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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the September, 1965 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
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FAITH CONTENDERS

By J. E. Cook

Heb. 11 ch.. Jude v. 3

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews contains the names of those who make up "God's Honor Roll." It represents many more across the years whose names could not be listed. And all of them received this citation because they earnestly contended for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.

Every generation beginning with Abel found those who would not accept deliverance that they might perpetuate this Faith line. Satan sought to destroy this true way in the beginning by stirring up carnal-hearted Cain to murder his brother, but his faith in God was so strong that, "being dead yet speaketh." Enoch, the seventh from Adam, picked up this Faith line and walked in such unbroken fellowship with God that he was translated without tasting death. It was this Faith that caused Noah to build the Ark that saved his own household and condemned the world and outrode the storms as one dispensation closed and another began. Then, the first thing he did when his feet touched dry land again was to build an altar and worship the true and living God.

Abraham became such a contender for the Faith that he forsook his country and kindred and became a pilgrim dwelling in tents for he looked for a City. And his heirs, Isaac and Jacob followed in his footsteps until their posterity of Faith as the sands of the seashore and the stars in the heavens.

Then young Moses challenged the youth of all time when he forsook Egypt and its wealth and pleasures and chose to suffer afflictions with the people of God because he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. And this faith produced such an army

of contenders that only the record books above could contain them. And this army has 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 aliens. And these would not accept deliverance from mockings, scourgings, bonds, imprisonment and cruel death that they might obtain a good report and a better resurrection and project this faith line to our present day.

What an indictment against the preachers of this day for their compromise and spiritual blindness and love of ease; and the parents for their neglect and lukewarmness and love of money; and the youth for falling in with this sex-crazed, pleasure-mad, worldly-minded generation. Laodicea is upon us, Babylon is close at hand, Armageddon is not far away and the coming of Jesus for His true church is eminent. Thank God there are those who are still taking the way. I have just finished another Camp Meeting season in which I have seen hundreds of men and women and young people quit the ways of sin, turn from their backsliding and take the way of Holiness. I pray that many more will become awakened and stirred to join the army of faith contenders and stretch that old-fashioned Faith Line clear to the end of this dispensation.

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THE NEW EDITOR

[Open Graphics\Iprkrmax.jpg to view the picture of I. Parker Maxey that accompanied this notice in the Missionary Revivalist of September, 1965.]

I am happy to introduce to the readers of The Missionary Revivalist, Rev. I. Parker Maxey, who will be the Editor beginning with the October Issue. Brother Maxey is loved by all who know him. He is a great old-fashioned preacher of the gospel of Christ, having spent many years in the pastorate. He also has served as a young people's leader and has had some experience as evangelist. From the beginning of the Bible Missionary Institute he has served on the staff in capacities of President, Registrar Dean of Theology and Dean of Student life. Brother Maxey is a family man. He has a wife and five living children. Writing is not new to Brother Maxey. He has served as Editor of the Young People's Sunday School Journal for some time. He is well qualified scholastically, holding the Th.B., A.B., and M. A. Degrees. He has taught Theology, Greek, and other religious subjects during his career as a teacher. Above all he is a deeply spiritual man, a radical preacher of holiness. I feel that he is better qualified in every way to serve as Editor than I have been. I am, happy indeed that God has provided such a man to take the Editorship of our paper. I can, without reservation, commend Rev. Parker Maxey to your faith and confidence. As I leave for Duty on the foreign field, I shall pray much for Brother Maxey and his labors with the paper. I am: asking all who read these lines to join me in standing by our new Editor, Rev. Parker Maxey.

Your unworthy brother in Christ,
Spencer Johnson, Editor

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

(His Final Missionary Revivalist Editorial)

THE MYSTERIES OF HOLINESS

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." (I Cor. 13:12)

Life is full of mystery. But mystery is a variable term and what may be mysterious to one man may be as clear as the noonday sun to another. A great deal depends on the view or attitude that one takes toward a thing. When the children of Israel were pursued by Pharaoh and faced the Red Sea the cloud which went before them removed and went behind them and stood between the camp of Israel and the Egyptians. It was darkness to the Egyptians but light to the Israelites.

An overwhelming grief and loss comes to a home and one of the members of the family is full of rebellion. He spends his time accusing God and you hear nothing but distrust and antagonism from him. He feels that God is cruel and hard and his life overflows with bitterness of soul. There is another person in the same home whose heart is calm as the great depths of the sea where perfect stillness reigns. This person's heart is at rest and kept in perfect peace. There is no rebellion nor complaint. His attitude is, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the Name of the Lord." And though he is grief stricken and sorrowful he still can say:

"Ill that He blesses is my good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

What makes the difference? One belongs to Egypt and the other to Israel.

The Psalmist tells us that his feet were almost gone; his steps had well-nigh slipped for he was envious at the arrogant when he saw the prosperity of the wicked. "When I thought to know this," he said, "It was too painful for me, until I went into, the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." It was when he looked at it from God's viewpoint that he could unravel the mystery.

The Bible acknowledges that there is a mysterious element in life. It speaks of "secret things;" of "the judgments which are great deep;" of "the clouds and darkness which are round about Him"; and of the "mystery of godliness." Every day we are brought face to face with problems we are unable to solve. To a spectator standing at the proper distance Mt. Rushmore Memorial is a beautiful piece of art conveying great meaning, but to a sparrow sitting upon the brow of one of the statues, with his limited view, the irregularities on the surface of the hewn stone may seem to be so many deformed rocks and precipices. Even so the heartache which appears to us to be nothing but a yawning chasm or hideous precipice may be the mortar that binds together the fragments of our existence into a symmetrical whole.

A foreign prince once came to England and he brought with him a rug covered with strange hieroglyphics, which neither he nor anyone in England could read. When asked about their significance, he said, "I shall not know their meaning until I ascend my father's throne; then I shall be told what these characters mean, and the mystery will be solved." Thus it is about many things with us. We must wait until our Coronation Day for the clearing of life's mysteries.

It is well to remember that the interpretation of spiritual mysteries depends upon our possession of the spiritual temperament. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Who could best interpret the mysteries of Providence, Paul or the Philippian jailer?

There is, however, something of comfort in our ignorance. Surely, it will help us to possess our souls in patience, if we remember that probably our view of some awful calamity, some inscrutable situation, is a mistaken one, and that there is another side to it which only God sees. Often we arrive at a wrong conclusion because we have left out something in our calculation that would have entirely altered our conclusions.

"Judge not: the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

There is the thought of dimness in the text. Darkness and light, shade and sunshine, together make vision. If it were all light we could not see any more than if it were all dark. There are times in most lives when the soul cries out, "Clouds and darkness are round Him," and the uninstructed soul in such times is full of dread. The Bible tells us that on the Mount of Transfiguration "there came a cloud and overshadowed them," and that "they feared as they entered into the cloud." But the cloud was the background of the heavenly vision; it became a sanctuary, where it was good for them to be. In the cloud they heard God's voice.

In times of darkness it is good to recall the admonition of Isaiah, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of 'his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." (Isa. 50:10) When in darkness you can say, "Forsake me not, for Thy Name's sake." He who has sworn never to leave nor forsake you will be as near in the darkness as in the light.

If God puts you in the darkness do not go upon appearances; they are always delusive; do not judge by what you see, but trust in the name of the Lord. "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." Morning will always come.

"After the shower the tranquil sun;
After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done:
After the harvest golden sheaves,
After the burden blissful mood;
After the flight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;

After the shadowy river -- rest."

There is also in the text a promise of revelation. In a German art gallery there was once a picture called Cloudland. As one entered he could see this great picture hanging at the other end. It gave the appearance of a huge daub of confused color, without form or beauty. From a distance it seemed utterly void of design. But on coming close to it the visitor was surprised to find that it was a mass of exquisite little cherubs. As one stood before it he would invariably exclaim, "What a transformation! How beautiful these cherub faces are!" Thus, with many a pilgrim, life seems to consist of unreachd goals, unattained ideals, unrealized expectations and shattered hopes. But one day we shall view life's strange and bewildering vicissitudes from another point of view, and everything will be seen in its true light. "What I do," said Jesus, "thou knowest not now, but thou shall know hereafter."

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there some time, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mystery explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime we'll understand.

"Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there some time we'll understand.

"God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand."

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THE MIDDLE OF THE ROADERS

By W. M. Tidwell

Much is said, these days, about the middle of the road. There is such a position relative to good things. Take eating for example; not to be an ascetic or a glutton. Middle of the road. Paul said, "I keep under my body." Temperate in all normal, legitimate desires.

But when it comes to salvation and right and wrong, different. "He that is not for me is against me." No middle of the road relation. Heaven or hell. Purgatory, the middle of the road notion, a Catholic concoction. Not a word in the Bible about purgatory. Nothing in the Bible, from a moral standpoint, about the middle of the road. Take 7th chapter of Matthew. It is a chapter of contrasts: Hypocrites and real Christians; bread and stones; fish and serpents; good trees and corrupt trees; good fruit and evil fruit; figs and thistles; false prophets and true prophets. Then two foundations, rock and sand. Two results, buildings stood and fell. Then we have the two gates, strait (difficult) and wide (easy). Two ways, narrow and broad. Two destinations, Heaven and Hell. No middle of the road.

There is a bit about the middle of the road in Revelation 3:15, 16 but not too complimentary. Jesus said, "Thou art neither cold nor hot but lukewarm I will spue thee out of my mouth." Lukewarmness -- middle of the road crowd nauseates God.

Let us glance at the middle of the road position in general. Take drinking for example: There is the old sot. Then the teetotaler. Then the middle of the road crowd -- the dram drinker. Take jewelry for example. Some deck out 'til they look like an African savage. Others discard the whole adornment mess. Teetotalers. Then the middle of the roaders, just enough to hide identity so will not suspect belong to the holiness crowd. Same with makeup craze. Nudeness and makeup once a sign of harlotry. Now some virtuous women, who do not have light use makeup, etc., but it is the badge of harlotry. Once nominal church members and now the holiness movement. Who would have believed it? Few pastors dare oppose lest they offend own daughters and wives or some of their best paying church members. Few evangelists dare do it lest their offering not so large or they will not get a call back. So we have the three positions on makeup. Just put it on thick and heavy. Jezebel style. Then the teetotaler -- none of it. Then the middle of the roader -- not too heavy. Just enough to hide identity.

Three positions relative to carnality, inherited sin. First, no deliverance in this life. Second, eradication, complete heart cleansing. Third, the middle of the road. Imputed holiness only, education, growth, suppression, purgatory.

Take TV for example. Three positions. First, have it, nobody's business. Turn on full blast. The whole nasty, sorry polluting mess. Some think more demoralizing than a little star navy or brown's mule tobacco. Or even Bruton's snuff. All this is a vile pollution of the flesh, but TV contaminates the mind and spirit. Then there is the teetotaler. "None of this invention of Satan for me." Then there is the middle of the road crowd. Large, popular, influential, powerful! "Have it, censor it, look at the good, and turn off the bad." The stock argument of the TV crowd is "TV same as radio." But this untrue. Radio hear but TV see. Entirely different. TV not in class of radio but of downtown movie. In one city the menu was so vile that the censors of the movie refused, but TV accepted it putting it right in the home. Some religious bodies putting TV in the regular movie class where it is. Just home movie. This radio argument, so brazenly used, is only a smoke screen to take care of the TV idol.

Births are being televised now. Of course, only for doctors. However, we read in the papers of an eight year old boy who, somehow, saw this performance on TV. He has become a

"doctor." His performances with little girls too horrible to mention. Neighbors guard the home for fear of him. Many examples where boys are committing all kinds of crimes after beholding TV abominations, but we think this the worst. Bad reaping for TV parents.

Recently at a TV party of holiness professors the menu was so vile that the wife turned it off. The husband, not to be outdone, turned it on. Then she turned it off and he on again. This continued 'til hell broke loose and thus the holiness TV party ended. Many giving up TV because damning the children. Little decent on TV but very little. Just enough to catch the unwary. The menu largely murder, holdups, liquor, beer, tobacco, nudeness. Vile. Psa. 101:3.

We are afraid of the middle of the road position from the moral standpoint. Beware! What is my position? God knows. The judgment is coming. What a day!

The most awful thought that could come to one is to think going to Heaven and wake up in Hell. Is that possible? Yes. Jesus said, "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord." And then hear the denunciation, "Depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." Matt. 7:22, 23. Think of that first wild look in Hell. "In Hell he lift up his eyes being in torments." Lk. 16:23.

A dying worldly professor of the vile TV type said, "They tell me I am dying and I feel it is so. Death is upon me now. Death through life has covered me like a dread presence. In my gayest moments it has shot through my mind and I have shuddered and turned sick. Now it is a fearful reality. I shall soon be in Hell, a naked, guilty trembling soul. Every refuge of lies is swept from me. All fails me. I am lost, forever lost."

Your unworthy but sincere servant,
W. M. Tidwell

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"The whole Christian movement sprang out of the old conditions like a bird out of its shell, and yet was persecuted to death by the old church. But finding new life in death, springing up out of its own ashes, rising out of its own blood, it conquered its way. There is something marvelously strange in the history of the Christian Church. Persecuted, bleeding, dying, she draws strength from her own blood, and, by the hand of God, puts on power in the midst of weakness. But becoming strong, powerful, influential, she in turn, becomes the oppressor, and persecutes the same truth for which she has been persecuted. Her triumph becomes the strength of the oppressor. Thus has history over and over again repeated itself." -- P. F. Bresee, Page 358, A Prince in Israel.

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SPENDING TIME UNWISELY

By Walter E. Isenhour

When I was a boy I well remember a little place in our community where there was a store or two, a grist mill, a post office and a few dwelling houses. Through the winter months, or on rainy days in the spring and summer, men would gather up and play checkers, or cards, tell jokes, chew tobacco, talk about their farming, trade pocket knives, buy a little merchandise, or just sit around on counters, chairs and benches and kill time. Somebody named the little village "Loafer's Glory." Only God knows the valuable hours weeks, months and years that were spent on the part of those men that was simply wasted.

The same was true, no doubt, with people in thousands of other communities, towns and cities. It is largely the same today; but radio, television, the theater, amusements of various kinds and gatherings among worldly people for sports and pastime, has displaced largely the old scenes at "Loafer's Glory" over the nation and the world. Not any better by the various changes that have come to pass, but perhaps much worse. It is astonishing how millions of people spend much of their precious time in idleness, or reading a low class of literature, or drinking beer, smoking cigarettes, drinking liquor, or seeking pleasure that is worthless, or just riding and gadding about.

Multitudes of people will never amount to anything good, great and worthwhile in life, nor reach Heaven, because they spend so very much of their time in idleness, or at something that is a curse instead of a blessing. Many people do not know what an honest day's work is, nor what it is to use their time profitably, wisely and in a way that pleases God. Perhaps millions of our youth today put a very low value upon their precious time. Multitudes of older people, likewise, are idlers. Some of them think they have worked their time out, and in the years of retirement just settle down to do nothing constructive for themselves and their fellowmen.

Time is precious. It is not simply to be idled away. There is so much good that could be accomplished by wisely using the time that is wasted. Part of this time could be well spent in reading and studying the precious old Bible, praying, visiting the sick and suffering, reading good books and a clean, wholesome class of papers and literature, or singing good songs, or speaking to people about their soul's salvation, or helping needy people morally and spiritually, or giving to the poor who may be almost suffering for food and clothing.

Many people could use some of their spare time writing good letters to their loved ones and friends, or to those who are "down and out," or writing something for the papers that might be very beneficial, or testifying to the saving, sanctifying grace of God and praising Him for their many blessings. Time spent in something good, constructive, ennobling, uplifting, worthwhile, is just as full of pleasure and interest as time spent in foolishness, nonsense evil, sin and wickedness, and far more. God has plenty for all of us to do that is blessed, honorable and glorious, rather than let the devil have our time that only brings defeat for time and eternity.

I think of so many who were time-killers, very largely, or time-idlers, who accomplished nothing in life really worthwhile. Some of them have long since passed on to another world to try the realities of eternity. Many went practically "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Multitudes are living like that today and going in the same way and manner.

Think of this Scripture, "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." (Ephesians 4:5). Adam Clarke says of this passage: "Perhaps the apostle (Paul) means in

general, embrace every opportunity to glorify God, save your own soul, and do good to men." That is wonderful living and time wisely spent. Praise God forever.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

PETER'S ROOSTER

"Mother! Mother!" Peter exclaimed as he set the box on the kitchen stool, "Guess what Uncle Charlie gave me! Oh! It's beautiful!" and his eight year old hands clapped joyfully as he pranced around the kitchen floor.

A loud "peep" gave the contents away. "It's another chick!" Mother exclaimed aloud as she lifted the lid with holes in it and peeked inside.

"That makes six for me now." Peter said, laughing loudly and excitedly.

"You'll have to take good care of him," Mother said.

"But what if it's a baby girl chick again?"

"Maybe this one will be a rooster, Peter." Mother encouraged.

"I hope so. Uncle Charlie said I'd be surprised with this one." And his eyes shone brightly.

"Well, one thing sure," Mother laughed as she got back to her ironing, "We'll be having some good laying hens one of these days, if Jesus tarries. Those other five chicks have all their feathers and are really big. This little fellow will be a lone wolf."

"Oh, no Mother. I've already fixed that. Uncle Charlie told me to come back tomorrow and he's giving me two more little chicks. They'll grow up together." And he thought a while then added, "Just like Randy and Kathy and I are growing up together."

Mother smiled sweetly as she listened.

The days that followed were busy days for Peter. Besides having eight chickens to care for he had the care of his pink eyed white furry rabbits -- a whole pen of them.

His joy was complete when he realized that the little fuzzy chick he had set on the high kitchen stool that one particular day was indeed a rooster.

"It's a boy!" he exclaimed loudly, running to Mother some days later.

"Are you sure?" Mother asked, her eyes sparkling.

"He tried to crow, Mother," he went on, not hearing her question. "He made the funniest sound real high and squeaky like; but he crowed in his way. My rooster shall be called Hector. How does it sound, Mom?"

"As good as Princess, Patience, Prudence and..."

"Then you don't like it?" the boy asked.

"It's fine, Peter. Just fine for a rooster."

So . . . he had come to be called Hector; and Peter, out of all his flock, was proudest of his rooster.

He was small of stature, for Hector was a bantam rooster, but his loud voice belied the fact.

As Hector grew older he was allowed privileges which his seven counterparts were deprived. Hector was king of the yard and, as such, he had full run of any and all of the big lawn while Patience, Prudence, Princess, Mop Top, Lolly Jeerer and Frisky had to remain in the fenced in pen and lay eggs.

Early every morning Hector performed his duty as alarm clock for the entire household and no one was prouder of him than Peter as he crowed and crowed, announcing the breaking of day.

One bright sunny, warm morning as Peter dressed for the day Mother called him to her.

"Peter," she said, "Today your rabbit pens must be cleaned out good and the hen's laying nests need new straw in them. When you're all finished father and I have a big surprise for all of you children."

"What is it?" the ever curious Randy inquired, looking for the world all of five instead of four years old.

"Do tell us, Mother," Kathy exclaimed, jumping up and down joyfully.

"I promise I'll do my work, now, but tell me what the surprise is. I can't wait," and Peter's eyes danced mischievously.

"We're going on a picnic by the rose gardens -- wieners, ice cream and all," Mother confided.

"Oh, goody! goody!" the children exclaimed together.

"I'll hurry with my work," and away the lad ran.

He did an excellent job at cleaning the rabbit hutches but the nests of the hens were badly neglected.

"Looks like I'm finished," he announced as he hurried into the kitchen. "When do we go?"

"The car's nearly packed, Peter. Run out and help Daddy finish. We need the ice chest and the ice cream freezer yet. Go to the basement and get them."

To say that picnics thrill every child is putting it mildly; but to Peter the thought of a picnic was sheer intoxicating joy; for a picnic to the Cushing family, and by the beautiful rose gardens of one of the many parks in the big city thirty miles away, was a rare treat indeed.

It meant not only home made ice cream, chocolate cake, wieners and many other delectable foods but a game of ball with daddy, as well. This was always a most exciting time and, when finally Peter rolled his little tired body in bed that night he slept soundly. He had forgotten about the not too clean hen nests, dreaming pleasantly of the gurgling fountain in the very center of the mammoth rose gardens.

A loud shrill 'cock-a-doodle-do' made Peter suddenly awaken and rub his sleepy eyes.

He looked toward the window and saw, not the faint pink streaks of morning but total darkness. Had he been dreaming or did he hear Hector? He rolled over and was almost asleep when the high pitched message penetrated his heart.

"Peter-told-a-lie! Peter-told-a-lie!" Then silence.

Cold chills raced up and down his spine and he was suddenly as wide awake as any healthy boy could be. Again Hector took up his call "Pe-ter-told-a-lie! Pe-ter-told-a-lie-e-e!"

Suddenly Peter began to cry. He remembered father and mother reading in the Bible about a rooster putting Peter under conviction but he never thought Hector could bring conviction and condemnation on his heart! And he had been professing to be a Christian, too!

Well, he knew what he must do! He had grown careless and told mother he was finished with his work when he knew those hen nests weren't like they should be!

Quickly he jumped out of bed as Hector took up where he had left off: "Pe-ter-told-a-lie! Pe-ter-told-a lie!"

"I'm going to get it settled," Peter cried, "Then you won't bother me any more."

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, rushing into her room and throwing himself over her, "Forgive me! Forgive me! I told you I was finished with my work yesterday but the hens' nests aren't nearly as clean as I know they should be. Forgive me and pray with me!"

"Why, Peter!" Mother exclaimed, sitting suddenly upright, "whatever is the matter with you?"

"Hector told on me."

"Hector?" and mother rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"Yes, Hector knows I didn't do the hen nests and I want you to forgive me. Pray with me, Mother. My disobedience will take me to Hell."

As they knelt side by side, Peter, with broken heart, repented and confessed and Jesus sweetly forgave and saved him.

Suddenly, from his roosting place in the tree outside Peter's window, Hector broke out loudly, jubilantly, "Peter's-found-the-Lord!"

The boy laughed and shouted for joy. "Good old Hector!" he said aloud, "you're not the first time God used a rooster to help someone."

"Go back to bed now, dear," mother said softly, stroking his black hair gently, "It's only two o'clock and you can sleep a good little while yet."

As Peter entered his room he tiptoed softly to the open window. "Thanks, Hector,, he whispered through the screen, "You're my real friend, I got rid of a profession and have the real possession now. Good night, Hector! Buddy!"

In a short time he was sleeping soundly, peacefully.

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THE LOST SOUL'S SOLILOQUY

By Raymond Browning

Gone are the hopes that once cheered me onward,
Gone are the tears that once dimmed my eyes,
Gone are the last vestige of each tender motive,
And each inclination that looked to the skies.

Fool that I was when I chose sin's allurements,
Grasping always for the pleasures at hand,
Ever unwilling to think of tomorrow,
Blind to the joys of the heavenly land.

Firmly I closed every door to the Spirit,
Carelessly drifted beyond all the prayers,
Cast but a glance at the cross on the hillside,

Trampled the blood and the Book unawares.

Here stand the loved ones and gaze in my coffin,
Weep oe'r my clay but my soul is not there,
Hell's gates are yawning and I must be going:
Down to the pit of eternal despair.

Weep no more for me, O mother that bore me,
Let no more tears fall on that dead brow,
Hell and its horrors will torture forever,
Almighty God cannot change matters now.

One final glimpse of the earth and its beauty,
One fleeting look at the sky with its light,
Life, love and peace are behind me forever,
I'm leaving now for eternity's night.

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THE END