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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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A TIMELY SCRIPTURAL MEDITATION

Submitted by J. E. Cook

2 Thessalonians ch. 2

Written By The Apostle Paul About A. D. 54

1. Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him,

2. That ye be not soon shaken (written 1900 years. ago) in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand.

3. Let no man deceive (brainwash) you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away (defect, no longer believed, apostatize) first, and that man of sin (The Antichrist) be revealed, the son of perdition;

4. Who opposeth (break down law and order) and exalteth (raise one's self up) himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple (rebuilt in Jerusalem during the Tribulation to deceive the Jews) of God, shewing himself that he is God.

5. Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things?

6. And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time. (Can't take over as long as the true church remains)

7. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he (The Holy Spirit) who now letteth (hindereth) will let (hinder -- The Holy Spirit in the sanctified church hindering the Devil until he

be taken out of the way. (The Spirit dwelling in the sanctified church is taken away only in the sense the church is raptured away but He Himself continues to be the agent of the Godhead in the world).

8. And then (after the church is caught up) shall that Wicked (The Antichrist) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: (At the Revelation or return of Christ with His Church back to earth).

9. Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders,

10. And with all deceivableness (brainwashing) of unrighteousness (wrongfulness of character, life or act) in them that perish (will be lost); because they received not the love of the truth (keep an appetite for), that they might be saved.

11. And for this cause (because they lost their love for the truth) God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

12. That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, (failing to keep a relish for the truth they reached the place where they didn't believe as once they did) but had pleasure in unrighteousness.

13. But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren (who obtained the blessing and kept the victory) beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth:

14. Whereunto he called you by our gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

15. Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle.

16. Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace,

17. Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work.

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EDITORIAL
By Spencer Johnson

THE PASSION OF HOLINESS

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Romans 14:17)

The tendency of our day is to discount emotion in religion and to educate and cultivate the "so-called finer feelings." As a result most churches have thrown out the "Amen Corner." The mourner's bench is not needed any more in such churches because tears are no longer shed at the altar while the atmosphere is that of a spiritual cold storage plant. We read of the death of a man who once played the races at Sheepshead Bay. Specialists said he died from suppressed emotion. All over the land there are people who are dying from suppressed emotion and preachers too because some of them for years have never shed a tear in a sermon or prayer. Thousands of people, growing tired of being sat upon and held down by program and cold formal pastors, have gone astray after the tongues movement in a vain effort to satisfy the deep cravings of their hearts for the free expression of holy emotions.

Sanctification harmonizes the emotions of the soul into one inspiring purpose, thereby abolishing all conflict and liberating instead of suppressing its free energies. This experience channels the instincts and directs their energies toward useful and harmonious ends and brings a restfulness of mind and heart which is the counterpart of a life of energy; weakness results from the wastage caused by a restlessness of mind and heart while there is power in mental and spiritual quietude. The secret of energy is to keep the mind and heart at rest in the midst of life's activities. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his." (Heb. 4:9-10) "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." (Isa. 26:3)

There is great need for passionate praying. It is the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man that availeth much. (James 5:16) Cold, formal, indifferent praying will never bring about the conversion of souls. There is far too much apathy along the lines of burden bearing and prayer. There are few church members who take anything but a most languid and spasmodic interest in the salvation of souls. There are many altar nurses but few real altar workers. People who will battle the forces of hell around the altar until the seekers pray their way through are few and far between. Blessed is the altar worker who has learned to pray the seekers through rather than trying to talk them through. Impassioned praying is essential at the altar. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." (Matt. 11, 12) The Church must partake of God's concern and carry souls in her heart until they are born of God. The passion of Christ powerfully present in His Church makes the Church a travailing mother. But the Church is so sickly and feeble that she is not Capable of discharging the functions for which she exists.

The prayer life of the Church instead of being the shout of a spiritual giant, is but the wail of a babe in the darkness. The visible life of the Church has degenerated to a mere profession of outward respectability rather than a holy, attractive, world-conquering, Christ-reproducing reality. What would be the effect if the whole Church travailed for souls?

The passion of holiness manifests itself in a love for souls. Under the prevailing love of this present world there is great danger that the love for Christ will become lukewarm. Worldliness and unbelief are always associated with coldness and hardness of heart. Sooner or later we must enter upon a crusade against the growing worldliness of the Church. The powerful,

pervasive, lawless and universal world spirit is the main counteracting power to the compassion for souls today. Faber said: "Worldliness only requires one condition for its success -- that we should not fear it." Surely, our unconcern at the prevalence of a spirit which is continuously lowering the spiritual life among us, is the most sinister evidence of the ravages that are being wrought by this friendship with the world. A church may retain its place as a spiritual force long after it has lost its power. Churches often forfeit their first right of existence by a loss of pungency and power.

The Spirit of the world is selfish. It is ready to lavish its wealth upon magnificent buildings, institutions and ecclesiastical machinery while the missionary effort among the heathen is given only a "token" support. "If the Church has no eye or heart, no sob or sigh, for the mute multitudes who die before our eyes, without God and without hope, what right has she to call herself after Him whose name was Compassion?" If any church have not the spirit of Christ she is none of His. If the man with the ink horn went through our churches to set a mark upon the forehead of those who sigh and cry for the abominations that exist among us, how many among us would get the mark?

The remedy against worldliness is not in legislation but rather in inspiration. The life remedy is needed not the law remedy. It is only by walking in the Spirit that men are kept from fulfilling the lusts of the flesh.

Our power depends not on the crowds who attend our services, not on the splendor and solemnity of our ritual, not on the soundness of our creed, but on our equity, fearlessness, total abstinence from sin, courageous exposure of wrong, upon our love, self-sacrifice, loving-kindness, tender mercy, and Christ-like compassion. We need a revival that will produce the fruit of the Spirit and will be a perpetual demonstration of the power and passion of the Holy Ghost.

The passion of holiness is essential in preaching. One may prepare his sermon ever so carefully but if the message does not stir the soul of the preacher enough to be delivered with emotion then it will not move the hearts of the listeners. The powers of spiritual passion are greater than any at the disposal of the conscious will. "Will service" often becomes drudgery. We need more than will power to serve the Lord and do His work.

The doctrine that the will alone is the way to power is a most woe begone theory for relief to the morally sick. Freedom to choose yes! But what if when one chooses he has no power to perform. He opens the sluice gates but the channels are dry. He pulls the lever but nothing happens. He tries by his will to summon up strength but no strength comes. He cannot kindle the fire that should in his soul reside. Many a preacher has failed because he depended upon his will and knowledge rather than power of holy anointing on his soul! Religion without emotion is like an orange without juice.

The great motivating forces of life are the instinctive emotions. Emotionalism touched by the fire of the Holy Ghost is the passion power that moves people Godward. General Booth was called the great emotionalist. Whitefield was the same. He moved by his tears! Who ever heard a sermon that moved them that did not have passion in it? Here was Bishop Simpson's power, and Kavanaugh's and Cookman's and all the great revivalists.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening power;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE PUMPKIN PIES

Andrea and Andrew, the thirteen year old twins, helped Mother cut out big, fat, sweet and spicy brown gingerbread boys as Mose, the fluffy soft angora cat stretched lazily out on the big, brightly colored braided rug in front of the kitchen stove. The heavy iron tea kettle was puffing big puffs of hot steam out its long spout while the whole house was fragrantly sweet with the scent of spicy baked goods and a baking ham, rubbed generously with brown sugar and mustard and dotted all over with whole cloves.

"Wait till Peter comes in from skating!" Andrea said softly, turning enormous blue eyes and a full round face toward the steamed over south windows. "He'll be starved and really hungry when he smells these cookies."

"You mean you're not hungry, Sis?" and Andrew, his dark black hair shining like a raven, shook his head questioningly. "If Mother would only say the word, I'd have eaten my fourth gingerbread boy long, long ago," and he laughed mischievously.

"And you'd be sick, too," Andrea laughed as she pushed a big plump raisin in the soft gingerbread boy's brown body.

"Pleasantly so," the dark haired boy replied, dusting a small amount of flour in his sister's long blonde hair.

"Oh, Andrew!" she exclaimed in sheer exasperation "My hair! Now I'll have to shampoo it tonight again. I can't have that powdery stuff on my scalp with Aunt Matilda coming tomorrow. She'd think I was aging for sure," and she laughed loud and long at the thought of Aunt Matilda's reaction. "She's really a dear, but so... so... fussy," and she laughed again.

"You mean over fussy, Sis," and Andrew patted her silken head lightly.

"You'd better wash your hands real, real good, Andrew Kinsley, or Mother will be firing you. We can't have hair in our cookies."

"Right you are, fuss button, and I love you for it," and Andrew dashed for the big wash bowl in the bathroom, thankful for his sister's reminder. As he rubbed the soap over his hands, he blew soap bubbles in every direction, his heart light and excited at the thought of Thanksgiving Day being only a night away, with all the Aunts and Uncles and myriads of active cousins coming to their big house this year. Already many were in from distant states, staying with near kin and relation. Then too, dear sweet Grandfather and Grandmother would be arriving tonight on the Silver Chief at the Santa Fe railroad station Father had promised to take him along to meet them. A loud whistle and a high pitched yell escaped his boyish lips.

"Whatever has happened?" and Andrea stood, trembling, in the bathroom doorway, her hands all covered with flour. "Andrew Kinsley, you frightened Mother and me!" and she leaned her blonde head weakly against the door frame work.

"You girls!" he said, laughing loudly and spraying her with a handful of water. "I was just happy and wanting the world to know. Sorry I scared you, Sis, but I'm really quite all right."

"I'm not too sure about that," Andrea said teasingly.

"Hi, Mom! Hi, Sis!" and Peter stepped noisily onto the big porch before entering the sunny kitchen, his face a bright red from the crisp, cold air. He walked quickly to the stove, rubbing his unmittened hands vigorously and unbuttoning his heavy jacket. "Um! Something smells wonderful," and he stepped to the big kitchen table where all the goodies were being set and stacked to cool before being put away for tomorrow's big meal.

"Only one, Peter," Mother said, handing him a big, fat gingerbread boy. "It's too near suppertime."

"That sure was fun -- on the pond, I mean" Then, quickly he asked, "Say, Mother, where was Sandy going.

"Sandy?" Mother questioned, puzzled. "Why nowhere. Where is she? I had forgotten all about her, so busy have I been. Shame on me, too!" and she hastily went out on the long glass encased porch and searched the yard but no Sandy could she see. Her eyes hastily scanned the rolling hills, all covered with glittering, shimmering snow, but no bright blue coat did she see. "Sandy. San dee!" she called, but no little voice answered.

"Where did you see her, Peter?" she asked, entering the warm kitchen.

"Don't get excited, Mom. She's not lost. She was going across the big field -- probably just taking a walk. She'll be back."

The big clock on the mantle slowly, melodiously, chimed out the quarter till five hour when the little five year old entered the big porch, singing softly, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam, I'll be a sunbeam for Him." Tediously she worked, trying to pull: her bright red boots off her chubby feet, her cheeks a scarlet red and her nose as bright as a cherry.

"Sandy, honey!" and Mother folded the bundle of sunshine in her arms. "Where have you been, and for how long have you been gone? I was too busy and almost lost my precious little girl. This must never, never happen," and she kissed her daughter on her red cold nose. "Me take a walk, Mommie." "But where, dear?" "Me can't tell." "But why, Sandy?"

"It's a secret between Jesus and me," and her full round, deep blue eyes looked shiny like diamonds and polished crystal.

"Oh! Well, that's different," and Mother finished undressing her youngest child. "Nanny and Papaw will soon be here. Go wash your hands and face and put your red plaid dress on for them, dear." Gleefully the singing child ran to her bedroom.

The morning dawned leaden gray and tiny snow flakes were filtering softly to the ground when the relation came merrily to the big farm on Ridge View. Aunts and Uncles exchanged handshakes and friendly greetings, and the cousins shouted loud "hoorahs" and more ecstatic greetings. Mother, long since awake and up, had the big turkey baking fragrantly in the oven, all packed with moist, tasty stuffing.

The many cousins donned heavy mittens, boots, scarves and coats, and, with skates dangling from their side, headed for the big pond, their hearts as light and soft as the rapidly falling powdery snow.

Mother headed for the cellar and the big pie cupboard, where she was transporting the delicious baked goods from the basement to a large table on the glassed-in porch to be kept cool for the noon meal.

"That's strange," she mused, counting for the third time. "I know I baked eight pumpkin pies, but there are only six.

"What did you say, Mary?" and Grandmother Was immediately by her daughter's side.

"Oh! It's nothing much. I can't find two of my pumpkin pies, that's all."

"Could Andrea have put them elsewhere?" and Grandmother began opening cupboards.

"I put them down in the big pie cupboard myself, Mother. No, Andrea didn't take them out, but they're gone. I thought I missed a loaf of bread too. Funny, though, I can't imagine how they'd have gotten away." Quickly she went into Sandy's bedroom and, calling the child in, she closed the door silently behind her.

"Honey," she began softly. "Did you see Mommie's pumpkin pies?"
"Yes . . ." very timidly.

"Do you know where two of them could be found, and . . . and . . . a big loaf of homemade bread?"

Sandy began weeping softly. "I . . . I . . . didn't mean to... steal; and... I... I wasn't stealing, Mommie; but you told us all to give a Thanksgiving offering -- something we loved very, very much -- and I didn't have anything to give. Andrea gave her beautiful Betsy to poor Jane March, and Andrew gave his three dollars to the Missionary offering. Peter gave lots of money that he had saved and I love pumpkin pie, Mommie, so I gave poor widow Birch my share of the pumpkin pies and one loaf of your bread. That's . . . That's where... I . . . was yesterday," and the girl was weeping softly. "I'm not going to . . . to... eat any pie. I gave mine to Mrs. Birch, and Mommie, all she could do when I gave it to her was cry and cry. She said no one had ever been so kind to her. She can't bake because of her rheumatism, and the children were so happy! She said she was coming to church as soon as she could find a way."

"We shall make a way for her, dear. Bless your You have been more thoughtful of the really poor than I have been. It's all right. I'm so glad you gave her those few things. Today I shall see that she too has a good, full Thanksgiving dinner; and you, Sandy, you shall have all the pumpkin pie you can eat."

"Don't tell Andrew and Peter, Mommie, please!"

"But why not, honey?"

"My Sunday School teacher told me to never go telling what you do for Jesus. He will reward us someday."

"So, that's the secret between you and Jesus?"

"I like to keep secrets with Jesus and me." And a heavenly smile played across the innocent childish face.

"This time it will be a secret between Jesus, you and me. No one else. How's that, sweetheart?"

"Wonderful, Mommie! I'm glad you know it too."

Laughter from the outdoors broke in upon the mother and daughter, and the tantalizing odors from the kitchen brought the mother back to reality.

"I must go now, honey. The turkey's almost finished. Together we shall make Mrs. Birch a very, very happy widow woman today, too." And she laughed happily as she hastened to the big kitchen, her heart as warm as the steaming tea kettle.

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THE END