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## **MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS**

**From the July, 1962 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist  
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By Holiness Data Ministry

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**HEAVEN, THE CHRISTIAN'S ETERNAL HOME**  
J. E. Cook

[Read Revelation, chapters 21, 22]

Our most exalted conceptions of the felicity that awaits the people of God beyond the boundaries of time are faint and inadequate. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." St. Paul asserts: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But there are certain revelations made by the Word of God.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about Heaven is that it is REAL; a PLACE, not a mere state, nor an imaginary picture. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a PLACE for you. A large place. Many Mansions. John said it would be fifteen hundred miles high and the same in length and breadth. Its base would rest on an area reaching from Canada on the north, to Houston, Texas on the south, and from Richmond, Va. on the east to Denver, Colo, on the west. No more cramped quarters. Plenty of room. An inhabited place. All the Heavenly rest whose number has never been revealed. The saints of all the ages that John says, "no man could number." All the babies who died in their infancy. Not a baby in hell.

Secondly, we know that Heaven is beautiful. What a scene greeted the eyes of John on Patmos. He said he saw a City, not something that looked like a city. And it was so beautiful that it made him think of "a bride adorned for her husband." Everyone loves beauty. Many things here are beautiful, but still bear the marks of sin. There, magnificence. Streets of gold. Here a little of it is very expensive. There, so cheap we will walk upon it. Gates of pearl. Here, the world pays largely for these gems; there, imagine a gate so large of solid pearl. The foundations of the most

precious gems. And the city is pure gold, not eighteen carat, but clear as glass. How indescribable as he saw it descending; a cube of solid gold fifteen hundred miles every way. Here, men who have the money, seek out the most exalted building sites. There is a craving to live in the heights. Poor Glenn and Carpenter only went a hundred miles up. Imagine dwelling on the top level fifteen hundred miles high. It will be a place of exquisite brightness and unutterable sweetness. There is no night there for Jesus is the Light. Angels with shining faces and the redeemed in robes of white. And such singing and music. Angels who have never been touched by sin make up a Celestial choir accompanied by Heaven's orchestra. Then the multiplied millions of saints singing the song of redemption until it sounded to John like "the voice of many waters." Majestic City; heavenly atmosphere; holy inhabitants; sin will never enter there. Nothing unholy to mar the peace of the saints. "There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary will be at rest." Here the children of God have been persecuted. They have been stoned, sawn asunder, tried, slain with the sword, wandered about in sheepskins, goatskins; destitute, afflicted, tormented." The tongue of slander will never be heard there. Weariness, toil, affliction, pain and death will be unknown. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Moreover, Heaven will be a place of sweet fellowship. Aside from the grace of God nothing is sweeter, nor more enjoyable than fellowship. Angels will be familiar companions of the saints of God. "But ye are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to AN INNUMERABLE COMPANY OF ANGELS, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Heb. 12:22, 23. We shall share the society of the Saints of all ages and all nations. "They shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven." All the patriarchs and prophets, Apostles and Disciples, and saints of all ages. Will we know each other in Heaven? "Then shall I know, even as also I am known." 1 Cor. 13:12. Not only know friends and loved ones, but will know those we have never seen. The Disciples knew Moses and Elijah. Imagine meeting loved ones and friends who the last time you saw them, were being lowered into the ground and you were weeping. Above all, JESUS HIMSELF WILL BE THERE. We shall see the King in His beauty.

Finally, I believe Heaven will be a place of glorious employment. The chief employment of the saints will be the WORSHIP of God and the Lamb. John heard them crying out, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. He heard them singing before the throng. Another exercise of the Redeemed will be to BEHOLD AND ADMIRE T H E GLORIES OF HEAVEN. Jesus prayed, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me, where I am, THAT THEY MAY BEHOLD MY GLORY." There are many glories reserved for those who make Heaven their eternal abode. Possibly the Lamb of God will lead His ransomed millions over the celestial fields, beside the beautiful river, among the ever-bearing fruit trees, and unfold to their visions the riches and glory of His eternal Kingdom. "The toils of the road will seem nothing when we've gone the last mile of the way."

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THE LOVE CHAPTER TELEVISED

Though I speak with loud testimonies and pray with much zeal and tears and have a television set, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol.

Though I bring my tithes and offerings to the storehouse and have all knowledge concerning sound doctrine and though I have an old-fashioned pastor who lifts the standard, and have a television set, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my goods to keep up the payments and repairs on my television and though I give my blood-shot eyes and much of my prayer time to my choice programs it profiteth me nothing.

The television maketh me suffer long hours, maketh me unkind and quarrelsome, maketh me envy my neighbor with a bigger screen, maketh me vaunt myself, maketh me puffed up, maketh me behave myself unseemly when the evangelist preaches against it, maketh me seek my own programs, maketh me easily provoked when someone wants a different channel or when company interrupts, maketh me think evil, maketh me rejoice in iniquity -- even to sensuality, fighting and murder, maketh me rejoice not in the truth of its evils.

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For we know of its evil influence and we prophecy of its dangers but when it captures our hearts all objects are done away.

When I was first sanctified wholly I spake as one with picture-show convictions, I understood as one who felt all these things were wrong, I thought as one who sure would take a firm stand against this worldliness, but when I got my TV set I put away my early convictions.

For now we see our family through the living room darkly, but never face to face in prayer meeting or revival services any more. Now I am known to be cooling off and grieving the Holy Ghost but later I shall be completely backslid unless I repent and dispose of the lustful box.

And now abideth the movie, burlesque show and television, these three; but the greatest spiritual poverty comes from television. -- Revised and enlarged by L. S. Boardman with apology to the original author.

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DON'T TELL ME

If you know something that isn't too good;  
Something I don't know or see,

About some brother or sister in Christ,  
Please friend, don't tell me.

Don't make me lose the faith I have  
In others by what you say.  
It just could be that what you heard  
Isn't quite true anyway.

If there's something I really should know about,  
The Lord will tell me so,  
But in case He rather I not find out,  
Don't tell me what you know.

Perfect love can cover up  
Mistakes and faults as well.  
So if you know something I don't know,  
Keep it quiet, don't tell.

-- By Mary E. Owen

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#### HOLINESS TRUE AND FALSE

"Make your calling and election sure." (II Peter 1:10) "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. 4:24)

There are some things that one may not need to be too sure about but when it comes to things that pertain to his soul's eternal welfare he should be unmistakably certain. No Israelite lay down to sleep on the night that the death angel was to pass through Egypt until he was doubly sure that the blood had been sprinkled upon the lintel Of his door. There are so many these days who

that our hearts are holy and pure "which after God (or in the pattern of God's character) is created in righteousness and true holiness. Note some kinds of holiness that we see displayed today.

First there is shallow holiness. Those who are addicted to this are light and chaffy. Life to them is all a big joke and an uproar, they never seem to have a serious thought. They can laugh and joke all day and then go into the pulpit or the service and suddenly try to appear burdened and concerned for the lost. We fear what tears they have are the result of remorse in their own soul because they have not carried the burdened as they should. These shallow professors are touchy and easily upset, especially around home. when things do not go to suit them or when they fancy they are abused or misused. They apologize for these spells that they have and they claim they are caused by their nerves, the weather, etc.; but the fact is they have never been delivered from inbred sin, the "old man," the root of bitterness. They may have been to the holiness meetings and some have knelt at the altar to seek holiness but they did not die out, and pray through until the fire fell and consumed the old nature of sin. They simply took hold by dry, dead faith, which, of course

resulted in a dry, dead, weak profession. The devotees of shallow holiness spend much of their time looking back and sighing over the things they were compelled to leave in Egypt. They do not see where it would be wrong for them to dress like other worldlings, to follow the worldly hair styles by the home permanent method, to use a little "pancake makeup" etc. They see no harm in buying ice cream and refreshments on the Lord's day or in being "courteous" enough to sit and watch their neighbor's T.V. They revel in banquets and socials. They are also frequently troubled with that disease called "hard-headedness" or self will.

Another class of "holiness people" in the world today is the sour class. They once were sweet and genuine, but by being careless with their experience they let it spoil. The sad thing is they are not honest enough to confess it, but are still passing it off for sweet, fresh holiness. But it has a terrible taint, especially to the home folks, and the hired help and is often very rank to those with whom they do business. It also has a foul odor that the children notice and the cats and dogs all sniff knowingly for they do not see how one with a holy heart can kick, cuff, jerk and beat them around. Those who have sour holiness are afflicted with the blues, they are gloomy, sad and melancholy much of the time. They also are possessed of a harsh, rabid spirit, which seeks to drive people rather than to lead them. They are of a touchy disposition and have frequent times of grumbling.

Still another class of people who are supposed to have the blessing of a holy heart but who do not really possess it are what some call the "hidebound" crowd. When I was a boy on the farm we would notice that a calf or yearling would not grow. They would lose their appetite and became lean and skinny and without much life. They didn't have the vim and vigor that the others had. My Dad said it was because they were hide bound and it took the painful process of pulling their hide loose to get them to amount to anything. There are many holiness folk who are in this class. They may be quite orthodox in their belief. They may be radical, plain and conscientious. But for some reason they do not strike fire in their prayers, testimonies and songs. They are not free and natural. They will accept all the blessings of God and absorb every good thing that comes their way but they make no worthwhile contribution themselves. They will figure their tithe right down to the decimal point and pay it and no more. They are tight and stingy with God and His cause.

All the pastoral prayers, sermons, threatenings and exhortations can not move them out to make calls or do anything extra for the advancement of God's kingdom. They are hidebound. They are not interested in missions either home or foreign. They complain the loudest about what the church does with its finance but they do the least along the line of sacrifice.

Again, there is "Spurious Holiness." It claims to have more than anyone else but actually does the least for its followers. It is blinded by the god of this world until it accepts anything that is mystical and mysterious as divine. It goes much on appearances. If a thing is spectacular it captures their admiration and devotion. It attests the reality of its experience by "unknown" tongues rather than by the cleansing of the heart from inbred sin. Its followers are great on taking scriptures out of their setting and "pin-pointing" proof texts. It fails to accept the teaching of the Bible as a whole. Anyone can prove anything by pinpointing proof texts. By taking texts out of their setting and combining proof texts One could prove that a person should commit suicide. Take the text, "Judas went and hanged himself," then take another and lift it out of its setting and read where it

says, "go thou and do likewise." But the honest and sincere seeker after truth takes the Bible in its broad sense. That is, he does not get a pre-conceived idea and then go to the Bible for "proof texts." Rather, he takes the Bible in its general, as well as in its specific statements. If holiness is not purity of heart then it is not anything. Sin and holiness are moral and spiritual opposites and one or the other must finally prevail. Either we must get rid of all sin or sin will damn us forever. There is no sin in heaven and no holiness in hell. This is the teaching of the whole system of the scriptures. James B. Chapman wrote: "Many of the types of the Old Testament are difficult. Some of them seem to us to be involved. But to the people to whom they were first given they were clearer than they are to us -- clearer even than straight, unillustrated statements would have been. Take the camp life of the Israelites: they were to keep the camp itself clean by excluding lepers, and by observance of the most rigid sanitary laws known in the world at that time. They were to keep their houses clean, they were to keep their bodies clean, and their menu included only such animals and birds as were known as clean for food and for sacrifice to God. All these things, insignificant some of them within themselves, united in making clear to the people of those and succeeding times the root idea of purity, so that when it was applied to the heart, men could immediately understand the significance of a heart entirely free from moral defilement." (Holiness the Heart of Christian Experience, page 12)

Peter declared that the essential work that was done on the day of Pentecost was that of cleansing. "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts 15:8-9)

Thank God, there are some people who are really holy people. We have met some along life's way whose lives have left fragrance that was genuine and lasting. They have an experience that keeps them clean, sweet, and happy every day of the week every week of the year.

"Give me holiness that will endure,  
Give me holiness that holds secure,  
Give me holiness that keeps me pure  
Ev'ry blessed day the whole year thro'.

Give me holiness that's unsecreted,  
Give me holiness that makes complete,  
Give me holiness that keeps me sweet  
Ev'ry blessed day the whole year thro'!

Give me holiness that brings me rest  
Give me holiness that stands the test,  
Give me holiness that keeps me blest  
Ev'ry blessed day the whole year thro'.

Give me holiness that's void of ire,  
Give me holiness that will inspire,  
Give me holiness that keeps on fire  
Ev'ry blessed day the whole year thro'."

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## SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

The Wholesale Destruction of Infant Life, Babyhood and Prenatal Existence Cries Aloud to Heaven for Drastic Remedy.

Is it not strange that our Government seems to be doing nothing to prevent the babies of our country from being robbed and murdered!

It is spending billions yearly to aid in protecting flocks, herds, orchards, cotton, corn and vegetables from disease, blight, insects and parasites. Is not a human life of equal value to the nation and to society?

If anyone gave a fatal dose of poison to a baby he would likely be sentenced to prison for murder. When the poison is in many, many small doses so the baby lingers for weeks, months, or even a year or two, but finally dies from injury to its vital organs from the poison, why is the one responsible for this not just as much a murderer as though the by had died in an hour or so from a single dose of poison?

### The Guilty Ones

Who is poisoning our babies? Wealthy, powerful business concerns are doing it for profit to themselves, that still more money may pour into their pockets! And even more shocking, their accomplices -- include the mothers of these same babies! Often they do not know they are poisoning their helpless infants.

How do these wealthy business interests out over their murderous plans? Largely through the assistance of the public press and other advertising agencies, billboard and the radio, for instance. Through false, deceptive, misleading, suggestive advertising they induce young girls and women to become victims of the cigarette.

It certainly is time that the public should know what cigarette smoking by girls and women does to their offspring.

### A Doctor's Testimony

In a paper before the annual convention of the American Association for Medico-physical research, read by Dr. Chauncey L. Barber, of Lansing, Mich., he said, "A baby born of a cigarette smoking mother is sick. It is poisoned and may die within two weeks of birth. The post-mortem shows degeneration of the liver, heart, and other organs. Sixty per cent of all babies born of mothers who are habitual cigarette smokers die before they are two years old." What do you call that but poisoning, robbing, and killing our babies?

What mother would think of putting her newborn baby into a bath in which poison had been spilled and leave it there for hours with its delicate skin absorbing the poisons? Yet, when an expectant mother smokes cigarettes, that is practically what she is doing to her helpless, unborn infant! For physicians say that the poisons in cigarette smoke that has been breathed into the lungs are taken up by the blood -- the same blood that goes to nourish the developing infant -- and that this blood with the cigarette poison in it is carried to every part of the body, even to the fluid by which the new life is surrounded.

### Tell the Truth

Away with false modesty! Publish the facts broadcast throughout the land! Is speaking the truth more shocking to refined sensibilities than the daily poisoning of babies by mothers who do not know the facts? Not only thus before birth, but after as well, the poisoning goes on where the mother smokes, for the milk provided by Nature is also poisoned, likewise the very air the baby breathes is filled with poisonous smoke.

Do you think cigarette smoke is not poisonous? When a liquid is heated as you know, it is slowly turned into vapor; and when nicotine is burned it, too, is turned into vapor making a white cloud of smoke or vapor which can be put into a test tube and condensed into liquid. The smoke from one cigarette will make about four drops of poisonous liquid and two quarts of uncondensed smoke.

One drop of this liquid in a medicine dropper put down the throat of a mouse will cause it almost instantly to tremble all over, turn over, kick furiously, and in about half a minute it will be dead! Killed by one drop, about one-fourth the poison in one cigarette!

### Poisoning Babies

Do you think the delicate lining ... throat, and lungs is not injured, and also that the baby is not made more susceptible to all infectious germ diseases -- including tuberculosis -- and that its vital organs that are nourished by its blood which has been poisoned by the tobacco-laden atmosphere in which it lives are not injured?

Think you all the murderers and thieves are in stripes behind prison bars? Oh no! Criminals may constantly be seen daintily clothed, manicured, rouged, powdered and enameled, nonchalantly flipping the ashes from cigarettes with which they are slowly but surely poisoning, robbing, and killing their own offspring! Even if their babies are able to live, which is doubtful, they will have been robbed of their birthright to be well born -- robbed of a strong body and strong nerves and a strong constitution with which to meet and win life's struggles.

### Nation's Greatest Asset

The greatest asset of our nation aside from its belief in God is the health and ability of its people; both of which are being rapidly lowered by cigarette smoking.



Knowing these facts, can you condone, excuse, or encourage by your own example, smoking by girls, young women, and mothers, or by older women whose example they will be likely to follow?

Is it not time intelligent people put a stop to this deadly cigarette advertising and cigarette smoking? Are not the lives of our babies and their future health and efficiency of greater importance to our country than the increased profits of a few tobacco interests? What is your answer?

You can help stop this pernicious advertising by a note of protest to the papers and magazines you subscribe to, and by getting others to do the same. If the Y. W. C. A.'s and other welfare organizations would refuse to display papers and magazines carrying cigarette advertising it would help tremendously. The government ought to deny the use of the mails to all health-destroying advertising. Protests should be sent to the Federal Trade Commission, 2000 D. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Also protests against cigarette advertising over the radio should be sent them, giving date of such advertising and description of same. If an affidavit is sent it will be filed by them for future use.

We are fast becoming a nation of slaves! Slaves to the cigarette! Anyone who cannot stop smoking is no longer free, master of himself. --No-Tobacco Journal.

Friend, do your sins trouble you? Thank God, you can have them all forgiven, if you confess them.

"Christ died for our sins . . . and rose again." I Cor. 15

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

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### THE LIFE-SAVING STATION A Modern Parable By Rev. T. O. Wedel

On a dangerous sea coast where shipwrecks often occur there was once a crude little life-saving station. The building was just a hut, and there was only one boat, but the few devoted members kept constant watch over the sea, and with no thought for themselves they went out day or night tirelessly searching for the lost. Many lives were saved by this wonderful little station, so that it became famous. Some of those who were saved, and various others in the surrounding area, wanted to become associated with the station and give of their time and money and effort for the support of its work. New boats were bought and new crews were trained. The little life-saving station grew.

Some of the new members of the life-saving station were unhappy that the building was so crude and so poorly equipped. They felt that a more comfortable place should be provided as the first refuge of those saved from the sea. So they replaced the emergency cots with beds and put better furniture in an enlarged building. Now the life-saving station became a popular gathering

place for its members, and they redecorated it beautifully and furnished it exquisitely, because they used it as a sort of club. Less of the members were now interested in going to sea on life-saving missions, so they hired life-boat crews to do this work. The life-saving motif still prevailed in the club decorations, however, and there was a liturgical life-boat in the room where club initiations were held. About this time a large ship was wrecked off the coast, and the hired crews brought in boatloads of cold, wet half-drowned people. They were dirty and sick, and some of them had black skin and some had yellow skin. The beautiful new club was considerably messed up. So the property committee immediately had a shower house built outside the club where victims of shipwreck could be cleaned up before coming inside.

At the next meeting, there was a split in the club membership. Most of the members wanted to stop the club's life-saving activities as being unpleasant and a hindrance to the normal social life of the club. Some members insisted upon life-saving as their primary purpose and pointed out that they were still called a lifesaving station. But they were finally voted down and told that if they wanted to save the lives of all the various kinds of people who were shipwrecked in those waters they could begin their own lifesaving station down the coast. They did.

As the years went by the new station experienced the same changes that had occurred in the old. It evolved into a club, and yet another lifesaving station was founded. History continued to repeat itself, and if you visit that sea coast today you will find a number of exclusive clubs along that shore. Shipwrecks are still frequent in those waters, but most of the people drown. -- From The Odessa American

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#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King, Box 382, Lima, Ohio

#### MR. BLUE JAY'S LESSON

"Thief I Thief!" scolded Mr. Blue Jay as Linda and Mirandy, the big rag doll with long, yellow wool braids, entered the shade of the big pine tree.

Linda loved to play "tea party" with Mirandy on the soft Dine needles, and she was especially delighted to lie down on the thick, soft carpet and listen to the wind as it whispered through the branches of the pine.

"How still and silent everything was," thought Linda. Still, except for the fussing, scolding Blue Jay who darted low toward Linda and scolded and scolded.

"Why can't you be quiet?" she asked as he darted low enough for her to touch his beautiful breast of blue.

"Mirandy doesn't fuss like you," she added, "and she's only a little girl. Why, I can hear things the old pine tree whispers when it's just Mirandy and me," Linda continued, then leaning

Mirandy's limp body up against the trunk of the tree she said softly and affectionately to the much-worn doll:

"Now stay there dear! Mother's going to the store for some groceries but she'll be right back." Then placing a light kiss on the top of her soft, yellow head Linda walked out from beneath the spreading branches of the pine to a clump of azaleas that grew a short distance away in the big back yard of the plantation.

After some conversation to the store owner in the azalea bush Linda returned to the pine, calling softly:

"Mother's back, Mirandy! Now that wasn't long! Was it?" and just as she entered the shade of the lowest branch she saw Mirandy on her face with Mr. Blue Jay making low, swooping attacks upon her poor head. He flogged Mirandy's soft wooly head with his wings and pecked at her black button nose until Linda went screaming to her rescue.

"You bad, bad bird!" she scolded as she clutched Mirandy tightly to her bosom, at the same time receiving a sound flogging on the top of her soft black, curly head from Mr. Blue Jay.

"Why, you . . . you . . . scratched me," cried Linda as she ran weeping into the kitchen to Mother.

"Why Linda, what ever has happened to you?" asked Mother when she saw the terrified child and her bedraggled-looking Mirandy.

"Did you fall?" continued Mother, "or... or..."

"No! No!" cried Linda. "If only I had fallen! But it's much worse, than that. Old Mr. Blue Jay won't even allow me to play tea party under the big pine tree anymore. He . . . he . . . really hurt Mirandy. Just look at her pretty black button nose! Why Mother, he's all but pecked it off her," and the little girl began crying afresh and anew.

Mother put aside the dust mop she was using and gathering the weeping child into her arms; then gently carrying her over to the big, old-fashioned rocker that always remained near the sunny south window of the kitchen Mother again questioned Linda.

"You say the Blue Jay pecked Mirandy?"

"Yes, Mother, and he really flogged my head too," and the little girl reached up to touch the sensitive spot.

"Well now, that's too bad!" Mother began as she planted a soft kiss on the top of her little girl's head and one on Mirandy's badly pecked out nose.

"We'll fix Mirandy's nose back all right but Linda, I guess you'll have to wait a few days

before you play tea party under the old. pine tree again. You see dear, the Blue Jays have a nest full of tiny blue feathered babies and he's protecting his family, that's all?" "Well, he didn't need to peck poor Mirandy," continued Linda drawing the old worn doll tightly to her. "Mirandy wouldn't hurt anybody."

"No indeed she wouldn't," said Mother, "but Mr. Blue Jay was just protecting his family from any possible danger and, in fact, he'd give his life for his family if it were necessary."

For some time there was silence except for the low creaking of the rocking chair as Mother rocked Linda and Mirandy, then Mother spoke up again and said:

"Linda, that just reminds me of what the book of Ephesians says in chapter 5, verses 25 through 27. It tells us in there that husbands should love their wives even as 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."

"Now God has given Mr. Blue Jay instinct which teaches him when there's danger around and many humans kill birds you know, Linda -- so Mr. Blue Jay is willing to fight for the protection of his mate and their babies. Nearly two thousand years ago God saw many millions of souls were headed toward Hell and wrong doing so He sent His only beloved and begotten Son Jesus, into the world. This blessed Son of God -- Jesus -- willingly gave His life to save us from all our sins and from an awful Hell. He took upon Himself our sin, Linda, and our shame, and He went to the cross willingly, just as Ephesians says 'Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.' His was love, honey, just like the Blue Jay's is love; but Christ's love was such that no pen can record properly and no tongue here on earth can exactly describe. Because of His great love He came down to earth and become sin for us though He Himself never knew sin, but was without sin, and then when Satan must have thought he could drag the most of the world to Hell with him, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour gave His own precious body on the cruel, cruel cross and willingly died in our place so we could be free from all sin. Isn't this wonderful, honey?" Mother asked Linda as the tears flowed freely down her soft, pink cheeks.

"Oh yes, Mother," Linda said reverently, "and, Mother, I'd like to get on my knees again and thank Jesus for saving my soul."

"Of course, dear. We'll do that just now," and Mother and Linda knelt side by side at the old rocker and thanked the Lord Jesus for giving His life for all mankind. Then Mother heard Linda say affectionately:

"I really do love you, Jesus! You saved my soul and made me very happy within, and . . . and . . . Jesus . . . please take care of Mr. and Mrs. Blue Jay's little family. Mirandy and I'll play somewhere else while you help their babies to grow."

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Television never faileth to grieve the Holy Ghost; but whether there be preachers, they shall backslide and buy one, whether there be sermons against it, they shall cease, whether there be convictions against it, they shall vanish away.

For we know of its evil influence and we prophecy of its dangers but when it captures our hearts all objects are done away.

When I was first sanctified wholly I spake as one with picture show convictions, I understood as one who felt all these things were wrong, I thought as one who sure would take a firm stand against its worldliness, but when I got my TV set I put away my early convictions.

For now we see our family through the living room darkly, but never face to face in prayer meeting or revival services any more. Now I am known to be cooling off and grieving the Holy Ghost but later I shall be completely backslid unless I repent and dispose of the lustful box.

And now abideth the movie, burlesque show and television, these three; but the greatest spiritual poverty comes from television. -- Revised and enlarged by L. S. Boardman with apology to the original author.

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## LOVE

By J. T. Stickney

I Peter 1:8. "Whom having not seen ye love."

From a casual observance this would seem an absurdity; loving one we have not seen. Who cares, for one walking the streets of a foreign city? We don't know such an individual exists. Love comes from a personal contact with an individual. Who cares for Alexander the Great? The one that led his armies victorious over every country he knew; yet died in a drunken stupor, a victim of his own sin. Who cares about Caesar? The man a statesman, a literary man and a soldier. Who cares for Napoleon? The man that moved crowned heads, like checkers on a board. The man that changed national boundaries and built the structure for a great empire; once the tramp, tramp of his armies, brought terror to his opposing forces. These are all men of the past; leaving to us only a memory, having gone to their eternal resting place. Today I point to a Man from a mountainous country, raised in a small village, a carpenter, later a preacher; One that scarcely crossed the border of the small country where He was raised: One that died at the early age of 33 years, died a shameful death as a criminal; leaving behind a broken hearted mother and a group of frightened disciples and Himself a member of a despised race. Yet, He has been able to plant HIS love in the hearts of millions of folk, from every walk of life, in every race and in every nation. The love for HIM has caused folk to leave home ties, their loved ones, their homeland and go to a nation steeped in sin, ignorance and superstition. They will cross oceans, climb mountains, risk their lives in fever infested jungles, chance deadly animals and poisonous reptiles to tell the glorious story of Jesus and HIS love and of His power to save humanity, lost, away from God.

Loving HIM has caused many to throw off the world and its allurements, obscene literature, the theater both public and in their homes; to put off the old man corrupt and put on the new man, also ornaments only Jezebel might have worn. I Peter 3:3, "Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting of hair, wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel; But let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible even the ornament of a quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price."

No one would stir for Alexander the Great, Caesar or Napoleon but the love of our Saviour has caused them to do this and more counting it not a task but a joy and a privilege to go and rejoice in the face of death from the ones they were trying to help pointing them to the Saviour. No one loves their conqueror; but, He has conquered us and we have willingly surrendered our all to Him for time and eternity. He has reversed this case, He has conquered and we love our conqueror. The story has been told of a wounded soldier in Napoleon's wars, wounded in the chest, the doctor probing with his instrument for the bullet; in his pain said, "a little deeper doctor and you will find the emperor." Today as you read these words they are written by one that says, "a little deeper and you will find One my soul adores," while we have not literally seen Him yet have had a personal contact with Him our heart calling Him Lord, and master; the Fairest of ten thousand to our soul, the one altogether lovely. Without personal contact with Him there will be no devotion for Him; neither could a mere man have inspired this kind of love. He Who masters humanity is none less than God; Jesus Son of Mary; Son of God; we love Thee and adore Thee, to Thee let all races, all nations come bending in adoration, in praise, in love. Unseen Friend we love Thee.

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## ALL IN CHRIST

By Bonnie Gray

In Christ, I find, my all in all.  
My Everything, is He:  
My all sufficient living Lord.  
My Christ of Calvary.

When I'm in darkness, He's my Light,  
He makes a way for me;  
Tho' oft He leads in darkest night,  
He keeps me constantly.

If I am hungry, Bread is He.  
The Bread of Life, divine.  
Thirsty? The Living water, gives,  
This wondrous Lord of mine.

When oft in paths of trials, sore,  
He is my Comforter,  
He draws me close to His dear side,  
How could I ask for more?

Weary with the stress of life,  
My strength, divine, is He.  
His yoke and burden, light, I find,  
And He gives rest to me.

My Peace I leave with you. He said,  
And I have found it so:  
When cares perplex and problems press,  
For peace, I, to Him, go.

When I am lonely, He's my Friend,  
He bids me to draw near,  
Tell all my heartaches to Him,  
And every doubt and fear.

If fear would knock upon my door,  
To gain admittance there.  
Blest assurance He doth give.  
In the sweet hour of prayer.

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THE END