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## **MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS**

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## **FREEDOM INDEED**

J. E. Cook

"But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Rom. 6:22

Freedom -- so desired, so sought for, fought for, yet millions are in slavery. When President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met in the Atlantic ocean on the battleship "Prince of Wales" and the cruiser "Augusta" and hammered out "The Atlantic Charter" the world was thrilled because it sounded out the chord of freedom -- freedom for all men in every place. The four basic freedoms -- freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear. The price was to be "blood, sweat and tears." The challenge was accepted. Fathers and sons laid down their lives. Mothers and daughters waited. And still there are iron curtains, bamboo curtains, and others to come with millions groping on hopelessly in search of freedom.

But let us look deeper. Can the Atlantic Charter guarantee freedom? One has freedom of speech but is bound by habits of cursing, swearing, blaspheming and filthy conversation. Another boasts their freedom to worship how or what they please, but idols of gold, fame, and power shut out true worship. Is he free to worship? Here is a woman who is surrounded by economic security and material luxury, but is ever searching for pleasure, popularity and things. Is she free from want. Consider the soul, protected by law, shielded from lawlessness, yet is a fugitive from an accusing conscience, from the face of God, cowers at death, trembles at the thought of eternity. Is he free from fear? No, nothing but perfect love casteth out fear.

What is the barrier to freedom? Paul gives the answer, "Being made free from sin." Jesus, preaching to the Pharisees, said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." They answered, "We be Abraham's children and were never in bondage to anyone." But Jesus answered,

"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." And then He added, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

What is it that makes men react like beasts? The answer is SIN. Theologians call it original depravity but the Bible calls it carnality. It is a warp in our natures, a twist in our passions, a bias in our affections, a blight upon our wills, a veil over our eyes, a self-destructive principle within our hearts. And the newly converted are mistaken when they think they are completely delivered. They soon learn the tyrant is only dethroned, not dead. Inward sin asserts itself again and brings grief and loss of joy. Only by instant prayer can we, come forth victoriously. Then the cry of the heart becomes, "Lord, not only dethrone but put him utterly to death. Let love and joy dwell without a rival."

"Lord Jesus I long to be perfectly whole; I want thee forever to live in my soul," becomes the heart's cry. Our hearts cannot rest until the barrier to freedom is destroyed. Thank God, there is deliverance through the precious blood of Jesus that cleanses from all sin, and through the indwelling Holy Spirit. Now there is real freedom in all the areas of our lives. Our speech is sound and clean and full of praise to God. Now we can truly worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness and love Him with all our heart, soul, mind and strength. Now there is no inordinate desire for the things of the world not for its praise and approval. And perfect love in the heart casts out carnal fear.

We now become "servants to God." Sounds like a contradiction -- "Made free," "Become servants." But no, there is no freedom without submission, no liberty without law. Children think to cast off parental restraints they could really be free. If the chief of police should issue the statement, "Due to difficulties of enforcing traffic laws we are rescinding them all," the result would be chaos. Soul freedom is found only in the boundaries of the will of God. Life to be worthwhile must have a channel of service.

And now life becomes fruitful in the Spirit with the conditional promise of eternal life in the end, or rather the end of such a life is eternal life.

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green, and skies to be blue,  
'Tis the natural way of living.

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## EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

## THE VICTORY OF HOLINESS

"Behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting

dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. 7:13-14)

In these dark days when the world seems bent on the destruction of all that is spiritual; when Communism's black shadow looms across the world: when Roman Catholicism's creeping paralysis makes steady inroads into every Christian nation; when true believers are ostracized, and persecuted by those in the church who would like to take the road of liberalism; when the pressure is on and evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, some may be tempted to give up the fight and take the popular way. These are times when many churches, having lost their power, are resorting to the church supper, picture show, gymnasium and general entertainment program in a futile effort to make an appeal to the world. In the face of such conditions some are alarmed, and wonder about the outcome of the conflict between good and evil. If one will honestly survey the facts there is no reason to be anxious or discouraged. Regardless of the gloomy outlook there is a bright uplook for God and righteousness will ultimately triumph. God has not kept His people from suffering temptation and persecution but He has always brought them through victorious. His cause will never go down. At the midnight hour, amid the murky overcast of the world, Jesus will come riding on the clouds to take His sanctified bride to the marriage supper in the skies!

God always has and always will have a people for His name. Even in the dark ages there was a remnant who kept the faith. It is true that there is no record of any denomination regaining the victory, when once it had lost the fire and glory, but God has always had a few devoted souls who would not bow to sin. Careful consideration of the past reveals that, in most cases, the people of God were so persecuted by the established ecclesiastical bodies that withdrawal became necessary for religious freedom. In the future God may have to lead His people out again but He will have a witness to holiness until Jesus comes.

There is encouragement to the faithful and true if they will give thoughtful attention to the forces that are for and against them. Of course, the Devil is against the righteous. Some folk have almost made him equal to God but he is not infinite in wisdom, power, or any other attribute. No doubt, he is a powerful enemy but he is only a creature and, as such, is infinitely weaker than the Creator. He is a fallen creature and is doomed to be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone. He has been defeated many times by Christ. Jesus was there when Satan fell. as lightning, from Heaven. The scriptures teach that even now Satan will flee from those who will resist him. His final and complete overthrow is certain.

Wicked men, inspired by the Devil, are also opposed to the good and the pure. There are always some of them who creep into the church. They are cold and formal and hinder the progress of the kingdom. They seek to set upon and squelch any who may have the fire. Jesus said, "the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." (John 16:2) Wicked men may hinder but they have never been able to stop the cause of Christ. They may persecute and kill but they can do no eternal harm to those who will be faithful. The promise is: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee:" (Acts 18:10) Bud Robinson used to say that if they sat on a fellow that was red hot, he would burn a blister and they would get off.

Consider also the forces that are in favor of the righteous. First of all, truth is on the side of the old time gospel. It is bound to win. Truth often brings great opposition because it exposes so

many wicked things but truth cannot be smothered; sooner or later the truth will be known. The happiness of God's intellectual and moral beings depends upon truth. Truth is an eternal principle that cannot be destroyed. There is sure victory for those who will align themselves on the side of truth.

Then conscience is on the side of right. In its normal condition conscience is the medium through which God's Spirit speaks to the soul. Before it becomes seared and hard it is a mighty force for righteousness. Conscience knows the secrets of one's life and brings him face to face with the impending judgments of God. Thank God for conscience that pricks the heart of the sinner and shows him the consequences of sin.

Angels of God are fighting on the side of old time holiness. The scriptures tell that there are thousands of them who love to do the bidding of the Lord. There are hosts who will fly to fulfill His command. The Old Testament records an occasion when one angel destroyed one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians in a single night. The Bible pictures an angel standing in the sun; another standing with one foot upon the land and the other on the sea, his hand lifted toward Heaven swearing that time shall be no more. These mighty angels will gather the elect from the four winds of the earth. Thank God for such a wonderful, mighty army in Heaven! No doubt, great numbers of them hover over every service where the true gospel is preached. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psalms 34:7)

Furthermore, the redeemed on 'earth and in Heaven are on the side of right. "Part of the host have crossed the flood and part are crossing now." How the devils flee and tremble before every truly sanctified soul! Many are the victories that have been won on spiritual battlefields by those among the blood-washed throng. They have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." (Heb. 11:33-34) We are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses who have already proven that victory is certain.

Best of all, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is for us. He is from everlasting to everlasting. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He set the sun in her orbit, created the universe, placed the stars in their positions and "called the moon from the womb of night and sent her on her maiden journey across the world." He directs spinning planets through mid air with no collisions. He has behind Him the armies of Heaven and the omnipotent forces of eternity. He has never lost a battle. He possesses power to scorch His enemies with burning heat. He could speak to the oceans and they would roll out and engulf the earth. If He should withdraw His restraining laws of gravity for a second the world would fly to pieces and go hurtling through space forever. Humanity can do nothing against Him. The Roman soldiers could not hold Christ in the tomb. The Scribes and Pharisees could not keep the Holy Ghost from descending on the day of Pentecost. They could not stop the disciples from preaching the gospel or the people from believing. Though brought to trial, threatened and punished for preaching, the followers of Jesus continued to witness for Him. When a Christian was martyred several others sprang up to take his place. In spite of all the consolidated legions of hell the spread of the gospel was as steady as the onward flow of a mighty river. Men in all ages have tried to discredit the Bible and destroy God's word but it will never pass away.

It would be easier to stop the stars in their courses than to stop the preaching of old time, radical, second blessing holiness. Men can no more smother God's fiery denunciations against sin and worldliness than they can quench the blazing furnace of the sun. It is in the power of God to stop all combined forces against Him. The fact that He does not immediately destroy them is proof that He does not have the slightest worry about the effect they may have upon His cause and kingdom. God has decreed that men shall hear the gospel and see what Christ can do for a yielded soul. In spite of the wrath of hell, the hatred of men, the opposition of formal and backslidden churches, His work moves on. In spite of prejudice, gossip, the power of governments and legislation of ecclesiastical councils, God purposes that full and free salvation shall be preached. He often sets aside the great and learned and uses the weak to confound the mighty.

This great, omnipotent God has promised complete and final victory. Jesus will come again. Hallelujah! Upon His head are many crowns. The saints shall meet Him in the air and go with Him to the marriage in the sky. They shall return with Him upon white horses of victory. The Devil, the Beast, and the False prophet shall be cast into hell. Heaven will descend. Death will be no more. All tears shall be wiped away. Loved ones will be reunited. Christ will be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords and will be worshipped, obeyed and adored forever.

When I consider the glorious prospects of the future, I would not be a wicked man for any kind of reward. Look up saints of God! Your redemption draweth near! Labor on, fight on, hold high the blood-stained banner of holiness. Shout the battle cry, "Holiness unto the Lord" and charge the ranks of darkness to the very ramparts of hell. Victory is assured! "The saints of the most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever." (Daniel 7:18)

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#### CAMP MEETING: MY HERITAGE

Mrs. Ann Baldwin

As a child, it was my ecstatic experience, each summer's end, to witness a glorious spiritual rendezvous between heaven and earth. The old Main Springs Camp in southwest Arkansas was the meeting place of these two worlds. I believe we children looked forward to that event more than to Christmas. Years later, after it was no more, I often woke with a start after having dreamed of those dear familiar scenes, only to settle back with the silent tears of disappointment dampening my pillow.

Main Springs Camp had a glorious history. Godly preachers, eminent for their piety and holiness, thundered the mighty gospel truths from the crude platform of the rambling tabernacle. Intense men, shaking their raven locks, made chills race up and down the spines of their listeners as they pictured the future state of the impentitent. Preachers, great and insignificant, elated the eager crowd with promises of bliss in Heaven for the believer. The rough hewn altars were stained with the tears of several generations who had struggled in the sawdust, settling eternal issues in their lives. The unpainted and aged rafters echoed and reverberated with the groans of the penitent and the shouts of the victorious. What a sacred, hallowed, glorious spot!

Now, a young pine forest is stretching and straining itself toward heaven from the very spot where the tabernacle once stood. Nature has reclaimed this place once hallowed for a soul saving station. The casual passer-by might reflect on the lovely standing timber, or the silent majesty and speechless eloquence of nature, but for me it will never be such. Always, a smothering wave of nostalgia sweeps over me, and as I close my eyes, wavering shadows rise from the distant past, bringing with them the poignant reflection of what was and what might have been.

Oh the tragedy of a lost vision! The importance of campmeeting in the spiritual lives of the young should never be underrated. A tethering line attached in that old campmeeting was a strong force in drawing me back to the narrow way. It was the greatest impression for righteousness of my youth!

What child could ever forget being awakened in the crisp morning air of late summer by the glorious shouts of victory from the early prayer meeting? What child could ever escape the influence of those old-fashioned peoples' meetings? (I can still see, as it were but yesterday, Granny Clark in her long white dress, gliding between the benches, shaking hands, spreading honey, bringing heaven and earth together.) What child could ever forget the spine-tingling reality of the blessed Holy Ghost faithfully performing His office-work in every service? What child could ever erase the haunting memory of the clang-clang-clang of the rusty old bell as it gave the call to worship? What child could fail to remember the awe of the ladies' prayer cabin where each afternoon a swelling volume of burden-laden, impassioned prayer ascended higher and higher. (I see us, yet, tip-toeing through that cabin's cool porch which shaded our path to the ancient water pump. We did not dare make sacrilege of such a hallowed spot.)

Incidentally, those dear old Grannies, as we affectionately called them were far advanced in their thinking from the masses of this generation. Orbital flights around the earth were inconsequential. Their thoughts and conversations transcended the moon, or Mars, or the solar system. Heaven was more real to them than was earth, and they knew all about its geography, its inhabitants, and the exact route and method of getting there. They had no need of modern psychiatry to help them in facing life's problems; they simply took their burdens to Jesus and left them there.

Tom Paine, Robert Ingersol, Karl Marx, or Mrs. Eddy did not shake their faith in the least. They had absolute proof of truth, coupled with an unmistakable reality in their souls. They had no need of spending hours philosophizing or wondering. Their very lives exemplified that faith once delivered to the saints and bespoke of things to come.

Tragically, the vision was lost! With the advent of World War II, sweeping armies of greed, unholy ambition, and illusive promises of wealth, descended in hordes upon the holiness people of that area. Devastating spiritual wreckage was left in the wake of the onslaught. Many former saints became hopeless captives in the defense plants of large southwestern cities. Only a feeble remnant was left in our little Jerusalem. One chilly evening, some orphan children, taking shelter on the camp grounds, built a fire under the tabernacle: soon the whole was enveloped in consuming flames; no effort was made to rebuild; one by one the cabins were torn down; nature moved in; and holiness became almost extinct in that section of the country.

Nevertheless, God does not forget His people! In these trying days, He raised up the Bible Missionary Church With a burden for souls and campmeetings. We must ever strive to keep the true tradition of campmeeting alive.

My grandmother, with her little pioneer family, lumbered in a crude wagon over rutted roads, through muddy bottom lands, in the heat and dust to take her little family to campmeeting. My mother annually loaded an ancient rattle-trap car, (at times taking the family cook-stove and cow) and we made our way over miles of gravel in our wheezing, coughing, groaning vehicle to get me to camp. Now, in this modern day, I am feverishly packing a house trailer, expecting to travel on super--highways, but I am taking my children to campmeeting. Times have changed, but Jesus Christ never changes! I expect to experience the same holy thrill my grandmother felt in the services more than half a century ago. I am excited! Campmeeting was one of the most precious legacies handed down to me. I am under divine obligation to pass it on.

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#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,  
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#### TRIPLETS

"Quick!" Mindy shouted, running as fast as her nine year old legs would carry her. "It's Ferdinand, Muncher, and Gobolinks."

"Sho' 'nuff!" Uncle Mose said with a chuckle, as he lay aside the hoe and followed the breathless, golden haired, blue eyed girl of his master.

"Is that all you can say, Uncle Mose?" Mindy asked, taking the hand of the gray haired gentleman. "Why, Ferdinand's about to eat all the pecans out of the sack on the cotton shed," and she tried to hasten the kind old man on.

"Sho' nuff! Now hain't that somethin'!" And the man had a twinkle in his kind old eyes. "I'se been tryin' to tell yo' to keep dem in de barn but no, yo'all jes' can't see it, I reckon," and he shook his gray head vehemently,

"But, Uncle Mose," the child protested, "How'd you like to be shut up in a little bitty space in a barn every day of your life?"

"Ah hain't no animal, honey, and I'se plenty grateful ah hain't no goat! Them's three o' the tryin' critters ah evah has seen. Yes'm, Mindy, they'se sho' nuff' tryin' critters."

"Don't talk so, Uncle Mose. They're just little baby goats and they don't know any better," the girl defended.

"No'm, an' they hain't nevah gonna git bettah! They's goats 'Tain't no fault o' their'n -- they's born goats and can't help it no how that they's got dat goat nature," and he chuckled as he saw Muncher chewing diligently on a thistley flower shrub with Gobolinks part way up the slanting trunk of the big magnolia Ferdinand was munching noisily and loudly on the pecans, his little whiskery goatee shaking in the breeze.

"See!" the child exclaimed. "If Daddy sees them being so naughty he'll want to sell them for sure," and Mindy began calling softly to the cute, mischievous animals. They observed her silently and with a look of profound mischief; then, without warning, Gobolinks bounded down the tree trunk, a beautiful, waxy leaf between her teeth. Muncher, frightened by her frisky sister, took off across the sprawling lawn with leaps and bounds.

"Quick, Mose!" Mindy shouted. "If Muncher gets into Mother's lily or pansy bed it'll be too . . . too . . . bad . . . for me," and she raced across the lawn after the rapidly receding frisky white kid.

"Perhaps yo' needs what's a' comin'," Uncle Mose called after her. "You'se dis'bedient agin', chile," but Mindy never heard.

"You naughty, naughty goat," Mindy scolded as she led the balky Muncher back to where Uncle Mose was coaxing Ferdinand with a small apple.

"You make me so cross!" Mindy shouted in Muncher's tiny, erect ear. Muncher, angered at her mistress' outrage, gave her a quick nip with her small white teeth. "Oh!" Mindy said, stomping her feet. "You mean, mean thing I hate you!" and she was about to turn loose of the frisky animal when she remembered she'd have to chase after her again. Instead, she jerked violently on the small collar around her neck.

"Miss Mindy," Uncle Mose said softly but firmly, "you'se worse off than Muncher."

"Why, Uncle Mose!" the astonished child exclaimed, sudden tears filling her eyes.

"Yo' sho' am, chile," Uncle Mose continued as he led the bleating Ferdinand and prancing Gobolinks back to the pen in the barn. "Yo' heart sho' needs fixin' up, honey. I...I...guess... maybe yo' needs pityin' like Muncher and Gobolinks and Ferdinand."

"Oh, Uncle Mose! You're not to be comparing me to a . . . a . . . goat!" and anger flashed in Mindy's ordinarily pretty blue eyes.

"Yes'm, ah knows; but yo' sho' needs pity. Muncher's heart is naughty 'cause she's got the goat nature in her. Ferdinand's heart's full o' mischief 'cause he's a goat, and likewise Gobolinks."

"But . . . but . . . why do you feel I should be compared to . . . to . . . these critters?" Mindy asked, still angry with the naughtiness of the three playful, destructive animals.



" 'Cause you'se jes' a showin, what's in yo' heart. Tha's all! You'se angry and mean 'cause yo' heart's not what it needs to be. Yas, suh, you'se to be pitied! Yo' is merely doin' what's in yo' heart, for de Scripture done say 'Out o' de abundance o' de heart de mouth speak.' Yo' needs Jesus to change yo' nature. Dem poor goats can't change der natur' nohow; but yo' sho' can -- if yo' wants to," the old man said sadly

"I certainly don't want to be like Gobolinks and Ferdinand, nor Muncher," and the tears were falling rapidly down the deep pink cheeks and dropping softly on to the concrete floor of the goats' pen. "And I'm . . . really sorry I . . . I . . . acted so nasty, Uncle Mose. I want you to forgive me. You are always so sweet and kind, and ... so ... unruffled."

"Tha's 'cause ah got Jesus an' His love an' peace in my heart. 'Tain't nothin' in dere to ruffle me. Ah asked de dear Lawd ta please ha' mercy on mah poor los' soul, an' He sure did. Praise de dear Lawd!" and Mose clapped his hands for joy.

"Do . . . you . . . suppose He'd forgive me if I asked . . . Him... to?" the child asked earnestly. "I want to be like you and Mother and Father."

"He sho' would, dear chile," and Uncle Mose blew his nose loudly into his big red work handkerchief. "He done said if we confess all our meanness an' sins dat He am faithful an' jus' to forgive us o' all our sins an' to cleanse our hearts from all unrighteousness. Le's pray, shall we?"

Just as Mindy prayed all the way through to God and knew that Jesus had come into her happy heart to abide and live forever -- for she was determined that she would always pray and mind God, from here on out Muncher, her two front baby legs up over the one part of the pen, was observing her new mistress with a naughty, mischievous look all over her pretty little pointed goat face.

"Oh, you needn't think I'll scream in your tiny ears again ever," Mindy said joyfully, weeping for joy. Ferdinand and Gobolinks, who were chewing on some dry weeds they had found on their way back to the barn, shook their hard little heads and, with front feet up along side Muncher, began bleating pitifully. Mindy, her childish arms flung wide, hugged all three naughty animal triplets tenderly. "You've got a new Mindy, a changed Mindy!" she exclaimed. "I pity you. You can't help it that you're naughty you're just goats, but I could help myself and the Lord Jesus has changed my nature because He came into my heart. Do you understand? I really pity you."

Gbolinks and Ferdinand pleaded with a loud "ba-ba-a" and Muncher took her hard little hoof and laid it on Mindy's arm as if to say 'I'm happy for you.'

"De good Lawd be praised," Uncle Mose shouted, getting back to his hoe and the flower bed he was weeding. "Yas, suh! It done pays to be a real Christian! Glory to God!"

"What were you saying?" Mindy asked, coming up by his side unexpectedly. "I want to thank you for being honest with me, Uncle Mose. I'm so happy in my soul and feel so . . . so... light. I must hurry in to tell Mother," and she hurried toward the big old house with its high white

columns as the trees all across the sprawling green lawn seemed to be whispering loud hosannas to God.

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THE END