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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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FISHERS OF MEN
J. E. Cook

"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4:19

Early in the earthly ministry of Jesus, and in the formulation of the New Testament Church, He makes one simple requirement of all His followers -- namely, soulwinning. This very clearly was His mission -- to "seek and save that which was lost." And the whole of His life was channeled to that end, whether preaching, teaching, healing, or personal contact, it was all in the interest of souls. Even in His last hours while on Calvary's Cross he stopped dying long enough to grant salvation to the penitent thief and to give him the assurance of being with Him in Paradise.

The Bible Missionary Institute of Rock Island, Illinois teaches a required course in soul-winning because we feel it is the ultimate purpose of the Church, the ministry and each individual Christian. The early church became the all-time examples of carrying out Christ's Commission. Beginning at Pentecost they preached and taught and prayed and gave and went from house to house, and the Lord added to the church such as should be saved. And as long as they kept their first love they kept to this simple course of winning souls. When finally they turned to programs and works for works sake, and splitting theological hairs, and lost their first love, the glorified Saviour, speaking through his Apostle of Love, told them the only condition upon which they could retain their place as a church, would be to repent and do the first works again. It seems clear then, as Christians, we are never so close to the Divine Ideal as when we are on the search for souls.

Now there are a few similarities between fishing for fish and fishing for men. First, there must be some Planning. In fact, half the thrill of fishing: is the getting ready, the preparations, the outlay, with visions of catching the big one. It may necessitate arising a great while before day and

driving a distance to get there early and secure what is believed to be the best spot. And one may have "fisherman's luck" but fisherman will be found getting ready for another try. Now, unless we purpose and plan to do something in the interest of winning souls we will never get beyond the dreaming stage and the fires of a "burning heart" will die down.

Next, one must be, at least in a measure, familiar with his Equipment. Last year the family took off two days from the heavy Summer schedule to visit some dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Murvine of Greenwood, Delaware. They were kind enough to plan a fishing trip in Chesapeake Bay. We did quite well, but I will never know how many I "missed" and "lost" because of "backlashes." I spent most of my time untangling my line because I was not familiar with the reel. How many failures have been made because of an ulterior motive, lack of prayer, unskillful in the Word, or a lack of soul burden.

But perhaps the greatest asset is a Love for the work. Returning home from an evangelistic campaign a few years ago I crossed Lake Texahoma at three a.m. in the morning. It was cold and damp so that I had the car heater running. And yet, there they were, some standing, some sitting and some kneeling, fishing off the bridge almost one every ten feet apart across that long bridge. "Look!" I exclaimed to wife who was dosing, you would have to say those folk love to fish. There was no other explanation. But that same love for souls must be ours until no sacrifice or no effort would be too great.

And last, is Patience. How long, sometimes between bites! But a good fisherman will wait and hope with patience. I know a good preacher today whose mother held on for his soul for thirty years. "Grow not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." "In your patience, possess ye your souls" -- yours and others. Look at the promise of Jesus, "make you fishers of men." And the only condition is to follow Him. Let us go fishing."

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EDITORIAL
By Spencer Johnson

ENCROACHMENTS ON HOLINESS

A lack of holy anointed leadership in many churches has permitted encroachments to come that have brought shame and disgrace to the holy cause of God.

A certain amount of supervision from godly, leadership is essential to the progress of any church in advancing the cause of Christ. Too much supervision tends to dictatorship, while not enough supervision leads to the independent spirit of irresponsibility. Holy leadership seeks to work with people while unholy leadership seeks to usurp power and display its authority. We thank God for the holy anointed leadership in our little church. "The Church of God makes, or is made by, its leaders. Whether it makes them or is made by them, it will be what its leaders are; spiritual if they are so, secular if they are, conglomerate if its leaders are. A Church rarely revolts against or rises above the religion of its leaders." (E. M. Bounds, Power Through Prayer, page 80)

Consider some subtle forces that have made inroads into the ranks of the holiness movement of today.

Deference to the wealthy and prominent people in a church or community is inconsistent with the spirit of holiness. There are some well-to-do people who are clothed in humility and who are sanctified and would shrink from any special attention or favors that might be shown to them. Such people are a great blessing to the Church and the world. There are others who seem to think that they are exceptions to all church rules and are justified in being worldly because they can afford to spend their money on gold and pearls and costly array. True holiness will not make a difference in the treatment afforded to the brother of low degree and the man with the "gay clothing."

As Carradine expressed it, "It is curious to notice the sensation even among preachers and the rising up and offering of chairs to a man of wealth or authority who comes in late and disturbs scores of people by his late coming.., while the spectacle of four or five men in front all beckoning to some unseen man in the rear of the house is a sight never to be forgotten." When a church fails to reach out its hands to the common people and the poor and needy the Holy Ghost is grieved. "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him." (James 2:5)

The worldly play program in the professed church is a reproach to the cause of holiness. When churches must sponsor ball teams, skating parties, television programs and socials to hold its youth, it is evident that the Holy Ghost is gone and cheap substitutes are offered in His place. No Christian can flirt with the world, wear its garb, and indulge in its pleasures and keep right with God. No church ever built a church kitchen or recreational center until the Holy Ghost was gone.

Institutionalism is one of the most subtle and deadly intruders on the advancement of holiness in any church. Beginning small and as the servants of the church the institutions of a church soon become its masters until the energy and interests of the church is turned from her great commission of actually evangelizing the world, to the unending task of fostering and nurturing her institutions.

There is a danger that a church could become so engrossed in its efforts to educate and prepare for the ministry that it would fail in the actual work of the ministry and missions. Certainly we are not opposed to godly education and we place no premium on ignorance for some of the choice saints of God have been men of great learning, and we readily admit that a sharp sword is a better weapon than a dull one. But we do deplore the fact that some soldiers spend so much time whetting their swords that they never get out to the battle front and engage the enemy.

History bears witness that many churches have made a great mistake by discriminating against the men who had little or no formal education. Some men received the call to preach in their youth and have wisely prepared themselves and then depended entirely on God, and their influence for good was tremendous. Other men were called too late in life to make much preparation, but they were useful in the kingdom.

It is significant that God brought the Son of God into the world through a manger rather than through the palace of Herod. And Jesus Christ chose His apostles from among the unlettered fishermen instead of from the brilliant and polished Sanhedrin. God is still calling plow boys, store clerks, carpenters and welders and putting his seal upon them and they are winning souls for Jesus.

It is true that the apostle Paul was one of the best learned men of his day and possibly was more greatly used than any man in the early church but it was he who was inspired to write: "The world by wisdom knew not God." (I Cor. 1:21) And "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." (I Cor. 1:27)

The relation of some educational institutions to some holiness churches reminds one of an overgrown yearling still nursing from a poor little skinny mother cow and because she can not give enough milk to satisfy his insatiable appetite he hunches so hard he nearly knocks the poor little cow off her feet. When a church spends more money on its educational institutions than it does for foreign missions and when a school requires so much attention from the leadership of a church as to necessitate the leadership to curtail its activities in the field of home missions and evangelism then, "the tail is wagging the dog!"

Professionalism may encroach quietly and unnoticed upon a holiness church. How easy it is to become perfunctory and sterile in our prayer life and stereotyped in our testimonies, when the fire of our devotion burns low! The ministry is possibly the most vulnerable to the attacks of professionalism of any class. The rush of affairs, the demands of duty upon the minister's time will rob him of his unction and power unless he makes time to spend in the secret closet of prayer. When a man fails to take time for prayerful study he loses his freshness. Sermon material that he has stuffed back in the "barrel" must be used so often that he is in danger of repeating a dry recitation rather than delivering a message from God. One must ever remember that the only way a message can be effectively repeated is to pray until it is reborn afresh in the preacher's soul. To be devoid of the anointing is to become professional. "This unction comes to the preacher not in the study but in the closet. It is heaven's distillation in answer to prayer. It is the sweetest exhalation of the Holy Spirit. It impregnates, suffuses, softens, percolates, cuts, and soothes. It carries the Word like dynamite, like salt, like sugar; makes the word a soother, arraigner, a revealer, a searcher; makes the hearer a culprit or a saint, makes him weep like a child and live like a giant; opens his heart and his purse as gently, yet as strongly as the spring opens the leaves. This unction is not the gift of genius. It is not found in the halls of learning. No eloquence can woo it. No industry can win it. No prelatical hands can confer it. It is the gift of God the signet sent to his own messengers. It is heaven's knighthood given to the chosen true and brave ones who have sought this anointed honor through many an hour of tearful, wrestling prayer." (E. M. Bounds, *Power Through Prayer*, p. 71)

Altar calls and altar work can become professional. When one loses the real compassion for souls then his praying around the altar is nothing more than form and he will seek to profess the seekers through without victory. This is perhaps the greatest wrong that a preacher or altar worker can do to a seeker. The lack of a genuine experience of grace is the basic cause of all the encroachments on regeneration and holiness. May God deliver us from shallow, superficial altar

work! We must have the glory and the unction from the Holy One that alone can protect us from the encroachments and onslaughts of the Devil.

"A two-edged sword
Of heavenly temper keen,
And double were the wounds it made
Where'er it glanced between,
'Twas death to sin; 'twas life
To all who mourned for sin.
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within."

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OLD T.V. YOU DIDN'T GET ME!

Old T.V. you didn't get me.
I'm still my boss today.
Tho' you've enslaved a host of folks,
I still can have my way.

You rant and rave and carry on
In homes I never thought
Would take you in and eat you up
And in your snare get caught.

But old T.V. you didn't get me.
Though millions love you now,
I still love Jesus best of all.
He's kept me free somehow.

-- By Mary E. Owen

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LET'S PROTEST!

By Rev. Foy Bullock

Catholicism is OUR GREAT threat!

Begin NOW to PROTEST! The voices of protest are becoming weaker and weaker. The day of silence is dawning. Fear grips the souls of those who claim to be brave and strong.

This medieval, pagan giant is being brought subtly upon us by the continual flood of diabolical Catholic literature publicly channeled through national and international medias. It

appears that magazines such as Look, Life and other large circulated weeklies and monthlies; are either owned by Catholics or favorable to Catholicism.

The seeming aim of these magazines is to glorify Catholicism, and at the same time criticize any "extremist" that would challenge the forces harmful to American freedom. These great publications are doing a good job of confusing the issues, so that the aim of Catholicism will be realized, and that aim is: to sell the American mind on the theory that the only hope for stability lies in the Catholic Church. The gullible American public, ignorant of God's Word and the subtlety of this Catholic threat, is being molded into this propaganda landslide to cave in any remaining Protestant major obstacles which would defy the Catholicizing of our religiously free nation. Outside a few fundamental, conservative and evangelical movements this objective of the Catholic Church has been realized.

Catholicism is OUR GREAT threat! Even though Communism is a great world threat . . . it is not the immediate threat to our nation or people. One only has to read the history of the church to find that Catholicism has just as black a record as Communism in the persecution and shedding the blood of innocent peoples.

As free, bloodbought Christians, are we willing to sit idle and become enslaved without a PROTEST? The Christian has a responsibility to God and man to speak and protest when the need demands it: That time has arrived . . . and it could well be that it is almost lost!

Bible Missionaries let's PROTEST! We should inform our churches and people of this great immediate threat. Let's make church a refuge against confusion and compromise. The best tool we have is PRAYER. The second best tool is to write the elected officials that represent us in government. It is not enough to be defensive to this movement, we must become actively offensive in protecting the great heritage which has been ours since the establishment of this nation.

We are suggesting some things that will help in this battle to save our liberties,: (1) Become an intercessor in prayer; (2) Write to your Senator, Representative or Congressman about any article which criticizes great patriots or patriotic organizations; (3) Cancel or protest to publisher any magazine or articles sympathetic to Catholicism or glorify some personage or order; (4) Become acquainted with the great move to merge Catholicism and Protestantism which is in progress now at the Second Vatican Council in Rome; (5) Get good tracts or literature and pass them out; (6) Became a campaigner for separation of Church and State; (7) Vote for candidates who are not Catholic and are for our civil and religious liberties; and (8) Get off the "stool of do-nothing" and "do something" to protest everything that would enslave your God given, blood-bought freedom.

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SALVATION THROUGH THE BLOOD
By Elbert Dodd

We write articles and we preach many messages, we condemn sin and point men to Jesus who will save them from their sin, but I fear some time that we are neglecting one of the most precious and wonderful themes in all the Bible -- that is salvation through the blood.

In the Old Testament we find these scriptures: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." (Leviticus 17:11) "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." (Exodus 12:13) And then in the New Testament we read: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." (John 19:34) "Then Jesus said unto them, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him.'" (John 6:53-56) And in Acts 20:28 we find, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost that made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." Then in Romans 3:25, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God., And then Romans 5:9, "Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." In Ephesians 1:7, "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." And in the second chapter of Ephesians, the thirteenth verse: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." In Colossians, verses fourteen and twenty: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven."

And then Paul writing to the Hebrews in the ninth chapter, verses fourteen and twenty-two: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission." And then again in Hebrews 10:19, "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." And again Hebrews 12:24, "And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Then in he thirteenth chapter and the twelfth verse: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Peter speaking in I Peter verses two and nineteen: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied. But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

IN SUCH AN HOUR

Chapter 3

After Tom was denied a loaf of bread because of not having the mark of the beast in his right hand or his forehead, Margaret Ellen became even more conservative. Very sparingly she rationed out what few foodstuffs remained in the house.

Since there was no gas nor electricity the food was eaten right from the cans, cold. Potatoes were eaten raw and there was no bread or fine baked goods. Any, and all, methods of heating had been cut off, and no amount of money could persuade the man at the gas company to turn the Smithfield's gas on.

"Sorry, ma'am. Orders," he had said, then added tartly, "Go get the number. It's not going to hurt you. You afraid of marring that beautiful face of yours; or maybe those lily white hands?" and he laughed a hard, mocking laugh as he wickedly surveyed her beautiful features. Never had she been so humiliated. Timidly, and blushing red under his taunts and gaze, Margaret Ellen left the place of business, weeping softly as she walked toward home.

On her way home she passed the big, busy open air market, and smelled the sweet fragrance of hot spicy rolls baking. A nostalgic feeling overwhelmed her and her stomach gnawed and yearned for only one morsel of hot tasty food; but, with head held upright, she walked solemnly home. Everything had changed so rapidly for her and Tom. While the world was functioning much the same as usual, and the same noises and sounds were heard all around her, yet she and Tom had ceased to be a part of it all. They were isolated from even their once cherished friends, and more and more Margaret Ellen's once staunch and reliable friends refused to have anything to do with her: calling her a fanatic for not being willing to receive such an insignificant thing as the mark. Then too, some of the city officials had told her she would be guilty of murder should she allow her son to starve because of her stubborn refusal. Her mind was a turmoil of thought, but her heart was fixed. She would not receive the hated mark -- no matter what the consequences might be.

The nights were becoming increasingly colder and she and Tom were being forced to bed early to keep warm. The supply of candles had long ago been exhausted so there was no light for the house. If only she could find a few pieces of wood the big fireplace would afford cheeriness; but this too was impossible as no amount of money could buy any needs. Life was becoming more and more miserable and each night she wept herself to sleep.

"Oh, Tom!" she said next morning, "Why didn't you believe your father and get sanctified? I've caused you to miss the rapture and go through all this torture and misery. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I knew better," the thin lad said weakly. "I always knew father was right; but I wanted a career and a good business. I am to blame. I am no longer a child, but a young man of seventeen. So please don't blame yourself," and his head drooped heavily on his bosom as a sigh escaped his lips.

Margaret Ellen's worries increased as she saw Tom's body growing thinner and leaner. His mental faculties which were normally acute, alive, and alert, were becoming dulled and listless, like his body.

One rainy day as Margaret Ellen sat in John's favorite chair, a light rap sounded on the back door. Rising quickly, she walked to the door and opened it. A tinge of fear swept through her.

"Oh! it's you, Mrs. Newsom. Do come in," and a relieved look came into her eyes.

"Whatever will I do?" Mrs. Newsom asked, sobbing and trembling. "Jane's been out of her medicine for ever so long and she's dying. Dr. Long said she must never be without it, and now since we refused the mark and the number we can't buy anything. Oh, what will we do? Why didn't we listen to our godly pastor and get sanctified? I loved for the children to have worldly fame and popularity and look: what it has brought us to! We are responsible for our children," and she wrung her hands in great agony of soul.

"I know! I know! Only too well do I know. I too have learned too late," and Margaret Ellen paced the living room floor.

"Our food supply is now totally spent and exhausted. The girls who remained behind with us are begging for food and threatening to take the mark. Starvation's an awful thing," and Mrs. Newsom dropped her thin face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Tom and I have barely enough for another week but you shall have some for the girls," Margaret Ellen said, glancing at Tom. Sensing a spirit of true manliness and courage in his blue eyes, she added, "We will die together. Never, never take the mark; you'll be doomed and damned if you do."

"Allan's been thinking seriously of taking it -- for the girl's sake, and mine; but I have plead with him and begged him not to." The friend said as she continued, "Oh, Mrs. Smithfield, this is far more horrible than I ever dreamed a thing could be! The merchants whom we've known all our life stand and give one a devilish grin when you ask for just one loaf of bread! Why didn't we permit Jane and Becky to get sanctified in our last revival? No, we had such high ambitions for those girls! Jane was such a good cheerleader in school and Becky was leading her class in so many ways, but what has it profited us! Our older girls have missed it! Oh, my two babies! How we do miss their cooing and their prattle!" and a loud, mournful wail escaped her lips.

"It is bad, indeed! Bad enough that we adults should have missed the rapture." Margaret Ellen sobbed, "But to think that I caused Tom to miss it! It drives me nearly mad at times. My influence was great and bad upon my own flesh and blood. I am happy though, to know the smaller children are safe with Jesus and John."

"If I can keep the girls from taking the mark of the beast I shall have accomplished a little good," Mrs. Newsom said. "They're ready to do anything for a morsel of food and some heat and lights. Oh, why? Why didn't I get sanctified?" and she let forth a spine chilling wail.

"So long as Tom and I have a morsel of food you too shall have some." With that Margaret Ellen walked resolutely to the pantry shelf which was all but emptied of its once many good things to eat, and divided with her friend. "Raw potatoes are better than starving," she said.

After Mrs. Newsom had departed she sat in the big Boston rocker and wept, wondering what would happen next.

Early the following evening a loud knock sounded on the front door. Tom answered it. A tall, broad shouldered man stepped into the living room, uninvited.

"I hear you're determined that you'll not take the mark of the beast -- our great ruler and genius of the land -- is this so?"

"That is correct," Tom answered unwaveringly.

Margaret Ellen stepped lightly to her son's side.

"A new decree has been issued. You have your choice. A huge image has been made and it is decreed that all must worship this great and mighty image or be killed."

"We cannot worship a dead, bronze image when we are told in God's Word not to bow down to any idol or image," Tom said fearlessly.

"Very well," the intruder spoke, "You decide your own fate. Do you choose to worship the image and bow down to it or will you refuse and be stubborn and be murdered?"

"We choose the latter," Margaret Ellen and Tom said, standing straight and tall.

"But you can't mean this!" the tall man said, looking intently at the pair. "Certainly you don't mean for your fine son to be murdered, and you see it before your eyes!" and his gaze was hard and cruel as he searched the mother's face to see signs of recanting; but she stood as one spellbound, and whose features were now meant for another world as Tom spoke, clearly, strongly, and surely:

"We have already decided. Our decision is final. We cannot worship the image! We will not!" and his young eyes shone with a brilliance and a luster like Margaret Ellen had not seen since John Smithfield was last home, praying around the family altar.

"You choose death to freedom?" the impostor shouted angrily; then, grabbing Margaret Ellen's delicate wrists he shoved, her toward the door and, with his other rough hand he took hold on Tom. "You shall have what you are asking for," he shouted.

"You need not force us," Tom said calmly, "We go willingly."

"You have made your own decision. Come with me," he ordered.

Without a moment's hesitation mother and son walked bravely to a martyr's grave.

"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

* * * * *

THE TIME I WAS ARRESTED

By H. C. Morrison

When I was a little boy two years of age, my mother died. When I was four years of age, my father died. I was living here and there and was a sinner. I was fourteen years of age the tenth of the coming March. It was Christmas week, and I was caught in sin and put under arrest and dragged to court. I did not cry. I had cried all the tears out of my head. My bones had pulled out of their sockets. I tried to look at the judge. I wished that I could faint. I was guilty. I did not have a friend. I was miserable. And they packed the courthouse. They looked at me and then at the judge. Their faces said, "Judge, give him the full benefit of the law and save trouble later on." It looked as if the whole universe was down on me. By and by a clerk stood up and said, "The court is open." The judge said, "Has this boy any one to represent him?" I did not know the meaning of this. I thought that fellow was the one who was going to take me out and hang me. They said "No." I was hopeful. The judge said to a lawyer, "I appoint you to take this boy's case." He walked through the crowd, pushed the policeman aside, and took me into a room. I slunk into a corner. I thought he was going to drag me to execution. But I saw tears under his eyelashes. He sat down and slipped his arm around me. It was the tenderest touch I ever felt, and it drew me to him.

"My little friend, are you guilty?" he asked.

I could not have lied to him to save the world. He gave me a little squeeze. My bones slipped back into their sockets, and I began to breathe. I said, "Yes sir, I am guilty, and lots more they don't know about." I was in for a clean breast. When I looked at him, I could not lie. I had found a friend. I could feel he was a friend. I feel his hand yet. Oh, it was a wonderful touch on an orphan child.

He said, "Don't you think we had better confess guilty and throw you on the mercy of the court?"

He put his hand on my head, and I put out my dirty, claw-like fingers and grabbed his coat tail, and the feeling came to me, if I hang on to his coat, he will pull me through. He came to the judge and said,

"Please, Your Honor, it has been my privilege to practice before the bar for many years. I have noticed that when the ends of justice can be secured and society can be protected, it is Your Honor's custom to show mercy. I stand with this trembling orphan child, without father or mother,

home or friend, to beg Your Honor's mercy. His heart was broken. He confesses with readiness his sin. He pleads for forgiveness."

I grabbed some more coat, I thought that was a great speech. It was just an introductory remark. He spoke until silence fell everywhere. He spoke until the most beautiful language filled every corner of the court. He spoke until old men wept. He spoke until my policeman was brushing tears from his cheeks. He spoke until he said, 'If you will show compassion to this orphan child, I pledge Your Honor I'll look after his education and give to society a useful citizen.'" He spoke until my heart burst within me for love and admiration for my friend. If I could but put my ragged coat sleeves around his neck and kiss his cheek one time, they could take me and hang me, and I would die happy. He spoke and said, "My Father." That shot through me. The judge had appointed his own son to plead for me! "My Father, the intensity of my love for my little client comes out of the fact that he is my brother." I wasn't much on mathematics, but I could see at once that if the judge on the bench was the Father of the attorney, and the attorney was my Brother, then the Judge was my Father too. I gave a shout. I made a leap, and the judge stood up and said, "Rejoice, for the lost is found, and the dead is alive." And all the people in that courthouse began to say "Glory!"

I need not tell you that scene was not in a courthouse, but it was in an old Methodist church. Jesus pleaded my case and revealed to me that God was my Father. It went to my heart, as an orphan boy, and I could say "My Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Jesus came to reveal God, to reveal that God is love, that God is merciful, that God is compassion, that God is a Saviour, that whosoever cometh shall not come in vain, but there is mercy and salvation free for all.

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THE END