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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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A COMPASSIONATE HEART
By J. E. Cook

Matt. 9:35-38

Compassion is not a new word: it is found repeatedly in the Old Testament, but for it to have meaning it had to await the coming of Jesus and the New Testament Era. It means to "yearn for," "to pity." And it was pity for us in our sins and a yearning to save us from it all that caused the Saviour to come into this world and give Himself a ransom for many.

Religion was in disrepute at the time of the coming of Messiah. Priest and people alike had no vital interest in righteousness. They did lip service to God but their hearts were far from Him. Religion sought to hold sway with a system of formality, creeds, rules and sectarianism but offered the people nothing that would meet their needs and satisfy their hearts. They collected tithes and offerings but forgot about love, mercy and justice. They would encompass land and sea to make one proselyte but would not move a finger to lift one burden from the soul. Four hundred years of darkness dragged by with no true voice from God. The world was ripe for the Saviour.

"Then Jesus Came and Bade Their Darkness Flee." He offered them salvation, a message of hope, of peace, of love and joy. Ecclesiasticism organized against Him but "the common people heard him gladly." He forgave their sins, healed the sick, cast out devils, fed the multitudes, taught and preached the gospel to the people. Religious leadership opposed Him, bigots hounded Him, critics sought to trap Him but His popularity increased because He had compassion on the people. His Divinity was questioned, His works discredited and his motives maligned but the people continued to seek Him out because He had compassion upon them. He grew weary in body and slept on the mountain side or prayed all night, but He would arise early and push on into the villages and cities because He was moved with compassion for the people who had fainted and

were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. All hell was arrayed against Him to cut his life and ministry short. False doctrines, traditions of men, heathen customs and carnal hearts formed an alliance against Him to put Him to death and end His cause, but no man took His life, He gave it; and in doing so, He founded an Empire of humble souls that loved and Served Him to the death whether martyred or whether they lived out their three score and ten.

Now, it seems, the climatic days of this Dispensation are upon us. "Because iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold." Two alternatives confront us. Many have joined the liberalists, appeased sin, approved the world and worldliness, condoned the wrong and are, in general, going along with the spirit of this age. They not only have lost their influence for righteousness but will ultimately lose their life and their soul. While on the other hand, some have withdrawn themselves behind a facade of self-righteousness and rules, creeds and notions. Finding few who will "join" in the fullest sense to their criteria, they are forced to a program of containment for themselves. They too have lost their influence and fall into spiritual darkness and defeat, believing that nothing can be done in our day.

What an opportunity for God's people to go forth in obedience to the Great Commission, redeemed from sin and ungodliness, cleansed and empowered by the blessed Holy Spirit; to go forth in the faith of the Son of God, weeping, praying, witnessing, sacrificing, believing to the salvation of souls. Thank God He is still on the Throne, hearing and answering prayer, giving revivals, saving souls, sanctifying believers and blessing His children with all spiritual blessings. I have witnessed it all in recent days, bless His Name. I pray God to anoint me afresh for these days, to break my heart as I see the multitudes fainting, scattered, confused; to fill my soul with true compassion, (Jude 22) until I can be a real laborer in His great harvest field. Join me in this prayer until you too are moved with compassion for the lost and needy until you can claim some trophies for His Name's sake.

Oh, to be like Thee! full of compassion,
Loving, forgiving, tender and kind,
Helping the helpless, cheering the fainting
Seeking the wand'ring sinner to find.

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"The old and hackneyed saying that history repeats itself is most certainly verified in the history of the church. Every little while the church becomes as a channel that is clogged with priest-craft, human traditions, and formalism and there has to be a clearing out of old channels and a digging out of new. Every little while there comes a cleavage, a separation and a reorganization. This has been the history of the past. Every denomination or church today is the result of a separation in the past at some time. This is because the visible church is a human organization. Denominations and churches begin small in numbers. A few in some worldly, dead churches are anxious to save their souls and protest against the corruption about them. They are frozen out or thrust out and: have to start anew. Their purity brings prosperity and numbers until they in turn are loaded with a crowd of camp followers and again the winnowing takes place. This has been the

history of the past since the days of the Apostolic church." (Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, page 2526, The Fundamental of the Fundamentals, The Christian Witness Co., Chicago)

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

THE DEAD-RECKONING OF HOLINESS

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin. but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6:11) In navigation "dead-reckoning" is the computation of a vessel's place at sea by log and compass without astronomical observations. There comes a time when every seeker after holiness must believe God by naked faith without sign of feeling. He must believe that because he has met the conditions that God requires, that God does the work simply because He said He would. The question arises, can one believe that the work of sanctification is accomplished until he receives the witness of the Spirit that it is done? And if he believes that he is sanctified before he is made conscious of the fact. does he make belief in a falsehood the condition of receiving the blessing of holiness? No doubt these questions have troubled many honest, conscientious souls and will trouble many more.

If a person approaches the difficulty as a little child, he will find that there is no difficulty. If one stops to rationalize on these questions, he will get no further. God has given the answer to the humble, one with unquestioning, child like faith. An honest look at the above question will show that it places the cart before the horse. God's order in the work of salvation is always first faith, then the work, and last the feeling. Many people would believe that the work is done if first God would send a certain feeling of consciousness. With them faith is not the procuring cause of the experience, for they put faith last. They would believe if they could feel that the work was done. Multitudes are ready to believe if God gives them certain emotions or experiences to prove that the work is done This is why many go into error and think that speaking in tongues is the evidence of the baptism with the Holy Ghost. They are sign seekers. Jesus said, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign." (Matthew 12:39) The facts are one receives the experience by faith and not faith by the experience. God says, "Believe and ye shall know." Just as a parent is pleased when a child believes his statement of fact without questioning or asking proof, so the heavenly Father is pleased when a man takes Him at His word, in spite of his lack of emotion, and in spite of gainsaying men and devils and in spite of the fact that there is no sign or witness from heaven that the life is noticed or the faith accepted. It is this dead-reckoning faith that brings the victory. It believes when there is no sight of feeling. If-kept in the heart for a few hours or days, it will bring abundance of feeling. Abraham had this faith when he walked under the stars not knowing where he went. This same faith believes that God was able to bring back Isaac even from the dead. Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness. It was this faith that restored health to the Roman centurion's servant, without Christ even going to his house.

God declares in His Word that if the believer perfectly, unreservedly and forever consecrates himself to God he shall be made holy by Christ, the altar on which he has cast himself. He says that the altar sanctifies the gift, that the blood cleanses now; that the moment he believes it

the work is done! Will you believe it? The battle is right at this place. Defeat or victory must come at this point. Let no one say that there is no such thing as sanctification by the Holy Ghost until he has completely tested the virtue of the faith that is here presented. Child of God, have you cast yourself upon this faith as Peter leaped upon the waves? If you have not, then you have failed to do what many others have done and are now rejoicing and now enjoying the blessed experience of a holy heart. To stop and question at this point is to be defeated. The moment a mental debate begins and the questions of how and why are dwelt upon, that instant the gentle dove of the Spirit withdraws and leaves one beating the air. Just as sure as regeneration is one thing and the witness of the Spirit is another, the work of sanctification is one thing and the witness of the Spirit is another. The two may be separated as in conversion and not infrequently the divine testimony is withheld until one walks by faith for a time. A person can believe that he is sanctified before he is conscious of the fact and be perfectly honest. One's consciousness of the fact does not affect in any way the work of sanctification. He is simply required after a perfect consecration of himself to believe that the work is done. The servant is distant; no messenger has yet reached him; but the centurion believes that he is healed, because Christ says so. One's faith rests upon the simple statement of God that he is sanctified. There can be no falsehood about the matter. The seeker casts the whole thing on God, and it is the divine faithfulness and honor and truth that are involved. It is foolish to say that a man may be deceived in regard to his exercise of faith. Every man knows when he really believes. The soul recognizes the critical moment, when forsaking all other help, turning from every other hope and confidence he turns loose of every earthly hold and falls into the arms of Christ. Praise God! No one ever trusted Him in vain. The colored brother, describing how he received the blessing of sanctification said, "I went limber in the arms of God."

Then, are we not to pray for the witness to our sanctification? Undoubtedly; but one must not forget that the work is one thing and the witness another; so one must walk in faith until God is pleased to send the testimony.

"A young man having made the perfect consecration required by the Bible, believed that the blood of Christ did cleanse him from all sin. He was without feelings; but he remembered that he was not saved by feeling but by faith; so he clung to God's Word for sometime. Someone in the service saw him nod his head in a positive manner, and heard him say, "The blood does sanctify me." Later he was asked by a friend, "Brother, how are you feeling?" He answered, "I have no feeling; but I know that Jesus sanctifies my soul, because He said so." To sympathetic and anxious friends his constant testimony was: "No feeling; but perfect faith that the blood cleanses me now." Thus he lived for several days by faith, when one morning, a friend started to ask the usual question, suddenly he shouted out in terms that thrilled beyond description: "Oh glory! Glory! My soul cannot contain the joy and blessedness it feels!" The witness had come; as it certainly will always come to anyone who takes God at His word! "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11:24)

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THAT DEAR OLD ROCKING CHAIR

By Mrs. Paul E. King

Ah, memory! Fond memories! I can see it still

As it stood in the kitchen near the broad window sill;
That old-fashioned rocker with its arms open wide
Where my cares were forgotten, my many tears were dried;
As I snuggled to her bosom where she'd kiss and stroke my hair,
And I long again to be a child with my mother and that chair.

'Twas high enough for me to kneel and pray at her dear knee...
'Twas big enough to rock away my pain and misery.
'Twas there I learned to love the hymns so dear to mother's soul,
And there I learned to yield to Christ and let Him have control;
And I long to be a child again and hear her fervent prayer
As she did in long years ago in that dear rocking chair.

"'Tis quite old-fashioned and out-dated, now," they say,
Yet I'll always keep within my heart that dear old-fashioned way
Of learning priceless lessons and of fighting battles through,
And wrestling all alone with God till light comes shining through
A kneelin', as a little girl, in agonizing prayer
Alone, amid the emptiness of that dear old rocking chair.

God called her in the stillness of a clear October night,
When a harvest moon sailed lazily across a starlit night.
Her spirit, now immortal, winged its way to Heaven's land
With prophets, priests, and sages, 'round the glory throne to stand;
And the silence in the home place is 'most more than I can bear
For her spirit took departure in that dear old rocking chair.

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EXPERIENCE WITH THE TONGUES MOVEMENT

W. M. Tidwell

Around 60 years ago I was a student in Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn. While there rumors began to come of what was taking place in Los Angeles, California. The report was that in a mission there that a new Pentecost had come and that He was coming upon the people and that as Bible evidence that one had received this baptism, he spoke with tongues just as they did at Pentecost.

We were all greatly concerned about this new outbreak. We were connected with what was called "The Pentecostal Mission." However, in a short time we learned that a man named Rev. Cashwell, as I recall, had come to Memphis, Tennessee from this new movement and was conducting a tent meeting in Memphis. So almost immediately, Rev. M. M. Pinson and Rev. H. G. Rogers left the Bible School in Nashville and went to the meeting in Memphis. After about one month, they returned with glowing reports. They had both been baptized with the Holy Ghost and had the unmistakable Bible evidence of speaking with tongues.

We were, of course, all greatly interested. Rev. J. O. McClurkan, the President of the College was not at all sure of the genuineness of it all; he gave Brothers Pinson and Rogers permission to preach and explain it all. I am now 83 years of age, but all of this is as vivid in my mind as if yesterday. It was not hypocrisy. There was genuine sincerity. Many seekers were in evidence -- fasting, praying and seeking. After praying and seeking for hours or days, often the seeker would become unconscious and lie "under the power" for hours. Finally, when they came through, they were hilariously, as they said, speaking with tongues. Among these were "interpreters." This, as they said, was not unknown tongues but, according to the interpreters, living languages. The interpreters were given supernatural knowledge so they could determine the language: Chinese, Japanese, in dialects, etc. Most of these were students in the college studying and preparing for their various fields. Now to suddenly, miraculously obtain the language of their field and be able to go at once with no further preparation was no small thing.

About 17 of the students obtained the languages of the various fields. Of course, there could be no mistake for the "interpreters," under the power of the Holy Ghost, had designated the field. However, during all the tenseness of this, the President, Rev. McClurkan, and many others were skeptical of its genuineness. And as suggested, those who had thus obtained were not compromisers; such as Mollie Jones, Annadean Cole, John and Ollie Todd were devout. However, the time arrived and they began to take their departure to their various fields.

Then came a time of tense waiting. If they had what they professed, it was real, and if not, spurious. Well, we waited. But the waiting was not too long. Letters began to come from those who had gone and horrors; not one could speak the language where they had gone. After a short time, they one by one began to return. They were confused, bewildered and downcast. As far as we ever knew, not one of them who went to the mission field, stayed on the field, and they dropped out of Christian work entirely. Finally they were lost sight of.

We soon lost sight of Brother Rogers, one of the two who went to Memphis. In the mean time, I had come to Chattanooga and Rev. M. M. Pison, the other of the two who went to Memphis, came to see me. He was bewildered. He said these exact words as well as I can remember, "Brother Tidwell, it was all a mistake. Delusion; not one had anything." Brother Pinson was a strong character and preacher, but we soon lost sight of him.

Anyway, the movement spread. As we understand, they changed some of their teaching. They said, "It was not exactly like Pentecost, but like the Church at Corinth. Simply an unknown tongue. The tongues has now lost its glamour in many places, healing is substituted. We fear largely spurious healing. Soon after we came to Chattanooga, it came to our city.

I can give the names of the ministers who conducted the tent meetings here. Some of their names are prominent now. We have had some sad experiences with them. Two of the finest folk we ever knew came in contact with them and, of course, were told they did not have the Holy Ghost because they did not have the "Bible evidence" of speaking with tongues. Both of these, who undoubtedly were filled with the Holy Ghost began seeking. One sought for about two years. He was one of the greatest Christian workers I ever saw. He finally obtained, as he said, but became abnormal. If he went to church, he would be muttering some strange gibberish. His wife finally died, and he refused to permit her burial until the authorities had to take over. He finally died.

There seems to be some devout people among them. Dr. W. B. Godbey, the great pioneer holiness preacher, attended their meetings pretty well all over the world. He spoke about 17 languages. He would speak in some language, and they would tell him he was speaking in an "unknown tongue." Dr. Godbey has preached a lot for me and he declared it was a form of "devil hypnotism." He felt he should warn the people against this, and this he did 'til he triumphantly went to heaven.

The Church at Corinth, while they were, not sanctified but carnal, did have some kind of special blessing which they did not understand and required an interpreter to do so. In Acts 19,:11 we read, "God wrought SPECIAL miracles by the hands of Paul." Webster says, "Special is designated for a definite purpose." Time limited. The healing by Peter's shadow, the sending of handkerchiefs and maybe these non-understandable utterances at Corinth.

Anyway, we do have some examples of this in the Bible. We mean "Special miracles." Take Mt. Sinai when the law was given. There we had the smoke, the fire, the quaking and all these passed, but we had the law. Then at the birth of Jesus, we had the angelic chorus, the wise men, etc. All these special miracles passed, but we had Jesus. Then at Pentecost we had sound like a might wind, the cloven tongues of fire that sat upon each of them and the living languages. There were people out of every nation under heaven there, and God gave those Galileans the languages so that all heard in their own tongue. No unknown tongues there. But the sound, the fire passed. No one as far as we know seeks that now. So while these passed and we may not have all these now, we can still make the entire consecration, which means a great deal, say that last "Yes" and God will baptize us with Holy Ghost fire. Special miracles of Sinai may pass; special miracles like the birth of Jesus are no longer; and outward manifestations like at Pentecost no longer are in evidence, but we do have the moral law, the blessed Jesus, and can have today the glorious experience obtained at Pentecost which will crucify the old man, give us a pure heart and fill us with Divine, perfect love.

I am now 83 years of age and feel my little day will soon be over. God sees every word I have just written and He knows every word of this is as true as if I were dying now. I only write this in order that some confused soul may be helped

Yours in Him,
W. M, Tidwell

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BIBLE MISSIONARY CHURCH TO ENTER NEW FIELD IN NEW GUINEA

[Open the Graphics\hdm1729.jpg file to view a picture of Rev. & Mrs. Hubert Bankston.]

At the last General Board meeting it was unanimously decided to open a new missionary field in the wild Highlands of New Guinea. Rev. and Mrs. Hubert E. Bankston of Jasper, Alabama were placed under appointment to New Guinea. Brother Bankston has been an Elder in the Bible Missionary Church since the early days of the Church, He holds a Master's Degree in the field of

Education and has had many years experience as preacher, teacher and school administrator. Best of all the Bankstons are good old-fashioned spiritual people. Brother Bankston will be doing deputation work through this summer. We will need about \$5,000.00 for fares and equipment for the Bankstons. Anyone who can send any offering for this purpose please mail it to the General Treasurer, Rev. L. P. Roberts, 1915 S. Perry Way, Denver, Colo. Mark it For The Bankstons or New Guinea. The Bankstons will be opening a new field where there is no other holiness work. They expect to leave for the field immediately after the General Conference. Please pray much that the needed funds will be received and pray that God will make the Bankstons a blessing in that needy mission field.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

GRUMPY, THE FROG

Becky sat on the top porch step, her lower lip drooping in a sullen pout. Grandfather stood in the doorway and milked his chin several times as he surveyed the situation.

"Ahem!" he went as the child lifted her pretty face and silken head toward him.

"You poutin' again, Becky?" he asked, a hurt look in his eyes.

"You just don't understand," the blue eyed girl said in self pity. "Debbie won't play what I want to play again."

"Well now, that's not so bad. In fact, it may be good, Rebecca Rose," the kind man said.

"Good? Grandpa! What could be so good about that?" she said stubbornly as she stamped her foot indignantly.

"Rebecca Rose, come into the house this minute," Mother called. "We don't ever talk to our elders in the way you just talked to your grandfather."

"I . . . I'm . . . sorry, Mother," the child said meekly as she saw the thin willow switch in Mother's hand.

"You go to Grandfather this minute and apologize, then come right here to me. The Bible says 'foolishness is bound in the heart of a child but the rod of correction driveth it far from him.' You've been very stubborn recently and I know a way to help sweeten you up a bit," and Mother stood by the kitchen sink waiting.

A short time afterward Grandpa entered the sunny kitchen saying, "Mind if I take Becky with me down to the pond today, Ellen?"

"That would be wonderful," his daughter replied, "but you're sure it won't be too much on you, dear? She's been so tart with you today and it bothers me. She loves you greatly and her actions distress me."

The silver haired man came close and laid his hands gently on his daughter's shoulders as he looked into her sweet, pretty face.

"Ellen," he began, "you're on the right track. Keep praying with Becky and . . . and . . . use the rod whenever it's necessary. She's going to make a good, godly woman like her mother. Remember, Mother and I raised five little girls of our own!" and he patted her cheeks tenderly. "She's learning and being molded as our own Ellen was, and look at the finished product today."

"Oh, Daddy," Ellen said tearfully, "you're such a wonderful father! How could any of us have been anything but Christians and good, after having the most wonderful mother and father in the world!"

"Now! Now!" the elderly man said, leaving the kitchen with Becky's hand in his big, steady one.

"Where are we going, Grandpa?" the child asked, her old sweet self again.

"Down by the pond to enjoy God's marvelous handiwork. There's something there I want you to see."

"Oh, good! I like to see new things," Rebecca said joyfully as she skipped by Grandfather's side.

"Now we'll sit real still and be unusually quiet, honey, or we'll not see what I want you to see," Grandfather said as they both sat on a fallen tree trunk at the edge of the pond.

"Why have the froggies stopped singing since we're here?" the girl asked in childlike curiosity.

"They hear us, but if we're quiet they'll begin again in a little while," Grandpa explained.

For a long time the two sat in profound silence, enjoying the warm sunlight as it fell on their backs. Rebecca watched a dragon fly flit lazily above the water's surface then dart quickly in an opposite direction.

"He looks like a tiny airplane," she giggled softly to Grandfather.

Suddenly, from across the old farm pond, a tiny frog began singing its mating song and was answered by dozens of others. They sang with such volume until it almost deafened Rebecca.

"I like to hear them," she commented. "I like lots of noise."

"None more truthful than a child," Grandfather thought; then, almost as suddenly as the chorus of frog voices had begun, they ceased, and again all was still and quiet around the pond.

"See, Rebecca!" Grandpa whispered, pointing to the biggest lily pad in the middle of the pond. "That big frog! See him?"

"Look, Grandfather!" the child said softly but excitedly as she stood to her feet.

"That's what I wanted you to see, honey."

"But but . . . Grandpa, what's he "doing?" the astonished girl asked.

"Oh, he's just wanting his own way all the time. He thinks he's boss over this pond. Notice how the other frogs never go too near him when they see him. I call him Grumpy! Many, many times I've watched him as we're watching him now, and always the same thing happens. He sits on that lily pad like a king on his throne and, should any of the other frogs dare to come near him, he . . ."

Just then Rebecca heard a harsh, coarse "herrumph" that seemed to come from way down deep inside Grumpy's throat. All the other frogs went diving deep into the pond away from the fierce sounding frog.

"See what I mean, Rebecca? Poor Grumpy! He has no friends simply because he is forever grumbling at all the other frogs. He wants to be boss and always have his way, but he's the loser in the long run. Notice how he sits alone -- always alone? While the other frogs are having such a gay frolicsome time in the water with each other, and around the water's edge, he sits there grumbling, and like he's pouting. None of the other frogs care to come too near him! That's too bad when he could be having such a wonderful time by not always wanting to be boss and have his way."

A long moment of silence elapsed as the astonished girl sat in spellbound observation, then, very meekly she put her arms around Grandfather's neck as she said softly:

"Grandfather, I see it all and I'm very sorry. I never realized until now! I hear Susan and Miriam laughing with Debbie under the maple tree, perhaps I'd better join them too."

"That would be a grand idea, honey," the man said brokenly, "and always remember -- to have friends we must be friendly and forget self -- always put others first. This is the lesson Jesus taught and the example he set before us."

"I'll see you -- dear. dear Grandfather! You're the best in the world. But I must run along now and get caught up on this sharing business; I've been selfish too long. Bye, Grandfather! I love you," and she planted a hasty kiss on the wrinkled cheeks.

Like a chorus from Heaven, the frogs broke simultaneously into song. She turned and cast a long, loving look in their direction, then, hair blowing in the breeze, she disappeared beneath the

cool branches of the maple tree and her soft, melodic laughter floated down across the pond and mingled happily with the frog voices.

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THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING WIFE AND MOTHER

By Mrs. Paul E. King

Some strive diligently to achieve fame, popularity, and stardom; still others are searching for wealth and have an insatiable desire after having acquired thousands, yea, millions, and go in quest of more; while still others have no goal nor objective whatever in life.

My goal, though it may not bedazzle the human eye, nor even be desired by the multitudes of women, has been placed before me by the Holy men of old who, moved by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost wrote accordingly:

"I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." I Timothy 5:14

"Teach the young women... 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 2:4-5

Being a wife is a very special vocation. It brings many responsibilities, many joys, and many privileges. Often the lot of a wife seems hum-drum and prosaic; but to me it is neither. Quite the contrary is true, for it is a most fascinating and diversified vocation. .Sometimes it is tiring and demanding; more often it is exciting and stimulating and unpredictable, which is why I like being a wife! Life consists of 'bitter-sweet' contrasts which only add to the fascination and awe inspiring role of being wife and mother. I love my lot; and the part which I play classes me among the most important peoples on earth, so far as my immediate family is concerned. Who else would cook three meals a day, sew on buttons, darn socks and keep a house cozy and clean! This is not, however, the only, nor the main reason I enjoy my role: Simply to know I am loved and needed is most gratifying and rewarding.

As a wife, the duties and obligations are lovingly centered about the husband; while that of mother centers around the entire family, especially the offspring.

Mother! What beauty, what comfort, and solace in that name! What tears! What night watching! What solicitude! What self-denial! What joy! What pure affection are included in that name! She literally dies for her children. To them she gives all her thoughts and powers of mind and body. It is not to be wondered at that when writers have desired to convey some adequate notion of the love of God for His universe, they have always asked us to look upon a mother and her child. In that attachment we find all the heights and depths of sentiment, and when human thought has compared God to a loving, kind, and good mother, it can say no more -- its richest emblem is exhausted.

The name of mother is our childhood's talisman, our refuge and safeguard in all our mimic misery. It is the first half formed word that falls from a babbling tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first, the fondest and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man.

A mother's love is not a feeling of yesterday or today: it is from the beginning the same and unchangeable. It is a pure and holy emanation from heaven, implanted in the breast of woman for the dearest and wisest purposes, to be at once her truest and most sacred pleasure, and the safety and blessing of her children.

'Tis not selfish passion, depending for its permanency on the reciprocation of its advantages; but in its sincerity it casts out itself, and when the welfare of her offspring is at stake, it puts away all fear and knows no weariness. It watches over our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity of a guardian angel, anticipates every childish whim, humors every childish fancy, soothes every transient sorrow, sings our sweet lullaby to rest, and cradles us on its warm and throbbing breast, and when pain and sickness prey upon the fragile form, what medicine is there like a mother's kiss, what healing pillow like a mother's bosom!

And when launched upon the wide ocean of a tempestuous world, what eye gazes upon our voyage with half the eagerness as that of our mother?

When the rugged pathway of life has been nobly and bravely trodden -- when prosperity has smiled upon us -- when virtue has upheld us amid the world's temptations -- virtue which she herself planted in us -- and when fame has bound her laurels round us, is there a heart that throbs with greater pleasure?

Yet, it is not prosperity, with her beguiling beauty and smile, that tries the fervor and purity of a mother's love; it is in the dark and dreary precincts of adversity, amid the cold frowns of an unfeeling world, in poverty and despair, in sickness and in sorrow, that it shines with God given brilliance, and, stifling the secret of its own bosom, strives but to pour balm and consolation on the wounded sufferer: and the cup of misery, filled to overflowing, serves but to bind them more firmly and deeply to each other, as the storms of winter bid the sheltering ivy twine itself more closely round the withering oak.

It was Beecher who said, "A babe is a mother's anchor." What significance and beauty in this short sentence! No power can break the spell which a good mother throws around her child. He may wander away from home, and may even seem for awhile to forget a mother's prayer and a mother's kiss; but somehow and somewhere that lovely face and fond caress will flash upon the mind.

John Randolph said: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was that my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

If the mother be true and pure, and interesting and gentle, she will ever live in the memory of the child as the model of all that is to be desired in the female character; and, as mother, never forget, you wield a power which, by the blessing of God, can lead the child to a Home in Heaven.

My role as wife and mother challenges me daily; and, as I pray daily for new insight into the ever increasing and varied tasks and problems, I can say, through Christ, I love my role and consider it a most blessed one. Woman, alone, has been chosen and honored of God to not only carry, but bring forth, not only a babe, but a soul. AS such, we are in debt to steer that soul toward Heaven and high objectives. Yes, I love being both wife and mother, and consider it a calling of the highest type.

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THE END