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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD

By J. E. Cook

2 Cor. 6:1

What a privilege to be associated with the Lord and the redeemed in the great plan of salvation! What opportunities for investments of life and means in things eternal! What blessings and returns in this life and heavenly rewards for the faithful at the ending of life's brief day.

Paul was a tireless worker, "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides the things that are without. that which cometh upon me daily, the care of the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak?" But he never quit. And for all this, he testified, "five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep." 2 Cor. 11:24-29. It was his Master who set a like example. Jesus felt it was a MUST to be about His Father's business. "I must work the works of Him who sent me, said Jesus, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. Jno. 5:17. There was much opposition and suffering but he never let up. Some doubted him, some ridiculed him, others blasphemed but He kept working. Nehemiah was successful in his task because he would not stop working. Five times he defeated his enemies by sending them word, "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down." And the wall was finished. Zerubbabel rebuilt the temple because he refused to despise the day of small things. His hands laid the foundation and his hands finished it. He would not quit. Workers! let us not grow weary in well doing.

But Paul believed not only in working but working together. He believed more could be accomplished this way. He knew there was strength in unity. He believed in organized holiness. He rebuked the Corinthians for their divisions. Some were for Paul, some for Peter and others for Apollos; but Paul reminded them that one planted, another watered, but God gave the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one. For we are laborers together with God. Christ prayed that His disciples might be sanctified that "They all might be one." The coming of the Holy Ghost in sanctifying Dower removes the barriers to Christian unity. When a church has a spirit-filled ministry and laity it will have the strength of working together. And the world will acknowledge that they have been with Jesus because the multitude of them are of one heart.

But it is all worthwhile only when one is in the will of God. It is "workers together with God." To have the assurance of Divine approval is strengthening in the testing time. One will encounter opposition from the world and the temptation from the Devil that we have missed it, but if the call of God is clear, "this is the way, walk ye in it," it will give the strength of ten men. And His promises, Dower and rewards are compensations to all God's workmen. Let us work while it is day (opportunities) the night cometh (fast approaching) when no man can work.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the Sunset skies,
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies.

Work 'til the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more.
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

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EDITORIAL
By Spencer Johnson

GUIDEPOSTS TO SANCTIFICATION

To many precious, born again, people the Christian life is a struggle and oftimes a burdensome, laborious way. They are painfully conscious that there are yet many bad dispositions in the heart. At the same time, they know that they love God and His work and desire to serve Him only in all things. They value supremely their precious Saviour in Whom alone they are accepted. They rejoice in the riches of His grace yet they are made to morn that they follow at such a distance and learn so slowly to imitate the loving Master. They believe in an all powerful God yet they flounder in weakness. Christ is rich but they are poor. In Christ there is all that they need but the practical question with them is how to get it out.

It is to answer this question that we write. It is assumed that the seeker is a child of God, that you have a clear up-to-date experience of His pardoning grace. There must be no doubt as to your justification before God. No one but a child of God is eligible to be sanctified. "Every branch

in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (John 15:2) What makes it so difficult, for many, who start out to seek this cleansing grace is that they have not been walking in all the light which God has shed upon their pathway and consequently, are in a backslidden condition because they have not lived as good as they know to live. They have continued to profess and have not given up hope, but the Spirit of Adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father, is gone. They are in trouble and under conviction; but it is not for holiness, but that they may return to God, and be restored to His loving favor. They sometimes come under this conviction to seek holiness, and by repentance and faith get back to God. Happy for them, if they have been clearly instructed and go on at once to seek and enter into "the rest that remains to the people of God." But the starting point is from a clear experience, through the witnessing Spirit, that you are a child of God and therefore an heir to the inheritance among them who are sanctified. With these preliminary thoughts in mind we desire to offer some guideposts that may point you to a life of complete victory.

The first guidepost is a definite belief that sanctification is obtainable. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6) As a child of God you have come to know that God commands you to be holy; (I Pet. 1:15) that He wills your sanctification; (I Thess. 4:3) that Christ gave Himself for you as a part of His church -- a Christian -- that He might sanctify and cleanse you; (Eph. 5:25-27) that Jesus died just as much to sanctify you as He did to save you; (Heb. 13:12) and that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. (Heb. 12:14) You realize your need. You have been born of God and the old condemnation is gone and you have a new loving heart yet you are conscious that there remains within the carnal mind with its desires, ambitions, and passions that war against the new life. When you would do good evil is present with you. (Rom. 7:21) With this consciousness of need you have sought the word of God and found in its teachings that provision has been made through the atonement of Christ for sin and uncleanness, and that it is God's will for you to be made clean and pure. With you it is a settled fact that you need it -- must have it -- and that God has it for you and waits to give it to you. The Holy Spirit never creates hungering and thirstings after righteousness, but in order that Christ may fill the longing soul.

The next guidepost to holiness involves the entire devotement of yourself to God and a dying out to self. The consecration of yourself to God is all embracing, you are offering yourself not for usefulness or some specific service but unto God to be used as He sees best. This consecration was unconsciously in your surrender to God in the beginning, so far as yielding yourself up to be forever in the will of God is concerned and you can never fail to carry it out without forfeiting the grace which came through surrender. But now it becomes an act -- a living experience. You offer yourself as a whole burnt offering unto God, to be His holy one forever. "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." (Rom. 12:1) The things that were gain are counted loss; the things which are esteemed are counted as dung that you may know Christ and the power of His resurrection. "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) In this process you confess that you are carnal just as you confessed your sins when you came to Jesus for pardon. The carnal mind is a unit and cannot be cleansed out one trait at a time by piecemeal, if one carnal tendency still exists in your heart, they all do, and when you get deliverance from one you do from all. But seekers after holiness usually see one trait at a time, and as they confess to the bottom on

that line they feel a sense of relief and light immediately shines on some other trait and so on until all is confessed to God. The Holy Spirit will do the work, witnessing to the fact as clearly as when you were converted. When you have come to the end of your own works -- you rest, as you have reached, by the help of God -the end of your possibility.

The next guidepost is to recognize that the work is the work of God. You can do no more. It is impossible for you to make yourself holy. God must do the great work of heart cleansing. "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." (I John 1:7) You have already believed that He would do it and now you are the diligent seeker. You have abandoned everything to be made holy. You have died out to the opinions of friends, loved ones and foes. You have sold all to obtain the pearl of a pure heart. Now you realize that it is up to God to make you clean within. You have fully yielded yourself to Him for Him to complete the work. You are as "Clay in the hands of the potter." You have abandoned yourself to God to let the loving Saviour work in you His will your sanctification. With the poet your cry is:

"Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy love through every part
And Sanctify the whole."

Next you must believe God. You must rest your case upon the unfailing promise of the unchanging God. Having put your case in His hands and absolutely left it with Him, you are now to believe that according to His word He performs His work. If you have fully committed the case to Him you will have no difficulty in trusting Him to attend to it and to do it at the time it needs to be done which is now. You are not depending on how you feel or looking to see what comes to pass. You are trusting in His word and He says to you as you now walk in the light, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth you from all sin." And you say, "Yes, Lord, I believe what Thou sayest. I know that thou art truth and that Thou doest it." You seek nothing but the will of God; you rest on nothing but the word of God. Faith in Jesus crucified is the way of peace to the sinner; so faith in Jesus risen is the way of daily salvation to the saint. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." (Romans 6:6) "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6:11)

The conditions having been met, faith appropriates to the heart the merits of the cleansing blood of Christ. It is not a striving to have faith but a looking to the Faithful One.

The believing heart waits peacefully, thankfully, trustingly, expectantly with great assurance of faith, the manifestation of the presence of the Holy Ghost. This faith in the word and work of God brings the witness of the Spirit to your heart that the work is done. The witness is not some outward demonstration but a God-wrought consciousness within. "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." (Hebrews 10:14-15) He makes known His own coming. He sheds abroad His own light into your fleshly temple which He has come to fill and cleanse and make His abiding place. The obedience and trust of faith have merged into the knowledge of experience and you are resting in the love of an almighty Saviour in the joy of a complete salvation, "from all sin." No other

evidence is needed. He dwells within. "Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." (I Timothy 1:5)

"Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth --
I in Him and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth
Now and through eternity."

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MODERN MONASTICISM

By Foy Bullock

Monasticism refers to persons living in seclusion from the world under religious vows. The whole system gets its name from monks who secluded themselves, built monasteries and created a disciplined life of prayer, study and culture. The system started because the church became spiritually paralyzed by the flood of secularism. Their motive was to preserve the elements of true Christianity, but even though they did many noteworthy things, their failure to resist a growing secularism contributed to the great dark ages in church history.

Holiness movements are far removed from monastic orders, but in reality have become monastic. Many churches are as monastic as if they had built walls around them. The same faces, same routine, same fear of contamination, and same defeatism. Many holiness churches have become so occupied with their struggles they have lost the mental and social connection with the world about them. In one of my classes last year the subject of Cuba was brought up. I asked the class a question on the "Bay of Pigs Invasion." The class was rather large, but to my surprise, only a fraction claimed any knowledge of the incident even though it had been in the newspapers and other news media for almost a year. The revelation I received that day is an example of what is actually happening in many churches. What they are doing is commendable, but is largely failing to fulfill God's Will.

This monastic separation, even though it is pure, is failing in two avenues: (1) It is causing a fear of meeting the world face to face and standing up for Biblical convictions, and (2) It is isolating the churches from winning the lost to Christ.

Is there a solution? I think there is, and it is a Biblical one. It is not tearing down the walls of separation, but providing an entrance for the lost to be saved. It is not what we are doing that needs changing, but there must come an energizing. The need is not subtraction but addition and multiplication. This means a live church, praying, singing, witnessing, holy enthusiasm and zeal, and bringing the lost to church. This means a God-blessed, anointed, happy, friendly church reaching out. This means "being in the world, but not of the world," living a clean, victorious, devoted life for the Lord. This is holy separation in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. We are to be separated to God with Christian fruit and alert as to the day in which we live. Great prophetic events are coming to pass before our eyes, and yet so few in holiness churches see them. We are "buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." And

if we "have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

The solution cannot be met by just dying to the old man, for we only die to the old man to live in the newness of life, and this life is the yielding of our members as instruments unto righteousness. Any church that will yield to God in a positive demonstration of holiness in action, the Holy Ghost will enable it to grow and prosper.

Let's not pacify our consciences and professions of grace by a secluded, monastic separation, but let's put a holy separated life to work for God in touching the needy with the great deliverance of holiness.

Editor's Note: Amen!

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A SUPER SUPER-HIGHWAY

By H. A. Erdmann

Recently we traveled on one of America's super highways. Although this highway had been built only a few years ago, it had already become in disrepair and we found it necessary to take detours at several places. Traveling was quite excellent at seventy miles per hour, but quite unexpectedly we were confronted by a sign which read "Detour 1000 feet." Here was a bad washout, and we were forced to take a two-mile detour, after which we found good traveling again for several miles. But ere long we were confronted by another sign which read "Detour 1000 feet." Here we found that the highway had gotten into a bad condition by the surface being broken up. This was perhaps the fault of the builder doing shoddy work in mixing the material for the highway, or else using a poor grade material. The highway had to be rebuilt, or at least, resurfaced, for quite some distance. At other places we encountered rough places, and holes in the pavement.

So it is with our super highways, on which our government has spent millions of dollars:

Then we thought of another highway, which was built many centuries ago, by a very wise and efficient builder. The material used in the building of this highway is the very best and will never wear out, nor wash out. This highway has never needed any repair work done on it.

There is much delight and joy in traveling this highway. The scenery is superb, and the surface of the highway is good, and traveling is absolutely safe. There are some hills to be climbed, but none so steep but that all may make it over the top without any difficulty.

There is absolutely no danger of a head-on collision on this highway because the travelers are all traveling in the same direction. If one decides not to go any farther he cannot turn around and go back on the highway. He is at once put off the highway to find his way back through the jungles the best he can. No drunken drivers are ever encountered on this highway for they are not

permitted to embark upon it. No old jalopy wrecks to interfere with one's traveling, for all vehicles are entirely removed from the highway when they are no longer in good traveling condition.

The canyons are all well and securely bridged. The high, rugged mountains are all tunneled, with lights installed in the tunnels, so that traveling in the tunnels is safe. There are no blind curves or corners. All are well lighted and safety signs are posted all along the highway.

Along this highway are many places where one may refresh himself and gain rest and new strength for farther travel. Very excellent arrangements have been made for food and drink, where the Bread of Life is served, and where Living Water may be obtained to slake the traveler's thirst.

This highway was spoken of many centuries ago by a man named Isaiah, who lived in faraway Palestine, "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err thereon."

This highway may be entered anywhere in the whole world. Its terminal is in heaven right next to the throne of God.

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THERE IS A CROSS
(Luke 14:26, 27)

By Mrs. Parker Maxey

Father, Thou dost say there is a cross
That I must carry if I follow Thee;
But Lord, a cross is but a mark of shame;
No thing of beauty for the world to see.

And Father, Thou dost tell me, too,
I must forsake the world to follow Thee;
But Father, how can I forsake my friends,
What though they keep my soul from being free?

And Thou dost tell me that I must forsake
Father and mother, those to me most dear;
But Father, how can love be wrong
That ties me closely to my loved ones here?

But whosoever doth not bear his cross
And still professes that he follows Thee,
And will not let his life be lost,
That one cannot a true disciple be.

Dear Father, just to humbly walk with Thee
Is more than father, mother, houses, land;
To know the wondrous bounties of Thy grace,
The joys that come so freely from Thy hand.

And so today I gladly take the way,
Forsaking all beside to follow Thee;
And now the cross becomes a thing of joy,
Of beauty that the eye of faith can see.

And on beyond the cross there is the crown,
That crown of life, a diadem so fair,
That Thou hast promised to each child of Thine
Who leaveth all behind Thy way to share.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

GOLD IN THE HILLS

Robbie hurried down the narrow winding pathway that connected the big sprawling farm house to the barn. Noisily he bounded up the four steps to the front porch and into the kitchen that was almost as big as his back yard had been in the city. Whiskers, neither pure bred nor one hundred per cent mongrel, came panting by his side. Mother, a spatter of yellow paint on her pretty pink cheek, looked up from her job of brightening the many kitchen cupboards from a dull, dark black green to a sunny yellow.

"My! You're a noisy boy today, Robbie," she laughed, sensing the nine year old's excitement.

"Sorry, Mom! I guess I am, but I've never had so much room to roam in," and a big, happy smile played across his face as he sat on the floor near his mother.

For a long time Robbie sat still and motionless, watching as Mother smoothed the paint over the old, old cupboards and made them look like the daffodils had suddenly burst out in full bloom in the big kitchen; then, too, he dare not move lest he awaken Whiskers who, every now and then, snored softly. After awhile he said,

"Know what, Mother? I think this is the nicest place in all the world. I'm so happy Grandpa and Grandma willed it to us. I hate the city! I found a pretty little stream in the south meadow. Whiskers and me ..."

"Whiskers and I," Mother corrected, smiling.

"Whiskers and I," Robbie emphasized excitedly, "chased a brown rabbit, and it led us to the stream, and, Mother, it laughed for us -- all the time we listened! It really did!"

"I love streams too, Robbie," Mother paused and looked at her dark-haired son, "and when Daddy and I are caught up with the big redecorating jobs, we'll all go to the meadow and hear the stream laugh."

"Oh, goody! Goody!" Robbie exclaimed, clapping his hands and awakening the curious Whiskers who sat suddenly upright and twitched his loppv, long brown ears in disgust. "May I go for a hike in the woods?" Robbie asked, jumping to his feet.

"Don't go too far, dear," Mother said, "and be real careful not to step on snakes. They love to lie on rocks and sun themselves these warm days," but Robbie and Whiskers never heard the admonition about the snakes and were already racing off the porch steps to the woods in back of the old barn. This was the land of enchantment and everything about the old home place intrigued the adventuresome lad.

Mother, too, was glad this had been their inheritance, for, though they had lived here a little less than a week, already it had fastened itself around her young heart like the ivy twined around the sturdy old oak in the north pasture. One thing alone bothered her m there was no church for miles around. A sad feeling settled over her as she wondered what the farmers all around them did to receive spiritual food. Maybe the Lord had planted them here for just that purpose, she mused in her thinking.

Robbie and Whiskers, meanwhile, had vanished in the big, leafy forest. Each step he took unfolded something new and more exciting. There were the myriads of bushes abounding with luscious black raspberries or wild huckleberries, and then, all about him grew beautiful, sweet smelling mountain flowers. His boyish heart overwhelmed with thankfulness to God and dear old departed Grandpa.

"Sit down, Whiskers," he commanded the faithful dog. "We're going to pray. The Lord gave us all these beautiful things and I want to tell Him 'Thank you' from me."

Just as Robbie knelt to pray, Whiskers grabbed him fiercely by his pant leg and began tugging. pulling.,

"Hey there! What's the matter, old pal?" Robbie asked, jumping to his feet, facing the dog. Immediately Whiskers bounded to the opposite side of the rock and, getting the intruder behind the neck, he swung it, whipped and lashed it with his mighty teeth until he had broken its neck. He then ran joyfully back to Robbie who stood spellbound.

"Good old Whiskers!" he said, patting the dog on his soft furry head. "The Lord gave you that instinct. I might have died here, but God had you to see that big rattlesnake and warn me. Good, good Whiskers!"

For a long time after, the boy and his dog roamed gleefully in the dense forest, ever climbing upward where the air was cool and crisp. Never had he enjoyed anything like this. He climbed the length of a slender grape vine and dangled crazily from its side as Whiskers barked up at him in great excitement.

When, at long last, Robbie decided it was time to return home, he realized he was lost. He didn't know what direction was home, so, as he prayed silently, he kept walking.

Suddenly he saw a wisp of smoke spiraling upward and his heart seemed to skid a beat. He was near someone, he knew. He knew, too, that the Lord knew where he was and would take good care of him. Whiskers bounced forward and into a big clearing. Completely surrounded by big, whispering white pine trees was a neat log cabin. A beautiful large Collie came forward to get acquainted with Whiskers and Robbie. About the same time, a well built, middle aged man came through the cabin door, a sunny grin on his handsome face.

"Well, well! Company!" he said pleasantly. "Do come in and partake of my supper." And he took Robbie by the hand and led him into the cabin. "Quail stew tonight, son," he said, then added, "You must be starved."

"I am hungry," Robbie said happily, "and I guess Whiskers is too." And he laughed gleefully.

"What's your name?" the big man asked. "I'm Josh Ebbens and this is Master, my dog. Seems like your Whiskers and my Master are hitting it off real good," and Robbie laughed as the two dogs rolled over and over in a playful tug-o'-war.

"My name's Robbie. I'm new here, but I love all Grandpa's farm and woods and . . . "

"You say you're new?" Josh asked. "You mean you're the new folks who moved on the old Jonathan Adam's farm?"

"We moved on Grandpa's farm," Robbie said sweetly. "Poor, dear Grandpa and Grandma! They're dead! But they willed Daddy and Mother the farm and we're living on it. Oh! It's a big, big place. I came for a walk in the woods and got lost."

"Well, Robbie," Josh said kindly, "I know where the farm is but it's too late to get there tonight. You've come a long, long ways. We'll wait till morning and get an early start. You need some rest first. Good people -- your grandpa and grandma."

"They were Christians," Robbie said. "I'm a Christian too, so are my father and my mother. That's why I'm not scared. I know the Lord knows where I am."

A twinkle came into Josh Ebbens's eye and a tear coursed down his ruddy cheek as he dished a generous helping of stew on to the boy's plate.

"Know somethin', Robbie?" and the boy looked to the man as he continued, "There's gold in these hills and valleys and you, and your father and mother, and I are going to do something about digging the nuggets out. It's going to take a lot of praying, and working, and . . . and . . . weeping?"

"Praying! To get gold!" Robbie exclaimed.

"It's gold, all right!" Josh said, helping himself to some fluffy, light biscuits he had made. "You see, Robbie, I'm a Christian. For years I have prayed that God would send a couple along who would begin a church in Fairy Valley."

"Why didn't you?" Robbie asked innocently.

"I tried, son. I tried hard, but the Scripture says 'A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.' Everybody 'round about here knows me. I'm just 'Josh Ebbens,' but new folks coming in, who believe the same as I, well, things will be different! Just you wait and see!"

(What happens to Fairy Valley? Read the final chapter.)

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HE IS RISEN

By Mrs. Paul E. King

A mocking, leering, scornful crowd
Led Christ away, 'mid noises loud,
"Away with Him! and give us one
Who makes Himself not God's own son!

Blasphemy!" was the rabbles' cry,
"Away with Him, and let Him die!"
Pilate consented, and, at his word
They crucified our blessed Lord.

In shame they placed Him on a tree
Where all His nakedness might see.
A thief on either side was hung.
Pity and scorn was in the throng.

"Forgive! Forgive them!" loud He cried,
Then gave Himself, and thus He died.
The earth in strong rebellion spake.
Its rocks were rent . . . its sides did quake;

The temple vail was rent in twain
Dead men arose.., by saints were seen.

They placed Him in a borrowed tomb,
While hearts were sad and full of gloom;

But as they laid our Lord away
Within that tomb He could not stay.
For death had not the power o'er Him
This guileless One who knew no sin;

But He arose . . . the conquering One
Death lost its sting . . . the battle won!
Yes, He arose, and lives to bless
The sons of men with righteousness.

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THE END