

With some of the traits the Holy Spirit would cause our minds to travel back memory's pathway until we could once more see those horrible creatures flouting their horrid deeds. Instances were refreshed even back into early childhood as the Spirit gave an amazing brightness to our memory. It would break us up and the tears would freely flow as we lingered at the scenes again and watched self display its ancient wares.

A deep and well-founded revenge sprung up within us to be rid forever of this 'life of self' and though it would cost much humiliation, yet the fact that we could be free and clean was

thrilling and encouraged us on! Life will spring up out of death, and for the joy of the resurrection we would endure the cross!

Down, down, down, ever deeper. Deeper than I deemed necessary, but the Holy Spirit knew well His work and we were determined to have it done. At times our soul would fall into much despair, but holding steady the Lord would bring it out. At times we seemed to be seeking in the dark, but again the Lord would come and reveal just where to seek. He knows the way and is a competent Guide. At times we were weeping over our condition and at other times shouting over our promise of the coming Comforter! The confessions continued to mount up until some fifty-one were arraigned on paper, the work of three and a half days.

Somehow now we knew that we were on the bottom and very near the long sought for blessing. Coming up out of the dark Death-route, though still not sanctified wholly, we were made to feel like David, "He hath brought me into a large place." It seemed as though we were standing on even ground never known before, and over yonder we recognized the fair table land of Canaan.

We quickly started to make our approach with the hope of crossing right over to our promised rest, when before us and just at our feet lay a deep, wide, and awful gulf. We recognized it as Unbelief. We went back from it and then determined to make the leap at all costs. We ran for it, took the "leap of faith," and floated over the treacherous chasm and landed safely on the Canaan side. It seemed as though Heaven would take us in its arms and as though we were about to be translated when we began to reason thus:

"This is all too easy. Surely this cannot be holiness for I must have to suffer, groan, agonize more. I dare not trust my carnal heart for it has played the hypocrite and deceived me so long. No! This cannot be my sanctification."

And, while I talked so in unbelief I finally felt myself drawn back across the chasm. The Holy Spirit then helped me to see that the glorious peace and rest that I had after making the leap was indeed what He intended me to have in holiness, and I was made further to see, that He would take me in and keep me in if I would dare to make the "leap of faith" once more and hold my ground!

I knew now what it was to "believe." I now gladly ran for the gulf and leaping up and out faith spread wide her wings and I was carried easily across that chasm of unbelief and once more set down on Canaan side. This time I held my ground and the Spirit came to my heart and I felt compassed about with love divine!

As I recall, I was kneeling at the altar in a motionless position, alone, when the unmistakable "witness" came upon me. I experienced the Spirit, Word and Blood wash out my mind, purge my lips, and pass as a refining fire throughout my heart. It filled me with purity, peace, and power. I knew now why Jesus referred to this experience as the "Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire."

I became so quiet and peaceful. After a while I started running and jumping about the church, shouting and laughing, and Oh! such joy welling up within me like a river. The witness was

clear -- the Comforter had come to abide. I have lived to see to my own amazement and satisfaction that the work was genuine. Glory to Jesus and the precious blood for the great work of entire sanctification.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
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SCHOOL AGAIN

It was a beautifully fresh clear morning with the sun's long, warm rays playing hide and go seek in the beds of asters, marigolds and chrysanthemums. A cardinal whistled loudly somewhere in the mock orange bush and Martha called crossly from the upstairs window, "Oh, be still! I'm up! You needn't think because you're having a picnic every day of your life the rest of us are too. Maybe if you'd have to go to school you'd not be so happy and gay! Your life's an easy one! No school, no books, No . . . "

"Why Martha!" Mother's surprised voice began softly. "Why scold that beautiful cardinal? Maybe you could sing too if you'd trust your Heavenly Father the way those birds do."

"Maybe I could trust my heavenly Father better too if I had no school, no books, no . . . ", and Martha threw herself over the bed and let the tears flow freely as she stammered, "Oh mother! Why did they ever con . . . con . . . "

"Consolidate, dear," Mother said sweetly as she gathered the brown haired, blue eyed Martha into her arms.

"Now Martha," mother began softly, "We've gone over this quite a few times already. As I stated previously, you have no way out but to go and make the best of the situation. Maybe if you pray much and try hard you can be like the cardinal in the mock orange bush. You may even bring cheer and sunshine to someone whom you're least expecting to be able to. Why Martha, those birds don't have an 'easy life,' as you implied a few minutes ago. Their life is in constant danger from Toby's ever watchful eye and hungry stomach, also bad boys with guns. They work from sunup to sun down finding food for themselves and their babies. No Martha, it's just which side you look at a thing that makes the difference, and this morning you've chosen the darkest, blackest side. Turn it around now dear and look at that glorious sunlight as it's filtering in through your pretty curtains and is lying down, smiling all golden smiles, upon your soft bed. Smell the perfume of the flowers! Um. . . m!" and mother inhaled deeply of the clear morning freshness.

"I'm sorry mother! I . . . I . . . guess I'm scared a wee bit, that's all. A big new school, new teachers, new... " and again she began sobbing.

"Cheryl, Peggy, Linda, Mary and all the other girls will be there too," mother reminded. "So that won't be too bad. Stand tall now as I comb and brush your pretty long hair, and dry those tears or the girls will know you've been crying."

After family worship Martha began the two mile walk to the school. The air was heavily scented by mother's profusely blooming clematis vine and, as she walked down the lane, Martha didn't even stop to gather any of the delicate, lacy white flowers. Any other September morning she would have gathered an abundance of the sweet things and taken Miss Miller a bouquet for her desk. But who knew, she may even have a man for a teacher this year.

The thought of a man teacher sent cold chills racing down her spine and Martha again slipped into a sullen mood. She was alone now and could pout! There was no cardinal to whistle and call at her, neither was mother's sweet voice here to shame her for her un-Christ like attitude so the devil suggested she sit down and pout and pity herself, and she immediately obeyed.

She sat down indignantly on a soft clump of dark green grass beneath the gnarled, twisted arms of an aging apple tree. All about her, on either side of the dusty road, the corn waved slender, green blades at her as if saying, 'Lovely morning, Missy,' 'Great morning God made!' At the same time a small song sparrow perched atop the highest branch on the old apple tree and began singing a medley of thanks to its heavenly Father for all things good and beautiful. Martha cast a frown upward and muttered, "You too." Then, noticing the carefree unconcern and raised head of the tiny creature, her own conscience smote her and mother's soft, ever kind voice seemed to be saying again, 'You've chosen the ugliest, darkest side of things this morning Martha. Turn the pattern over'

"Dear Jesus, can You please forgive me for being so cross and unkind?" Martha prayed and, as she raised tear-dimmed eyes upward, heavenward with the happy song sparrow she noticed the gnarled, twisted limbs of the old apple tree. She noticed too, a robin's nest securely cradled in the forks of one of the gnarled limbs. The apple tree must have kept the sunny and bright side of the pattern up for it never complained of its rheumatic looking limbs being unable to do anything. No indeed! It had cradled not one, but many, many a robin's nest in those warped looking arms. It had made the best of its unpromising looking situation and, since the Father tenderly watched over it He had bestowed glorious blessings upon/* it for its faithfulness. Never again would she pout or be fretful, but as mother suggested only a short time ago, she would reverse the pattern -- right now too!

The rest of the two mile walk was spent in praying and asking the Lord to make some beauty come out of her transfer from her beloved one room school house to the big one in Berrysburg.

So absorbed was Martha in prayer and the beauty of the day that she failed to notice the neatly kept yard with its new white picket fence around it until a small, weak voice said softly, "Good morning."

Martha stopped abruptly and peeked through the fence; for the first time noticing she was at the very edge of the small town and not over a half a block from the large sprawling schoolhouse.

A sigh escaped her but she managed a radiant smile for the sweet young girl on the other side of the fence as she said cheerfully,

"Good morning to you! This is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," came the sweet, melodic, soft voice.

"My name's Martha -- Martha Brook. What's your name? I'm on my way to school this big new school in back of your house."

Martha was careful not to mention her fears and disappointment so said pleasantly instead, "It's a nice new school, and it sounds as though the other girls and boys are having fun. Just listen to them!"

"They are having fun. How I wish I could be there too! I'm Joyce Anne Stowe. I sit in the yard every sunny and pleasant day and watch the children. Oh, how I wish I could run and play, and walk like you do! You're lucky Martha! You get to go to school and be with all the other girls; I'm almost always alone for most of the girls don't want to sit and play quiet games. I'm partially paralyzed and have a disease that won't permit any excitement for me so you can see why I think you're lucky."

"The Lord has been good to me," Martha said feebly as a big, salty sympathetic tear rolled gently down her round, plump cheek. Then, remembering her prayer back under the gnarled apple tree she added brightly,

"Joyce Anne, I'll be your playmate! We can cut out paper dolls and dress them, and make doll clothes for your dolly. We'll play lots of games mother and father taught us at home. You see, I'll have an hour for lunch time and I'll ask mother to pack me two lunches so you and I can eat together. Oh, we'll have lots of fun and each of us will 'keep thinking of something new and different to do. We'll read the Bible and the Bible story book together, and I'll teach you how to cut a big chain of paper dolls holding hands, out of a newspaper."

"That sounds wonderful," Joyce Anne's feeble voice said softly as she smiled up at the dark haired girl.

"I'll see you this noon, Joyce Anne, and perhaps Cheryl Lane will be able to come too." Again Joyce Anne smiled sweetly, then hearing the familiar buzzer she exclaimed, "That's the first buzzer, Martha. I'm sorry I kept you so long. Don't be late. I'll be waiting for you at noon."

Martha waved good-bye as she ran down the tree lined street to the school house. Just before reaching the door a group of girls came hurrying to her, calling out, "Martha! Martha! We have a surprise for you. Follow us!"

The girls led her down a long, clean hallway to a door on the right side. Upon entering, Martha saw long rows of shiny new desks and there, standing at the teacher's desk was Miss Miller.

"Miss Miller! Miss Miller!" Martha began joyously as she ran into the waiting arms of her beloved teacher, "Miss Miller!" She breathed softly as the tears fell unashamed down her rosy cheeks. "Oh, I'm so glad I have you! Mother was right! I was looking at the darkest side of everything this morning, and I... I . . . even listened to the devil." She confessed to her teacher and friends.

"He... he... had me believing I'd have a man teacher and . . . and . . . all" kinds of scary things. Mother was right and our Bible is right; it says 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' Wait until I tell Mother that we have you."

Tenderly Miss Miller said, "She has known for a long time dear. but she wanted to surprise you," and she smiled sweetly down at the trusting little girls she was to teach again this year.

"He brings beauty out of all things," Martha whispered -- almost to herself. "Just like the beautiful rainbow after a hard thunder storm. He doeth all things well," and she grew all starry eyed as she thought of Joyce Anne.

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SACRIFICE AND SINCERITY

By Oscar Hudson

Holy Ghost revivals, including victorious, fruitful altar services, are the crown and glory of the church. Without these life-giving outpourings of the Holy Spirit, the church languishes and is "Thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men" (Matt. 5:13).

But sacrifice and sincerity are inseparably connected with genuine revivals, while, selfishness and greed have, for ages, dissipated revival forces and led the church into formality, ritualism and human programs. Only the free operation of the Holy Spirit produces real revivals. (John 6:44) He refuses to manifest Himself where He is not sincerely honored and obeyed. Oratory, logic and other forms of entertainment may attract crowds, and cause them to submit to manipulation, but the blood of the Lamb is the only remedy for sin. Slogans, wonderful as ideals, may hinder instead of help, unless executed in procedure. "All on the altar," means ALL ON THE ALTAR. "I'm Going Through," in sincerity, is kicking up the dust down the road. "Evangelism First," is overshadowed with hypocrisy when the Sunday evening services, ideal for evangelistic endeavor, are repeatedly given over to the pleasurable music festivals.

The Apostle Paul exhorts: "Preach the Word. Be instant in season, out of season For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts (desires) shall they heap to themselves (false) teachers, (the laity) having itching ears" (2 Tim. 4:2-4). Isaiah screams: "This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their hearts far from me" (Isa. 29:13). Jesus repeated it: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me" (Mark 7:6).

John Wesley, a monument of Christian example, lived a frugal life and suffered hardships a plenty. He received much money, for his day, from a nation-wide ministry and the sale of the many books that he edited, but when he passed away he left barely enough to defray his funeral expenses. He preached a sermon with three divisions: "1. Make all you can. 2. Save all you can. 3. Give all you can," and he exemplified it by his conduct. His sincerity was honored by a revival that transformed the lives of gamblers, drunkards, thieves and harlots, saved England from bloody revolution, such as cursed France, and swept on down the ages. The preacher may not have been in a class by himself of whom it was said: "His actions speak so much louder than his words that I cannot hear what he says."

The main thing that breeds insincerity is failing to walk in the light. "This is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh-into the world" (John 1: 9). The verb, "lighteth," you will observe, is in the progressive. Desiring to conform everyone to the image of Himself, the Lord shines on the heart of the sinner and on that of the Christian as we grow in the grace of God. His will is revealed by impressions, by trials and difficulties, the study of the Word, etc. Physical desires that survive after the heart is cleansed from all sin, clamor for expression. Ease, worldly security, honor, etc., appeal to the physical senses. When any of these things gain attention, and the light is brushed aside or counted of secondary importance, insincerity is the result. Pride may ascend the throne in the human heart and selfishness to reign as dictator. The wise man said: "Pride goeth before destruction" (Prov. 16:18).

Those who develop electrical power, have experimented with different metals for transmitting their current. They found that iron wire transmits 40% of the current committed to it; copper wire, 80 %, and golden wire, 100 %. May the Lord give us sincerity that is 100%.

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TV VIOLENCE PROBERS CALL NBC SHOW BRUTAL

Washington--Senators looking into juvenile delinquency shift their viewing today from the NBC television show "Whispering Smith" to ABC-TV's "Cheyenne."

"Harsh" and "brutal" were words used by Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, D-Conn., yesterday after a special screening of "Whispering Smith" for his subcommittee to investigate juvenile delinquency.

He later said the subcommittee plans at least two more hearings next week before deciding if the government should step in to make sure TV fare is suitable for youngsters.

Dodd said one possible move might be in the form of legislation to license networks. The Federal Communication Commission now licenses individual stations but not the networks themselves.

Besides the screening of a "Cheyenne" episode, the subcommittee scheduled as witnesses several persons connected with the show.

The "Whispering Smith" episode viewed in the subcommittee hearing room yesterday showed a woman horsewhipping her son and the use of her daughter to lure a sheriff into a trap in a wild west version of the old badger game.

Dodd presented the episode after an opening statement saying subcommittee staff members had found that TV shows containing violence and crime during viewing hours had tripled since 1954. He noted that industry spokesmen had urged the government during similar hearings in 1955 to let the industry regulate itself.

Carl L. Perian, director of the subcommittee staff, said a survey indicated the "Whispering Smith" episode was seen by 2.5 million to 3 million children in the United States.

David Levy, NBC-TV network in charge of programs and talent, and Carl Watson, director of broadcast standards for the network, said the episode had been previewed by some top company officials.

"Our own thinking was that here we have an acceptable program," said Levy.

Watson said NBC spends more than \$250,000 a year to see that its programs are acceptable.

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THE DAMNABLE HERESY OF ANTINOMIANISM

By Rev. W. M. Tidwell

Antinomianism is that pernicious doctrine that Christ and grace free us from obligations to the moral law. God imputes (not imparts) His righteousness to us. Our standing in Christ is perfect and matters little about our experience or state of grace. We are vile and sinful but He is holy and He imputes His holiness to us. One man said, "It is like .an old barnyard that is full of refuse and the beautiful white snow covers it all. The vileness is there but covered with the beautiful snow." So it is with us they say. The heart is full of carnality and devilishness, but all covered by the beautiful white robe of Christ's righteousness. God does not see the sin but only the righteousness of Christ. "Beautiful" you say. Yes but it is a subtle lie.

This delusion of Hell takes care of inherited and committed sin. It makes a place for sin. It is indulgences. The Catholic goes to mass and the priest prays and the past is all forgiven and he get permission or indulgence to sin more. Shuddering! But Antinomian goes the Catholic one better. He comes and Christ forgives him for the past and he gets indulgence to go on and live his sinful life.

This is not overdrawn. Not long back a man said to me, "I commit adultery regularly, but that is all right I have been born again, (I am not his judge but according to the Bible I wonder about that) no matter what one is or does he is unconditionally, eternally secure. He may die in the deepest sin but he is safe." A man that has been led to believe Judas was saved said to me recently, "Judas committed suicide and to Heaven he went."

Yes, it is all in Christ. We are, "sinning saints" and Jesus, our Big Lovely Brother has us in charge." It is a very convenient and easy religion. "Jesus will be with us and help us even in our devilishness. He will assist us in about every thing." We are authentically informed now that we can pray to this "Big Jesus" about the winner of the foot ball game, prize fights, carnival, rodeo and especially about our apostate innovations in the church. This is Antinomianism. No obligations to keep the commandments. A man came to my study a few days ago, a worker from an antinomian church and I spoke to him about being true to the Lord and he, with a big grin, said, "Oh I am not conceited about all this being true, my Jesus takes care of all of that." Pitiful.

But, sad to say, this damnable heresy of antinomianism has infiltrated Christendom. Not only the rabid Calvinistic churches but the Arminians as well. About all are leavened with this blatant fallacy. But sadder still it is about to make inroads in the holiness movement: Strangely sad. Too often we find envy, strife, hatred, slander and yet go right on professing to be "Saved and sanctified." When we have a "Blowout" there is always a "flat," but it seems some holiness folk (?) can "Blow their top and there is a flat," but they go right on! Very noticeable to others if not ourselves.

Treachery is one of the signs of the "Last days." This is a fearful sin. One other thing and that about as diabolical; for one to loin the traitor and boost and sympathize with him, you can't pet carnality. He may become your friend, such a friend as he is, but you will help to damn him and send others to hell. The good Lord deliver us from this damnable Antinomianism and give us the blessing of True Holiness which will give the victory now and an abundant entrance into God's Heaven where will be no Antinomianism.

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"THAT" IS VICTORY!

When you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ -- (2 Tim. 4:16-18; Phil. 2:3-8) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence -- (John 8:48-50; 1 Peter 2:20, 21 -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God -- (Phil. 4:11-13; Heb. 11:24-26) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When you can lovingly and patiently deal with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance -- (Acts 27:21-25; 2 Tim. 2:24-26) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or to record your own good works, or to seek after commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown -- (John 13:4, 5; Acts 7:59-60) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it as Jesus endured it -- (Isa. 53:7; I Cor. 13:4-7) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When, like Paul, you can throw all your suffering on Jesus, thus converting it into a means of knowing His overcoming grace; and can say from a surrendered heart, "Most gladly," therefore, do "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake" -- (Rom. 5:3-5; 2 Cor. 12:7-10) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When you love equally as much the grace that comes through being "instructed how to be hungry" and to suffer, as you love the faith required to know how to be "full" and to abound in health -- (I Cor. 4:11-17; Phil. 4:12, 13) -- THAT IS VICTORY!

When death and life are both alike to you through Christ, And, to His perfect will, you delight not more in one than in the other for, through Him you are able to say "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." -- (Phil. 1:2-29; I Cor. 15:54-57) -- THAT IS VICTORY! -- Selected

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