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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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SALVATION FROM (NOT IN) SIN
By Elbert Dodd

Today we hear many voices about Jesus and His salvation. To me one of the most tragic things is to have people who say they believe all the Bible, that they believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that He was born of a virgin, lived among men, died on the cross to redeem us from our sins and sin, was buried in a borrowed tomb and arose the third day and ascended to the Father and is coming back to this world, and yet believe that He cannot save from sin. Those are all fundamental truths, and for people to believe that, and then to believe that one must continue in sin and sin every day, is tragic -- the Scriptures are plain.

In Matthew 1:21 are these words: ". . . thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." In Galatians 1:4, "Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world according to the will of God and our Father." In Luke 1:74-75: "That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life. Then in II Corinthians 5:17, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Then in I Peter 1:9-10, "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you." Then in I John 1:6, "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." Then in I John 2:14, ". . . I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." And then notice the statements of John in I John 3:39, "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure. Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law. And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him. Little children, let no

man deceive you: he that does righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God does not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

And again in I John 5,:20, "And we know that the Son of God is come and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life."

These scriptures do not seem to teach that one must sin, they teach that one can be delivered, forgiven of his sins and delivered from the sin principle. Holiness people across the years have taught this doctrine. They have never taught that one would ever get to the place in this life where he would not make mistakes of the head, but they have always taught that mistakes were not sin. It is the transgression of known law that is sin against God. In this life we can be perfect in our heart and in our motives, but never perfect in our head or in our bodies. But thank God, in the morning of redemption -- final redemption -- the soul is not only perfect, but the mind will be perfected and the body through Christ Jesus and in His redemption. Praise God! "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins, and sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains. The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day, and there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sin away." And again another poet has said: "The cleansing stream I see, I see; I plunge and oh, it cleanseth me!" I am glad that one can be delivered from all sin. Look to Jesus today and trust Him. He is the mighty deliverer. For me to contend otherwise, I would have to believe that the devil was stronger than Jesus. But I thank God today that Jesus is the lion of the tribe of Judah, He is our deliverer, He is our Saviour and our sanctifier and soon coming king!

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"The Methodists in that early day dressed plain; attended their meeting faithfully, especially preaching, prayer and Class meetings; they wore no jewelry, no ruffles; they would frequently walk three or four miles to class meetings, and home again, on Sundays; they would go thirty or forty miles to their quarterly meetings, and think it a glorious privilege to meet their presiding elder, and the rest of the preachers. The Methodists of that day stood up and faced their preacher when they sang; they kneeled down in the public congregation as well as elsewhere, when the preacher said, "Let us pray." There was no standing among the members in time of prayer; especially the abominable practice of sitting down during that exercise was unknown among early Methodists. Parents did not allow their children to go to balls or plays; they did not send them to dancing schools; they generally fasted once a week, and almost universally on the Friday before each quarterly meeting. If the Methodists had dressed in the same superfluity of naughtiness then, as they do now, there were very few even out of the Church that would have any confidence in their religion The moment we saw members begin to trim in dress after the fashionable world, we all knew they would not hold out." -- Peter Cartwright, (Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, pages 74-75)

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FENCE STRADDLING HOLINESS

"And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." (Acts 5:38-39)

The words of Gamaliel have been praised as words of sane and sound wisdom, but the facts are these words were the smooth, tolerant expressions of the compromisers and fence straddlers, who, through the centuries, have disgraced the pages of history by their appeasement. Gamaliel was not ignorant of the things of Christ for he was a teacher of the law, but the cause of Christ that was represented by the rough and ready fishermen of Galilee was unpopular and in disrepute with the world, so Gamaliel chose to be neither for nor against it; he would straddle the fence. He, like many today in their attitude toward the cause of old-fashioned holiness in its struggle for advancement, took the "wait and see" position of suspended judgment. Such talk today sounds very scholarly and appears honest on the surface but it is a deadly fallacy for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14) There is no other way. The fence straddling professors of holiness have done the cause of radical, second blessing, holiness more harm than all its outspoken foes. The worst enemy of any cause is not the open opposer but the appeaser.

The suave, fence straddlers have a false standard of judgment. "We will measure this movement by the success of it." "Time will tell." If it gets to rolling then they would gladly jump on the band wagon and ride. If it were "city wide" they would become extremely interested. Success may be the standard measurement of this world but the world's measuring stick does not apply to the cause of Christ and His way of holiness. If measured by the opinions of His day Christ was a failure. He died the death of a criminal in ignominy and shame, and His followers were scattered. Nearly two thousand years have come and gone, and today it still appears that Caesar and not Christ reigns over the earth, and the world, the flesh and the devil have things going about the way they want them to. Evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse while those who will take their stand for God and the Bible way of life are looked upon in disgrace by society. Instead of the world turning to righteousness we know that Christ Himself said, "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" That surely does not sound like success as the world measures it. The people of God have always been in the minority. It was so in Noah's day and in Paul's day and it is still true today. "All that will live godly shall suffer persecution." In the things of God it is not time that tells, but rather, it is eternity that tells, and the holy remnant are willing to await the verdict of eternity.

Many today would quickly cast their lot with the Bible Missionary Church and the cause of old-fashioned holiness if they could be assured of a good parsonage and a handsome salary or a place of leadership. They are waiting for signs of visible and material success. And they ease their consciences by telling themselves that the new movement is not sweeping folk in by the scores and they are really not pushing any opposition against it and they are not responsible even though they have to support a cold, worldly, formal, ecclesiasticism that wears the name of holiness but denies the power thereof.

Visible and material success has never been the proof of Christ and His followers. They have been the scum and offscouring of the earth, and although God, sometimes blesses the sanctified with wealth and advancement in material things, all that is purely incidental. The world's criteria of success does not work in the things of the Spirit. "Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence." (I Cor. 1:25-29)

The fence straddlers, while claiming that they are suspending judgment and letting the old-fashioned crowd alone, are only deceiving themselves. They cannot let them alone. No man can be neutral toward true holiness and the cause of Christ. "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." You are either holy or you are not holy. Inwardly, you are on one side or the other. This polite position of waiting to see how it all turns out, adding up all the evidence, and making up our minds later when we think we have all the facts in hand puts man on the throne and the cause of old-fashioned holiness on trial before him. A man in an art gallery made sharp and unkind criticism about the pictures as he walked out the door. The old caretaker replied, "If you please, sir, the pictures are no longer on trial but the spectators are." The old-fashioned way of holiness has been proven down through the ages. It is we who are on trial and until we decide that it is of God and join it we oppose it. This leaves no place for fence straddlers, although many would assume such a position. You are either gathering or scattering, condemned or not condemned. You either walk in the light of holiness and are saved or reject it and are lost. And until you take it you leave it!

The fence straddling professors are many today. They are opportunists who seek to exploit but will not commit themselves. They are the promoters of "Co-existence" with sin and worldliness. Appeasement characterizes their whole way of life. They practice it in the home where the rod is spared, and the child is spoiled. They teach it in the school where right and wrong have become relative instead of absolute. They promote it in national government by such shameful sell outs, as the Bay of Pigs, the wheat deal with Russia and Panama concessions. It shows up in the "professed holiness church" by claiming that it is not connected with the National Council of Churches, while all the time co-operating with its agencies and purchasing its services. It infects their preaching until they do not take a clear cut stand for God and holiness. The true gospel is the savour of life unto life or death unto death. It either makes men, sad, mad or glad. But the appeasers are too hot to be cold and too cold to be hot, they are lukewarm and their ministry neither makes men mad or glad. It leaves them in a stupor.

No man makes progress in spiritual things who deals in generalities. The issue is too clear cut for the "middle of the roaders," radical liberals, and liberal radicals, neither bird nor beast. The issues are life and death, heaven and hell and no man is really neutral.

The Devil never had a better atmosphere than this modern, congenial, amiable, pleasant tolerance in which nothing is bad, everything good, and black and white have merged into a drab

gray. Nothing matters if everyone is in a good humor. "We will not stoop to take sides, we will see how it all works out."

The cause of holiness is still persecuted but it marches on, while nobody ever got anywhere sitting on the fence. "Getting mixed up with an unpopular movement is not the worst thing one can do." It is better to be beheaded with James than to survive with Gamaliel! Thank God! There are some who have paid the price. They have been willing to contend and die for the realities of the gospel. They, like Peter, have made mistakes but they have not made the supreme mistake of waiting to follow Jesus until they saw how it all turned out! They have had their opposers within and without, but they have hewed to the line and have taken their stand without waiting to count the cost. The opposition has slain them but they live on just the same! To them and to their worth successors who follow in their train the Church of the living God owes its only progress in spiritual things.

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FIT TO BE A PREACHER

By W. M. Tidwell

When a preacher takes advantage of the pulpit to say things to his congregation that he would not say to them face to face, he is a coward and not fit to be a preacher. When a preacher knows there are those in his congregation who are guilty and withholds the truth he is a coward and not fit to be a preacher.

When a preacher preaches an old sermon because he is too lazy to study and pray and get a new one, he is indolent and not fit to be a preacher. When a preacher refuses to repeat an old sermon, when he knows the congregation needs it, for fear some one might criticize him, he is a coward and a bloody preacher and not fit to be a preacher.

When a preacher preaches sacrifice and sheds crocodile tears and extracts every penny possible from needy people and then splurges and spends three dollars for a steak and eight dollars for a hotel room, he is a hypocrite and not fit to be a preacher.

When he is free to run in debt and then crawls out and seems little concerned about paying his debts but says he lets the other fellow worry, he is dishonest and not fit to be a preacher.

When a preacher has an assistant and has him do most of the work and refuses to give him recognition and reasonable salary, he is not fit to be a preacher. When the assistant refuses to do personal work, among strangers, but puts in his time visiting the regular members, to undermine the regular pastor and make friends for himself, he is not fit to be an assistant or to be a preacher.

When a preacher is conscious that some little sister is infatuated with him, which is revealed by her efforts to be with him and to give him a few sweet smiles, and he is conscious of this, and he will be, unless he is gullible, and he encourages this, he is an impostor and not fit to be a preacher.

When he seems to have more concern about his vacation and his salary than he does about souls, then he is a hireling, he is under the curse of God and is not fit to be a preacher.

When he loves God supremely and loves lost souls better than he loves himself, and is not seeking to see what he can get out of the work but, rather, what he can put into it, and when he finally burns himself out and dies an honorable death for a good cause, he is God's own servant, and is fit to be a preacher. In which class am I?

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CHOICES

By Paul Pumpelly

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Jos. 24:15. "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Heb. 11:25. We all know that God has made man with the power of choice, here lies within man the capacity to perform moral action. Yet there are many areas where there may be no choice in the matter; namely your birth, date of death, nationality, and others. But in most areas of our lives we must make our own choices. We choose our education, our vocation, our companion, and where we live geographically. Many are the wrecks along the road of life of those who made wrong choices in any one of these. Our choices here have more effect than just a material or physical result. Most times these choices involve our spiritual which embraces time and eternity. All are forced to the cross-roads of choice. There is middle ground or neutral position. All choose one way or the other. We choose whether we want to or not. A mere rejection of one choice necessitates the choice for the other.

There is the choice between God and satan; Righteousness or sin. There are two forces and you are under one or the other. You may sin--sin only once--and that one choice for sin is yours forever unless you get it covered by the Blood of Christ. Sin must be washed away by the Blood of Christ or you still have it. If now you don't feel the full force of your choice in sin, you will in hell. There souls weep and wail forever over one wrong choice made here.

There are two ways, and you are on one or the other. You choose the strait and narrow way or the broad way. You are either transgressing your way toward hell or walking in light on the road toward glory. The devil has the road to hell camouflaged but God has the way to heaven so plain you can't miss it.

There is the choice between salvation or religion. Salvation is of God and religion is of man. Which do you want? The choice is yours to make. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21. The very minimum of grace saves from sin. "Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising." Psalm 139:2.

If you choose the religion of man then there will be much uprising and downsitting. You always sit down when you have an uprising. But if you choose God's salvation you will be cleansed from all sin and have no more uprisings and hence no more downsittings.

The reason is "knowing this that our old man is crucified." Rom. 6:6. The choice must be made between modernism and fundamentalism. Modernism casts aside the Bible truth on the virgin birth of Christ, the saving efficacy of the Blood of Jesus, and the reality of hell. These "moderns" have a belief but no experience of God's grace. They won't admit their choice but their doctrine proves they have chosen. Those who have chosen modernism don't know any more about real fundamental truth than a skunk knows about Sunday.

If you choose fundamental truth then you will be confronted with another choice right off and that is between Calvinism and Wesleyanism; a sinning religion and heart holiness. Woe be unto the preachers who have made the wrong choice here and are now busy deceiving the gullible. The judgment will be mighty hot for them with their bloody hands. Any sane person with one eye shut and looking out through the eye lashes with the other can tell man's sinning religion from Bible holiness.

After making the choice for holiness you will be confronted with another choice of modern holiness (?) or the old-fashioned radical red-hot kind. Its a choice between the LIBERAL AND THE RADICAL. You are forced to go one way or the other. There is no middle ground here. All Bible holiness is radical holiness. When it ceases to be RADICAL it ceases to be holiness. The liberals say there is not much of a choice to be made here. They say the only difference between the two is just a "few little ole non-essentials". But this is not the truth. Absolutely not. The differences are as great and distinct as white from black. Here are a few of the great differences. The liberals love preaching that generalizes. The preacher is to shut both eyes and just shoot in general.

The radicals choose red-hot, pointed preaching. The radicals shoot to hit, thus they open both their eyes, take definite aim and shoot to kill sin. This is specific and not general though it might include a general. At this point there is a great gulf fixed between liberal and radical holiness.

Another great difference is on repentance and restitution. Radical holiness demands a thorough repentance and restitution before even becoming a candidate for sanctification. The liberals say here there is no difference for we believe that too. Let us look a little closer to really see. Shallow seeking at the altar with shallow helpers produce a shallow profession. It is dry when professed and dry afterwards. One will have to go to the depths of repentance and restitution himself before he can be of any aid to another. If you skimmed yourself through to profession, then all of your products will of necessity be skimmed across. But radicals are not satisfied to see folks stop praying and start professing, they want to see them repent to God and restore to man in bitter tears and come out of it with a real heart experience of God's grace. The liberals say "take it by faith". The radicals say, "pray for the faith that is able to take it." The liberals say, "profess, profess". The radicals say, "confess,

The next "great gulf fixed is the liberals are not in sympathy with the "death route". They would rather have a social outing. But the radicals would rather see some one "die out". It takes agony to die. You don't "die" laughing and giggling over "weenies". The radicals know the death route is agony and they are mostly in prayer and communion with God to pray enough conviction

down upon souls to start them dying to self. There is a great gulf fixed between liberal and radical holiness; not just "a few little ole non-essentials".

Another fixed gulf is demonstration. The liberals call it emotionalism. God calls it "the blessed man". The radicals are often blessed to "beside themselves". This "gags" the liberal but it causes God to be blessed and heaven to rejoice and devils to recoil and the out-in-the-open sinners to go under conviction: Praise God for radical holiness.

Another difference is this thing called "the standards". The liberals say the radical is "too narrow". The radicals thank the liberals for the compliment. We are ever seeking the "narrow way" and the more we go on in it the more narrow it is. The liberals say it is "too high". The radicals agree it is "high", but not "too high". It is the HIGH WAY of Isaiah. The liberals can't look down their noses at those on the "high way". They have to look up. Bless the Lord. It is so high that a buzzard has never been able to cast his eye upon it. The radicals are on the "HIGH WAY" and the liberals have to LOOK UP to them. Glory to God.

In concluding this little article there are two lives to choose. We are either a tomb or a temple. Death lives in the tomb and God lives in the temple. We are the temples of the Holy Ghost or we are the tomb of sin and death. There are two deaths to die; the death of the saint or the death of the sinner. God's people die well. The liberals say it is a solemn thing to die. The radicals say, no, it is a solemn thing to live and hence we die well. It is still just as bad to die without God as it has ever been. And then last, the choice between heaven and hell. No one is in hell by accident. No one is in heaven by accident. All go to the place of their own choice. It is MANSIONS or the FLAME. I have made my CHOICE forever, and the Bible says, "choose you this day whom you will serve."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

"GOLD IN THE HILLS"

(Chapter II -- Cont'd.)

Mother, so completely absorbed in her work, lost all track of time. Not until she heard the tall grandfather clock at the bottom of the big open stairway strike six was she aware of the lateness of the hour. Bob, too, must have been totally unaware of the hour, for she hadn't heard the loud hum of his new tractor coming in from the field. Sudden panic seized her as she realized that Robbie and Whiskers had not returned.

Without taking time to clean her hands and tidy her hair she ran toward the big southwest acreage where her husband was busy preparing the soil for the corn crop.

"Bob! Bob!" she cried breathlessly. "Robbie's lost!" Oh! Bob! Why did I let him go for a walk?" And she hid her face in her hands and sobbed loudly.

"Now, now, honey!" her husband said. "Calm down and tell me what happened. First, I want you to meet Mr. Coolson. He's our nearest neighbor."

"I . . . I'm . . . sorry," Mrs. Adams said apologetically. "I am real pleased to meet you, Mr. Coolson. I guess I didn't notice you. I was too excited. You see, Robbie -- our son -- went for a walk in the woods and he hasn't returned. He left shortly after dinner, too," and a fresh flow of tears coursed down her cheeks.

"You . . . you . . . mean this, honey?" young Mr. Adams asked as he put his arms comfortingly about his wife's small, dainty shoulders.

"I . . . I'm sorry, Bob, but it's true. He and Whiskers went for a little hike. He was so excited and happy, I just couldn't refuse him when he asked."

"Now, Ruth Margaret," Bob said soothingly, "we have always trusted the Lord before, and He never once has failed us; let's trust Him now. He knows where Robbie is and He'll care for him. Robbie's faith in the Lord is unshakable, so I know that somehow it will all work together for good."

Mr. Coolson strode suddenly over to Bob Adams and, clapping his hand on the young man's shoulder, he said with quivering, trembling voice, "Young man, never you worry one bit! And you, Missus," addressing Ruth Margaret, "go on home and fix a bite to eat, I'll take care o' things. I know the neighbors for miles around. I'll contact them all and we'll go hunting in search parties. Go home now and rest a mite. You're both tired," and the neighbor strode rapidly across the Adams' field to his own tractor in the connecting field and headed rapidly homeward.

Ruth Margaret was scarcely downstairs after washing her own face and hands and changing into a crisp, cool, pale yellow cotton frock for Bob when there was a light knock at her back kitchen door. She hurried to the door and found a plump, neatly dressed middle aged woman standing on the porch.

"I'm Mrs. Coolson," she said brightly. "Jack told me about your little boy. I brought a load of freshly baked bread and some hot chicken noodle soup I made. I thought it might taste good and give you some nourishment too." And, at Ruth Margaret's invitation, Mrs. Coolson set the delectable food on the big kitchen table.

"That is so kind of you, Mrs. Coolson. I know Bob will enjoy this. I got so absorbed in my work until I forgot about Robbie and supper," she said tearfully.

Things happened rapidly after supper. Bob Adams didn't know he had so many neighbors. The big yard was full of brawny armed men, and some of the wives who could get away from their own households long enough came too to add comfort and solace to their new, pretty young neighbor.

"You're all so kind," Ruth Margaret said with tears of gratitude coursing down her cheeks. Then she heard Bob's calm, collected voice, "I shall never be able to repay any of you wonderful friends for the interest you have taken in us; however, there is one thing I feel we should do before we go in search of our precious son."

"What's that?" a dozen or more voices asked simultaneously.

"For many years," Bob said, "I have been a devout Christian, always taking the Lord Jesus Christ into all my business adventures, my personal problems, desires, and ambitions. Needless to say, I have never been disappointed. I feel like God, my Heavenly Father, is taking extra good care of our Robbie. He knows where the boy is and can lead us to him. Shall we pray?" and the young father was on his knees talking to the Lord. When he finished, his face had the shine of heaven upon it and not a dry eye was seen in the yard.

Mr. Coolson divided the men into parties of six and the yard became suddenly quiet and empty as the groups set out. Darkness had set in and a beautiful spring moon rode lazily across a star studded sky. The frogs by the pond and meandering stream broke out in a medley of spring song. All of earth seemed happy, joyous and gay when Mrs. Coolson went to the swing on the big front porch. She had finally persuaded Ruth Margaret to retire while she sat vigil throughout the night, her own heart deep in meditation and thought, secretly longing for the peace and rest the new neighbors possessed.

The sun had just awakened to a new spring day and was busily exercising by stretching her long, warm rays out over all of Fairy Valley when Mrs. Coolson saw a tall, bronzed man stride in to the clearing of the north acreage, two frisky dogs by his side and an excited, laughing boy riding on his shoulders. Ruth Margaret, who had been kneeling by the north window upstairs, saw it too.

"Robbie! Robbie!" she cried happily running down the stairway, on to the porch and out through the yard to meet the stranger and her boy.

"Hi, Mom!" Robbie said calmly. "Isn't Josh just great? Why, Mother, he carried me all the way on his big shoulders." And Josh put the lad gently down where mother and son could embrace.

"Josh! Josh Ebbens!" Mrs. Coolson said, panting as she caught up to Mrs. Adams. "You . . . You found the boy?" she asked. "How did you know he was lost?"

"He found me," Josh laughed as he followed the party to the big farmhouse.

"How can I ever thank you?" Ruth Margaret asked when things had settled down to normal. "You have been most kind to take such an interest in a total stranger."

"Robbie's not seemed like a stranger, Mrs. Adams. Christians have a lot in common, and Robbie and I talked much about the Lord and spiritual things."

"You're a Christian, then?" Ruth Margaret asked.

"He sure is, Mother," the boy answered. "And he and I are going to help Dad and you dig the rare gems of gold out of Fairy Valley."

The conversation ended abruptly as the searchers returned, forlorn, tired, and weary, a look of defeat on every face but Bob Adams'.

"Hi, Dad," Robbie said as he and Whiskers walked out to meet the worn men.

"Robbie! Thank God! I knew you'd make it," and Bob held his son high in the air for all to see.

"Uncle Josh took care of me and brought me home this morning."

"Uncle who?" and Josh Ebbens walked over to Bob and clasped his hand tightly, saying,

"So glad to meet you, Brother Adams. I, too, am a Christian."

"Praise be to God! He makes all things work together for good," and Bob Adams walked to the top porch step and in a clear voice said, "By way of payment for all your kindnesses, I want to announce that we'll be having prayer meeting here at the big farmhouse every Wednesday night, and regular Sunday services each Sunday morning and night. I want all to be present. We'll be building a church here in the valley as soon as funds can be produced, and call a regular pastor -- this is my way of showing the Lord how thankful I am that Robbie's safe. Everyone be here by seven thirty this Wednesday night."

"Uncle Josh can lead the singing," Robbie said innocently. "He's a real singer, Dad. I heard him."

The yard suddenly became alive as the men made conversation together.

"We really do need the Lord," one said.

"My missus'll be glad to hear this," another declared. On and on the conversation continued until finally the group disbanded and headed for their respective farms. Only Josh remained. He it was who had many things to discuss with his new found Christian friends.

"There's real gold in these hills, Dad," Robbie affirmed. "Uncle Josh told me so."

"Yes, son," Bob spoke softly. "We saw it -- shiny and bright -- just a few moments ago, in our yard. Real, true, pure, living gold! By God's grace we'll try to help dig it out."

"You can count on me," Josh said. "This is an answer to years of praying."

"And all because of Robbie," Ruth Margaret whispered softly to the early morning breeze.

A robin, high in the big pear tree burst forth in song.

"God be praised! God be praised!" he chirped loudly.

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PULPIT MANNERISM

By H. A. Erdmann

Pulpit mannerism has much to do with the effectiveness of a preacher's message. Whenever a preacher has mannerisms in the pulpit that in any way cause the people's attention to be directed toward them, and away from the message, just to that extent the preacher's message is caused to lose its effectiveness. Surely we all want our message to be as effective as we can possibly make it with God's help and anointing. Every preacher should be very careful to break himself of any mannerism that might in any way cause any one's attention to be drawn away from the message.

To make clear what we mean by distracting mannerisms we mention just a few that have come under our observation: Habitually removing glasses and replacing them every few minutes, whether ever referring to notes or not. It is a habit that we need to break ourselves from doing. We were once in a service where the minister had this habit to a very distracting degree. Another person in the congregation told us after the service that the minister had removed and replaced his glasses twenty-seven times during that forty minute sermon. The person who did the counting evidently did not get too much out of the sermon.

Very much akin to this is adjusting the glasses every two or three minutes.

Another distracting mannerism is for a preacher to stomp the floor with his heel as though he were trying to kick a hole through the floor. This not only distracts, but sometimes scares nervous people so that they forget what the preacher was trying to get across.

A preacher combing his hair every few minutes while he is preaching. We should attend to our hair combing before we enter the pulpit.

A very distracting mannerism is for a preacher to yank up his trousers every few minutes to keep them from slipping clear down. This sometimes makes some people very distracted for fear the trousers may slip down before he gets them yanked up. Let every preacher wear his belt tight enough, and above the hips, to hold his trousers securely while he is preaching, or else spend a little money for a pair of suspenders, and then use them to hold his trousers in place.

Another distracting mannerism is an almost constant fumbling with the neck-tie. Fix your tie like you want it before entering the pulpit and then forget about it.

Also let us mention the practice of walking forth and back on the platform with both hands in the pants pockets, or coming down off the platform and then stand facing the audience with both hands in the pockets with coat thrown back.

Now these are only a few of the distracting mannerisms we preachers are guilty of. Surely we all want our message to be as effective as the Lord can enable us to make it. Brethren, let us endeavor to break ourselves, and have no such mannerism that will in any way distract from the message we are trying to get across to the audience. Let us do all we can to hold the people's attention on the message that we are trying to get across to them, and as little as possible that might in any way divert attention away from the message. Let us not forget that some people's attention is easily diverted by any peculiar doings in the pulpit.

You preachers' wives can be a great help .here in calling your husbands' attention to any habit or mannerism he may have that might divert the attention of the people away from the message. You preachers listen to your wives in this matter.

Now do not get the idea that we want the preacher to just be a pulpit pole, standing in one place and acting tame. No, no. Be active. The more you sweat in the pulpit the better some people like it. It is these peculiar doings in the pulpit that we refer to actions that get the people's minds away from the message.

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THE END