

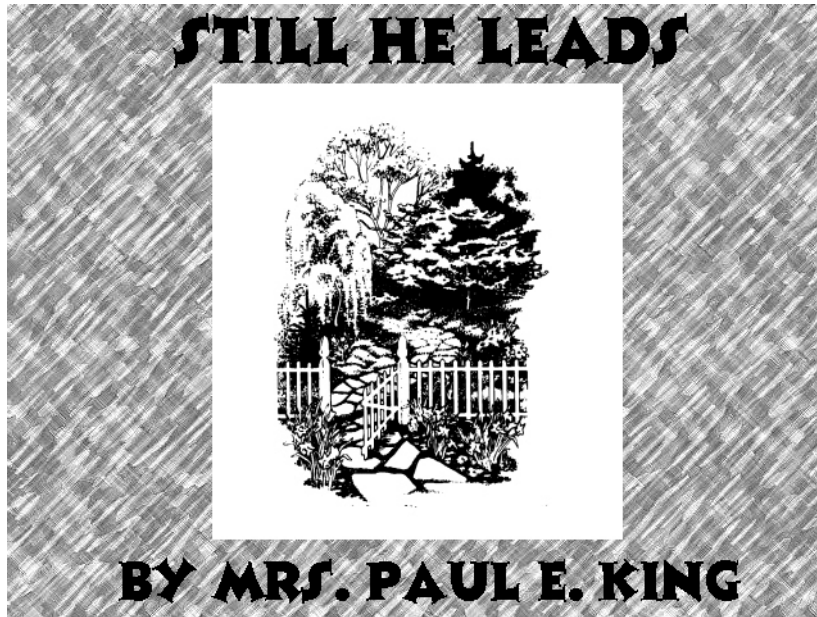
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STILL HE LEADS
By Mrs. Paul E. King

"Oh, Mommie," cried the little girl to her mother, who had just gotten up from her knees in prayer. "Jesus is calling me. He said, ever so kindly and gently, 'Mary Jean, give Me your heart: I want to live there.' Please, Mother, pray for me."

"Oh, my darling little girl, how wonderful! Kneel down and we will pray together. I have been asking Jesus to save you and to forgive you of all of your sins, and now He is answering my prayers," the widowed mother replied, weeping softly.

Kneeling beside her mother, the child prayed. Wept, too. And confessed her sins of naughtiness and sinfulness to Jesus. And, then, in an ecstasy of pure joy,

she clapped her hands together and shouted, "Oh, Mommie, I'm saved! I'm saved! Jesus came into my heart. I'm so happy!" And she was changed; wondrously so.

Every day thereafter the child resorted to her little room at the end of the hallway and there, alone, she knelt beside her bed and conversed and communed with Jesus, talking freely to Him and with Him, telling Him all that was on her heart. This, beside the regular, daily family altar vigil kept so religiously and constantly by the Spirit-filled mother. And the child grew spiritually.

Too small to read, the child listened attentively and closely to all the mother read; and her mind, like a sponge, soaked in, absorbed, and held fast the holy and wonderful things she heard from God's Book, as she called the Bible. Often, on her knees, she quoted verse after verse of what she'd heard read. And the child remembered. She had a keen mind, an unusual gift for remembering.

Before she was eight, she was reading the Bible for herself, stumbling over words too big and hard for her to yet read and pronounce, but reading, page after page and chapter after chapter, for herself, nonetheless. Often, the faithful and very patient mother became her teacher, taking time out of things needing done to instruct and help her child in the all-important things in life -- to help steer her along life's pathway toward Heaven and heavenly things, away from the world with its trinkets and idols. And the child thrived spiritually.

School days were a delightful time for the now rapidly growing child. Her lessons, too, were equally delightful and exciting. Her books became "friends" that taught her about lands and countries and customs and peoples of far away places; places where, frequently, in her mind, she visited and sang and talked about Jesus and His power to save and to sanctify. Places to where she was a missionary; a missionary in the truest and literal sense of the word. The girl was maturing spiritually.

Grade school lessons were finished and done and put away with for books of deeper and great learning; junior high, then high school itself. Again, books became her "friends." She read and studied and listened and learned; less of countries and customs and cultures and peoples of far-away places now but more of theory and theorems and equations and formulas. Her mind, a God-given computer and storehouse of things read and learned, sent red-light signals through her entire being: some things being taught were filled with error. The theory was anti-God and anti-Biblical. The books and the teaching were false. Man did not evolve; he was created in the image of God. Nor did plants and animals and birds and mammals and fish, or any other creature, evolve; God made them all. His Word said He did: she had the Bible to stand on and rely upon. And stand she did. Firmly and unmovably so.

Through her testimony, and by her knowledge of scripture, she was able to lead others out of the error of evolution and through the subtle maze of false

teaching into the clear light of the "Thus saith the Lord." Undaunted, unmoved, and holding fast to the Word, she graduated with honors.

The young woman was strengthened in her inner person. Her heart and soul and mind were on a straight course. Her heart was fixed; she would not believe the things she had studied and read in some of the books, nor would she believe the things which the teacher had tried so hard to convince her of. She had One who would help her. So, rushing into her little room at the end of the hall and falling on her knees, she asked her Divine Teacher to please erase all the false things which she'd had to read, from her mind and to make it easy for her to remember only those things which were pure and lovely and true and of good report. And He did it.

Bible school was next on the agenda; Bible school with its various and sundry courses and curriculum. What would she take? Which course should she pursue? What would best fit her for His plans for her life? Oh, she must know. She desired only His will; His leading. Nothing besides. Absolutely nothing. As a little girl, she found the Treasure of all treasures. At her mother's knee, it happened. And from that day on -that priceless, memorable, never-to-be-forgotten day -the sacred, holy Treasure resided within her heart.

With jealous care and wakeful vigilance she guarded her heart -- the door to her lips, too -- lest by some act or thought or word of carelessness her spotlessly-clean and sacred Treasure, due to His holy nature and Person, could no longer reside and live in her heart. Always, her supreme delight and joy was to please Him; to keep her heart and life -- body, soul, mind and spirit -- so attuned to Him and His slightest whisper until she, like Abraham of old, could give instantaneous and immediate obedience to whatever He asked or said. Obeying Him and His voice, His "thou shalt" and His "thou shalt nots," was a joy, joy, joy. And now, delighting herself thus in Him and meditating upon His changeless character and His Divine Person, she sought His help in the selection of her course. Praying until she knew, she pursued her studies with prayerful diligence, bent upon giving her utmost for His highest good.

Boys came into focus and upon the scene in her life. No longer a small freckle-faced little girl with great, dark searching eyes and hair the color of pulled taffy, she was now a tall, slender, auburn-haired, dark-eyed, serious minded spiritual young woman, extremely attractive but totally dead to vanity and pride.

Young man number one approached her. Full of talent and called to the same line of Christian work as she, she consented to a dinner date. She learned about his background, his family and of his early conversion and subsequent entire sanctification. The evening was enjoyed and enjoyable to a degree. She returned to her dorm room wondering what awaited them in the future, if anything, marveling at his fine manners and his ruggedly handsome features and his charisma around people and with people. All people.

On her knees that night, a gentle, well-known and much-loved Voice whispered, "Look not on his external appearance; I have not chosen him for you."

With quietness in her soul and a thankful reply "Amen", she got up from her knees and prepared for bed. Number one was a closed chapter in her life.

Number two and nor three were equally so. In no hurry whatever, she gave of her time and her talents unselfishly and unstintingly in jail services, street meetings, missions, passing out tracts wherever permissible, visiting the sick and infirm and praying with them and doing for them and, all the while, listening to and heeding the Voice of her Divine Inhabitant, walking step by step and moment by moment in perfect harmony and unbroken fellowship with Him and to His will and leadership.

It was in a revival meeting almost a year after her graduation from Bible school that she met God's choice of a mate for her. Each had the green light of the Spirit from the initial meeting and on through the sacred wedding ceremony, a year later. And, once on the field among the natives, and sensing the burden of her mate and his love and concern and compassion for "their" people, she raised her Hands heavenward and offered a deeply sincere and straight from the heart, "Thank You, kind Shepherd, for Thy wise choice and Thy Divine leadership. Thank Thee, my wonderful Lord and my God, for my husband."

As though in reply, she seemed to hear Him say, "I delight in giving only the best to My children. But I can only work in and through those whose hearts are open toward Me and who will heed My voice. From a child, you have been obedient. Your heart has remained tender and sensitive to Me and to My voice, and now I am honoring you by giving you one of My choicest and best servants."

Tears of gratitude filled her eyes. Her husband, seeing the tears, took her hands in his great, sturdy and gentle ones, and whispered close to her ear, "Together, my love, we will do exploits for Christ."

Smiling up into his eyes, she whispered a fervent "Amen," knowing that, down across the years, still He would guide and lead, not only her but them.