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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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THE HOUR GROWS LATE
By J. E. Cook

Rom. 13:11-14

With each passing old year and the birth of each New Year, my mind always reflects upon the brevity of time and just how much may be left. Some may take issue with the statement, "these are dark days," pointing out the fact that there have been other dark days. And this must be admitted. It's been a dark day ever since sin entered and man fell. But in the strictest sense, no day prior to ours is referred to as "the last days," nor has any day been as dark as these of our time. This is true because "the falling away" has come upon us, in large part, after the revivals and spiritual awakening of the last century.

So, from a religious standpoint, and taking the Bible into account, the hour truly grows late. With the politicians of the world divided into warring camps; with strife, violence, riots, and massacre used for political leverage; with society crucifying purity, and sex freedom reaching the lowest level of precedent; with modern literature throwing to the wind all pretense of modesty; with religious values declining as shown in the minimum of evangelism and the maximum of humanistic emphasis, with the characteristic sign of this generation being a question mark, it is clear "the hour grows late."

But to the true Christian, all this should be a challenge. Even though wicked men grow worse and worse, is it too much to expect that holy men and women shall grow still more intense in their emphasis on holy living, and urgent in their quest for holiness? The greater the wickedness, the greater must be the propagation of the truth which would make men more like God. There is only one major character which He possesses and which He delights in transmitting to His intelligent creatures, and that is the character of holiness.

Beloved, we have come into existence for just a time and occasion as this. Our forebears left us a heritage of doctrine and experience that peculiarly fits all situations, periods and environments. This world situation will be the supreme test of the strength and perpetuity of our concept. Will it survive through us? Will we weaken and compromise our standards? Or will we die, if need be, rather than fail? Will we march on in God's strength and propagate the cause of holiness? By God's grace we will.

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"During an Annual Conference, a petition was brought before the Cabinet, requesting them to send a preacher who would please, not only the Methodists, but other denominations and the outsiders, specifying, 'We want a well-rounded man.' The presiding bishop observed, 'There is but one round figure, and that is zero, all the rest having sharp corners; so go and tell them I haven't got the man. But be of good comfort; for they can pick him up anywhere, as there are plenty of them.' "

-- W. B. Godbey, Commentary, Vol. 6, Page 219

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

HOLINESS ON THE ALERT

"The burden of Duma. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman. what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Isa. 21:11-12)

Scholars tell us that the literal translation of this text is, "What from off the night." The anxious voice out of Duma was not asking what kind of a night it was but, "How much of the night has passed?" The sentinel answers, "The morning cometh and also the night. If ye will inquire, inquire. Come back again." There is morning for the righteous but there is night for the wicked unless they will return and come to the Lord.

"Watchman, how far is it in the night?" That is the question that thinking people are asking again. It may be heard all around us. As we stand on the threshold of nineteen hundred and sixty-five, facing the darkness of war clouds, political, economic, moral and spiritual night; in this hour of confusion, the question may be asked with honest concern, "How far is it in the night? ... What time is it on God's calendar?" "Is there no sign of morning?" "Can you see any gleam of light?" Have you never heard the cry or read it in the eyes of the troubled multitudes that crowd the streets and travel the highways in their futile seeking for something real and tangible? The inquiring of these puzzled hearts may have been inarticulate but nevertheless real. "Is there not on the distant mountains the promise of the dawning day?" Some who jostle us in the busy markets or sit by our side on the trains, in our congregations and even in the home are conscious of a hunger

for spiritual life that they do not possess and their sense of helplessness motivates the cry of their hearts, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him?" Many in heathen lands still sit in darkness and long and wait for the light while we, in this age of speed, move with laggard step to bring them the news of One Who can take away their sin and give them light and life.

It is night. Night is a symbol of sorrow; songs in the night are songs in sorrowful times. The tears of the widow, the cry of the orphan, the groans of the sufferer, the sighs of the aged are all expressions of sorrow which cry like a fevered child, "How long until morning?"

It is a night of chaos. Lawlessness and abuse of power abound on every hand. Moral and spiritual values have lost their meaning to the masses. Sex and pleasure, without restraint or responsibility, are the objects of race riots and mob violence in every land. Peaceful neighborhoods that have moved along in harmony and tranquillity for years are now in constant danger of rape and murder. And in many instances it seems that government instead of checking crime, aids and abets it.

It is night spiritually. The great falling away has not only swept multitudes of the once pious out into the falls of open, outbroken sin but has cast such a spell of indolence on many who are left in the churches that they are indifferent toward deep spirituality. It is appalling to see the unrestrained luxury in many churches while a heathen world gropes on in the night without the gospel. The inordinate love of amusement and desire for social program have supplanted the love of prayer meeting and personal evangelism. Worldliness and formality hold the professed church world in its icy grip while "one world" preachers talk in pleasing platitudes. Far too many modern preachers are "dumb dogs that cannot bark." The Bible is not preached and sin is not rebuked. Few, even of professed holiness preachers, ever really preach old-fashioned holy living. If history proves anything, it proves that a nation without faith in God is a doomed nation, that it cannot hold together, that it eventually decays and dies. Many true and devoted souls, burdened for the movings of the Spirit, are asking: "Will the night never pass away?"

There are a few watchmen here and there, even in this dark night, who send out the message of hope, "The morning cometh." The true watchman is a man of clearer vision than other men. He stands on the watch-tower and watches with eagle eye the moving of events. He is a man who sees in the darkness. It may be night to others, but it is not to him. He sees the purpose and plan of God prevailing in the midst of the confusion, strife and unrest that reign all about him. Because the watchman is a man who discerns where others cannot, he is a man who can speak with authority; he is a prophet who can say, "Thus saith the Lord." This is the truth concerning things. This is where the world stands at present; this is the direction in which it is moving; this is the danger; this is the remedy."

God has always had His watchmen. In the unrest and sorrow of this tired world, the call has been ever coming up, "Watchman, is the morning never coming? How far is it into the night." And there have always been men to answer the question: "The morning cometh and also the night." Now a Moses, now an Elijah, now an Isaiah, and now a Jeremiah. Now a Peter and now a Paul; now a Luther, now a Bunyan, now a Wesley and now a Booth. All these have heard the cry from the world's heavy heart, for conscious of its need, and finding no other place of help the world turns instinctively to the prophet of God, and says, "Watchman, What of the night? Will morning

come? Will the day break? For the sake of the God who called you, tell us, How far is it in the night?"

The only place of light and hope and optimism today is at the Cross of Christ. "In the cross of Christ, I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time. All the light of sacred story gathers 'round that head sublime." Only those who know the risen Christ and have tarried until the Holy Ghost has come have hope.

Morning is coming for those who are watching for the return of Christ. But for those who go on in sin, spurning the Saviour and refusing to be sanctified, "the night cometh." The morning of the rapture for the saints of God and the dark night of the, tribulation for those who are left behind will come simultaneously. The honest watchman throws out the warning and the invitation. "The morning cometh and also the night Return -- Come!" If the watchman cannot point a poor weary world to Christ, to whom can he point it, and from what other source can help and comfort come? Christ is not only an object of worship but a person of love; He is the world's only Saviour from sin and fountain of life. His coming is the only hope of this poor benighted world. We are told to look "for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus 2:13) Oh, Church of the Living God, look up! This may be the year of glad reunion with our loved ones who have gone on before. This may be the year when we shall see our Saviour face to face. The morning of His return cometh!

"What of the night, O watchman,
Set to mark the dawn of day?
The wind blows fair from the morning star,
And the shadows flee away.

Dark are the vales, but the mountains glow
As the light its splendor flings,
And the Sun of Righteousness comes up
With healing in His wings."

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THE OLD TIMER OF WEST VIRGINIA IN THESE MODERN TIMES

By Paul Pumpelly

I saw him. I heard him. I felt him. I said, "Could this be so in these modern times when every thing is changing so? Could a man remain the same type of preacher for over 30 years when others can't be recognized today?" I could not deny it. There he was. I inquired about him. Someone told me they heard him preach about 30 years ago and he looked the same then as now. Even his shoes were scuffed on the toes from praying so much. I looked --still scuffed -- not the same shoes -- or are they? Some 25 years ago this "old timer" pitched a tent south of Charleston, W. Va. No one would help him, he managed to get a few boys. They got the tent up wrong side out. It was God. Folks gathered to see the preacher who pitched his tent wrong side out. The fire fell; a church was born. It was blessed of God, and from the hands of faithful holiness preachers it grew so large until it got into Ripley's "Believe it or Not" as the largest rural church in the world. Years

have come and gone and great changes have been made -- these changes made their inroads to produce the great tragedy. Therefore, the "old timer" is back pitching his tent south of Charleston some 25 years later. God is glorified; devil terrified; sinners petrified; apostates horrified. The "old timer" in his original rough and tough "do or die" manner is back. They thought he was gone forever; had gotten rid of him -he is back.

Today saws are working, hammers are pounding, the "old timer" is still at it. Yes, he is back; The same GLOW, same message, same man, same GOD. They heard him praying, the holiness service was in progress, he got GREEN APPLES. None hit. I had to see him. I went to the building site and saw a miracle. Walls up, bricks bought, a man standing paying off workers at end of the day. The, "old timer" was up in the mountains. A Brother and I started up; had to walk in the creek bed as the road; hard on Sunday slippers. We finally arrived on top where the "old timer" came out from some trees. His diet was wild apples. At first he looked bloody but when closer it was poke-berry juice. His hair was flying in the breeze which made him look more like "the prophet". They had just cut up a tree. God had started it growing about 120 years ago to have it ready for this hour. He saw His "old timer" building again and therefore, planted the little sappling -- now it is down with five cuts -- a truck load for the mill; rafters for the new church. I thought I saw something peculiar about this man. I had a strange urge to hug him. I did. Sure enough -- he had cut a "bee tree" and had honey all over him. I got it all over me -- am still licking it off.

He handed me an announcement. I read it. It said "king and queen will be crowned, a parade (on Sunday) a great western parade with ponies, horses, covered wagon, cowboys, and lively music. Just a lot of fun." Tears welled up in the old timer's eyes as he said he had to come back and start over again. I noticed the same fire, the same glow, the same message, the same God. I got closer. I had to hug him again. Sure enough -- more honey. WHO IS THIS OLD TIMER OF WEST VIRGINIA IN THESE MODERN TIMES??? It is sweet Bro. Claude Bailey -- can't you just see him?

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WHAT JESUS MEANS TO ME

More than silver, more than gold,
More than all earth's wealth untold,
More than gain though great it be,
That's what Jesus means to me.

More than pleasures of this earth
More than laughter gay and mirth,
More than friends, though dear they be,
That's what Jesus means to me.

More than fame and more than health,
More than even life itself,
More than all the world, you see,
That's what Jesus means to me.

Saviour, Keeper, Brother, Friend,
Faithful, loving to the end,
Lord of Lord's eternally,
That's what Jesus means to me.

-- By Mary Owen

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ANN LANDERS ON THE RING QUESTION

Copied from Denver Post

Dear Ann Landers: Recently you had a fascinating letter in your column about men who wear wedding rings. I agree it means nothing. My husband's wedding ring left a very deep impression on me -- or I should say on my lip -- when he hit me during our honeymoon. Bruce was one of those beautifully mannered foreign phonies. He, was the first one on his feet when a lady entered the room, the first one with the cigarette lighter -- and the first one in the lifeboat. (We were on the Andrea Doria.)

After a four-week courtship I married this royal four-flusher, and the wedding ring was HIS idea. I confess the double ring ceremony sounded very romantic and it was easy for me to agree to it. I am no longer married to Bruce and you can bet your boots my present husband does NOT wear a wedding ring and he never will. -- Happy Now

Dear Now: Thanks for your letter. You realize, of course, the jewelers are going to hate us both but I'm pleased that you supported my position.

* * *

Editor's note: It seems that Ann Landers preaches more radical than some professed holiness preachers these days According to the Bible it is just as bad for a woman to wear a wedding ring as it is a man. "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." (I Tim. 2:9-10) "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price." (I Peter 3:3-4)

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BISHOP ASBURY AND PRAYER

Thus he began every day: "Rose this morning with a determination to fight or die and spent an hour in earnest prayer." Communion with God through prayer was his very life. "Having a day of rest from public exercises, I spent it in meditation, prayer and reading." He was always

planning to secure more time for prayer. "I feel determined to use more private prayer, and may the Lord make me more serious, more watchful and more holy."

Wherever he stopped for the night, he prayed; wherever he ate, he closed the meal with prayer. At the approach of conference, he sought opportunities for special prayer for divine guidance.

At one time, it was his practice to set apart three hours of every twenty-four for this spiritual exercise; at another period in his life, he gave himself to private prayer seven times a day; at another time, it was his habit to spend a part of every hour when awake praying; at still another, ten minutes of every hour.

Freeborn Garrettson said of him that he prayed the most and prayed the best of any man he ever knew. When men mocked him, his revenge was a prayer that God would bless them.

"I am much employed in the spirit and duty of prayer," he wrote. "My desire is that prayer should mix with every thought, with every wish, with every word, and with every action; that all might ascend as a holy, acceptable sacrifice to God." -- The Prophet of the Long Road, by Ezra Squier Tipple

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A BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT

By Hubert A. Terry

Ye are the light of the world. (Matt. 5:14)

Men have used some form of lighthouse for almost as long as they have sailed the open sea. For hundreds of years, storm driven sailors have searched anxiously for lights to warn them that land was near, or to warn them of dangerous rocks or reefs against which their vessel may be dashed to pieces. There are many storm driven people of this day in search of a light to warn them of the danger which lies ahead. These storm driven people once turned to the church in search of the warning light, and in many cases have failed to find it. Remembering back to one Sunday morning after the pastor had delivered his message, a poor storm beaten man came forward to the altar with tears filling his eyes, crying out, "I want someone to pray for me, I want someone to pray with me, I'm a sinner and I need help." To only hear the pastor say you are dismissed. This poor storm driven man left alone at the altar crying for help, searching for a light but found none. There are many lighthouses, there are also many that have let their lights burn out, as did the foolish virgins. Could the lights have gone out while the women were busy in the church kitchen? Could the lights have burned out while the men were busy organizing a ball team? Could the lights have gone out while the women's sewing circle was in session? While gathered together talking of those not present, hashing over last Sunday's sermon, or what all the pastors children did, or telling of how that they had heard from a friend that was a friend of theirs, tell something on a saint that did not know what they were talking about. There was a time when the good old fathers and mothers of Israel would gather on Saturday night for a prayer meeting, and would pray until God came, they would pray until their sons and daughters were saved. It was at the prayer meetings souls were

saved, it was at these prayer meetings that people were healed. How many souls have you seen saved at a church supper? How many souls have you seen saved at a ball park? These good old fathers and mothers of Israel gathered their children together (as long as they stayed in their home clothed and fed them) gathered them together and read them the word of God and prayed with them, they kept their eye on them, they knew what they were doing, they knew where their children were. But today father is too busy making a living, getting ahead, preparing for a rainy day, too busy to prepare for the most important thing, the spiritual things, too busy to give that boy a little time to tell him of the things of life to pray with him, to go to church with him every time the doors are open, and to be a real father to him. Father, what kind of light are you carrying before your son? Where will your light lead him? Into the rocks to be shipwrecked or will it lead him safely home? Today the mother is so busy at her club meetings and circle meetings, that she doesn't have time for that daughter, or her family, leaving the children many times with some total stranger, who has no concern for her children, yet she can't understand where her precious darlings got their bad habits or the ugly words. Is it any wonder our children are not getting saved. Sunday afternoon mother has neighbors to visit, circle meeting to make, father has a game of golf to play, the children left to run the streets, do what they please. Most mothers and fathers think, I can trust my children. Listen mother, listen father if that girl or boy is not saved you do not know what they will do. Is there any wonder juvenile delinquency is so high? Is there any wonder there are so many unwed mothers? Is there any wonder, the light has burned out.

The lighthouse Phoras, one of seven wonders of the world, at the mouth of the harbor of Alexander, in Egypt, was some 400 feet high and lasted for 1600 years, the fire kept constantly burning on its summit, and was visible for 40 miles.

As the beams from this light house thrown out over the sea, are the means of saving many precious lives, so in the moral or spiritual world Christian manhood throws its beams of light far out on the sea of life and guides many a tempest-tossed soul, and saves it from the hidden rocks and sandbars. On the side of the Eddystone lighthouse is this motto "To give light and save life." Like some friendly beacon standing on a rocky coast, or at the entrance of a harbor, we are all permitted to warn men of evil and to guide them to safety. Every one is called to give light. "Ye are the light of the world." Matt. 5:14

Many a traveler on life's ocean has found help and guidance from the kind affectionate rays that have shown from some consecrated Christian. When waves of sin are beating high, when clefts of temptation are just ahead, or when the driving winds of opposition are driving the helpless ones toward the rocks of unbelief, precious ones let your light shine. The mission of the light is to shine not to be hid.

Let us note the development of light, First was the candle, then the oil light, the gas light, the electric light, the fluorescent light, the mercury light, and in this atomic age, who knows what methods of still stronger lights we may see in years to come. And all this light is made to shine, it is to shine into and dispel darkness, and thus the moral or spiritual light should become more powerful as time goes, to penetrate and disperse the darkness. The darkness of ignorance, the darkness of superstition of moral obliquity, of sin in every form.

We long to see men and women in the realm of helpfulness, make their life study, the study of development of power to bless. Those who have light, have thought, views, aspirations, visions, and know what is good in life.

Let Your Light Shine

"Out into darkness it is ours to shine,
Noise has naught to do with shining
Commotion has naught to do with shining
But power through the Holy Spirit will make you shine."
(Author unknown)

How light penetrates darkness, How it finds its way into darkness. No one can tell another the exact thing he should do in life, but this he can tell, that everyone should shine. Let us note here, that there is light with heat, and light without heat. There may be heat where there is no light, also light where there is no heat. There are phosphorescent gleams of light in the firefly, decayed wood, and the sparkling sea wave, but there is no heat. There is heat in the blood of all living animals, but no light.

In the northern regions, the northern light shines with great brilliancy and is beautiful. The whole phenomena of waving wreathes, flickering flames, rays, bands of flashing colors, now high in the heavens, then draping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with a wreath of rubies and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and lighting the whole landscape as with hundreds of thousands of electric lights. Such a scenery, revealing the mountains of ice, instead of warmth. It sends a chill over the observer. These auroras may well represent lights of worldliness that gives no saving warmth to the soul.

Think with me for a moment of how the world lights up all it has to offer, the beer and whiskey signs made attractive and desirable by its signs and lights, the tobacco companies attract by signs and light, the movies everything the world has to offer is put before the public. It seems as though the holiness churches are in hard to find areas, no signs, no lights. Camp grounds without signs of directions, no advertising, then we wonder why no one comes.

The pleasure of the world may for a time present to the eye beautiful and attractive scenes, and yet all these, like the auroras leave the soul in a frosty and chilling atmosphere. No matter how brilliant and attractive they may be they have no power to bestow life giving warmth. As the sun in its course gives both light and heat to our earth, so the Son of Righteousness with healing in His wings, brings warmth and light of life to all hearts that are open to receive it.

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WHY DID GOD MAKE TOBACCO?

By W. M. Tidwell

We hear the question, "If God did not make tobacco to use why did He make it? Now before giving the answer permit just a few words. When man fell in Eden many changes came. We

are sure there were no winter blasts or burning summers. Temperate. Roses but no thorns or thistles. Sure no noxious weeds, mosquitoes and bedbugs in Eden. The serpent, the most beautiful and wise of all God's creatures beside man, but the curse of God came on him and he became a crawling, hissing venomous serpent. It may be that tobacco as we now have it was not in God's original creation.

But be that as it may we are sure it was not the plan of God for His creature man, to chew, smoke and dip this poisonous weed. However there are several things tobacco may be used for to a good purpose. It is excellent to kill lice on calves and pigs. Just boil a bit of tobacco and sprinkle a bit of the poisoned water on a calf or pig and the lice will die and fall off at once. Then it will keep the wolves off of the sheep. Just sprinkle a bit of pulverized tobacco, Bartons snuff if handy, and the wolves will get a whiff and take off at once. Then a third good purpose of it is to prevent the cannibals from eating one. Too much for a cannibal. Then often people die alone in the forests or elsewhere but if your body is saturated with tobacco, nicotine the buzzards will sure leave you alone. Too much for a buzzard. So if the Lord did make tobacco as it now is, it was not for His creatures to poison themselves and develop lung cancer and other deadly diseases.

When Annie Sherwood died the doctor said her lungs had a solid coat of snuff on them. There was a young man down in Georgia who began smoking when a very small boy. He smoked incessantly on and on. His lungs, so the Doctor stated, became so irritated with lung cancer that it became impossible for him to smoke. Such a painful paroxysm would seize him till he would almost die. He had to quit. Then he began eating cigarettes just like a child eating candy. He said, "They taste so good." About three months ago he died a terrible death. Tobacco killed him. We think the four most damning sins of the day are nudeness, Television, Tobacco and liquor. Jesus can deliver. He is the great "Emancipator." "He breaks the power of canceled sin; He sets the prisoner free."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

RESOLUTIONS

"I resolve to love! I resolve to love -- especially Jane March!" Alice exclaimed loudly to herself as she continued writing her New Year's resolutions.

"You at it again, Sis?" Danny asked, sticking his dark hair around the corner of the living room door. "Always, you resolve; but never do you keep," and he shook his head as a concerned look stole into his deep blue eyes.

"You having troubles with Janie again?" It was six year old Joanne Kay. "Jesus can make you love Janie. I know! 'Cause He gave me a great big love for Earbie who is always coloring Susie's pretty cheeks with black crayons, and . . . and . . . always pushing her dreamy eyes way, way back in her head."

"Oh, go away; Kay! You and Danny make me sick! You just can't understand. It's not your problem, that's why," and Alice Ann walked over to the big bay window and, nervously toying the pencil, she watched the hungry birds flitting from the bird feeder to the many bushes and trees on the sprawling lawn. The nervous, gregarious English sparrows seemed never to get enough food and she watched them carefully as they ate hungrily. Two scarlet red cardinals sought earnestly after the sunflower seeds and, with their strong bills, rapidly cracked the shell and freed the kernel of goodness from its snug little place of hiding on the inside and devoured it hungrily. She listened as four beautiful saucy Tufted Titmouse birds chatted and chatted excitedly to each other as they fed on the choice seeds. This little, gray blue creature seemed less fearful than many that fed there daily and always Alice watched and waited for them. She especially liked them. They seemed to know how to take care of themselves and especially were they adept at getting along with the many other birds. Just then a saucy bright Blue Jay landed in the maple tree and began his loud, noisy scolding. "Thief! Thief! Thief!" he shouted incessantly, then darted after some of the beautiful birds and, chasing them from their favorite haunt, he settled down contentedly to the feeder -- alone, save for the fearless, industrious Titmouse who seemed to feel the feeder was as much theirs as all the Blue Jays in the world.

"You big bully!" Alice said watching through the big window. "You always want your own way. You're... You're... beautiful to . . . look at, but your ways make you hateful. Just for that, I'm going to chase you away," and she started for the door when Danny's kind hand came down gently upon her slender shoulder.

"Sis, don't you suppose it would be best to let the Blue Jay feed? After all he's hungry too."

"But he's selfish, Danny, and he's . . . a . . . regular bully type bird. Why, he always chases the birds away when he comes. He's too selfish to have in our yard. Certainly, he's pretty. In fact, he's such a pretty bird he's handsome, but does that make me like him? Oh, no, Danny! His ways and his habits make me almost despise him."

"Physician, heal thyself!" Danny exclaimed loudly.

"Why, Danny Hopper!" Alice Ann exclaimed, exasperated. "Certainly you don't mean that!" and the tears began flowing down her flushed cheeks.

"Sit down, Sis. I'd like to talk to you," and the tall handsome lad led the way to the sofa. "I didn't mean to hurt you m not really, Alice Ann; but it's time you knew some things. Just 'cause you're pretty people overlook your faults; that is, most of them do. The reason you have trouble loving Jane is because you have a heart condition that only Jesus can change. Jane's your equal and that's another reason you can't get along with her. In your heart you envy her."

"Danny!" Alice exclaimed.

"It's true, Sis. You envy Janie because she's as popular at school as you are, and because she was elected Class President in place of you this time. One never envies anyone beneath him -- it's always someone who's a competitor, or . . . or . . . above him."

"And are you inferring that Jane's above me?"

"Well, yes, maybe in some ways. At least she possesses a better spirit than you do -- that without making any religious profession as you do."

"Oh, Danny! You despise me," Alice accused defensively.

"Just love, Sis, not despise. I think you're pretty wonderful, and when God gets through with you and shows you your carnal heart you'll really be something. He knows how to knock the pride out of us. I know for He truly sanctified my soul in our last revival."

"Oh, Danny, I feel so mean when I hate Jane," the girl confessed honestly and broken-heartedly.

"That's what I mean, Alice Ann. It's the carnal nature warring in your flesh -- striving for the mastery over you. Sis, if this awful nature isn't subject to God, how do you ever expect it to be submissive to you?"

"Is . . . Is . . . that what the Apostle meant in Romans?" Alice Ann asked seriously.

"Exactly so", Danny said soberly. "Romans 8:7-8 tells us all about it. But God wants to deliver you from this inherited nature, Alice. You need not struggle with it any longer. God wants to purge it out of your heart. Years ago folks called it the "Second Blessing" or the "Double Portion"; no matter what you call it, it's Holiness of heart or entire sanctification, and it's perfectly wonderful to possess the Holy Spirit."

"Oh, Danny, you sound just like a preacher."

"And nothing would thrill me more than to have my pretty sister as my first seeker," Danny said, patting Alice Ann gently on her soft silky head of hair.

"Will you pray with me, Danny?"

"I'd be happy to," and together the two knelt by the sofa where Alice Ann fully repented of her sins and, after Jesus saved her soul, she began seeking diligently for Holiness of heart.

"Oh, Danny!" she exclaimed suddenly. "It's all gone! It's taken out -- that hatred for Jane. Praise the Lord! He has come! The Comforter has come and I love Janie, and I'm going to try to win her to Jesus," the happy girl said as the Holy Ghost came and took complete possession of her heart and her life. "Where is my page of new resolutions, Danny?"

"Where you left them," Danny said, wiping tears of joy from his eyes and smiling sweetly up into Ann's radiant face.

"Bring them to me, will you. please?" the happy girl asked.

"Here they are," Kay said, softly entering the room and throwing her small arms around her beloved sister's neck.

"Thanks, honey," Alice almost whispered as she tore the sheet into dozens of pieces. "I'll never need this page again. What my yearly resolutions couldn't do, Jesus has done -- and in an instant too," she added joyfully.

Just then a bright red cardinal burst forth in joyful and loud praises to God.

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THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT OF THE PAST

By John Marvin Hames

"When we obtained the blessing in 1889, and at once identified ourselves with the full salvation movement, in its people, meetings, camps and literature, there was not a division that we can recall among them. There was no strife about non essential doctrines. No breaking up into sets and cliques with watchwords, modes of worship and exclusive ways and teachings peculiar to some school or following. There was no ugly spirit, no unkind speech over honest differences of opinion upon matters that do not affect the soul's Salvation and entrance to Heaven. Holiness people suffered at the hands of the world and the church peculiarly and bitterly; but they kept sweet, were uncomplaining, did not strike back and with the Glory of God shining out their faces, with victory at home or abroad, laughed, wept, preached, prayed, sung, clapped their hands and shouted their way through the ten days of camp meeting, and after that kept the same glad holy triumph in their souls for the other three hundred and fifty five days of the year, till they came again to the feast of the Tabernacle in South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas." The Holiness papers were not mustard plasters and fly blisters in those days, but rather like leaves from the Tree of Life for the Healing of the nations. They did not shoot at their own Brethren who were in the hot firing line at the front. Holiness preachers did not charge each other as backslidden in those days, nor hurl mud and filth at men whom God had honored on every battlefield. Instead they, met and labored with each other, the fact which impressed all beholders was "See how they love each other." When we contrast this to what is done in the name of Holiness today our heart sickens and we feel indebted to the dying mother in Israel which truly expresses our feelings saying, "The Glory is departed." -- From a "Feast of Good Things," By J. M. Hames

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THE KILLER

Most of you have heard the saying, have you got a weed (meaning a Cigarette)? You hear this time and time again from teenagers all over the world. Why do teenagers ask this question? Is it because they have heard their parents ask the same question? They must get it from someone.

Dr. A. Graham, a professor of surgery, recently made a laboratory test that showed positive evidence that cancer can be produced by tar contained in cigarette smoke. In the

experiment 36 of 81 mice painted with tobacco tar developed cancer of the skin. The average time for the appearance of the cancer was 71 weeks, about half the life span of mice. This proves that lung cancer in human beings appears after 30 to 35 years of age, or about half a life span.

Another thing that Dr. Graham found was that lung cancer is the most common form of cancer found in men. And we all know that more men than women do smoke.

Why smoke anyway? It is deadly, low and sensual.

1. It takes time. This is the most precious thing in the world.
2. It makes the air unclean to breath.
3. It burns up money, which many people need badly.
4. It hinders work. By work we win in this world.
5. It weakens the heart. The time is coming when you will need every bit of its precious strength.
6. It endangers health. Two of our best known authors, Grant and Mark Twain both died of tobacco poison.
7. It is a habit-forming drug.
8. It is unclean.
9. All smoke is waste and it is not good for people's health.
10. It makes your breath unpleasant to everyone.
11. It starts fires, kills lives and destroys millions of dollars worth of forest and property each year.

Many people get the idea that smoking only causes lung cancer, but it doesn't stop there. It includes many other diseases of the heart and arteries, ulcers, cancer of mouth and tongue, acute bronchitis and many others.

The gruesome statistics of the world now indicate that from the age of twenty onward if you smoke a pack of cigarettes a day you may burn off about eight years of your life. The death rate for all smokers is about fifty-eight per cent more than non-smokers. One of every twenty-three heavy smokers at the age of thirty-five will be dead within ten years if they continue smoking. What a cigarette can do.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a boy's nerve troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his work and discount his chances of success."

In spite of all that unbiased science has discovered and made available to the public through the magazines and newspapers, over the radio and television, a large percentage of the population go right on committing slow suicide.

You may not pay attention to this warning, Mr. Cancerette, because it disturbs your peace of mind and you may say, "What you don't know won't hurt you," but the truth is, it will kill you."

STOP SMOKING BEFORE IT STOPS YOU.

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PERHAPS TODAY

Perhaps today the trumpet sound
May fall upon my ear,
And I shall look into the sky
Beholding Christ so dear.

The signs of time are pointing to,
The coming of our King,
Perhaps today He'll split the sky
And I shall shout and sing.

And be among the number
To meet Christ in the air,
Caught up to live forever
In Heaven bright and fair.

It can't be very many days
Before He comes again,
To take away His very own
From this old world of sin.

How awful if I failed to watch
And keep my garments white,
And be among that many here
Who'll miss that blessed flight.

Oh blessed Jesus, keep me pure,
So with my very eyes,
I'll see Thee on a cloud so fair
Descending from the skies.

-- By Mary Owen

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THE END