

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 December, 1963 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
Official Organ Of The Bible Missionary Church, Inc.**

* * * * *

Digital Edition 08/21/2000
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

**THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD, AND
THE GREATEST NEWS EVER HEARD BY MORTAL MAN**
By Elbert Dodd

Not long ago, it was my privilege to visit the field near Bethlehem where the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks the night the angel of the Lord appeared to them and made the pronouncement "I bring you good tidings of great joy."

Then we made our way by car over the route which they took to the manger in the City of Bethlehem, where we stood near the spot where our blessed Lord was born of the Virgin.

The sweetest story ever told, and the greatest news ever heard was: "And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it

came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." (Luke 2:1-18).

Surely this is the sweetest story ever told, and the greatest news ever heard -- Jesus coming into the world brought the best news to a poor, old, discouraged, defeated humanity. Jesus, the Son of God, born of a virgin, in a manger, living and dying for mankind, is mankind's only Hope yesterday and today.

This is the time of year we celebrate the birth of our blessed Lord. Let us all, as we read and remember this wonderful truth, rejoice in the fact that He came as was told by the prophets, and that he lives today, and will return to this world -- the second time -- O, to them that look for Him. Look up! His coming draweth near. The Hope, the Blessed Hope of this age is Jesus and His return.

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

APOSTATE HOLINESS

"If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do." (Psalms 11:3)

It is a sad fact that churches, though launched in the glory and power of God, have a tendency to drift into compromise and apostasy. B. T. Roberts, founder of the Free Methodist Church, stated: "History shows there never has been a church or movement that retained its original purity, simplicity and power longer than one generation . . . about forty or forty-five years."

Churches are made up of individuals and no church is any better than the spiritual condition of its membership. How do people who have had an experience of heart holiness reach a state of apostasy?

The initial experience in the religious lives of people and churches is one of holy simplicity. They believe all the Bible. From their hearts they sing: "I believe the Bible, Oh it is Divine, Heaven's golden sunlight in its pages shine." They follow it and obey its teachings without question. They are quick to make any adjustment necessary in their attitudes, conduct or appearance to keep in step with the light of the scriptures. They are loyal to Christ above and beyond all denominational loyalty. They are united in the faith and enjoy the unbroken, unfeigned, love of the brethren. In this first stage of victory they are possessed by a compassion for the lost that envisions the whole world. They must win the lost to Christ at any cost and spread the good news of scriptural holiness without considering the consequences they may suffer!

The first stage in their drift toward apostasy is a period of cooling and coasting. They move for a while and then stop. They let up in their praying and Bible reading. They find it hard to continue to give as they did in the beginning so they draw back and stop sacrificing for the cause of God. Then they lose the burden and the fire that once obsessed them in the closet and around the altar. By this time they have reached a period of arrested spiritual development.

As a result of drifting and Coasting they merge into a condition of uncertainty and confusion. They are not as definite in their experience of holiness as they once were. They may continue to testify and talk about the experience of the past but the note of a clear cut, definite, up-to-date witness to a radical experience of second blessing holiness is not heard.

Rationalism throws them into such confusion that they may turn to the formalism of ritualism or the fanaticism of tongues, rather than face the facts and die out to self and inbred sin.

The next step toward apostate holiness is a relaxing into outbroken compromise. People in this stage become worldly and in many instances return to the very things they were once delivered from. The emphasis changes from evangelism to institutionalism. In their worldliness and lack of personal holiness they ease their conscience by taking cover under the position of their church and its leadership.

Eventually the final stage in apostate holiness is spiritual blindness. God finally gives them over to a reprobate mind (Rom. 1:28), a mind void of spiritual judgment. In this condition the compromise church makes some amazing discoveries. They come to the conclusion that the church fathers were mistaken in their original stand. They now believe that such men as John Wesley, Adam Clarke, W. B. Godbey, J. G. Morrison and J. B. Chapman were ignorant or deceived.

In their apostasy they find that the things the church once condemned are now holy. Once they opposed the wedding ring and all other ornamental jewelry but now they consider it "sacred!" In the early simplicity of the Church, women who cut or trimmed their hair were considered, proud, rebellious and worldly. But now, in the apostate holiness circles, they can cut it; rat it; dye it, wig it and permanent it and still play the piano, sing in the choir or serve as boss in the parsonage. They used to believe that modesty was essential to godliness but now in professed holiness colleges young men and young women play ball in shorts and numbers of young ladies attend mixed classes in tight fitting pedal pushers. The early holiness preachers preached people into hell for watching the old silent movies, when the characters that appeared on them were more modestly dressed than most professed holiness women are today, and now the modern holiness preachers have accepted the television which is a hundred times more vile than the old silent movies ever were. In their churches they now have projectors instead of prophets, slides in place of saints, church kitchens and socials instead of prayer rooms and prayer meetings. At Christmas they relegate Christ to the realm of mythology and make the faker "Santa Claus" the hero of that sacred day. They now have calculated that the growth of the past was hindered because of the high standards, so they seek to lower them, supposing that gain is godliness. But the Bible says, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Once they disdained the applause of men but now they seek the recognition and favor of the world. They have learned to exist with worldliness within. They feel they must co-exist, so they subjugate and join the National Council of Churches while all

the time they are professing holiness!! God has said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." (I John 2: 15) "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (James 4:4)

Their next discovery is that the Bible must be interpreted for the common man so they accept the Revised Standard Version (Red Soviet Perversion) or the new English Bible that was written so as to offend no one and consequently can not convict anyone. In their apostasy they discover that old-fashioned, holiness men are "bigoted, sour, and mean" and that compromisers are "so kind, congenial and understanding."

Their most amazing discovery of all is that they can stay in the backslidden church; endorse its time-serving, leaders; support its popular program and yet keep the smile of God upon them! "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (II Thess. 2:1112) Many precious souls will read these lines and feel no concern whatsoever. They have already drifted farther than they realize. What a sad awakening awaits them at the judgment.

May God save us all from apostate holiness! Thank God! We do not have to drift with the tide or get into the vicious cycle. We can keep out of it if we will pray and fast and walk in the light and keep the fire down on our souls. "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jer. 6:16)

"Oh give me the old time religion!
Oh give me the joy I can know,
I believe in the old time religion
As our Fathers received long ago."

* * * * *

THE TIRED, BUT TRUE EVANGELIST

By George Talbert

[I have renamed this little poem with a name that I feel is more expressive of its message.
The author titled it simply: "MUSING". -- DVM]

Meetin's ended, folks in bed
Preacher waits with aching head
Station clock ticks on and on
Only five more minutes gone.

Train due in, two thirty nine
The only route to the main line:
Ticket bought no place to rest
Nerves can hardly stand the test.

Tired and weary here tonight
Tomorrow start another fight
Meet the Devil on his ground
Let him know that you're around.

You must act fresh and up to par
Starting another holy war,
Pastor and people do their bit
But for two weeks it's you that's it.

Must succeed while you are there,
To fail this once you do not dare
Two weeks to do while you are here
What the church will count for a half a year.

You must forget that you are tired
It's winning souls for which you're hired
Your reputation is at stake
And what they give is what you make.

At last the old train whistles in
To get this tired is almost sin.
Strait backed coach on this old creeper
Costs too much to ride the sleeper.

Tried hard to sleep, back hurt too bad
Turned down that church I wish I had;
That pastor's better off tonight
While I ride on he's sleeping tight.

God give me grace to fight on now
And keep my consecration vow
And thus grinds on the weary grist
Of the tired but true evangelist.

* * * * *

THE EVANGELIST
By Spencer Johnson

"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Eph. 4:11-12

One of the distinct offices of the ministry is that of being an evangelist Perhaps no man plays a greater part in the building of a real holiness church than the evangelist. The evangelist is a specialist in the field. He lays aside all other interests and devotes himself entirely to the effort of bringing God down upon a church in revival tide that revives the spiritual life of the saints, leads believers into holiness and reaches out into the ranks of sinners.

When a church ceases to be interested in its evangelists it soon ceases to be a spiritual force in the world for God. The evangelist, for the most part, lives a lonely life. He must often be away from wife and children and, like the prophets of old, live on his knees in seclusion that he may have grace and courage to denounce the popular sins of the day.

No man in any church is called upon to make greater sacrifices than the evangelist. He not only must live a life of loneliness but he has no set salary and must go anywhere for free will offerings without asking how much the offerings may be. In many places it proves that the pastor and people were neither free nor willing with their offerings. Many good evangelists and a host of good song evangelists have been forced to leave the field because of a lack of finances. The evangelist has no parsonage or utilities furnished him. He must provide his own house and bills and pay his traveling expenses as well as keeping up his family back home. If a pastor gets sick and can't preach for weeks or months at a time his salary goes on, but if the evangelist gets sick or has his meetings canceled or fails to slate solid then he is without pay unless he takes some secular job and then he would not be free to take off to hold the meetings when they do come, Christmas time is one of the hardest times for the evangelist or song evangelist. Few churches will even try to have a revival any time near the Christmas season because it is so hard to get people's minds off of material things during this time. The evangelist would be happy indeed for the opportunity to be at home with his wife and children at this blessed time of the year if it were not for the fact that the lack of finances make it bleak and barren for his children who like to receive gifts as well as other children do.

Churches will remember their pastors at Christmas. General and district moderators, missionaries and teachers will also be remembered. Let us not forget the good evangelists and song evangelists of our church during this Christmas season. Pastors could pass the plates and take a love offering for some good evangelist at Christmas time. Many of us as individuals could leave off some of the extras that we would ordinarily indulge in and send an offering to help our evangelists and song evangelists at this most blessed season when we celebrate the birth of our Christ. You will find their names and addresses on the back page of The Missionary Revivalist. Pick out some who are not pastoring or teaching or serving as moderators but who are depending entirely on the work of evangelism for their income and send them an offering to encourage them to stay on the field. May God bless our good, faithful evangelists! What would we do without them? Let us not neglect them this Christmas.

* * * * *

THE INCOMPARABLE CHRIST
Author Unknown

He came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became Son of Man that we might become sons of God. He came from Heaven, where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade. They never phone for a doctor for there no one is ever sick. No undertakers and no graveyards for no one ever dies -- no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscurity; only once crossed the boundary of the land, in childhood. He had no wealth nor influence and had neither training nor education. His relatives were inconspicuous and un-influential.

In infancy He startled a king; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book, yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the books that could be written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all song writers combined. He never founded a college yet all the schools together cannot boast of as many students as He has. He never practiced medicine, and yet He healed more broken hearts than the doctors have healed broken bodies.

He never marshaled an army, drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, yet no leader ever made more volunteers who have, under His orders, made rebels stack arms or surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of Astronomy, the Rock of Geology, the Lion and the Lamb of Zoology, the Harmonizer of all discords and the Healer of all diseases. Great men have come and gone, yet He lives on. Herod could not kill Him, Satan could not seduce Him, Death could not destroy Him, the grave could not hold Him... ..He laid aside His purple robe for a peasant's gown. He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor. How poor? Ask Mary! Ask the Wise Men! He slept in another's manger. He cruised the lake in another's boat. He rode on another man's ass. He was buried in another man's tomb. All failed but He never. The ever Perfect One -- He is the Chief among ten thousand. He is altogether lovely.

* * * * *

THE EXHORTING HABIT

By Thomas Huff

Brethren, all of us should be interested in the remarks of this good layman. He said, "Yes, we have a good man for our pastor; he has more than usual interest in his work and on the whole he is an exceptionally good preacher. But he has one fault that limits greatly the effectiveness of his ministry. He has the exhorting habit."

"What do you mean by the exhorting habit, Brother"? "Well, just this," he said, "He exhorts as many as five or six times in one service. He exhorts us usually when he announces the opening hymn, and oftentimes he stops in the singing of a hymn or gospel song to exhort some about the song we are singing. He exhorts before prayer. His announcements provide occasions for more

exhortations. He reads the scripture lesson and exhorts. And there is usually a closing exhortation after his message, or at the end of the closing hymn. In fact," he said, "he exhorts and talks so much that we are so tired of hearing his voice by the time he comes to his sermon that it is most difficult for him to get and hold our attention.

We all know that preachers unconsciously take up with habits that hinder them in their usefulness. They are after such personal matters that even our best friends would hesitate to call them to our attention. But twice blessed is the preacher whose good wife can tactfully guide him away from any habit that hinders his usefulness in the ministry. Wise indeed is the preacher that will take her advice.

* * * * *

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

Timothy dug his toes deeply into the sand as he gently filtered handfuls through his crippled fingers. He liked the feeling; it was cool and soothing to his aching joints.

A dove perched on the olive tree near him and cooed him a soft, soothing song. How far away she sounded! And how sad! Timothy stopped his playing long enough to find the shy, gentle creature with his eye. For a long time he watched the bird, wondering if she, too, was sad and hurting with pain. Not the pain that comes by being crippled but the pain that comes by not being wanted, desired, and loved. A sudden, unannounced tear coursed down his olive skin and dropped to the sand below as again the beautiful bird seemed to coo only for him. This was her third trip to the leafy olive tree for that day. A strong sense of love enveloped the boy as he watched her.

Not too far away, in one of the narrow streets, he could hear the merry laughter of the children at play, among them, his own healthy brothers and sisters. They were, undoubtedly, preparing for the great yearly celebration which was soon to take place. How he longed to see, just one time, what went on!

The beautiful dove, as though sensing the boy's loneliness and yearnings, flew to the very bottom limb and cooed and soothed as she eyed him without fear.

"Oh! I love you!" Timothy exclaimed out loud, turning his crippled body so he could watch her every move.

The dove, sensing the lad's adoration, walked to the very tip of the branch and, looking fearlessly at him, began another medley of soft cooing; then, just as quickly as she had come, with a soft whir-r-r of her gray, white wings she flew away.

"Don't leave me," Timothy begged. "I love you. Come back, little dove! Come back and talk to me," and the tears began flowing as he dug his crippled feet more deeply into the cool sand.

"Don't weep, my boy," a soft voice said just then.

"Oh! Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't mean for you to see me cry, Eli." And a radiance came into his young eyes at the sight of the aged parson.

" 'Tis quite all right, my boy. Quite all right," the white haired man exclaimed, laying an understanding hand on the thin shoulders.

"I . . . I . . . guess I'm lonely again." And a fresh volley of tears fell as the lad touched his crippled hands to the kind parson's stout, muscular arms. "It must be wonderful to be strong!" he said again, as he so often had.

"It is indeed wonderful to have good heath, my son," Eli said tenderly, "and some day soon you shall have good stout legs and arms; but what are you doing about these priceless hours now? You have much time to pray, think, and meditate. Are you making use of this time?"

The boy's face reddened slightly, then, looking the elderly parson in the face, he said earnestly:

"I have been reading the Word many hours a day, and . . . and . . . studying and memorizing it too. Listen to this!" and he quoted Matthew 5 through, to the approval of the delighted Eli.

"Good! Good! Very good, son! God is preparing you for a task far greater than any of your kinsfolk. Does your father know what you have told me?"

"No, sir. No one knows but you. Father would beat me severely if he knew." And Timothy's young body shook and trembled at the thought. "I could not stand another beating," he added softly.

"Where is your father, son?"

"I do not know," the lad said sadly. "I rarely ever see him. He is gone so much of the time. Mother cares less and less about me. Her friends all tell her I am cursed and will bring a curse upon the family."

"You are hungry?" the kind man asked, drawing a sack of food stuffs from his robe and changing the subject.

"Oh! how good it smells!" Timothy exclaimed, reaching hungrily for the sack.

"It's all yours," the kind man said. "Eat it all. There will be more for you when this is gone."

"Oh, Eli!" Timothy began, his voice breaking with emotion. "The Lord has been so good to me! He gave me salvation through His blood and sanctification through His blood and now, as though that isn't enough, He feeds me through you, like He cared for Elijah. He shall have all my life in service for Him. 'Tis the least I can do."

"'Tis a miracle indeed!" the aged Eli said, "How God led me through the broken fence into your yard, and then how you came to believe on the true God. This Christian way, though despised by our people, is the only way to Heaven, Timothy. It is a despised, persecuted way; but 'tis worth it indeed. Is it not?"

"Yes, yes!" Timothy assured, "I have never had peace of soul and mind until I found the Lord Jesus Christ. I found true happiness."

"'Twill last forever, son. If you remain true to the One our people hate and despise."

"I mean to do all I can to lead them to Him," the boy said as he ate of the good food.

"Miracles are happening every day," Eli said. "'Tis not too hard for Him to heal you when He sees fit, and I feel that day is not too far away. But," and he looked squarely at the young boy, "would you not be missed? Surely they would not permit you to do as you plan to do!" I rarely ever see Father," Timothy said sadly, "and Mother cares less and less. For days she refuses to see me. Were it not for a kind neighbor, I would remain in this very spot day and night, but she helps me into a small room on her porch at night so I'm not left to the cold winds that blow."

A look of pity came into the elderly man's face as he said tenderly, "God is watching over you, son. He will continue to lead and guide you. I am getting to be an old man and I have been praying earnestly for God to send me a dedicated, holy, young man to take up the work when my time comes to go. 'Study to show thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth.' "

"All that you tell me I shall do. I long for more knowledge of the Holy Word," and a far away look came into Timothy's young face as he continued, "I long so to get into the church and worship."

"That day will come, if you continue to have faith and believe," Eli said unwaveringly.

A new surge of faith came to the boy as he looked heavenward and, smiting his crippled hands to his breast, said tearfully, "Lord, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief! Oh, Eli! I know the Lord Jehovah's going to heal my body."

The days that ensued found the patient dove and the tender Eli making daily visits to the young cripple. Each new day his faith mounted higher and grew stronger in the Lord, his God.

One starry night, when all the heavens were aglitter and aglow with the scintillating beings and a soft, chill wind was sweeping across the hillsides, Timothy, alone in the sand, heard the noise of voices in the narrow, winding streets. First there was loud clamor, then loud, shrill music

making. He knew what it meant; this was the all night of celebration and everybody took part in its sin and festivities. The noise was now deafening and the boy longed to get away from it all. Silently he prayed; and, as he raised his eyes heavenward, he saw a star -- not an ordinary star -- this one was moving! His heart seemed to stand still with awe and wonder.

"Come, follow me and I will make you fishers of men," a gentle voice urged.

"Come?" the lad questioned, trembling all over as he saw the shining star move ever so gently across the heavens.

"Yes. Come! Follow me!" the soft pleading continued.

Without a moment's hesitation the cripple raised himself to his feet -- "by faith" the voice whispered. He was standing -- alone! No! Not alone; by faith! He began to weep for joy when again the command was spoken softly.

"Follow me. See yonder star? Keep your eye on it and follow its light until it stops."

One step forward, two, three, four . . . he was walking! No, running! He leaped for joy and ran, by the light of the star, to the church at the edge of the village and city. There the star stopped and hung suspended in mid-air, above the humble place of worship. Running in through the open door the lad cried happily, "I'm healed! I'm healed! Oh, Eli! what God hath wrought!"

The aged minister, kneeling by the altar, rose to his feet and, lifting his hands in holy benediction exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thy years with goodness. Bless his holy name!"

"I am ready now to be of service to Him," Timothy said humbly. "He shall have my most faithful service and all my years shall be His. I choose to labor here in this humble place of worship rather than the synagogue of my fathers. The Lord Jesus Christ is my Saviour. Bless His holy name!"

Outside the star shone brighter and brighter as the humble Christians began gathering into the church to worship the Christ child, their new found Lord and King.

* * * * *

THE END