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## **MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS**

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**THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST**  
J. E. Cook

Matt. 16:13-19

The Church that Jesus built, and is building, is the most misunderstood, most maligned, most impugned and most opposed institution of all time. It has withstood the attacks of Satan and carnal men and marched up to the gates of hell with its message of deliverance. Paganism could not obliterate it; worldliness could not swallow it up; and it has defied the claims of all men who insist they have a corner on it.

What is the Church? Who compose it, and what are the requirements for entering His Church? It is not in name only. Some have thought it was in the name they gave it. It is not in the human only, and cannot be built upon the human alone. Neither is it comprised of wood and stone and material buildings though they may be beautiful "The kingdom of God is within you." There must be a divine relationship between God and the soul of man. "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am? .... Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," answered Peter. "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter," responded the Saviour, "and upon this rock" -- this foundation of faith and divine relationship -- "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Yes, there are certain distinguishing characteristics of Jesus' Church.

His Church is made up of a "called-out" people. The word church means, "called-out." One must forsake all to be numbered among His people. "Come out from among them" is His call. Abraham heard it and began to pack up immediately. He left his kindred and his country and became a pilgrim and a Stranger. The Disciples heard the call and left all to follow Him. They left the Pharisees and Phariseism. They forsook the Scribes, the Essenees, and the Herodians. They even told John the Baptist good-bye when Jesus came on the scene. Martin Luther "walked out"

and became a Pro-test-ant. Not much protesting today. To go along, is the popular philosophy. John Wesley "stepped out" and stirred the wrath of men and devils but he started a great move of "separating from sin and the world" that continues to this day.

His Church is a Sanctified, Spirit-filled Church. They are dedicated as well as separated. See them tarrying in the upper room until their heart-life was greatly affected "purified," said Peter. Their doctrines were corrected. When the Spirit came within them to guide, teach and lead, they never did go off after every wind of doctrine. False doctrines and "tangents" are sure signs of the "flesh" and not the Spirit. It is safe to preach and teach what Jesus taught and preached. Likewise, their spirit was different after Pentecost.

They were done with wrangling, fussing, quarreling and criticizing. They were human beings full of the Holy Ghost and faith.

They were a Witnessing Church. "We cannot but speak" was their answer to the council who tried to stop them. "Ye shall be witnesses" when He the Spirit, is come, said Jesus. Satan seeks constantly to intimidate, fill with fear, and take from us this right to speak for the Lord. But one who knows is more valuable than fifty who knows about. One witness will come nearer winning the case than ten attorneys.

Jesus Christ is made up of an Overcoming People. They overcome the world with all it's pleasures, loves and ambitions. They bear the marks of a separated people. The world's fascinations did not attract them. Its fads and fashions had little interest for them. They were members of the bridehood and were more interested in the "inner adorning" which is in the sight of God of great price. They overcame the flesh -- the carnal fleshly realm of life and living, with all its seductions. They overcame the Devil and temptation and were triumphant even to death and became members of the church triumphant.

His is a Zealous Church. His cause was primary, theirs was secondary. Souls were paramount to them. Nations, cities and the countryside called them. They forsook all, gave all and invested all in answer to the call. They counted, the cost and paid it. No apologies were made and no delays tolerated. They sold their houses and lands and brought the money and laid it at the apostles feet. Churches were-built, missionaries sent out, schools started, and the church marched on. They had not just "joined," they were His. He gave unto them the "keys" of the kingdom. What a responsibility! And what an opportunity to populate Heaven. Whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.

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EDITORIAL  
By Spencer Johnson

#### THE ANOINTING OF HOLINESS

"Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." (II Cor. 1:21-22)

There are two kinds of anointing spoken of in the Bible -- physical and spiritual. Just as physical anointing is helpful to the body so the spiritual anointing makes the experience and witness of holiness real and attractive. Under the Old Testament dispensation the anointing was applied primarily to prophets, priests, and kings. The blessed Jesus was and is the Anointed One. He is Prophet, Priest and King.

The waiting, obedient one hundred and twenty received this blessed experience of holiness on the day of Pentecost and many more have been the recipients of this wonderful second work of grace since that time. The holy disciples were so much like Christ that they were called "Christians" or the "anointed ones." This anointing of the Spirit qualifies us to reign with Christ as prophets, priests and kings.

The anointing of the Holy Ghost is a cleansing experience. When vessels in the tabernacle or temple were cleansed they were anointed. When a man was cleansed from leprosy he was anointed. The only true experience of holiness is one that brings purity to the heart. Multitudes, today call themselves "holiness" and offer such signs as healing, tongues, prosperity, ecstatic feelings and so-called "miracles" as proof of their claims but they break down when it comes to plain, practical, holy living. The only real holiness is that which is attested by a heart made pure and holy through the blood of Christ applied by the Holy Ghost. It is this experience alone that enables men and women to keep sweet in trial; calm when contradicted; kind when persecuted; patient in tribulation; and loving toward their enemies. Only a heart purged from all greed and pride is willing to keep silent in the midst of strife and trust its vindication to God alone.

The anointing of holiness is the establishing grace. "To the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness." (I Thess, 3:13) The sanctified heart is established in doctrine. "That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine" (Eph. 4:14) Recently, I read of one of my old college professors who has now embraced the false and popular tongues experience. He received it through the prayers of one who lost his credentials with one church because of the break down in his morals. The Professor was brilliant and; well educated, holding a Doctor of Philosophy degree but he was never genuinely and soundly sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Head knowledge will not suffice in the stress and strain of life. It is the heart that must be established unblameable in holiness.

This anointing establishes one in Bible convictions. How faithful the Holy Ghost is to teach and guide into all truth. Many new converts, who have heard little or no preaching on standards, have been impressed by the Spirit to give up tobacco, rings, make-up, permanents, television and all worldly amusements and have been led to clothe themselves modestly. Then when they were sanctified their convictions became so established that all the fierce opposition of the world could not unbalance them. "But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him." (I John 2:27)

This anointing gives one clear vision and true perspective in regard to the kingdom of God. It was not until the blind man received the second touch from Jesus that he saw men clearly. Only a holy heart sees men in the light of eternity. Far too many have only a local vision. They cannot see

afar off. Isaiah did not get a world vision of perishing men until after he received the purging experience. The scriptural statement, "Where there is no vision the people perish" is true objectively and subjectively. Those who fail to catch the vision wither and die within just as surely as those beyond the vision and scope of the evangelizing forces of the church. Wherever the children of Israel lost the vision grid tarried too long in one place in their journey they would backslide because of inactivity and degeneracy. They lost the vision at Hazeroth and that evil weed, "contention," sprang up. At Sinai they lost the vision. In the absence of Moses, Aaron did not challenge them and idolatry crept in and they were ready to be destroyed. Again their vision waned almost on the border of Canaan and Korah; Dathan and Abiram rose up with a storm of rebellion and thus brought division and destruction.

The same is true today, No matter how spiritual a church may be, if they lose the vision and are not constantly on the move to get souls saved and sanctified these same evils spring up in their midst, namely, "contention," biting and devouring one another; "idolatry," going in for finery, dress, money and popularity; "rebellion," becoming ungovernable, hard-headed and thirsty for leadership. Herein lies the secret of most church trouble. They lost the challenge of the vision, became idle and cooled off. As long as they were challenged to reach the lost, to give for Foreign missions, to sacrifice and accept responsibility they kept the victory but when the challenge was gone and the vision blurred they began to bite and devour one another. Take heed, dear reader, how you lay aside your armor, by neglecting to take an appointment; refusing to serve as teacher, or Sunday School superintendent; or by shirking duty and responsibility. Remember, it was not until David stayed home from the battle that he yielded to temptation and fell. Do not make excuse for missing prayer meeting or not carrying your part of the load. There is no discharge in this war! May God help us to keep the vision! "Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see." (Rev. 3:18)

The anointing of holiness imparts a peculiar unction and power from God. The anointing makes a difference even in a testimony meeting. What poor witnesses for Christ are the dead, dry, stereotyped testimonies that most people give in prayer meeting, and (It is a shame to tell it.) few ever testify anywhere else!

This unction is hard to define. The colored brother, trying to define it, said, "I don't know what it is, but I know when it ain't." We all agree that we are painfully aware when this precious anointing is missing. How futile and helpless we have been when we entered the pulpit without it! This unction makes the difference between a lecture and a message from God. It is not gained by study nor by practiced eloquence. It comes only in answer to agonizing, travailing prayer on the part of the preacher or teacher. The most scholarly speaker is a failure without it, while the most ignorant, blundering backwoods exhorter is a glorious success when endued with this power from on high.

Nothing on earth thrills the heart of the preacher like the sanction from Heaven that he feels when preaching under the anointing of the Spirit. Happy indeed is the preacher who can say with Jesus Christ, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach." (Isa. 61:1)

Do you enjoy this precious anointing of holiness? The weakest, lowliest, unnoticed saint may have it! "Elijah's God still liveth And waits with great desire, And those who meet conditions He answers yet by fire!"

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## CHURCHANITY

By Lowell Foster

B. F. Haynes, (the first editor of The Herald of Holiness), was cured of "Churchanity" for ever when he shed the mantle of Methodism. His writings abound with this fact. He spent a fortune and sacrificed ten acres of the choicest land in the heart of Nashville, Tenn., in a fruitless effort to swing Methodism back to the original paths. In his book, "Tempest Tossed on Methodist Seas," he tells of-the three great epochs in his life.

First, when he discovered that Second Blessing Holiness was a reality to be enjoyed, not something to be defended just because John Wesley had placed the doctrine in the Discipline. Second, when he saw revealed in the Scripture the Pre-Millennial, Second Coming of Christ, in contrast with the erroneous Post-Millennial theory. Third, when he realized he Could make it home to heaven Without being a Methodist. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." (I Kings 18:21)

"Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
For the good -- or evil side.

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom, or blight;  
And the choice goes by forever  
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,  
When we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,  
And 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses,  
While the coward stands aside,  
Till the multitude make virtue  
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs  
Christ's own bleeding feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever  
With the cross that turns not back.

New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,  
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
Though her portion be the scaffold,  
And upon the throne be wrong:

Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above His own."

-- James Russell Lowell,  
From Northern Lights

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#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

#### THE WINDING TUNNEL

The day seemed unusually hot and humid as Knox and Bradley pulled off their shoes and waded in the cool waters of the meandering stream that wound in and out among the meadows, clover and corn fields of Grandfather's big farm.

"I know where there's a big patch of wild strawberries," Knox said to his cousin.

"Where?" Brad asked excitedly as he kicked and splashed water in every direction.

"I'll show you after awhile," Knox said. "Better roll your pant legs higher or Grandma will scold if you come in dripping wet," he added as he too sent the water flying in all directions.

"I'm soaked already," Bradley said, lifting one foot high above the water "Look, Knox! What will I do?"

"Have to hang you up to dry, I guess," the red haired cousin laughed. "Better yet, I know what we'll do," he added. "We'll go to the strawberry patch and you can stand in the sun; the wind and hot sun will dry you off pretty good."

"Wind? Where is the wind?" Brad asked, wiping the perspiration from his brow "It's really sticky and hot today."

"I know; but I believe the rays of the sun will help dry you off. Come," Knox said. "Let's get into our shoes and go after the strawberries." Whereupon both boys pulled socks over wet feet and, after managing to get their shoes on, they raced to the patch of luscious wild berries. They ate until their stomachs would hold no more; then, filling Bradley's straw hat and with hands sticky and fragrant from the goodness of the vine, the boys hurried home to Grandmother.

"Look what we brought you, Grandmother," they said gleefully as they placed the straw hat on the table.

"Wild strawberries! How nice!" the white haired lady said, gathering both grandsons into her strong arms and kissing them soundly on the top of their heads. "We shall have fresh preserves with hot biscuits, and strawberry shortcake for supper. How's that?" and she patted them gently as she continued, "I want you to go to Mr. Brower's farm and take them this vegetable soup I made. Mrs. Brower's sick in the bed and I know they'll appreciate something like hot soup."

"Oh, goody!" Bradley said. "May we go through the tunnel? Please, Grandmother?" he begged.

"Has the train gone down the track this morning?" the little old lady asked thoughtfully. "Not yet," Knox answered.

"I don't like to do this but maybe just once I'll permit you to go through the tunnel. However, you must leave as soon as the train goes down toward Centervale. It makes only one try a day and it's usually around four o'clock before it comes back again. I'll let you go under one condition." "What's that?" the boys asked. "That you don't linger by the way and never ask me again," she said sweetly but firmly.

"You're the best Grandma in all the world," Bradley said fondly.

"And the sweetest," Knox added as Grandmother's face flushed a delicate pink.

"Now, now!" she said. "Don't try to give me the 'big head'," and she laughed softly as she added, "Run along now and watch for the Little Bug."

In just a few minutes the boys raced up on the big front porch, loudly exclaiming, "It's coming, Grandma! The Little Bug's going down to Centervale now! May we go now?"

Grandmother walked to the south window where she could see the train winding its way along the hillside toward town. "Yes, you may go now, but no lingering! Do you hear? You'll have plenty of time to get back before it returns."

"I'll take my flashlight," Knox said to Bradley as he ran to the bedroom they shared and deposited his trustworthy light deep in his pocket.

"You scared?" Bradley asked as they started across the fields toward the winding tunnel.

"No, not really! But we'll make better time if we can see where we're going and it's dark inside the tunnel. It's not a long tunnel but it curves and winds. This shuts off the light from the other end," Knox said.

The hot soup was received with thankfulness by the Brower family, also two loaves of Grandmother's homemade bread and, upon returning home, arms free, limbs nimble and light, the boys climbed wild grape vines and swung for a long time on them unmindful of the time; for, with youth and health, time seems of no significance whatever.

The boys walked briskly down the rail ties of the old, well worn railroad and, as they rounded the second curve inside the dark tunnel, a shrill, loud whistle echoed and re-echoed through the tunnel.

"The train!" Brad shouted. "It's the train, Knox. What'll we do?"

"Don't get panicky," Knox shouted back, then, flashing his flashlight to the side of the tracks, he shoved his cousin tightly against the damp, black wall of the tunnel, at the same instant pushing his own slender body up tightly against the protecting wall, fearing even to breathe. In a rush the Little Bug whizzed by, so close to the shivering, shaking boys that, dared they do it, they could have reached out and touched the hard sides of the speeding mail and milk train. Its wheels rumbled and thundered in the tunnel, then, as quickly as it had entered, it was gone.

For a long time after neither of the boys moved or spoke. Knox broke the silence with a tearful:

"We almost got it, Brad, but not quite."

"I . . . I . . . know," Bradley said, quivering with fright. "We ... we... disobeyed Grandmother and... and... I'm... ashamed." "Worse than that, we sinned and broke one of the ten commandments! What does the Lord think of us?"

"Grandma's not our parents," Bradley answered thoughtfully.

"She's over us like our mother and father if they were here, but, since they're at home in the city and not here, they told us to obey Grandma and Grandpa like we're expected to obey them when we're home. I . . . I . . . feel so . . . guilty and . . . and . . . badly. We've sinned, in God's sight, and Brad, I'm going to talk to Jesus about it. I want to go to Heaven when I die and we'd not go there if anything happened to us now, for God's Word says if we break one commandment we're guilty of breaking them all. I'm going to pray." Before his cousin could make any reply he was weeping and calling on God for forgiveness. Kneeling by his side on one of the railroad ties was Bradley, tears flowing down his boyish cheeks in true penitence. The light of Heaven seemed to illuminate the tunnel of darkness as the load of guilt and condemnation was lifted from their souls and buried as far as the east is from the west.



As they came out of the tunnel into the light of day, Grandmother and Grandfather ran toward them arms outstretched and laughing joyously as shouts of praise to God ascended Heavenward.

"Forgive us, Grandma. We're sor--"

But the boys got no farther. Fondly the white haired lady gathered them in her arms, and, as tears coursed down her chubby cheeks, she said tenderly, "It's all right! He has cast your sins behind His back to never be remembered against you again, and Grandpa and I forgive too. Thank God! Thank God you're alive. Now let's be getting home. The strawberry shortcake's going to be cold, and the biscuits too."

The boys looked at each other in astonishment. So that's why Grandma and Grandpa were here! It must be five o'clock always the same time for supper! They had learned their lesson! Never, never would they go through the tunnel again.

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THE END