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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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THE CHANGING AND THE CHANGELESS
By J. E. Cook

2 Cor. 4:18

The world of today is undergoing a tremendous change. This has been true, in a measure, from the beginning but has struck this generation with great force and speed. Foundations of life are crumbling and many are left with a feeling of uncertainty and insecurity.

This change is in evidence especially in the hearts and lives of the people. Moral and spiritual concepts are not the same as they were a generation ago. What was once clearly wrong is now defended to even be right and its widespread acceptance is given as proof of its rightness. Pictures and stories that once would have brought a stiff fine or a jail sentence, are now regarded as art and "must" reading. "Breaking over" and "letting one's self go" are expressions of a new philosophy for a new age. And as a result, many have lost their bearings and have fallen by the wayside bewildered and perplexed with scars that even God cannot erase.

Moreover, the physical and political world have seen some radical changes. Cyclones, hurricanes, earthquakes and volcanoes have erased landmarks and covered cities. Moth and rust have taken their toll until the old home place is difficult to recognize after a few years absence. Wars, both hot and cold, have changed national boundaries and set up new nations until new text books are required each year leaving the "old timers" far behind. Peoples who thought that some new ideology would give them everything they needed, have awakened to find themselves slaves, stripped of their freedom and all their possessions, by the very thing they had hopefully endorsed. Multiplied thousands of DP's scan through barb wire enclosures that is the only place they can call home. Other thousands are separated by walls which bar them from visiting their loved ones and

friends. Political and religious monopolies are putting the slow squeeze upon small religious groups to "join up" or be denied the right of religious deductions on their income tax return.

The religious change and breakdown has done the greatest damage. Our great nation was founded upon the Bible as the inspired Word of God. And men gave their lives to preserve its truths for future generations. Protestants came to this country to escape the persecutions and tyranny of Catholicism but are not forfeiting all their freedoms to become a part of the coming World Church. New versions of the Bible reflect upon the King James version as being outmoded until people have lost faith in all the versions.

After all these years of Bible reading and prayer in the public schools, the Supreme Court has ruled that both are unconstitutional where the Church and State are separate. Preachers who once thundered out against sin of all kinds, now encourage the people both by precept and example to watch TV, practice mixed bathing and indulge in sinful habits. And now the Heavenly world is witnessing some strange things. Man-made satellites with live Astronauts circle the earth in a little over an hour. Telestar takes pictures on one side of the earth and shows them to the people on the other side. And yet the Bible prophesies of an even greater shaking of the Heavens. Stars will fall like untimely figs. The sun will be darkened and the moon turn to blood and the Heaven's roll back like a scroll.

In all this change and turmoil, people are filled with a sense of uncertainty and perplexity. "Is there anything for sure?" they ask. Thank God, there is.

The Book Of God. Jesus said, "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word will never pass away." Its promises are unchanging. "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us," Paul wrote to the Romans. And to the Corinthians he stated, "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you." And to the Galatians he admonished, "And let us not be weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if you faint not." And he encouraged the Philippians by telling them, "But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." But its warnings likewise are unchanging. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a fearful warning. "The wages of sin is death" is still paying off to the disobedient. "The soul that sinneth shall die" awaits everyone who will not heed." "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" will be facing every soul in the end.

The Saviour, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and for ever." He is unchanging in His nature -- Omnipotence (all powerful), Omnipresence (everywhere present), Omniscience (all wise). He is pure, undefiled, holy. Unchanging in His power over sin and Satan. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for the transgressors." He has power over disease and affliction. Unchanging in His love. Unchanged in His promises, thank God.

The Righteous Soul. "And the world passeth away and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." 1 Jno. 2:17. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the

resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE INTOXICATION OF HOLINESS

"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." (Eph. 5.:18)

There is a beautiful analogy between the different phases of drunkenness and the Spirit-filled life of holiness. The similarity was so marked that those observing the disciples on the day of Pentecost thought they were full of new wine. The glorious truth of their condition was expressed by Peter when he declared that they were not drunk with wine but that it was the fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel in the pouring out of God's Spirit upon them. The wholly sanctified man or woman is still a puzzle and a mystery to the world.

The drunkard is not his own. He has given his all to satisfy the debauched desire for wine. The Spirit-filled saint is not his own. His life, ambitions, talents, possessions, energies and efforts are all devoted to the joy of living a holy life for his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He feels with the poet:

"I am a slave; I have no will no claim to property, to time nor sleep
I am a slave and bear my Owner's name;
His ways are mine, with Him I joy or weep.
No tears are spent for ease, nor do I freedom crave;
A willing slave am I to follow to the grave
My Master -- blessed be His name!"

The sot is always friendly. He will talk to anyone who will listen. His services are offered freely to anyone who appears to be in need. Thus it is with the holy man. He is ever interested in others. He will talk about the Lord and His goodness to any who will lend an ear. He is ever seeking to do good to the bodies and souls of men that he may have opportunity to witness for Christ. Just as a drinking man seems not to know or fear danger there is a holy recklessness about a Spirit-filled man or woman.

They are completely dead to the opinions of people. They shout and cry and jump and take their liberty in the Lord. There is nothing starchy or dignified about a man whose mind is fired by wine, and the same is true of those who have become inebriated on the new wine of the Canaan experience. They are absolutely unashamed. A new neighbor lady, who knew nothing of the sanctifying experience, attended a camp meeting service at the invitation of a holy woman. The glory came on the service and many were shouting in the Spirit. One of the preacher's wives ran the aisles with her face aglow. Our missionary lady from India shouted and took her liberty and testified against the women of the world for their short, tight skirts, their bobbed hair., etc. and

God came on her and honored her for her testimony. Among others who testified there was a teen-age girl who got up and whined about the hard time she was having because she went to high school and didn't wear make-up and left the impression in general that "Jordan was a hard road to travel." After the service the holy woman was anxious to know how the neighbor lady (who was very worldly in appearance) felt about the service. The lady was impressed with the genuineness and sincerity of all but the teen-age girl. She remarked that she could not understand, if the girl was giving up her make-up for Christ why she was so sad about it. The difference was that the girl did not have it, while the others were so drunk on the Spirit as to be an attraction to the poor, proud, hungry neighbor.

The intoxicated man has no worries. The pure in heart are also free from anxious care. They have learned to cast all their care upon the Lord. (I Peter 5:1) "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek!)" for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:31-33) Wesley said he had as soon swear as to worry.

The old red nose drunk is generous and unselfish. All his earnings go for this one purpose. He will sell his home, mortgage his car, barter his furniture and pawn his coat to buy wine for himself and everyone that comes by. He spends as much or more on Others as he does himself. He enjoys his own drink best when he sees others enjoying the same as he. Collections do not offend him.

Praise God! What a picture of the Spirit-filled man. His life is so yielded to God that everything is swallowed up in his obsession of God's grace. The way he gives and pledges you would think he was a rich man. Nothing is too precious for the Kingdom of God. He works and prays and gives not because of duty, not because of necessity and not grudgingly. It is not an irksome task to him because his soul is so inflamed with the wine of the Kingdom that he has no desire to do anything else, and the consequence is that his whole life becomes a living sacrifice for God and souls and he goes forth to bless this old world in a thousand ways!

The command to be filled with the Spirit is just as binding as the command to refrain from drunkenness! Far too many are merely "dram drinkers" of the Spirit. "They want to enjoy the Spirit but they will not give up their dignity and respectability in the eyes of the formal professors. They are devoted to an extent and will sacrifice enough to receive a blessing now and then but never enough to become intoxicated. While they desire the blessedness of the Spirit of God, they also want to retain the favor of the world. They are too gentlemanly to break their promise and go to the rodeo and the ball games but in their hearts there are secret longings and some regret that they destroyed their television sets. The female "toddy sippers" of the Spirit would not go to the beauty parlor and have their hair cut, but they duplicate its work by home permanents, trimming the "dead" ends of their hair, plucking the eye brows and using pancake make-up, etc. They would not wear shorts but they shorten their sleeves and wear "can cans." They would not wear slacks but wilt wear skin-tight skirts. They want enough religion to take them to heaven, but not enough to put them out of harmony with the world. These spiritual "dram drinkers" shout a little when it is proper to do so, but they are influenced greatly by the opinions of the world, and would not invoke its

criticism or jeopardize their reputation with the society belles, the recital queens and banquet masters for anything.

May God help us to drink deep at the fountain of Grace until we have imbibed the nature of Christ and become so drunk on the Spirit as to be blind to the beggarly elements of this wicked world. We have been listless and dilatory about spiritual matters too long. We need a holy recklessness that will send us out to attempt great things for God!

"Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchanted my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified!"

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THE DIGNITY OF WOMANHOOD

By Elbert Dodd

As a rule, the women of other lands live for their husbands and homes. If the American women do not regain their dignity and their love for their homes soon the sin of disrespect for womanhood will lead to the awful universal sin of Sodomy (Romans 1) Behold, the worldly, unchristian American woman! She is almost bald headed. Her hair has been cut and cooked by so many permanents until it is dead or else the chemistry of the home permanents has eaten it off until she has lost all her glory. Her face has become cracked and unnatural by the use of make-up. Her voice is coarse from smoking and drinking and over eating. She is not interested in having children or being a home maker. She had rather be secretary (concubine) to some rich worldly man. She has no children and if she does not work she has nothing to do but try to copy Hollywood and live in an old beauty (ugly) shop until a man from California, a news paper columnist said they looked like old cows. The same columnist drove his point home by picturing a beautiful Island woman in her uncivilized dress and then picturing the same woman dressed in a shirt and in slacks and with her hair tied up in a rag to look like the American housewife as she goes grocery shopping. The columnist said he did not hate women but that he did hate an unreasonable facsimile of a woman. He said there was great need for women to regain their femininity. We are reminded of the old lady who went down to the beauty shop and had her hair cut and frizzed and upon coming home she asked her husband, "Now, do I look like an old woman?" Her husband replied, "No, you look like an old man!"

The Bible has a great deal to say about women. Their dress, their affections and their duties and rewards. Read I Corinthians 11:3-16 and see what it says about women cutting their hair. Read Isaiah 3 and I Timothy 2:9-10 and I Peter 3:1-5 and see what is said about how women should dress. "The aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed." (Titus 2:3-5)

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
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PASSING THE TEST

Mindy sullenly sat down under the big magnolia tree with Clarissa, the well worn rag doll, by her side. She listened to the merry voices of her brothers and sisters as they floated to her from the old spring house, hating herself for being so touchy and easily offended. Maybe poor old dead Joe was right!

The thought of Joe sent the tears rolling down her pretty plump cheeks. No one loved old black Joe better than Mindy! Ever since she could remember, Joe and Mammy Josey were her bosom friends. They not only worked hard on the plantation with Mindy's father and older brothers, but they belonged.

Long after old Joe was smitten with the lingering illness that finally killed him, mother and father Hawthorne eared for the old servant as tenderly as any of their children. Joe and Josey were different! They loved the Lord and though, many times when she had been sullen, sulky and cross, Mindy ran to Joe or Josey for comfort, she received a tender, loving but pointed, reprimand:

"You'se too sensitive dear chile," old Joe had said, "Now honey, if you gets what Mammy Josey and toe's got, things'll be dif'runt. Yes'm, you needs more o' Jesus, Mindy. He'll make yo' sweet sho' 'nuff and you'll not be fo' evah' poutin' and sulkin'," and the old couple gently folded the child to their bosom.

"Why did you ever have to take my black Mammy Josey and old black Joe?" Mindy sobbed to the Lord, then, laying her black curly head on Clarissa's soft stomach she wept bitterly -- lonesome for old Joe and Josey.

"Ya' still poutin'?" called a voice from the edge of the magnolia tree, and a shiny black face was soon beside Mindy, looking down into her tear stained eyes as he continued:

"Yo' needs to get 'ligion like old Joe and Mammy Josey had a'fore yo' passes de test Mindy. Ah haint nev'ah passed de test mahself yet, but I'se goin' to. Yassuh! I'se goin' to fool dem brudders and sistahs o' yourn, and get de ole time 'ligion like Joe had," and a big salty tear rolled down his cheek at mention of Joe.

"Go 'way Jeremiah," Mindy said kindly to her utter amazement and surprise, "I want to think."

"Jes' think, not pout?" Jeremiah asked innocently.

"Yes, think, Jeremiah. I'm going to get saved exactly like old Joe and Josey and show those nasty brothers of mine that I do have the real thing," Mindy said defiantly.

"Yo' gots to get 'ligion in yo' heart Mindy, else if yo' gets it in yo' head it jes' haint gonna' work ag'in. Yo' gets it de way God want yo' to have it," and a far away look came over the colored boy's face as he said it.

"You sound like a preacher, Jeremiah, you really do," Mindy said as she sat upright and looked squarely at the small boy before her. "Why Jeremiah, God may be wanting you to be a preacher and..., maybe..., you'll tatke Old Joe and Mammy Josey's place to help win your people to Jesus."

"De Lawd be praised," Jeremiah said, "But firs', I gots to get de ole time 'ligion an' pass de test. Dem brudders o' yourn sho' do test yo', and Mindy, dey knows who got de Saviour. Yo' Mommie and Poppa has de' real thing; yassuh! Dey's been tested and tried and my Poppa, he say, 'dem Hawthornes sho' 'nuff has de old time 'ligion. Dey's sweet, kind, lovin' an' good like Jesus.' Mindy, I'se goin' to de cotton patch all by mahself an' I'se goin' to pray clear thru'," and he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, big tears of contrition rolling down his chocolatey cheeks.

For a long time after the serious minded Jeremiah was gone, Mindy sat thinking -- pondering all the things she had just heard and turning them over in her mind, then, taking Clarissa by her long, limber arm she raced into the big white house. Walking ever so softly so as not to awaken baby Anna, she hurried to the bedroom where she picked up the Bible old black Joe had given her just as his spirit was departing. Lovingly and tenderly she pressed it to her bosom as she ran down the porch steps to the pecan grove.

She found a large pecan tree with branches that stretched long and leafy toward the ground then, settling on a thick clump of grass beneath its sheltering boughs she began reading in the 5th chapter of Galatians. When she came to the last part of the 13th verse she swallowed hard, realizing how miserably she had failed -- "But by love serve one another" it read. She couldn't even endure a few testings let alone serving those who were her constant trial. Her heart smote her in condemnation and, as she continued reading about the works of the flesh and then the marvelous fruit of the spirit in such glorious contrast her soul had an intense hunger after God.

She remembered reading what John said, "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Yes, her heart was full of condemnation; for while she had been a professor of the Lord she knew Him not. True enough, she had read His Word every day and even said prayers to Him, but actually, she had never really and truly prayed until she had touched God. She had tried so hard to be impressionable! How sinful she saw it all was and so full of hypocrisy! The tears began flowing freely and praying was easy as the Lord sweetly rent the skies and came down to the big pecan tree and the hot cotton patch and saved Mindy and chocolatey Jeremiah.

The hot summer days slipped lazily by when one day Danny began his teasing and testing. Instead of pouting and sulking as she usually did, Mindy said not a word but smiled sweetly instead. It so baffled the brother that he began stuttering and stammering, "What's the matter with

you and Jeremiah, sis? Why a fellow can't even have fun around here anymore. You never get mad nor pout..., and..., and..., sulk and"

"No, Danny," Mindy interrupted, "and you won't either if you get saved and sanctified. This time He is living in my heart -- not a dry, unworkable profession in my head -- but deep within my heart there's a hidden peace and love. Yes, Danny, I am different because He abides. I had to dig deeper than any thing I thought I had, and you must too if you ever intend to see Heaven." Just then Mindy heard a familiar voice calling from the big magnolia tree.

"Coming Jeremiah," she called through the open window and, kissing mother on her soft rosy 'cheek she tenderly picked up the Cherished Bible and ran to the tree.

"De Lawd be praised, Mindy," the colored boy said joyfully. "Dis am gettin' bettah all de time! Jes' today dat big brudder of yourn, he say, 'Jeremiah, wha'ssa mattah wid yo' and Mindy? Yo's so dif'runt; can't nevah git yo' and Mindy mad no mo'," and a big grin enveloped his entire face as he continued, "Ah believes we'se passed de test sho' 'nuff," and he held his stomach as he shook convulsively with laughter.

"Let's just thank the Lord Jeremiah. After all, He alone can keep us," Mindy said humbly, then added thoughtfully, "Let's see; we were in II Timothy weren't we? If you're ever going to be a preacher Jeremiah Johnson," she said firmly, "You're going to have to study real hard. Let's go over yesterday's lesson, shall we?" and all became serious beneath the big magnolia tree.

High overhead a mocking bird lifted his voice in sweetest song as the Bible reading lesson continued.

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THE END