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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the January, 1963 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
Official Organ Of The Bible Missionary Church, Inc.**

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Digital Edition 08/18/2000
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ELEVENTH HOUR LABORERS

J. E. Cook

Matt. 20:6

This Kingdom Parable is perhaps the most meaningful of all which fell from the lips of Jesus. Without doubt His first appeal was to the Jews, but He makes it equally clear that the Gentiles are included. Moreover, it may well be applied to the several ages of life. Not only the young and middle-aged, but even the old are called to conversion. But the most striking truth of the Parable is Dispensational. Herein lies its message to us; for few would deny that the eleventh hour is upon us. Even so, the Parable is filled with promise as well as warning.

Four such periods of labor have already come and gone. The early hour force was made up of Christ and His Apostles. Christ was crucified but when he cried, "it is finished," the Gospel dispensation was set in order. The Apostles were all martyred but not before they had sowed Gospel seed beside many waters.

So abundant was the crop of this early hour force that a mighty persecution rose up against the third hour laborers. The saintly Polycarp and a great host of faithful workers watered the church with their blood. Roman rulers and paganism could not stamp out the truth and zeal of those who had "come to Rome also."

Sixth hour workers faced a subtle plot to make Christianity popular by uniting Church and State. Then, the true Christians were jailed and tried by the Inquisition, (the wicked, diabolical court of the Roman Catholic Church) and most of the victims were burned alive. Hundreds of thousands were slain in this manner and many others tortured until death would have been sweet. But many and glorious were the trophies of this period, Madame Guyon listed among them.

The Ninth Hour Laborers, led by John Wesley, and a host of predecessors and followers labored so abundantly that the great Holiness Revival swept across the land and leaped the oceans. The sowing was far and wide, the cultivation deep. Holiness with a Standard sprang forth. But lo, the enemy sowed tares of compromise, worldliness, liberalism, love of ease, love of money and pleasure seeking.

Now, the eleventh hour harvest is upon us. Less than an hour is left before sunset. The day will be finished. The shades of gathering night are approaching. But where are the laborers to meet this mighty challenge? The Lord of the harvest (householder) has gone forth and is now seeking workers. It is the last and final call. No other force will be gathered. Eleventh hour. How can so many remain idle when the call is so clear, the need so desperate and the hire so rewarding. Look! the fields are white unto harvest; the storm will soon break in all its fury and the workers are short-handed. To the fields, reapers! Delay no longer. Soon He will call in the laborers and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive. What an hour to be faithful!

Thank God for the great host of preachers and laymen who have answered this last call and are giving their all to gather in the ripened harvest. Suffering, persecution, ridicule, sacrifice and unselfishness are characteristics of eleventh hour laborers, but God has always found those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but joined the ranks of the heroic harvesters, finished their course with joy, kept the faith, and are waiting the day of rewards, Glory to God.

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE PROTECTION OF HOLINESS

"For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." (Zechariah 2:5)

The people of God have been subject to ridicule and fierce persecution from the world down through the ages. Their weapons are not carnal they cannot defend themselves by the means that are used by their persecutors. One does not have to read far in the history of missions to see that many spiritual missionaries have braved the dangers and some have suffered martyrdom because the love of Christ constrained them.

Fierce and wild are the onslaughts of the Devil against the souls of men today. Never in history has the Devil resorted to more subtle or sinister means to bring pressure upon the minds and hearts of the holy people of God in an effort to get them to compromise and let down or to grow bitter and cynical or just to get them to give up by the sheer force of spiritual lethargy and discouragement. Great are the casualties suffered in the holiness ranks from such carnal weapons as suspicion, tension and strife.

When people grow lean in their souls then they seek after the worldly pleasures, the television, the sports, banquets, socials, etc. in an effort to find a substitute for the joy they once had in the Lord. It is but a short step from questioning holiness standards to questioning fundamental doctrines. We hear of the children of holiness leaders renouncing holiness, saying that they do not believe in it and joining formal churches whose doctrines are a far cry from that professed by their fathers.

Modern holiness seminaries by their light attitude toward the old-fashioned standards and spirit of holiness have planted seeds of doubt in the minds of many young theologians that have sprouted and grown into trees of skepticism, Unitarianism and atheism.

"The law is no more; her prophets also find no vision from the Lord." (Lam. 2:9) "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" (Lam. 4:1) "Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire: Their visage is blacker than a coal; they are not known in the streets: their skin cleaveth to their bones; it is withered, it is become like a stick." (Lam. 4:7-8) Why is this sad state in the professed holiness church? Because of the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests. The law is disregarded. It is not preached nor enforced because the ministry has no vision from the Lord. We saw some modern missionaries of this type. We saw a few old-fashioned missionaries who held the standard and had the glory. But there were many others who were so worldly in their appearance that we wondered how a mission board could ever have been so blind as to send them out to the field. Their wives had bobbed hair, wore rings, and were seen on the streets in short sleeves and without hose. Their influence was nil as far as getting the heathen to give up their much loved jewelry and clothe their naked bodies. They all professed holiness just the same as the good old-fashioned missionaries. The tragedy of it all is that it brings confusion to the poor heathen until many turn completely away from Christianity and embrace heathen religions.

Must the Bible Missionary Church go the way of the modern holiness movement today? Is there no protection? Is there no safe guard? Yes, thank God, there is a protection that will keep the church from drifting on the rocks of formality, the reefs of worldliness or the falls of fanaticism. It is the glory in our midst. The glory is our only protection against false doctrine. The joy of the Lord is our strength. The psalmist prayed, "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes; that I be not ashamed." (Psalm 119:80)

The basic cause of all worldliness and compromise in any church or individual is a lack of the genuine glory and fire of God in the soul. The fire protects. When worldly entertainment must be sought to, keep people happy and when worldly dress and adornment is indulged in, it is evident that the fire has become ashes in the soul. The wolves of worldliness and the harpies of formality cannot approach as long as the fire burns high. The glory in the midst and the wall of fire around about is the only protection against the sinister foes of a holy heart.

Many today have found and some have confessed that when the pressures of life are on and when the thrill of romance has waned and the home is about to go down, that modern holiness does not work, it does not meet the need. But old-fashioned, radical second blessing holiness does! Hallelujah! A million tests have proven it. The fires of life only serve to further refine it and make it shine more brightly. Glory to God! There is a renewing of the Holy Ghost that keeps one

victorious and on top in spite of his circumstances. There are times when fierce opposition from earth and hell beats on a person; when he is "wounded in the house of his friends," when, after days and months and years of being misunderstood and ostracized the soul still true to God gets acquainted with the word Gabbatha and the dark shadows and bloody sweat of Gethsemane. When groans for deliverance go up and a deep longing for heaven fills the heart and life. Jesus in His great trial had an angel to strengthen Him. We can have the Holy Ghost. And fly He does to the relief of the tempted and tortured spirit, and with one touch of that hand which is to raise the dead, the drooping, toil-worn servant of God leaps to his feet, and with a brighter hope, a greater faith, and sweeter joy than ever, takes up the load, stretches his hands upon the cross, and is ready for duty or sacrifice, for life or death, according to the will of God." There is nothing like it!

Then I'll dread not the future nor fear not the foe for God has promised not only to be a wall of fire around but He has promised that He would be the glory in the midst. May God help us to keep the glory on. In sickness or in health, in poverty or in plenty, in life, or in death He is our exceeding great reward. Bless His name forever!

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I RESOLVE...

By Mrs. Paul E. King

I resolve . . .

To spread sunshine and cheer
Where gloom resides;
To manifest love
Where hatred abides.
To shower goodness
And kindness so free
On those mine enemies
And help them see
The beauties of a pure heart.

I resolve . . .

To visit the sick
Who are lonely and sad;
To cheer their path
And help make them glad.
To comfort the heart
That with sorrow is pining,
And help turn their dark clouds
To a silvery lining,
And share in the joys of giving.

I resolve . . .

To work for my Saviour
With a heart glad and free,

And strive like Him
To constantly be.
To weep o'er the erring
And seek for the lost;
To shoulder with courage
Mine own thorny cross,
And make it safe Home some day.

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PULPIT FAITHFULNESS

H. A. Erdmann

There is much in the spirit and sentiment of the world and the church that would pull a veil over sin; would break down the barrier between right and wrong: would call evil good, and good evil; would break down the distinction between the church and the world; would bring men to heaven in the midst of sin and unbelief; and this they call "charity," even the "mild spirit of Christ." But this is far from the spirit of the Gospel. It does not harmonize with its most unchanging and uncompromising principles, "be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed."

The Spirit of Christ and of the gospel is to hold up truth, though all the world should say it's a lie, It is the setting forth of one great truth, in bold open-day relief, in opposition to a thousand and one lies of the world and carnal professors.

Christ and the Gospel proclaim that only one way is right, and that every other way is wrong: that God is righteous, and the world is unrighteous. The Gospel is indeed peace, but it also brings a sword..

It was the uncompromising principle of truth that led the ancient Christians cheerfully to seal their testimony with their blood. It is the same principle, fully carried out, that arouses the devil, in and out of the church, at the present day.

When the whole truth is stated, all the messengers of Satan are against it. There is a certain portion of truth that Satan will endure. But wherever truth is fully proclaimed, there Satan will bring the sword against it He can argue against half the truth, can pervert it to his own purposes -- he can allure men by pleasure and profit, if not to give it up, to forget it; but against the whole truth he has but one argument, and that is persecution in one form or other. Who that has ever preached the whole truth for an undisguised end, has not found Satan's one argument always ready, in some spirit and form, suitable to the spirit of the place?

We are told that we must be charitable. Very good. We like the word. It is like an angel's watchword to us. It is the brightest -- the loveliest gem in that chain of pearls to be found in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

Charity is a sweet word to our heart; but were it allowed to shoulder out faithfulness from our pulpit efforts, it would soon turn into wormwood:

The charity that would cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace; that would "heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly," that would "daub with untempered mortar;" that would "call darkness light, and light darkness; evil good, and good evil; bitter sweet, and sweet bitter," is not the charity that God would have us practice. That might win many an acclamation here, but a crashing condemnation hereafter, and perdition with a thunder from the Judge who will judge all judges.

Better for us to have the thunders of the world's anathema a thousand times over, than God's anathema in the world to come. So now, may God help and enable us, from henceforth, to proclaim the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Editor's note: Amen!

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"WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS"

Is there any heart discouraged, as it passes on its way?
Does there seem to be more darkness than there is of sunny day?
It is hard to learn the lesson, as we pass beneath the rod,
That the sunshine and the shadow serve, alike, the will of God:
But there comes a word of promise, like the promise in the bow,
That, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When the flesh is worn and weary, and the spirit is depressed,
And temptations sweep upon it, like a storm on ocean's breast,
There is a haven, ever open, for the tempest-driven bird;
There is shelter for the tempted in the promise of the Word:
For the standard of the Spirit shall be raised against the foe,
And, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When a sorrow comes upon you that no other soul can share,
And the burden seems too heavy for the human heart to bear,
There is One whose grace can comfort, if you'll give Him an abode;
There is a Burden-Bearer ready, if you'll trust Him with your load;
For the precious promise reaches to the depths of human woe,
That, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When the sands of life are ebbing, and I near the Jordan's shore,
When I see its billows rising, and I hear its waters roar,
I will reach my hand to Jesus -- in HIS bosom I shall hide,
And 'twill only be a moment 'til I reach the other side;
It is then the fullest meaning of the promise I shall know:
"When thou passest through the waters, they shall never overflow."

-- Mrs. Matt Miller, Bethany, Okla.

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LOST

By G. A. Neuenswander

The dictionary gives us some insight into the meaning of the word "lost."

I grew up where the land was laid out in mile squares. Every road ran straight. It was easy to keep directions straight. Since then I have traveled so many winding roads and streets until I have almost lost my sense of direction.

One meaning of the word "lost" is to compromise or yield. To compromise convictions is to lose your soul, or could it be that this is the cause of such wicked compromise?

To be lost is to be preoccupied, as "lost in thought." To be preoccupied with other affairs to the loss of one's soul is fatal. When enemy soldiers came to take the life of Archimedes, the mathematician, he said, "Do not disturb my diagrams." He had drawn his diagrams in the sand -- preoccupied!

"No longer visible": They once were found in the house of God and in fellowship with God's people. They are not happy either in the world or with God's people. They are like the young lady who had been brought up in the Sunday School and church and went into deep sin. I asked my pastor why this girl had dropped out and he said that it was because the church was a place of desolation to her. She paid with her life, but she got back to God on her death bed. Not all do.

"Missing": Years ago another boy and I went fishing. We had not caught any fish so he went home before sundown. I told him I would stay until I caught a fish. Some time after dark, I walked into town to find that the men were organizing a .searching party for me. I, like the sinner, was the least disturbed of them all. "Will the circle be unbroken" or will some be missing?

"To fail to win": If they are lost, then they have lost their most valuable possession; the soul." "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul"? No one has ever answered that question. No one ever will.

"To waste": Men waste time and opportunity. Year after year after year, revival after revival, and still lost. A man said several years ago, "A year from now I will clean up my life." Today he is deeper in sin than he was then. You would be amazed to know the number of people who have been in my congregations who have gone out of this world by way of tragedy.

"To lose your way": One cloudy afternoon I went to the thick woods to pray. I started back in what I thought (as Naaman, the leper, said, "Behold, I thought") was the right direction. Neither it nor any other direction was right. After a while I heard a car on the highway and got out of the woods. "Which way shall I take, cries a voice in the night, I'm a pilgrim so weary and spent is my

flight. The night is so dark, the pathways are few." "Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside Cross." The Cross of Calvary! Christ will show you the way. He is the Way.

"To fail to keep": I mean to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I am secure only as I walk in the light. Old-fashioned, second-blessing holiness is God's way.

"Insensible" -- as "lost to honor": Sin is not, as one infidel said, a little sour sap that sweetens and mellows with the years. Like Samson of old, sin entices, leads, blinds, grinds and kills.

"Ruin or destroy": A lost soul is ruined. He is ruined now and forever unless he repents. He will be punished with everlasting destruction: forever consciously existing and forever lost.

"Submerge": Picture yourself at the judgment; "their number swells to be discerned in Vain, lost as a drop in the unbounding main," where the waves of dam, nation break upon the shores of eternity!

During the great Chicago fire, a man put his hands to his mouth and cried, "Follow me and I will lead you to the cool waters of Lake Michigan." Those who followed, escaped; those who refused perished.

Do we care? If I were a backslider and wanted to get back to God, I would want the evangelist to preach sin and damnation, Christ and salvation, holiness or Hell. I would want him to grab me by the heels and shake me over Hell 'til I could feel the flames and smell the brimstone. Then I would want him to stand with outstretched arms and tears streaming down his face and invite me to come to Christ.

We cannot go one step further without tears. We cannot have tears without travail. We cannot have travail without God, or, can we have God without travail?

I once wept until I thought I could weep no more. I shut up the fountain of tears. I wish now I hadn't done it. But God again opened the fountain of tears for me. "Must Christ o'er sinners weep, and shall mine eyes be dry? Do we care? -- G. A. Neuenswander, Pastor of B. M. C. at Stillwater, Oklahoma

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

IN SUCH AN HOUR

(Chapter 1)

The last dying rays of the sun filtered warmly through the big French windows and sheer curtains, then lingered caressingly on Margaret Ellen's soft pink cheeks as she carefully placed the last cup in the big china cupboard. Casually she glanced out the window to the fading sunset. A warm flush came into her already rosy cheeks. It was just such a sunset, twenty years ago, when she became Mrs. John Smithfield.

Proudly she glanced at the big Boston rocker where John sat, deep in meditation and Bible reading. His hair was still as black as the day they were married, and he was just as handsome and portly now as then; perhaps even more so: he had added some badly needed pounds to his towering six foot, four inches which enhanced his already striking features.

"You're feeding me too good, Margee," he frequently teased, addressing her by the pet name he had given her.

Quickly she turned away from him to the dying sunset. She knew she loved him -- too much, perhaps. Yet, things had changed recently. Especially since John had gotten sanctified holy and had begun attending the small, but neat, country church in Pleasant Valley. The three smaller children accompanied him also, while Tom, the eldest son, continued going with Margaret Ellen to the fashionable and worldly church on High Ave., in Ritztown.

"John, I do wish you'd not take your pastor's foolish preaching too seriously," and she stood looking down into his kind face; a cloud over her own beautiful features.

"Margee," he said tenderly, touching her hands lightly, "Not again, dear!" And a grieved, pained look came into his tender blue eyes. "He's coming again! I know He is; He said it in this Book, and since I've been wholly sanctified and cleansed from all sin, something within me tells me that His coming is very near -nearer even than most so called Christians believe."

"Oh, John! Don't talk that way. I'm not ready for Him to come. Our home is just now beginning to look like Mrs. Highstreet's and Mrs. Proudheart's."

"My dear, dear Margaret!" John said, rising to his feet and laying his hands gently, but firmly, on his wife's shoulders, "How can you be so unconcerned and so . . . indifferent! Don't you realize that, should Jesus come this instant, you and Thomas would be left behind? Oh, Margee! How can you let material things blind you so!"

"But John, dearest, Rev. Powers said we'd all be sanctified when we died, and that this preaching on Holiness is all fanatical and a lot of nonsense. He said the world is getting better all the time. Look at all the improvements and . . ."

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," John said tearfully, looking into her lovely face. "He also said, 'Behold, I come as a thief in the night; be ye therefore ready! Oh, no! It can't be! My own wife and son not going up in the rapture!'" and his broad frame shook under his heart agony.

"John! John! Do not lose your composure! Our minister said it was all excitement and emotionalism and I believe he spoke the truth."

"If only you had never come into that inheritance, Margaret Ellen! It has changed you until you are trying to be impressionable and fashionable; it is robbing you of something very valuable, which none of your elite class of individuals can give you."

"I'm happy, John; and I think you should 'be too. After all, it has saved you thousands of dollars."

"How much happier we were when we lived in the little white cottage by the gurgling, laughing stream; where the birds sang us our wake up tunes and trilled us to sleep at night!" John said, looking deep into her hazel eyes.

"Those were good days, John, but so are these," she said brightly. "Now, let's forget all this silly stuff about Holiness and the Lord's return."

"No, Margee," John said, squaring his shoulders, "I'll never forget it! I know I'm sanctified wholly, and I know the Lord is coming back to take His Bride to the marriage supper of the Lamb; and, should it happen tonight I'd be gone, dear; also Mary Ellen, Rose Marie, and Jimmy. You and Tom would be left alone, to face all the dreadful things which will come upon the face of the whole earth after the Rapture."

A look of sadness stole into the young mother's face but she said never a word as she walked silently into the big family room where the children were reading and playing.

The new day dawned bright and cloudless. Lovingly, Margaret Ellen gathered the children into the living room where, since John's recent conversion and sanctification, they had met twice' daily for family worship.

"Be a good boy, Tom," father said, ere he departed for work, "And Tom, let the Saviour sanctify your soul. He's coming soon, and I do want our family circle to be complete and share the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"I love you very dearly, father, and esteem you most highly; but Holiness and the career I'm planning just won't mix too well. After I'm established solidly in business I'm going to let the Lord have full and complete control of my life. I believe in everything you've ever told us, and read to us, and some day I'm going to be exactly like you are," and young Tom gave father a warm hug.

"But suppose He'd come today! You'd be left behind. Oh, Tom! Put God first and forget about these trivial worldly ambitions. They're transitory. I'll be praying for you," and he slapped his son in a warm way on his broadening shoulders then strode, into the kitchen where he kisses each of the remaining family good-bye.

The school bus stopped by the big mail box in front of the large brick house and Tom burst into the kitchen, breathless and pale. "Mother! Mother! Where is Jimmy? and Mary Ellen didn't get on the bus either. Where are they?"

"Tom!" and mother turned ashen white.

Running quickly up the stairway to the nursery she burst into four year old Rose Marie's room where the child was to have been napping. It was empty! A shudder escaped her and she let forth a scream, then a wail.

"Mother! Mother! What has happened?" and Tom was by her side. Glancing into the empty bed he knew. Tenderly he folded his sobbing mother to his manly bosom.

"She's gone too, Tom! Do you suppose . . .? Oh, no!" and she hid her face in her hands.

"We'll call the police and . . . and . . . Dad, too," Tom said, trying to be brave.

The operator at the plant where John Smithfield worked tried vainly to locate him. "I'm sorry, sir," she told Tom, "He was here a moment ago, but he seems to have disappeared. Strange too! He was talking to his helper about the Bible and like the twinkling of your eye he disappeared."

Frantically Tom dialed the police station only to get repeated busy signals; but he kept trying. After a long time he got through and explained their predicament. "Funny things are happening here in the last hour." A gruff voice said, "Hundreds of folks have called that some of their relatives have disappeared; maybe right under their nose, too! We can't help you. It's all so mysterious and strange. Never saw nor heard anything like it. Sorry!" and the receiver clicked.

Weakly, Tom ran to the radio and turned it on: "Mystery of mysteries," the announcer boomed, "thousands of people are missing and there is no knowledge of their whereabouts."

Quickly Tom turned the radio off. A moan escaped his young lips as mother let forth a scream. "The Lord has indeed returned and we've missed it, Tom," whereupon she fainted and collapsed in a tiny heap on the hallway floor. (Continued next month)

What will happen to Tom and his mother? Read the next issue!

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OTHER DAYS WERE WORSE THAN THESE

By J. G. Morrison

Bad as things are, they are amazingly better, probably, than your father or mine' ever knew.

My father lost his 80-acre farm in Iowa because of business misfortunes he could not help. He saved from the wreckage of his farm an ox team, a covered wagon, two cows, and his family,

consisting of a wife and ten children. With these, he trekked to the prairies of Dakota looking for free land.

The first house of which my recollection takes note as "home" was built of sod, with a dirt roof, a dirt floor, a white cloth stretched for a window, and a horse blanket hung up for a door. There was one bed for parents, a "trundle" bed for sisters and baby, and a big shelf, reached by climbing a pole with spikes driven into it, upon which the bigger boys slept. The lights were candles, and a kerosene lantern. An ancient cracked cook--stove, minus its legs, served as furnace, gas range, and all else.

Once, in the winter time, for six weeks we subsisted on boiled wheat and milk -- not another thing -- while the blizzards drifted the sod-house over with snow; much of our time was spent in bed to conserve the lessening heap of fuel.

But we didn't whine, nor whimper, nor blame the government, or the farm board, or Congress or anything else. Many a year my parents did not see \$100 in cash during the whole twelve months.

My parents supported the church, were happy in a saving knowledge of God, cheerful in the midst of every deprivation, and sang songs and prayed every morning in their sod cabin.

They never knew what financial depression was -- for they were in one all their lives. They didn't complain, or give up, or back out, or backslide. They cheerfully shared with God's cause, and He mightily blessed them. They died triumphant. They were happy as they crossed over....

How Mother kept the hens laying that awful winter I do not know, but it was a daily achievement for some boy to rescue each egg before it could freeze. Did we eat them? WE DID NOT. They were worth fully a cent to a cent and a half apiece! When the roads were broken Mother rode wearily in an ox sled carrying the precious eggs in her lap to keep them from freezing, and triumphantly paid the family "quartermaster" to the Methodist church treasury with the price of those eggs. (Where there's a will, there are twenty ways.)

It isn't the financial condition a person is in, but his HEART INTEREST IN THE CAUSE that counts. -- (Pages 3-4-5, 59, 47, of OTHER DAYS)

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WATCH THE TREND

Watch the trend of things, dear fellow,
And be careful how you go,
Lest you find yourself entangled
By the threads and webs of woe;

For there's always evil forces

That would pull you in the tide,
Where the water's deep and dangerous
And the ocean's rough and wide.

Watch the trend that grips the masses
In the habits that they form,
And with grit and grace and patience
Go against the tide and storm,

Ere you find yourself among them
With the ropes around your neck,
And you're going far from harbor
By your folly and neglect.

Watch the trend that's wrecking people
In their homes across the earth--
Television, fussing, quarreling,
Leaving off the things of worth;

Never praying, never reading
God's eternal Word that holds,
Letting sin and evil forces
Take possession of their souls.

Watch the trend in many churches
Toward the worldly and the wrong,
Even in their forms of worship
With no grace in prayer and song;

Then resolve down in your spirit
That you'll keep your soul aflame
By thy power of real salvation
That the masses cannot claim.

--Rev. Walter E. Isenhour,
Taylorsville, N. C.

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THE END