

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 2000 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this CD.

MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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

* * * * *

Digital Edition 08/19/2000
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

WHY I BELIEVE THE FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF A SOUL IN HELL IS EVERLASTING
By Elbert Dodd

Scripture: Matthew 25:46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

This scripture is taken from Jesus' last message to His disciples. He said when the Son of man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory. He will judge the righteous and unrighteous, and He says in this scripture that the unrighteous shall go away into everlasting punishment. I believe that the punishment of a soul in hell is eternal because the soul of man is eternal. God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul. This breath came from God and is as eternal as God is eternal. The soul of man will live as long as God lives.

Second, I believe that the future punishment of the wicked in hell is eternal because God's eternal Word says it will live forever in hell. God did not prepare hell for man. He prepared it for the devil and his angels, but man broke God's law, chose to follow the devil, and of course, there is only one place for him: to go -- that is the place where the devil lives. I am happy because I have a simple faith to believe all of God's Word, from Genesis to Revelation.

Third, I believe this punishment is eternal because God has spoken. In Daniel 12:2 we read: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." And then in Mark 9:43-48 three times Jesus said: "...into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." And then in Luke 16:26 "And beside all this, between us and you: there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."

Then Jude 12 and 13: ".. twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." Then again in Revelation 14:1011: "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name." Again in Revelation 20:10, "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Then in Mark 3:29, "... eternal damnation." Hebrews 6:2, "... eternal judgment." Jude 7, "... vengeance of eternal fire." Matthew 18:8, "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." Surely if the Bible teaches anything, it teaches that the unconverted wicked will be tormented forever and ever in an eternal lake of fire and brimstone.

There are so many false doctrines today. Some teach annihilation. Some teach there is no hell, but Jesus Christ, the Son of God, taught there was a hell, and that this hell is everlasting. Friends, the only way to escape it is to look to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and be saved from the wrath to come. I am happy today to say "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains." Look to Jesus today. Believe on Him and be saved. If you refuse His Word, His teaching, His blood, you will be lost and will burn in hell for ever. This is not a pleasant thought. It is not a pleasant doctrine, but it is God's eternal truth that is as eternal as God and as eternal as eternity. So, if we are going to believe God's Word, we must believe that the torments of hell are forever and ever.

* * * * *

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"However dangerous, subtle and damaging fanaticism is, yet it has not ruined God's cause as formalism has. Where the former has slain its thousands, the latter has slain its millions." -- J. G. Morrison, page 150, Achieving Faith)

"To this day, I have abundantly more temptation to lukewarmness than to impetuosity." -- John Wesley

* * * * *

EDITORIAL
By Spencer Johnson

THE RUGGEDNESS OF HOLINESS

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously appareled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea. I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of Gad is greater than he." (Luke 7:24-28)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (John 12:24)

There is a refreshing ruggedness about a real experience of heart holiness that stands out in bold contrast to this soft, vitiated, luxury-loving, hollywood-fashioned, pleasure mad, flabby generation.

Holiness is rugged in its initiation. Jesus Christ suffered without the gate and shed His blood to pay the price that He might sanctify the people. But men must die to themselves and present their all if the cleansing merits of the shed blood of Calvary's Lamb is to be applied to their account. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." -- (Romans 12:1-2). The eternal fact is that self must die before the moral image of God can be restored in the soul of man. Few people have died to self. J. B. Chapman once said that not more than 20% of the people who profess holiness really are sanctified. There are far too many professors who are light, chaffy and fickle. How can one be dead to the world, and yet get over on the world's territory, enjoy its pleasures, fellowship with the ungodly, imitate its fashions? The bane of the holiness movement is professing folk through before they get the blessing. Far too many are satisfied with a pretension, a profession with a false experience. When the storm comes, it will pay to be solidly anchored to the Rock. "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." (Matthew 11:12)

Holiness is rugged in its requirements. If self had to die to get sanctified, then it must stay dead to keep sanctified. The life of holiness is a life of self denial. "And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the--same shall save it." (Luke 9:23-24) If one would keep the victory he must discipline himself. Nothing can take the place of regular, systematic seasons of secret intercessory prayer. There is no other way to keep the world from creeping in. J. G. Morrison used to tell how they had to keep constant vigil to keep the fires burning in the sod hut during the cold winter nights in Dakota lest the frost creep in. He used this to illustrate the ever present vigil that the Christian must maintain to keep the world from creeping into his heart.

Paul declares that he kept his body under. Not the carnal mind, for it is to be destroyed, but his physical body and desires must be kept in check. Adam Clarke says this alludes to a wrestler who hits his antagonist in the eyes and trips him and causes him to fall, "and then keep him down

when he was down, and having obliged himself to acknowledge himself conquered make him a slave. The apostle considers his body as an enemy with which he must contend; he must mortify it by self denial, abstinence and severe labor; it must be the slave of the soul, and not the soul the slave of the body, which in all unregenerate men is the case. Had this heavenly man lived in our days, he would by a certain class of people have been deemed a legalist; a people who widely differ from the practice of the apostle, for they are conformed to the world, and they feed themselves without fear," (Clarke's Commentary, Volume VI, page 241)

In this age of materialism we spoil so easily to luxury. There is danger in permitting one's desires to get beyond his means. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. (I Timothy 6:9) The margin between a life of luxury and a life of worldliness is so narrow that it behooves one to be temperate even in legitimate things and keep his desires simple and few.

Some who profess holiness live so luxuriously that they borrow to pay their tithe and seldom ever make a sacrificial pledge, and when they do it seems easy for them to forget their pledges. If they were as careless about their relations with the business firms with whom they deal as they are about the pledges they made toward the work of God, they would be in the penitentiary.

The most tender place about some men is their pocket. It is the height of meanness to look God in the face and say "One tenth Thine and nine tenths mine." No one gives God a single penny who does not give more than a tenth. God says, "The tithe is mine." Under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, all we have is the Lord's. John Wesley feared the day when the church would become rich. And George Fox feared the time when the churches would have steepled meeting houses.

A preacher whose wife and daughters possess dozens of pairs of shoes each and scores of the latest fashioned dresses will find it hard for the people to believe that he is sincere when he preaches on sacrifice.

Some will preach that people are not to adorn themselves with gold or pearls, and completely ignore the rest of the verse which says, "or costly array." (I Timothy 2:9) We could evangelize the world with the money spent for luxuries by the modern holiness churches. When we pamper our appetites and must have the finest and best of everything, then we place ourselves in grave danger of selling Out to maintain such a standard. The Bible bears no record of the return of any who sold out for material gain.

"Many things are weights that are not sins; and if we are to run fast we must run light, and if we are to do any good in this world we have to live by rigid control and abstain from much that is perfectly legitimate, because if we do not, we shall fail in accomplishing the highest purposes for which we are here. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life if his object is to please Him that has called him to be a soldier." (Alexander Maclaren)

Holiness is rugged in its opposition to sin and evil. Elijah, the radical prophet of God, rebuking the wicked, weak, vacillating, pusillanimous, petticoat-governed Ahab is a graphic picture of God's holy opposition to sin. The brave, undaunted Tishbite is a type of every true holiness preacher through the ages -- boldly declaring the truth; uninfluenced either by fear or

flattery and scorning all compromise. Believing with the apostle, "If I please men, I am not the servant of Christ." Multitudes will listen long enough and patiently enough to general expositions of the truth; to general denunciations of sin; but they resent the naming of specific sins -- the faithful rebuking of the darling sin. Herod listened to the stern preacher of the wilderness as long as he confined his message to the general theme of repentance. But when he came to speak pointedly of Herodias, "It is not lawful for thee to have her;" then the storm gathered on his countenance and the outspoken preacher was sent in chains from his presence. Oh that there were more Tishbites among us -- fearless reprovers of all false and wrong doing; who unflinching and undeterred by the world's fashion and opinion, would unsparingly lash the conventional fallacies and sins of the times, whatever these may be! Holiness can no more mix with sin than oil with water or light with darkness. "Prophet of God, arise and take with thee the words of wrath divine, the scourge of heaven, to shake over yon apostate swine."

Holiness is rugged in its endurance. Devils and wicked men through the ages have sought to quench the light of holiness, but still it shines on. The prophets of old are examples and encouragement for us today. Take up the faith! They endured as seeing Him who is invisible. They loved not their lives unto the death. They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. Many precious saints have been taken from the church when it seemed they were needed most, but the God they served still leads and guides and gives assurance of a glorious future for all who shall endure to the end. In spite of the dark clouds that overshadow us even today, the sure word of prophecy is that the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Then shall they shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. If death comes before the coming of the Lord, then we shall triumph by His grace and our faith and trust in Him will not waver. John Wesley said of his sanctified Methodists, "Our people die well."

The dark clouds of the tribulation are gathering, but we look for Jesus to come and expect Him to deliver us in the very hour when the darkness begins to come.

"Then lonely one, lift up thy head, array thee for the feast.
He that hath tarried long is near, the glow is in the east.
Oh Morning Star, so soon to lead thy chosen one away--
Oh Sun of Righteousness, bring in the everlasting day!

Then welcome, twice welcome, ye tokens of God!
What else but His coming can comfort afford?
What presence but His set this prisoned earth free?
Oh Star of the Morning, our hope is in Thee!"

* * * * *

THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me,
I cannot choose the colors
He worketh steadily.

Oftimes He weaveth sorrow,
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

-- Author Unknown

* * * * *

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

SWALLOWS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE

The earth lay clean and peaceful, having been freshly bathed by an early morning spring shower. The young apple and peach trees were bursting out all over in pretty pink and white blossoms while the robins worked industriously at building nests and finding the longest, fattest worms for their breakfast; ever singing joyously and happily.

Dawn, her hands working busily at setting out the last onion sets, planting more lettuce and carrot seeds, glanced heavenward as a robin perched on the topmost branch of a tree directly above her and sang so lustily that it seemed his throat would burst. An unguarded tear rolled carelessly down her fair young cheek and dropped in the onion row. A feeling of homesickness and yearning engulfed her and she worked the more furiously, trying to bury her thoughts with the pungent onion sets.

"Dawn! Sissy!" A small, well modulated voice called sweetly, "I want Mommie! Sissy, I want my Mama."

"Coming, Dorris, honey," and Dawn dropped her work and hastened to the neat kitchen of the old farmhouse where she gathered the tiny bundle of five into her arms, kissing away a river of tears at the same time.

"I want my Mommie," again the soft voice said, pleading sadly.

"I know, sweetheart! I do too." And Dawn set in the well worn rocker, cradling the dainty form of her beloved sister in her own young arms as the tears flowed freely. Then, quickly collecting herself, she brushed her tears aside and said pleasantly, "Honey, Mother's in Heaven and, oh, she's happy! So happy! She's seen Jesus and is with Him all the time. She can never come to us but we can go to be with her, dear. Now no more crying. It would grieve Mommie if she saw us crying so."

"But I want my Mommie!" Dorris said again.

"Remember what she said before she left us?" Dawn asked, folding the fair Dorris more tightly to her and trying desperately hard not to cry herself. "Mother told all of us not to cry because she was leaving us for awhile; she said she'd see us again. She saw Jesus, honey! In fact, Jesus was right here in our house; Mother said He stood by her side and told her He wanted her to live with Him in Heaven. Mother is happy, honey. Very, very happy and someday you, Daddy and I will be going to see her and then we'll all be together -- all the time. Won't that be wonderful?"

"Where is Daddy?" Dorris asked, suddenly brushing away her tears and sitting upright.

"He's milking the cows and doing the barn chores. He should be in for breakfast soon," Dawn answered brightly, adding tenderly as she placed her sister down on the floor, "Run along now and get your shoes on. Bring me the brush and I'll brush your pretty hair till it shines. Daddy will think indeed that he has a Goldilocks for his very own." And the happy child ran gleefully to her bedroom, laughing softly, "I Daddy's girl! I Daddy's girl."

That afternoon, as soon as the dinner dishes were washed and put back neatly in the big cupboard, Dawn gathered a sleepy Dorris into her arms and sang softly to her as she rocked back and forth in the rocking chair.

"Sounds like Mama," Dorris said, half asleep, half awake.

"Mother's looking on and watching us, dear. I know she is, for sometimes I feel her very near to me. Now go to sleep and may the Angels kiss you while you sleep." And Dawn placed a tender kiss on the soft cheek lying so peacefully on her bosom. She heard, too, the deep, soft breathing and gently placed the child in her bed.

Noiselessly she slipped out the kitchen door to the henhouse and, after gathering the eggs, she sat on the big stone step that led into the feeding stalls of the horses where she had a commanding view of the valley as it sprawled out before her. She saw the cows grazing peacefully and contentedly in the lower meadow and watched as the many new born lambs skipped, frisked and played with each other. She saw a strip of land carpeted yellow with dandelions and buttercups, and she knew that soon the daisies would be bursting out in blossoms and bloom, for she had many times brought Mother a bouquet from the same strip of land. Tears smarted her eyes and stung her cheeks. Suddenly she felt a strong, kind hand laid gently on her shoulder.

"Daddy! I'm... I'm... sorry you caught me crying! Forgive me! Mother wouldn't want it and . . . and ... I . . . know it's . . . dreadfully hard . . . on you," Dawn sobbed.

"That's quite all right, honey," the kind man said softly, tenderly, as he put his arm about the shoulder of his oldest child.

"This has been a keen disappointment to all of us, dear," he said with bowed head, "but God is good and makes no mistakes, so we must never question His doings. Someday He'll make it plain to us though now we can't understand. But look, Dawn! Look!" he said, pointing to the old rafters on the barn shed. "The swallows are here! See! They're repairing last year's nest! Spring is indeed here! Oh! Dawn, my child," and a far away look came into his tired looking eyes as he continued, "she's close to me yet, and so very dear! Every year about this time, when the blue winged swallows would return we'd sit on this step to listen and watch. 'Daddy,' she'd say softly, as only your Mother could, 'Truly death is not the end; there's a glorious resurrection day coming! Just look at our swallows! All winter long the earth seemed dead and bleak, but with spring comes the swallows, the leaves, blossoms and life! Look, Dawn! See how those two birds seem to be talking to each other and planning for their little babies! Just as surely as the swallows are over the countryside and come back every spring to raise their young in the nests under our barn shed, even more sure am I that we shall soon be dwelling eternally with Jesus and your mother. To the Christian death is only a stepping stone that connects earth to Heaven, and they who remain true and faithful to Christ shall inherit eternal bliss and happiness in Heaven."

"I know, Daddy!" Dawn said seriously. "This morning while in prayer I told the Lord I was going through with Him. Ever since He saved me four years ago I have had a purposed heart like Daniel."

"Did your mother ever tell you how you got your name?" the father asked, looking over the green meadow.

"No," the dark haired girl said. "I shall tell you then. Dawn," he said, "you are not much past twelve and already you have had more responsibility thrown upon you than many an eighteen or nineteen year old girl; but you have met every expectation your mother and I have ever had for you. You see, when you were sent into our home you were only a tiny, pink bundle of six pounds and eight ounces. You looked delicate and almost fragile. Mother and I thought of name after name for you but none seemed fitting for you. One morning as Mother lay in her bed with you in her arms she saw a glorious sunrise and watched the dawn of a new day being born. 'I know her name, dear' she said, touching me lightly on my arm. 'We'll call her Dawn! She has been like the beginning of a new and even happier day for us.' So we called you 'Dawn' -- our brightness, our beginning and our sunshine."

"How beautiful!" the child said softly as she heard the swallows making bird talk to each other, then dart gracefully out into the open after gnats, flies and insects for their supper. "I must go, Daddy. I have some of Mother's dried beans on the stove cooking and I don't want them to burn."

"You've done an excellent job, my daughter," her father said proudly, "and after Aunt Mary gets here you'll not have it so hard."

"I'm happy, dear Father. Happy that I am able to work and happy that the dear Lord left you here for Dorris and me to have. I love you, Daddy," and she placed a childish kiss on his bronzed cheek ere she cast one long look after the industrious blue-winged swallows and ran happily to the kitchen.

She would meet Mother again and fly into her waiting arms on the resurrection morning or meet her in the rapture in the skies! The swallows had returned and just so surely -- yea, more so would their family circle be reunited again. Softly she began singing, "I will meet you in the morning" while the golden sunbeams danced all about her and her face looked more like that of an angel than a human being.

* * * * *

FOR PARENTS ONLY

By E. W. Black

From the following story, which is based on facts, we learn why some boys and girls from God-fearing homes hate and despise the church.

In a certain city, there was a man and his wife whom we shall call Mr. and Mrs. Zebb. They were blessed with four children, three boys and one girl. Both Mr. and Mrs. Zebb were professed Christians and members of a certain church.

Mrs. Zebb took her religion seriously, and for the most part enjoyed the confidence of the entire church. In more ways than one, Mr. Zebb was a good man. He was a regular attendant at church, paid tithes, and nearly always testified when opportunity presented itself. However, there were two outstanding things that hurt his influence and greatly limited his usefulness. First, he had a Super-Critical Spirit, and second, he made "no bones" in airing his views. He was especially critical toward the church and its pastor. It was a very common thing for him to express his criticisms before his children.

Things went on like this for a number of years. Finally, something happened that gave both Mr. and Mrs. Zebb the shock of their lives.

It was on Gordon's nineteenth birthday. Gordon was the oldest of the children and was in his freshman year in college. At this particular time, he was at home on Christmas vacation.

For several years, Gordon had manifested little or no interest in things spiritual. Jane, his sister, who was seventeen, was following in his footsteps, as were the two younger brothers. This was very distressing to Mrs. Zebb. More than once she had mentioned the matter to her husband, and each time he laid the blame at the door of the church. Once he went into a tirade against the pastor, the young people, and the church in general.

Mrs. Zebb saw that talking to her husband about it had only made bad matters worse. She determined to say nothing more to him about the matter, but she resolved to fast and pray, and if possible to have a talk with Gordon about his soul on his birthday, which was near at hand.

It so happened that Mr. Zebb was out of town on business when Gordon's birthday arrived. After an appetizing dinner, the dishes washed and put away, Gordon and his mother met in his room by previous appointment. They had only been there a few minutes when Mrs. Zebb unburdened her heart to her son and expressed her intense desire to see him saved and united with the church.

Gordon's answer nearly took his mother's breath. "Join that church!" he said. "I would as soon have yellow fever and smallpox combined as to join that church."

"Why, Gordon! It wounds and grieves me to hear you talk like that," she replied, fairly gasping as she said it.

"Mother, if I hurt you I am sorry," Gordon said, "but why shouldn't I feel that way?"

"But, Gordon, I don't understand you. Explain yourself."

Looking his mother straight in the eyes, he said, "Mother, if I am to believe one-half of what I have heard about that church, how could I feel any other way than I do?"

"Son," said his mother, "Who has poisoned you against the church?"

Gordon looked puzzled and struggled to control himself. "I got it from you and Dad," he said. At this, the color left Mrs. Zebb's face and she turned ashen pale. Gordon continued, "Hardly a week has passed in the last ten years (when I was home) but what the church has been discussed up one side and down the other. It was either the pastor, or some of the leaders; or if it was not the leaders, it was the young people. Years ago I became disgusted with the whole thing. In fact, I hate them. And, Mother, I may as well tell the truth. Jane feels the same way that I do, and she told me since I came home that Jim and Sidney feel the same."

There was an oppressive silence, finally interrupted by a loud knock at the front door. Mrs. Zebb hurried to meet some relatives who had come to spend a couple of days. The solemn interview with Gordon was interrupted, not to be resumed, for he departed for school early the next morning.

Had the pastor, or some evangelist, told Mrs. Zebb what her son told her, she would have resented it, and besides, she would not have believed it. As it was, however, there was nothing to do but face the facts. Being a sincere, honest-hearted woman, she did that very thing, and the more she considered what Gordon had said, the more she realized that under the circumstances it could hardly have been otherwise with her children.

She began to think of other families in the church, and how one after another of their children had united with the church, but not a single child of hers had come into the fold. The more she thought about it, the more she realized how her children had been sinned against.

It is true that Mrs. Zebb was not nearly as critical, either in word or spirit, as her husband, but she did not try to justify or excuse herself, for she remembered that she had often encouraged her husband in his besetting sin by lending a sympathetic ear to his criticisms. Now and again she had even joined in with him.

As suggested, this grief-stricken mother was not the least concerned about self-justification; she was now bending every effort to undo what had been done, for to her it meant the salvation or damnation of her children. Therefore, she went down before God in deep humility and repentance, and promised God that she would confess her injudicious sin to her children and take the blame for poisoning their minds and hearts against the church. Moreover, she resolved to try to get her husband to follow suit. He did, but it was an exceedingly bitter pill for him to swallow.

Within seventeen months, all four of the children had been soundly converted and united with the church. Little by little they took their places alongside the other young people of the church, and now they are a blessing and an inspiration to both young and old.

A Changed Home

A remarkable change has come about in the Zebb family. For example, were you in the Zebb home and should start discussing church difficulties or short-comings of Christians, Mrs. Zebb would give you a gentle look of reproof, and if you failed to take the hint she would kindly ask you not to discuss such things in the presence of her children.

God knows we need more fathers and mothers who will protect their children, not only from slanderous tongues, but also from the cheap chatter of thoughtless Christians.

When David set rules and regulations for his household, of himself he said, "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." Of others, he said, "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off." (Psalms 101:2-5) Here he vows that no whispering, babbler could stay within the walls of his home.

On this point, we as parents would do well to emulate David's example. To do so would mean that many thousands of boys and girls would be saved to Christ and the Church who otherwise may be gossiped away from the Church to hell. -- The Revival Herald

* * * * *

THE END