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## MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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THE SHEPHERD'S PICTURE  
By Elbert Dodd

Ezekiel 34:1-5 -- Isaiah 56:10-12

In these scriptures we have the picture of the faithless and bad shepherd. Of course, in the Holy Scriptures the shepherds are the spiritual leaders of God's people. We call ministers of the Gospel shepherds. There are good shepherds, faithful, true and humble. They are true ministers of the Gospel, whom God has called. These God-called ministers have the greatest and gravest responsibility of all men. They have a greater responsibility than the leaders of our nation. The political leader deals only with material things; the minister deals with immortal souls. This being the case, the true shepherd should be respected and held in high esteem by the people, whom God likens to sheep. Most good people do respect the true, sincere minister of the Gospel. Many people who are sinners respect their sincerity.

In the fifty-sixth chapter of Isaiah we have the picture of the faithless, compromising, playboy, parasite type that some rate as shepherds; but they are false shepherds. Isaiah says that they are blind. This means that they are unconverted, never having been born again. How can a man tell one how to really get saved when he has never been saved himself? If the blind lead the blind, they all fall in the ditch.

Second, they are ignorant of God's word. They have gathered world-knowledge without God's wisdom. They know philosophy, but do not know God and the deep things of God's holy Word.

Third, God says they are dumb dogs; loving the things of the flesh; slumbering; letting time slip through their fingers, sacred time; keeping late hours, then sleeping late; spending their time in

sports and entertainment, the bowling alley, leading their people to the skating rink, sitting around an old TV, absorbing the rot of Hollywood; and then being empty on the Sabbath day and having nothing to feed the sheep. The Bible calls them "greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain. No wonder God classed them with dogs.

Then in Ezekiel 34, God told Ezekiel to prophesy against the shepherds. There is a woe pronounced against them because they failed in their responsibility to God's people. In the second verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel God says, "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flocks?" These words from God should arouse and awaken these shepherds, and every true shepherd will be aroused and awakened. Those who are not true are nothing more than parasites on society. They are worthless bums and should not be supported by God's people. Any preacher who realizes a thing is wrong and fails to faithfully warn the people will lose his own soul, and the blood of those he failed to warn will be on his hands at the judgment bar of God.

These false shepherds are responsible for the loss of respect for law in the home, the state, the school and the church. The great rise in crime and youth delinquency is all laid at the door of the faithless, compromising preacher. They have failed as watchmen and God has warned them. They have approved the television, which is the greatest crime agent in the history of the world. They have discounted God's word, compromised with the world, joined the lodges, smoked with the smokers, winked at worldliness in the church, approved of women cutting their hair, wearing men's clothes and dressing immodestly, and these professed men of God have become partakers of their evil deeds and today stand guilty before God. Oh, Brother Preacher, whatever denomination you may be in, I warn you -- let's put on the whole armor of God; let's be true and faithful shepherds, that we may not only save our own souls, but the souls of those we minister to. We must be true to God and be faithful shepherds.

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## A VOICE FROM THE PAST

J. B. Chapman speaks on the wedding ring.

Question: "Do you think our pastors should perform wedding ceremonies using the wedding ring?"

Answer: "No. A good many Methodist Preachers including at least one bishop, refused to use the wedding ring on the ground that it is out of harmony with the letter and spirit of the Methodist Discipline to do so. And our Manual is just as strong on the wearing of jewelry as the Methodist Discipline, and our preachers and people should be as consistent as the Methodists -- the best Methodists." -- J. B. Chapman, Herald of Holiness, July 14, 1926.

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## THE ALTERNATIVES OF HOLINESS

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14)

"Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; A blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day: And a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God." (Deut. 11:26-28)

There are at least five geographical locations connected with the life and travels of the children of Israel that are typical of spiritual conditions that exist in this dispensation of grace. They are Egypt, the Wilderness, Canaan, Babylon and Moab. These types may be termed the alternatives of holiness.

Egypt is typical of the bondage and serfdom of sin. According to Moses there were many plagues in Egypt. Leprosy is believed to have originated there because it is called "The Plague of Egypt." Leprosy is a picture of sin because the only cure was by divine intervention. At Gilgal when the children, born in the wilderness, were circumcised, Joshua declared, "This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from you." (Josh. 5:9) In the constant murmurings of Israel was the desire to turn back into Egypt. On one occasion they wanted to elect a captain and return. We learn from the book of Acts that in their hearts they turned back again into Egypt." (Acts 7:39) It is sad today to see some among the holiness ranks who seem to have their hearts set on the world and sin.

The wilderness is a type of the justified regenerated experience. They had been delivered from the cruel bondage of the iron furnace. They had been baptized in the sea and freed from the slavehood of the land of Ham. In the wilderness the children of Israel were separate from the world, dwelling alone, unwanted among the nations. Their guide was the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, typical of the Holy Spirit which lead them on their way. They were fed daily on manna from Heaven. Their water supply was the flowing stream from the smitten rock, which was typical of the Saviour and the atoning blood that flowed from His riven side. Egypt was behind them, Canaan before them and God was with them. Thus it is with the regenerated child of God. He is delivered from this present evil world and lead by the Spirit. If he is willing and obedient God will, without doubt, lead him into the Canaan of a holy heart. "God brought them out that He might bring them in."

Israel is typical of the believer in a fully sanctified experience. When they got into Canaan they were ready for conquest. God promised, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you." (Josh. 1:3) Here is the fight of faith and the onward march of true Christians led by Jesus Christ their captain. Happy is the man that possesses his inheritance in grace. He moves from victory unto victory, from glory to glory. He has ceased from his own works and has the promised rest of the Spirit. He dwells in the heights of Canaan and wears the whole armour of Christ. This armour includes everything but back covering for there is no plan nor provision for defeat or retreat. His food is no longer manna but milk and honey, grapes, pomegranites and corn for strength. He lives a life of total victory; He is a conqueror and overcomer. Such is the blessed experience of a holy heart.

It is strange indeed that anyone would ever choose any alternative to this Canaan of full salvation. But there are those who chose Babylon the home of the backslider and the apostate. It was there that Israel was carried after years of disobedience and rejection. They sat down on the banks of the Euphrates and wept as they remembered Zion. They were requested to sing one of the songs of Zion but they hung their harps on the willow trees and wailed in bitterness, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" (Psalm 137:4) This is the sad portrait of a backslider. He is left without a song, without joy or happiness. His plight is one of weeping and emptiness when he remembers the days of old. Babylon is destined to utter destruction. (Rev. 18:21)

Spiritual Babylon with its fleshly corruption is beyond redemption and for this reason God calls His people out of her. Babylon began in a spirit of defiance and independence and will end in complete confusion under the wrath of God. All who are living in this backslidden condition should heed the warning, before they reach a condition of complete and final apostasy, and come out of her and return to the ways of spiritual life and truth.

Another alternative to holiness is to drift into a cold, formal profession of holiness typified by the land of Moab. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." (Jer. 48:11) "At ease from his youth!" What a picture of the cold, modern, social, formal holiness church! There is no concern whatever for lost immortal souls. They are not troubled over a world in its rapid rush to an endless eternity; there is no soul burden or travail for those who sit in darkness. The missionary and evangelistic spirit is lost and they have become artists at professing folk through in their sins and are self satisfied with their own little program and like the Laodicean church blindly believe that they have need of nothing. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" He hath settled on his lees. Content to do nothing of spiritual value. God has declared He will punish all such in due time. "And I will punish the men that are settled on their lees." (Zeph. 1:12) Religious stagnation has occurred. They are afraid to pour out because they are stingy. "They have not been emptied from vessel to vessel." When the widow with the oil cruze ceased to pour out, the oil stayed. (II Kings 4:1) Many professors of holiness apparently hold good standards but they are Moabites because they live for themselves. Sacrifice is unknown to them; fasting and prayer are strange practices to them. They visit not the sick and afflicted nor do they seek the lost. Their push to do personal work has long since perished and they are not even interested in praying with seekers around an altar any more! They will not give or pledge. They have not discovered the secret that God is able and willing to refill the vessel provided it is emptied for the benefit of someone else.

They are without persecution. "Neither hath he gone into captivity." They have lived so much like the world and so little like Christ that they have not incurred the ostracism and hate of the world. The Bible says, "All that will live godly, shall suffer persecution." They have conformed until they are considered safe and sane and are accepted by the world. They will have their period of suffering and anguish on earth as well as eternally in hell. While the saints, who have suffered persecution and have not been at ease, are with Jesus at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb the Laodicean church will be called into tremendous judgment during the tribulation reign of the anti-Christ.

"Therefore his taste remained in him." These citizens of spiritual Moab still have the same old appetites. They profess holiness but they cling to the world. If you desire the television, the bowling alleys, skating rinks, immodest attire, jewelry and fashionable hair-dos, your taste has not been changed. Even a born again experience brings an appetite for the Word of God, prayer meetings, Bible preaching, and fellowship with the saints.

"And his scent is not changed." The worldly holiness professor has no discernment. Scent in the Bible denotes discernment. A Levite with a flat nose was disqualified to act as a priest, for he would be unable to discern whether things were good or bad: (Lev. 21:18) The Levites, the priestly tribe, which is symbolical of the true holiness Church, were to be able to smell (discern) the sweet fragrance of the incense of worship that went up from the congregation. (Deut. 33:10) The cold, worldly professor has no power to try the spirits and becomes an easy prey to all false doctrines. This, no doubt is why many from the ranks of supposedly holiness churches have gone off after tongues, Adventism, Mormonism, Russellism and every kind of false cult.

They have no ability to tell whether things are done in or out of the Spirit, nor can they detect the hypocrisy existing under the cloak of some professors. David speaking of the heathen said, "Noses have they but they smell not." Christ and the bride is pictured in the Song of Solomon. In describing the bride Solomon wrote: "Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus," (Song of Solomon 7:4) The Bride's nose is compared to a watchtower in which sentinels would sit and look toward Damascus the city in which Israel's enemy dwelt. It indicates vigilance. In the same sense the holy man or woman must ever be on the alert for those spiritual foes that would invade the city of man's soul destroying his heritage and bringing him into captivity. Discernment detects the good as well as the bad. A man filled with the Spirit can smell a real revival or a true holiness camp meeting for many miles. May God help us to dwell in Canaan and keep to the mainline of holiness. May His remnant of holy people be faithful and never return to the wilderness wanderings or to the Egypt Of sin. May we be vigilant lest we be carried away to backslidden Babylon or drift into the Moab of lukewarm, Laodicean, self complacency! The alternatives of holiness are deadly. It is holiness or hell.

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## AN OLD SOLDIER GOES HOME

[Open Graphics\hdm1755.jpg to view a picture of Harlan Tull (H. T.) Davis, who should not be confused with an earlier Holiness writer Henry Turner (H. T.) Davis.]

On April 2, 1965, Rev. H. T. Davis, one of the Great Preachers and holy men of his day, passed to his reward.

Harlan Tull Davis was born March 1, 1875, and died April 2, 1965, being 90 years, 1 month and 1 day old.

He was converted early in life, sanctified, and called to preach the gospel. He was a born fighter; he fought sin wherever he saw it. He fought the liquor traffic in Kansas and Nebraska and

was one of the leading lights that got liquor out of those states in early days. He fought modernism in the church. He was converted in the Methodist church, then he fought worldliness in the Church of the Nazarene, and was one of the leading men in encouraging the Bible Missionary Church into existence. He fought every kind of compromise wherever he saw it; he stood for right against friend and foe; but was tender, true and humble in it all.

He was more like Paul than any man I knew. If any man ever stood by the church leaders in any church, Bro. H. T. Davis stood by Brother Cook and me from the early days of the Bible Missionary Church.

To really know the greatness of Rev. H. T. Davis, you would have had to be close to him. He was loved, honored and respected to his dying day, and his influence will live on until Jesus comes.

He served pastorates in Indiana, Missouri and Idaho. After he retired from the active ministry in 1950 he carried on the work of his ministry among the churches and people, preaching and supplying wherever he had opportunity.

I had the opportunity of preaching the sermon for his funeral. Surely God was there, as I likened his life to the life of the Apostle Paul.

On April 2, 1965, at 11:15 a. m., earth time, he reported to his COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, stacked his armor at the feet of Jesus, and heard Jesus say, "Old Soldier, you have been faithful. Receive the Crown of Life; come on in home and receive your reward." Today no doubt Brother Davis is shouting around the throne of God, and has joined that Heavenly choir with David, Paul and the saints of the ages, and is resting in his mansion, waiting for his loved ones and friends.

I was assisted in the funeral by Rev. Tracy Knapp, his District Moderator, Rev. E. W. Damon, his pastor, and Rev. Alva Turner.

I gave Brother Davis the degree of D. P., Dean of Preachers, and he was just that, and much more. I called him my right arm, and he was all of that and much more. I praise God for the life of this good and GREAT man, whose influence will live until Jesus comes.

He was an ordained elder in the Bible Missionary Church and was faithful to the end to the church, her people, and her leaders. He was a strong preacher and served the church as pastor and evangelist for more than 65 years. He also served as chairman for the General Court of Appeals. I praise God for the opportunity I had of knowing this great and good man.

He leaves to mourn him his faithful wife, Mrs. Gladys Edna Davis, of Emmett, Idaho, who stood by him in his work across the years. Also surviving are one son, Galen Davis, of Maumee, Ohio; two daughters, Mrs. Glennys Thompson and Mrs. Carol Harley, both of Laurel, Indiana; a brother, Charles Davis, of Topeka, Kansas, nine grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, other relatives and a host of friends. Many of these loved him as a father.

We had the funeral at Emmett, Idaho, March 5, at 10:00 A. M., and laid his body to rest in the cemetery at Emmett, where he had lived for many years.

He was a true husband, a loving father, a true minister of the gospel, and a tried and true friend. We will all miss him. He cannot come to us, but we can go to him. We know where he is, and we are looking forward to meeting him just inside the Eastera Gate. -- Elbert Dodd, General Moderator Bible Missionary Church

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## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

## A GOOD SPIRIT

The hay lay sweet and fragrant in the meadow as a hot June sun kissed and dried the newly mown grass. A meadow lark sailed gracefully downward and landed, singing melodiously, as he did so. Butterflies, with wings a golden butter yellow, bright orange, and speckles of black or deep purple and bright blue, flitted carelessly and prettily about, landing ever so often on the plump fat blossoms of red clover.

Robbie, with Speckles panting loudly by his side, sat beneath the big old crooked apple tree, waiting for Grandfather to make another round with the mower. The boy leaned his back up wearily against the stout trunk and closed his eyes as a good, warm feeling possessed him.

Everything was beautiful and wonderful. The earth bespoke of the glory of God; the birds were singing and making sweet music for everyone to hear, and dear Grandfather was constantly singing or praising God. Yes, everything was wonderful! All, that is, but one thing. How he wished he could do something about it! A big tear rolled down his cheek and he breathed a simple boyish prayer heavenward. He knew the Lord cared and somehow, he felt certain, He would undertake.

Speckles sprawled, the full length of his furry body, on the soft, cool, gassy earth and had just settled down for a cozy nap when a busy bumble bee buzzed noisily by just a short way from his spotted furry ear. Immediately he was on his feet, chasing bees and butterflies.

Grandfather halted the big white horse and headed for the crooked, shady tree and Robbie.

"What you thinkin', Son?" and the white haired man sat down by his youthful grandson, one hand resting on his knee. Speckles, a look of mischief in his eyes, began chewing on the elderly man's heavy work shoes; then, receiving a soft, gentle pat on his little furry head from the kind old man, he lay by his side, his spotted head and long, soft ears resting on the denim clad leg.

"What am I thinking, Grandpa?" Robbie asked, sitting instantly erect and as tall as his nine years would permit. "Lots of things, Grandfather. Lots and lots of things."

"Like what, fr instance." and the soft spoken man gave Robbie a tender look as he stroked the furry head resting lightly on his leg.

A far away look came into the light blue eyes and the boy methodically brushed a wisp of unruly blond hair out of his face as he watched for the big bright orange tractor to make another round in the neighboring field.

"Why does Mr. Hilton treat you like he does," and a big salty tear coursed down the sun tanned cheek as the boy continued, "Why, you've never done anything but good deeds to anyone."

"Laddie," and Grandfather looked for a long while at Robbie before he continued in his well modulated voice, "think much upon what I am about to say: 'Tis not so much what people do to you as what you do to them, and how you treat them. We will never answer to God for another's actions and deeds, but we must answer to Him for our own deeds. Never think upon your own hurt nor what's happened to you, but always be loyal and fair and full of loving kindness in your daily treatment of every individual. In other words, do unto others as you would like them to always do unto, you."

"But, Grandpa, you are always kind and good, and . . . and . . . so patient and loving to Mr. Hilton; yet he says you wanted the cows to get into his corn field."

"'Tis really quite all right, laddie. Our Heavenly Father is keeping books. He knows the truth. I paid for all damage and have turned Mr. Hilton over to God. Now stop worrying, sonny boy, and . . . and . . . stop thinking," he added, slowly, thoughtfully. "The devil's quite shrewd and could put bitterness in that young heart."

Robbie watched as the bright orange tractor putt, putt, putted into full view, then he heard a loud scream and a shout for help.

Immediately Grandfather was on his feet, racing swiftly toward the neighbor man's "little acre" where "Big John", the ferocious bull, was fenced. Every minute counted.

Robbie headed for the bright orange tractor, waving his hands and arms excitedly, with Speckles barking loudly by his side.

For a long while Mr. Hilton ignored the small boy and the barking dog who were now keeping pace with the big tractor.

"It's tiny John!" Robbie shouted above the noise of the tractor. "Look!" and he pointed to the small acreage of lush green pasture land.

Immediately Mr. Hilton became alive and alert and, following Robbie's tear stained gaze to the "little acre", he saw what was happening.

Without saying a word, he turned the ignition key off and raced like the wind toward his small son. Robbie and Speckles followed closely behind.



Suddenly, like one in a daze or a stupor, the man stopped dead still in his tracks. He saw a big red handkerchief fluttering steadily from the work worn and calloused hands of the silver haired gentleman; blood was streaming from his face and his legs. The enraged animal charged at the aging man, foam and froth issuing from his nostrils and mouth. He had no eyes for the tiny four year old who was totally unconscious of the immediate danger and who was all the time getting closer and closer to a small opening in the fence which would secure his safety.

"Da... dee!" his childish voice exclaimed in eager anticipation as he saw his father and crawled through the small opening in the fence to safety.

Mr. Hilton, his face an ashen white, spoke not a word.

The impending crisis staggered all imagination -- to shout would only increase the anger of the enormous black bull and to remain dormant meant certain death to his neighbor. Seeing Robbie, he ran to tiny John and, grabbing him gratefully up into his brawny arms, he pressed his small body tightly to his heaving chest; then, just as quickly, he deposited the baffled child in the warm embrace of Robbie as he said calmly,

"Take him away from here and don't let go of his hand."

Without any further word the man was over the fence, a heavy club dangling from his hand. Robbie wanted to scream but instinct told him better. Quickly he started for the Hilton farm house with Johnny chattering happily by his side. When Mr. Hilton crossed the heavy fence he called softly:

"Work your way over to the fence, Tom. I'll try to get his attention this time." At the same time he drew out his big red handkerchief and let it flutter in the warm breeze as he called "Big John! Oh, John!"

For an instant the giant animal hesitated, then, with all the beastly nature within him angered and stirred up, he put his head down and charged on the silver haired man again. Grandfather jumped out of the path of the anger blinded animal and slowly backed his way toward the fence and safety.

Mr. Hilton too, moved closer to the fence, ever keeping his eyes on the fast approaching bull. He did not want to use the club unless absolutely necessary as this would, he knew, only intensify his already burning anger and rage. He jumped out of the way just in time and made a frantic rush for the fence where he jumped to safety. The animal pawed the ground and blew great cotton balls of foam and froth into the air as Mr. Hilton walked humbly, brokenly to Grandfather.

"You . . . You're . . . hurt," he said tenderly, brokenly.

"Not much, Sam. Thank God! A mite weak though from losing all that blood where Big John gored my slow lame leg that first time."

"Sit down and let me have a look," and Mr. Hilton carefully examined the deep wound.

"Tom! Tom! I . . . I'm so ashamed of myself! I . . . I . . . don't know what to say, nor . . . how . . . to say it!" and he was sobbing loudly.

"I've watched you, Tom. You , .. You . . . really have the Lord in your heart I've been so unkind and . . . , and.., hateful . . . to you. Forgive me and pray for me, Will you, Tom? You saved tiny Johnny and I am tired of living this wretched kind of life. I want something that will give me peace, joy, and rest like you have."

The loud wail of a siren made both men look down the dusty lane where an ambulance was rapidly approaching.

"My Mary must have called the ambulance," Mr. Hilton said, "but, Tom, pray for me now before they get here. I'm lost, and going to die and go to hell unless I get saved."

"Confess all your sins to Jesus, Sam, and of course I'll pray."

As the wail of the siren rounded the corner of the Hilton farm, a loud shout of victory rang out across the meadow, past the "little acre" and up to Robbie's happy listening ears. Mr. Hilton had just found Jesus and Grandfather was going to be all right. He just knew it. He felt it all over and through his boyish body. Everything was truly and really wonderful. He lifted his innocent, boyish face heavenward as he looked from tiny John to where Grandfather was and, folding his hands reverently, he smiled sweetly upward, "Thank Thee, Jesus dearest, so much."

Simultaneously, several meadow larks began a soft, melodious song of praise.

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THE END