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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT
Eph. 5:18

J. E. Cook

The nature of God is to give, restore and bless; while Satan seals and damns. Loss, want, wretchedness and death are synonyms of sin and Satan; while abundance, happiness, greatness and life are synonymous with God and righteousness. Witness God's creation. The universe with its billions of stars, suns, moons and satellites; most of which, are larger than our earth. After six thousand years man has only touched the edge of outer space. Reflect upon the plan of redemption. The fall left humanity cursed, lost, sinful by nature, with the penalty of broken law that must somehow be satisfied. Mankind was hopeless, helpless, and doomed. But the entire God-Head -- God the Father -- God the Son and God the Holy Ghost -- designed a plan of redemption and restoration. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Jno. 3:16. "Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it." Eph. 5:25,26. The Holy Ghost came to fill, empower and lead -- Glory! Hence, this wonderful exhortation to the people of God Be filled with the Spirit.

Here, then, is a Privilege To Be Enjoyed. The experience of Holiness is the greatest thing this side of Heaven. It's God's will for us. I Thess. 4:3. He has called us to it. I Thess. 4:7. He is faithful to do it. I Thess. 5:14. He has given us an inheritance among them which are sanctified. Acts 20:32. It is the birthright of all the saved. Heb. 12:14-16. The Holy Ghost will comfort, guide and reveal (Jno. 16:7, 13) teach and enlighten. (Jno. 14:26) The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; helps us in our prayer life and makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God. Rom. 8:16, 26,27. How sad that so many live beneath their privileges in Christ Jesus. Like the Elder Brother of the Prodigal Son who complained to his

Father that he never made a feast for him and his friends. But his Father replied, "Son thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." He was at home. He was faithful in service. He never transgressed at any time the Father's Commandments. He surely was saved but not sanctified. He could have had a feast anytime he desired but lived all those years at home beneath his privileges.

Here also, is a Power To Be Possessed. Holiness brings an inner enabling that makes one victorious and triumphant. It does not take on the environment and surroundings, change with the times, nor drift with the world. For "greater is he within you than he that is in the world." It gives power to witness. And God is more interested in witnesses than He is in church members. A testimony is far more convincing than a discourse on theology. A Divine Revelation to the heart is more effective than rules: A clear-cut testimony will do more good than an eloquent argument. God needs witnesses to Holiness at home, among friends and loved ones and to our enemies. Power To Win. Holiness is radiant, winsome, kind, gracious and longsuffering. It is not harsh, crude, proud, unfair nor a boaster, Power to work. Jesus worked. "I must work the works of him who sent me." God would make our works count. He has not called us to fail. Oh, the weaknesses because of a lack of the power of the Spirit.

Here finally, is a Commandment to be obeyed. Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments. The carnal heart could pride itself in that it doesn't get drunk, ("be not drunk with wine") yet never feel the urgency of "being filled with the Spirit. The Ephesian Church failed here and left their first love. Israel refused to obey the Lord and all above twenty years of age died under the displeasure of God. But David testified, "Thy commandments are not grievous to me." Reader, if you are not in possession of this blessing, seek Him with all your heart and the promise is, He shall be found. "Be filled with the Spirit."

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WHY I BELIEVE IN STOREHOUSE TITHING

By Elbert Dodd

Scripture: Malachi 3:10-12 "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts,"

I believe in storehouse tithing first of all because God has commanded it. There are many scriptures in the Bible about tithing and that teach us that we should tithe our income to God. The word "tithe" means tenth, one tenth of our income to God. In Leviticus 27,:30-32 are these words: "And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord. And if a man will at all redeem ought of his tithes, he shall add thereto the fifth part thereof. And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."

Some say this was in the Old Testament. Well, the Old Testament was given by God, Jesus fulfilled the law of which He was the anti-type, but the moral laws are still in effect and should be observed by all people. Not only are they in effect, but Jesus raised all the standards. Look at the Sermon on the Mount. He not only put His approval upon the law that was given, but He changed it over and made it a condition of the heart. Men will keep the -- law the moral laws of the Bible -- if their heart is right. The law of the Sabbath was fulfilled on the cross and the Lord gave us a Lord's day, and we praise God for it and the privilege of keeping it holy and doing service for humanity.

Let's notice what Jesus said about tithing in Matthew 23:23, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." That is pretty plain: ". . . these ye ought to have done." Not only does the Bible teach that we should bring our tithes to the storehouse, but it is God's plan for the church across the ages.

The devil has many plans and ways such as peddling pies, having oyster stews or selling things for the church; but God's plan is for the members of the church, the Christians to be tithers. And I believe, since the Jew had to pay a tithe and an offering -- at least two tithes back under the law -when he didn't have any grace to sustain him, any Holy Ghost in his heart, if he had to do this, then we as Christian people that have God in our heart and the cross behind us and have the Holy Ghost to guide us and help us, we should do at least as much if not more than the Jews were forced to do. The facts are, I feel, that most Christian people if they will study their Bible will find that paying the, tithe and giving one offering is not giving God anything. It is only paying Him what we owe Him. We owe Him that debt and must go on beyond the two tithes before we really start giving to God and go on to three tithes.

Not only is it God's plan to finance and carry on His work and carry the gospel around the world, but God has promised to bless those that tithe. He said: ". . . prove me now herewith, saith the Lord if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing." Oh what a blessing it is not only to obey the Lord in all of this, but to walk in all the light God gives us and then to have this special blessing. God is not under obligation to give us anything because we tithe. It really is only the rent on the air we breathe, the health and strength we have. But God is so good and wonderful that if we will obey Him and follow Him in tithes and offerings, He will pour out a blessing upon us. Praise God for that blessing.

Not only do I believe in it because the Bible teaches that it's God's plan and God will bless, but I know by experience that it is God's way and God will bless those who follow His way and are tithers. Don't be afraid to give to God. He gave us a promise: "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over." I know that this promise is true and that He will do what He said He will do. Bless His holy name!

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A GOOD RECIPE

[GODLY "MAKE-UP"]

A dear Quaker lady, distinguished for her youthful appearance, was asked what she used to preserve her charms. She replied sweetly: "I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love." -- Selected.

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE JOY AND STABILITY OF HOLINESS

The land of Canaan is described in the Bible as a "land of corn and wine." The fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, known as the sanctified life is the spiritual Canaan of God's holy people in this dispensation of grace. The thought of such a country conveys the impression to the mind of a beautiful landscape covered with waving harvests, bordered with fruitful vineyards and watered by flowing streams and sparkling fountains. Who can deny that the blessing of heart purity imparts a life full of beauty and meaning? "Its language is pure, its conduct upright, its pleasures elevating, its pursuits noble, and the whole life full of spiritual loveliness. It is truly the "beauty of holiness. We knew a young woman who, judged by physical standards, was faultless in a comparative sense but her soul either was never awakened or she was backslidden in heart and though conforming partially to the outward standards of the church her face was that of a cold, haughty, repellent woman of the world. Her poor husband would have received as much warm, glowing, reciprocal love from entwining his affections around a marble statue gleaming in the moonlight as from this icy and stony-natured beautiful female.

At the same time we knew a woman in the church whose face and figure were exceedingly homely and to look upon was most ordinary and unattractive but she was a holy woman, filled with the Holy Ghost. Her face fairly shone with the light of holiness which she enjoyed. She was a delight both to her husband and her children. Her heart was full of sympathy for those in trouble or sorrow. Her tongue was the essence of kindness and her feet were swift to take her to the homes of the sick and needy; her hand did a thousand acts of kindness which drew as many hearts and lives to her. She was so lovely in life until the beautiful spirit within actually transformed her ordinary face to one of beauty.

A land of corn and wine suggests a land of plenty. The genuinely sanctified person has life more abundant. He suffers no spiritual lack but is continually fed and has blessings for all who may pass his way. His cup runs over and his saucer too. He has corn and to spare.

This experience is also one of great joy. The Bible speaks of "wine that cheereth the heart of man." There is an exhilarating, warming, exuberant effect from the spirit filled-life which is bound to attract attention and] hold the gaze with a fascinated approval. The joy of the wine must be accompanied by the stability of the corn. The experience here spoken of is one of fundamental righteousness combined with spiritual joy and exuberance. Men without proper discernment are prone to choose either the characteristic of the corn or wine to the exclusion of the other. The one

would make the way all law with no grace while the other would make the way all mercy to the elimination of rugged righteousness. Some Christians possess the strength of the corn but are void of the joy symbolized by the wine. They have character but no glow; principle but no glory. Truth and righteousness are seen in every phase of their existence, but their eyes never light up, a shout of victory never breaks from their lips they never seem to manifest any glad flood of feeling from Heaven to their souls or from the soul to the face and tongue. They chill us with their strength and stability until we cannot but wish that a shower of heavenly emotion would break upon them at least once in a while.

There are others who seem to have the wine but not the corn. They bubble and laugh and cry and overflow on the slightest provocation. Like Ahimaaz they are ready to run without being sent. But they are short on strength and stability, steadfastness and endurance. They have an abundance of emotions but sometimes lack principle. They get blest but cannot endure contradiction and persecution.

But in the land of corn and wine principles and emotions are balanced, and the Christian becomes a person of stable principle while experiencing streams of holy joy. He has character and motion, principle and feeling. He can pray and pay, glow and grow, shout as loud as God wants him to and live as steady as the onward flow of a mighty river. Like Cush he runs because he bears a message. Glory to God! His commandments are not grievous! "His yoke is easy, his burden is light." "I delight to do thy will, O my God!"

It is not enough for us to finish the course, we must finish the course with joy! We can be stable and dependable and at the same time filled with all the fullness of God. To qualify for the first resurrection one must be blessed (happy) as well as holy. Thank God! In His divine will we are entitled to overflowing joy in the Holy Ghost as well as righteousness and peace. Are you enjoying your privileges in grace?

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
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HOME FOR THANKSGIVING

Manuelita poked his walking stick more deeply into the soft, powdery clay dirt as he wound in and out along the narrow dusty trail that led homeward.

Already he had left the dry creek bed and sprawling valley far behind and was climbing due upward to the red brown flat mesa and home. His heart beat wildly at the thought of home. Thanksgiving was just one day away and since he and his mother and father had become Christians he went to a 'school for learning' many miles away from home. Only at Thanksgiving and Christmas did he get home and then he had to walk a good day's journey.

The air was fresh and crisp as the lad climbed ever upward, over jagged rocks and through mesquite, sage and cacti, but the small brown boy seemed not to notice the biting of the wind as every vein, muscle and sinew were warm, vibrant and alive from the rugged climb. A small, impish prairie dog stuck his round head out of his hole to view the whistling lad, then vanished beneath the brown, parched earth in time for Manuelita to see him.

"You've nothing to fear," the boy laughed merrily down into the small opening. "I'm your friend," and he went whistling on his way, realizing his hairy friend wouldn't soon reappear.

In the pathway just ahead of him a large jack rabbit sat, momentarily twitching his oversized ears, then darted with lightning speed away into the dense sage brush.

"You need not fear me," Manuelita coaxed as he stooped low and looked into the dense brush. "I'm a big part of this great, wide, wonderful land too and we must be friends." The jack rabbit, however, was far, far away and had no mind to linger long with strange intruders.

The sun's last dying rays splashed gold paint all over the valley below and recklessly spilled purples, blues, and reds on the rocks all around him. This was the time of day he liked best of all. When God came down and painted the desert, mesas and plateaus with careless unconcern. He stood for a long while, watching as the great ball of fire slowly descended the Wapotomie Mountains and the canyon below him became as a great secret, sealed-in cave totally enshrouded in darkness.

As he began the steep climb upward and was almost at the summit of the path where he would reach the mesa, something cold stung at his face. He reached up to brush over the place where it had hit him when a great deluge followed. Snow and sleet! He must hurry or he'd never make it before the moon had gone halfway across the heavens. He quickened his pace but the blinding storm made it impossible for him to go on. Frantically he searched for the big rock he knew stood at the top of the pathway but to no avail. The sleet was stinging his cheeks and biting bitterly at his bare, unmitten hands and suddenly he was aware of the fact that he was lost. He could not see the narrow pathway which had already become deeply covered with snow and ice and every bush and small tree looked alike. What should he do? Quickly he decided what to do, then falling to his knees he began praying. Many precious promises flooded his mind as he knelt there but one seemed unusually comforting -- "He shall give his angels charge over thee; to keep thee in, all thy ways " That was it!" He must believe God and trust Him to somehow get him to the rock and to shelter! Rising to his feet he set out, not knowing where he was going but having perfect confidence that the Lord would lead him rightly. Seldom ever did they have snow but Manuelita, knowing the terror and devastation of the freak snow storms, sought the shelter of the rock as his father had lovingly taught his children. How thankful he was that Father and Mother had turned from their false religion to the Christian's religion! He / had something way down, deep inside his young heart that gave him a peace and inward rest even while the storm was raging. Jesus was his constant companion and loving Guide and he knew he had nothing to fear. Only a few years back he would have been crying and praying to the dead stone god but not anymore! He had found Jesus, the Christ; the Saviour of the world; his heart was at rest and at peace.

What if he didn't get home for Thanksgiving! The thought filled his young heart with sudden yearning for he knew that small Miguel and big brother Pedro would all be waiting for him in the small village of San Raphael. He knew, too, that Mother would have a young pig stuffed and roasting over a big open fire outside, along with lots of fried beans, hominy, tostadoes, tacos, tamales and tortillias. The thought of food sent hunger pains through his stomach and his legs were weakening from slipping and sliding so much on the ice and snow: Suddenly he saw a large object in front of him and, reaching out, he lovingly touched it. The rock! At last! The Lord had led him to the rock! He lowered his body as he crawled around its icy side, trying to find the small opening which would admit him, giving him protection from the icy wind, snow and sleet, as well as shelter for the night. By morning the storm would undoubtedly have passed over.

He crawled into the narrow passageway which widened out considerably after having entered a small distance and, thankful for a dry, sheltered spot, lay down to rest. Suppose the storm was raging on their beautiful mesa too and Father set out to find him! The thought filled his heart with great fear for he knew how many lives were lost in these freak storms. At last, from sheer exhaustion, he fell asleep, thankful for his warm buckskin jacket.

Sometime during the early morning hours he was awakened by the cry of a lone coyote outside the rock. He sat upright and peered out into the night. The storm had passed by, leaving behind it a glistening, shimmering mantle of ermine all over the earth. A beautiful moon rode lazily over the sky and Manuelita heard voices; suddenly a small, gray animal darted into the cave and bounded up on his lap, yapping joyously.

"Wolf! Wolf! Where'd you come from," Manuelita asked, hugging the animal fondly.

"He's in there," Father's voice said, "for Wolf went in."

"Father!" the young boy said, rushing out of the big rock with Wolf, the pet coyote, at his heels.

"Thanks be unto God! You're safe! 'Twas quite a storm, son," and Mr. Figurea clasped his son tightly to him.

"The Lord led me to the rock and to safety, Father," Manuelita said joyfully.

"Just as He became our Spiritual Rock in a shelter from the approaching storm that is soon to break upon this earth. He is good! Bless His Name!" and the tears began rolling down the older man's face.

"Let us go home, son. Mother will be waiting and have some hot tacos for you." "I'll have my Thanksgiving dinner after all!" Manuelita said dreamily as he started upward with his father and Pedro. The moon seemed to be throwing sparkly gems all about them as the mesa came into view and Manuelita's feet seemed to glide across it.

"Thank you, Lord, for Thy Angel," he whispered softly upward,

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CHANGING TIMES

By Lowell Foster

While in Idaho we stayed at wife's parents home. We drove across the river into Ontario, Oregon where Brother A. L. Turner pastored from 1945 to 1953. We passed the corner where the old church stood, with mixed emotions. There is where we found God, on Dec. 17, 1947. There we witnessed 5 years of continual revival, services without number with no preaching as the altar lined from end to end. In that atmosphere, we got our feet down, and God placed a determination in our heart never to turn back to the world. Thank God, it is still there!

But, the old building is gone -- not that God dwells in buildings made with hands, but with saddened heart we saw and heard. The sanctuary is about the same, no increase in seating capacity, no need. Under Brother Turner the Sunday School averaged better than 200, even better than 250 some of the time, there were young people everywhere. There was also a "nucleus" which kept contending for a kitchen, dining hall, basketball-court, etc., etc. "to hold the young folks." Finally, they got it all, but alas, the young folks are gone, and many of the older ones too. It hurries them to average 100 in Sunday School now \$100,000 for the same sanctuary, a kitchen, dining hall, a basket-ball-court. The preacher reads his sermons, his wife has been seen by a number at the grocery store clad IN SHORTS!

We were invited to preach at the BMC in Ontario. They have a new building too. A lovely brick building. Wife's parents attend there and of course a number of old friends of former years.

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THE END