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MORE SELECTIONS FROM THE ADVOCATE

Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Selections From 24 Issues of The Pilgrim Holiness Advocate

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INTRODUCTION

These selections were taken from 24 issues of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate. These issues included 1 issue from 1954, twelve issues from 1955, five issues from 1956, five issues from 1957; and one issue from 1966. They were purchased expressly for the purpose of publishing portions therefrom, and were the only issues of this paper that we had in our possession at the time. The earliest issue was that of January 23, 1954, and the latest was October 13, 1966.

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Selection 1

IN WHAT SENSE ARE WE ARMINIANS?

From the January 23, 1954 issue:

By Laurence K. Mullen In The King's Highway

October 10, 1560, marks the birth of James Arminius, a man to whom Protestant theology owes high allegiance. Born in Oudewater, Holland, a small town about 18 miles northeast of Rotterdam, James Arminius seemed destined from birth to render the Christian Church an invaluable and permanent service. The purpose of this article is to investigate in a brief way just what that service was, and in what sense we today as a church qualify to call ourselves Arminian in theology and doctrine.

Early Influences

It will aid us greatly in our evaluation of Arminius to take account of the early influences that shaped his life and thought. Born four years before the death of John Calvin and one hundred

and forty-three years before the birth of John Wesley, he serves as the main theological link between the Reformation period (mainly 1500-1550) and the period of John Wesley (1703-1791).

The early training of Arminius was under Theodore Beza, a friend and biographer of John Calvin and his successor at the head of the government in Geneva. Consequently, Arminius embraced the tenets of Calvinism with firm conviction and was prepared to defend the doctrine at all costs. Had Arminius continued in this persuasion of mind it is quite possible that Protestant theology would have gone in a far different direction than we find it today. However, circumstances that we cannot help but feel were ordered of God came to bear upon Arminius, causing a theological revolution in his mind. At the age of 29, while pastoring a distinguished church in Amsterdam and still being loyal to Calvinistic theology, he was appointed to answer an anti-Calvinistic attack led by another Dutchman, Dirck Coornhert. It was Calvin's doctrine of decrees as to election and reprobation that was under attack, and Arminius set to work in earnest to be a defender of the faith. Ironical as it may seem, it was while studying the arguments of his opponent in order to refute them that Arminius fell prey to the reasonableness of Coornhert's position, and not least of all to the clear support of a multitude of scriptures that contradicted the Calvinistic doctrine.

Surrendering to his opponent, Arminius renounced Calvinism and embraced wholeheartedly the two underlying principles of the anti-Calvinistic theology -- the free moral agency of man and the universality of the atonement.

Such an outcome was a shock to Calvinists. It set the stage for a bitter controversy between Calvinists and Arminians, between determinism and freedom, between a limited atonement and a universal atonement. The controversy is still very much alive and goes on today.

New Developments

Not until after the death of Arminius in 1609, at the untimely age of 49, was there formulated a systematic statement of so-called Arminian theology. This task was accomplished by two of his followers, Johan Uytenbogaert and Simon Episcopius, during the year 1610. The published document quickly earned the title of the "Remonstrance" from which the party gained the name "Remonstrants."

The "Remonstrance" can be summarized briefly in a few sentences. (1) Against the doctrine that Christ died for the elect only, it asserted that He died for all, though none receives the benefits of his death except believers. (2) It was at one with Calvinism in denying the ability of man to do anything really good of himself -- all is of divine grace. (3) It opposed the Calvinistic doctrine of final perseverance (the eternal security teaching of this generation) and asserted the possibility of falling from grace. (4) It opposed the doctrine of irresistible grace and taught that grace may be rejected. (5) Contrary to the unconditional predestination of Calvinism, it taught a predestination which is based on God's foreknowledge.

The resulting furor caused by the publishing of the Remonstrance was widespread in Holland. The excitement grew until in 1618 it was necessary for the government of Holland (pro-Calvinistic) to call a special session which was held in the town of Dort from November 13,

1618, to May 9, 1619. Besides representatives from the Netherlands, delegates were present from Germany, Switzerland, and England. By a unanimous vote the Remonstrance was condemned and the followers of Arminius were banished from Holland. Furthermore, the group that met (later known as the Synod of Dort) published its own "Remonstrance." The document contained the following five main points: unconditional election, limited atonement, inability of the will, irresistible grace, final perseverance.

These five points form the heart of Calvinistic theology, all stemming as should be observed, from Calvin's insistence on the unlimited sovereignty of God's will.

Why Arminians?

The question as to why we as a church call ourselves Arminians can best be answered by the fact that we believe in the free will of man, and in a universal atonement understanding by the latter an atonement that is provisionally universal. Contrary to what some believe and teach, we are not Arminian because we believe in entire sanctification. It took Wesley, with the help of his two chief apologists, John Fletcher and Richard Watson, to lay the foundation of our holiness doctrine. Consequently we are not only Arminian in theology but also Wesleyan -- Arminian because we believe in freedom and a universal atonement, and Wesleyan because we believe in entire sanctification.

But did not Arminius also teach entire sanctification? The answer is "yes." Arminius taught that there is a death to the old man, a quickening and enlivening of the new man, and that the human will is delivered from the dominion of indwelling sin. However, it should be recognized that Arminius gave very little attention to the doctrine of sanctification in his writings, whereas he dwelt at length on the doctrines of sin, salvation, atonement, and the other subjects of theology.

It would be unfair to minimize the contribution of James Arminius on this account. In fact, his contribution to theology is permanent and far-reaching. But on the other hand, there is a danger of giving to him more credit than is his due in regard to the doctrine of entire sanctification. Neither to minimize or to overdo can be justified.

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Selection 2

IT WORKS

From the February 12, 1955 issue:

From somewhere comes this story:

A mechanic was called in to repair the mechanism of a giant telescope. During the noon hour the chief astronomer came upon the man reading the Bible.

"What good do you expect from that?" he asked. The Bible is out of date. Why, you don't even know who wrote it."

The mechanic puzzled a moment. Then he looked up. "Don't you make considerable use of the multiplication table in your calculation?"

"Yes, of course," returned the other.

"Do you know who wrote it?"

"Why, no, I guess I don't."

"Then," said the mechanic, "how can you trust the multiplication table when you don't know who wrote it?"

"We trust it because -- well, because it works," the astronomer finished testily.

"Well, I trust the Bible for the same reason -- it just works." -- The Herald

* * *

My Father Runs The Trains

Dr. Hudson Taylor conducted some very blessed meetings in the city of St. Louis. He had been in the city a good many days, and great interest had been manifested for the work in China. While at St. Louis he was the guest of Dr. Brookes.

After his meetings in St. Louis he was booked for a town in Illinois, where he was to give an address at eight o'clock in the evening. In order to reach the town he had to leave St. Louis by an early morning train.

Dr. Brookes was most punctilious about meeting all engagements promptly. He therefore ordered his coachman to have the carriage at the door at quite an early hour.

The hour arrived, but the coachman did not. As there seemed still abundance of time, they awaited his arrival patiently. But at last Dr. Brookes became much concerned, and they started to catch a tram. It was in the days before telephones were much in use. On the way to the tram they met the carriage, entered it, and bade the coachman drive as quickly as possible.

Dr. Brookes watched the time, and was troubled about missing the train. But Mr. Taylor was quite at ease, and said quietly: "My Father runs the trains, and I am on His business."

Upon reaching the station they found that the train had gone, and were told that no other train would leave for the town mentioned before evening. Dr. Brookes expressed great regret and concern; but again Mr. Taylor reminded him that "My Father runs the trains."

Just as they turned from the ticket office, a man with a beaming face cordially greeted Mr. Taylor, saying: "Oh, I was afraid that I had missed you. I want to tell you how God has used you to

bring blessing to me." As he turned away he slipped an envelope into his hands, marked, "For personal use."

Mr. Taylor remarked to Dr. Brookes that his Father had sent him further provision for his personal needs, and stated that he used for himself, even when traveling for the Mission, only such gifts as were marked, "For personal use."

Mr. Taylor then walked leisurely to a man standing among the outgoing trains, and asked if he knew of any way by which he might reach Springfield, Illinois, in time for an eight o'clock engagement the same evening. The man replied that a train would soon be leaving, which passed through a town between St. Louis and Springfield, and that a train from Chicago would pass through the same town en route to Springfield. But he added that the Chicago train was scheduled to pass through the intermediate town an hour before the St. Louis train would be due. Mr. Taylor said with great assurance that the St. Louis train would reach the place first that day.

So he bought his ticket, and boarded the train, bidding Dr. Brookes to be comforted, as his Father certainly did run the trains.

For the first time in one and a half years the Chicago train was one hour late. Mr. Taylor stepped from one train to the other, reached his destination in good time and wired to Dr. Brookes, "My Father runs the trains."

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Psalm 37:23). -- Dr. Mary McLean in The Way

* * *

Pa's Prayer
[A Prayer on Wheels -- DVM]

There are many who pray eloquently for the poor and destitute who never think of lifting a finger to help those for whom they are praying. Such people should proceed at once to answer their own prayers.

An incident is related of a company of people who gathered to pray for a family who was in great financial straits. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessing upon the family, there was a loud knock at the door. The door opened and there stood a sturdy farmer's boy.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"Pa couldn't come, so I brought his prayers in the wagon," replied the boy.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished elder.

"Yes, I've brought his prayers; just come out and help me, please, and we'll bring them in."

In reaching the wagon the fact was disclosed that Pa's prayers consisted of potatoes, flour, beef, oatmeal, turnips, apples, jellies, and clothing. It is said that the prayer meeting adjourned on short notice. -- Selected

* * *

I Was Too Busy

One Sunday evening not long ago a drunk staggered into church. He slumped into a seat near the front, and promptly went to sleep. After the service, an usher shook him awake. The minister tried to speak to him, but he was too befuddled to carry on an intelligent conversation. He came back to church several times, but on each occasion, he was drunk. The minister found out where he lived. He also discovered that the man usually stayed sober until Friday evening and then lost the week-end in bottle after bottle of beer.

The minister decided that if he were going to speak to the man about his need of a Saviour, it would have to be some time during the week; but there were so many meetings of various kinds that he did not have time to go.

Then he heard that the man was dead! He had dozed off while smoking a cigarette: Neighbors rescued him, but he died of first-degree burns.

"You know," said the minister to me, "I was shocked when I heard the man was dead. I keep wondering what might have happened if only I had called on him. I knew then that I was too busy; so I have reorganized my whole program. Things that are not absolutely essential have gone by the board. I am concentrating on the job God gave me to do: soul-winning.

I remember reading of a Sunday School teacher who sent an "I Missed You at Sunday School" card to one of her pupils for five weeks. She fully intended to call on the little girl to see why she was not in class -- but she was too busy, so she sent the cards, instead.

One day she met the girl's mother on the street. The woman's face was strained, as she said to the Sunday School teacher:

"You won't need to send any more cards to Mary -- she died four weeks ago.

The Sunday School teacher who has no time to make personal home calls on his pupils is too busy to be a Sunday School teacher. The preacher whose schedule is so full that he has no time to visit the sick and troubled, is too busy! The church member who is so busy that he has no time to do more than glance at his Bible or drop to his knees for a few minutes, is too busy!

A prophet of Israel told his king the parable of a certain man who was instructed to guard a prisoner with utmost care. Somehow, the prisoner escaped, and the man could only say:

"While I was busy here and there, he was gone."

God forbid that while any of us is busy at this or that which we think is important, some unsaved soul shall be gone -- into a lost eternity!

* * *

A Message For Our Day

We honor the month in which Abraham Lincoln was born by quoting the following words of classic wisdom someone borrowed from his writings:

"You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help little men by tearing down big men. You cannot help the wage-earner by pulling down the wage-payer. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn. You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence, and you cannot help men permanently, by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." -- The Herald

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Selection 3

A TRAGIC DEATH

From the February 19, 1955 issue:

Ira Hayes was a Pima Indian whose home was in Arizona. He was one of the six service men who raised the Stars and Stripes on Mt. Suribachi at the southern end of Iwo Jima during the battle for that island. A press photographer by the name of Rosenthal photographed the historic deed. Published widely in the United States, the picture became a stirring symbol of the nation's fighting men. It was made into a postage stamp, and became the model for a monument in Washington.

Three of the six men in the picture were killed in battle. The other three returned to the United States to be greeted and lionized everywhere they went. A few days ago, ten years after the epic incident on Iwo Jima, one of the three remaining heroes was found frozen to death. He was Ira Hayes. The nation accorded him full military honors and his body rests in Arlington National Cemetery.

What the machine gun fire of the Japanese failed to do on Iwo Jima, the white man's booze did in Arizona. Ill and stupefied with wine, late at night he stumbled from the adobe hut where he and two others were playing cards and drinking. There on the sands of the Pima Indian Reservation they found his frozen body in the morning... [Selah.]

* * *

Ghost Town
By John W. Keller

"And they said, Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work" (Nehemiah 2:18).

Late in the summer of last year, my family and I were in the Rocky Mountains during our vacation. During one particular drive we were thrilled when we came across two small mining towns. These towns are not exactly what you would call towns any more, but are called "ghost towns." During the gold rush they had fared sumptuously and had been up and coming communities. But today just one or two business houses are operating and there are only a few mines on very small production. Windows were broken out, and signs were faded until the letterings could scarcely be discerned. One drugstore's sign still boasted, "Prescriptions Filled," but looking in, one could see only the dusty abandoned equipment. A large hardware store had its sign, "Hardware," but it was only an empty building. Now we ask the question, "What happened?"

The time had come that the support was not enough to supply the needs of the one who operated the place. Not one prescription could be filled at the drugstore which once could be depended on to administer to the needs of humanity. Not one piece of durable hardware could the hardware store sell to one in need of it.

As I gazed at this dilapidated place I was reminded of how typical it is of many people and churches today professing Christ. The names of these towns are still on the map, and the highway still passes through them, but they have no production and have become a gazing stock to those passing through. Not one spiritual prescription can some folk give to those who are spiritually sick, even though they exhibit the sign, "Prescriptions Filled." Not one everlasting portion of God's Word can the one whose sign says "Hardware" give as God's Word has promised.

Then again we ask, why? The answer is, the Occupant, the Holy Spirit, has moved out, leaving only the shell.

Jesus, speaking of the last days, said, "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold" (Matthew 24:12). In other words, the Occupant will move out, leaving that house desolate.

The house may still bear its painted signs, but there are no inward possessions. No more does the light shine to guide the passerby and because the light does not shine from within, neither does the passerby see any inside possessions. "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness" (Matthew 6:23).

As our mind dwells on this event we are stirred to observe our own spiritual house. The believers are still able to come out regularly, but even at the weekly prayer meeting the volunteer prayers are becoming fewer and fewer. That, my brother, is fast becoming a "ghost town" prayer meeting. When the Spirit of prayer no longer prevails with the people of God in the prayer service, then their light must be burning low, as the foolish virgins had allowed theirs to do. The Holy Spirit, Who is the Occupant, has become grieved at the lack of reading God's Word and prayer.

Possibly He has been crowded out by "the cares of this life," which Jesus warned were as dangerous as surfeiting and drunkenness.

Like the abandoned drugstore, our sign says, "prescriptions filled," but the material for it is not in evidence. Then who is to prescribe spiritual healing for a world that is lost in sin's sickness? Those two little towns had their names on the map of the state in which they stood but they were only "ghost towns." And a church may have its name on the denominational roll, and the people still sitting regularly in their pews every service and yet have none of God's merchandise inside. That, my brother, is "ghost town" service.

When Nehemiah heard of the plight of Jerusalem, of the broken-down walls, gates charred from burning, and the remnant of the Jews in captivity, he was grieved and burdened. Securing permission from King Artaxerxes, with material and men, he returned to restore things. After he had viewed the situation, he announced what he was going to do and how the hand of God was good upon him. Then they said, "Let us rise up and build" and the wall was built! "Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing" (Matthew 24:46).

Brethren, we must rise up and build and keep the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, in one hand, and trowel in the other, lest our house become the gazingstock of others and be called "ghost town."

Through these many years Israel has been a spiritual "ghost town," but today we see the veil slowly and surely lifting from her blinded eyes, but just as surely lowering over the eyes of the Gentiles.

The time of the end is at hand, "let us rise up and build."

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Selection 4

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

By C. W. Ruth

God does not purpose that we should be left in doubt and uncertainty relative to things pertaining to our eternal salvation. Hence we read, when a soul has truly repented and been regenerated by the Holy Ghost, and adopted into the family of God, that, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8:16).

And just as certainly and distinctly as the "Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God," so surely He, in like manner, bears witness to the subsequent work of sanctification. We read in Hebrews 10:14-15, "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us."

To what intent is the witness of the Spirit if it is not to give us positive assurance and knowledge of our relation to God. Hence none should take things for granted and assume and presume that they are in possession of grace to which the Spirit does not bear witness. This was

the teaching of Mr. Wesley: "None, therefore ought to believe that the work is done till there is added the testimony of the Spirit witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification."

However, we would note that faith precedes, or rather is the condition of the witness of the Spirit. We cannot come into possession of either justification or sanctification until we believe for it; and we cannot exercise heart faith until we come on believing ground, where every scriptural requirement has been complied with. So the Divine order is that we first meet the conditions -- pay down the price -- and having done this, which is our part, we now believe that according to His promise God does now perform and accomplish His part; and that when we thus come where the soul believeth on the Son of God (for the blessing sought) he hath the witness in himself. That is, the instant faith really lays hold on the promise God sends a telegram from the skies by the Holy Ghost that the bank of Heaven has honored the draft and "counted" out to us the sum that faith had appropriated. The man or woman who has this certificate, bearing the witness and signature of the Holy Ghost, has no occasion to "hope" he has the blessing, nor will it matter much to him what any person may think or say about it, even though he be the preacher, presiding elder or bishop, seeing he has heard from heaven. He does not require visions nor the witness of men and angels, having heard from higher authority.

What constitutes the witness of the Spirit? This may be difficult to explain, seeing the Spirit has innumerable ways of bearing witness. In brief, the witness of the Spirit is the Divine assurance, the voice of God in the soul, that gives the conviction or knowledge to our inner consciousness, that the blessing sought is now mine. Many have supposed that it consisted in great ecstasies and rapturous joy; or a something in which one would experience a sensation similar to that which one might realize in taking hold of some galvanic battery. That there are cases where such manifestations are experienced we do not question. But it is nevertheless well to remember that the Holy Spirit can bear testimony to our inner consciousness without exciting our emotions. It may be just an unmistakable impression or conviction that will bring great quietude and restfulness; a Divine enabling to appropriate and consciously rest on the Word of God.

It was the same Holy Spirit who came upon Jesus in the form of a dove, that came upon the disciples as "a rushing mighty wind." There is not much demonstration in a dove, -- simply the gentle, subdued cooing. Perhaps we are safe in saying that the manifestations of the Spirit are rather the result of the witness of the spirit. We are not to seek any certain manifestation, but we are to believe God, and then the Holy Ghost will bear witness, and lift us out of the region of doubt and uncertainty into assurance; knowledge and victory. "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth" (I John 5:6).

* * *

Blessed Are The Merciful

Two neighbors had a misunderstanding; both were very poor. Instead of working together and helping one another, they isolated themselves and in time their misunderstanding grew to hate. One farmer had a vicious dog which one day broke loose and attacked the neighbor's only child, injuring her so that she died. This added flame to the hate of the bereaved father who swore he would be avenged.

Spring came on, and the owner of the dog sowed his last bushel of barley, but after it had sprung up a heavy frost destroyed every plant. The bereaved father stood one evening looking at the barren field of his neighbor, and a fierce struggle took place in his soul. Finally something touched his heart. The winds seemed to whisper: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." Obeying this voice he hastened home and asked his wife whether they had any barley that they could spare. "Yes," said she, "there is about a bushel left."

"I will take it," he replied, "and tonight I will sow it on the barren field of our neighbor."

"Have you forgotten his dog and our dead daughter?" she queried greatly amazed.

"No, I have not forgotten, neither have I forgotten that our blessed Lord said, 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

That night he went and sowed his enemy's field with good barley. He gave and forgave, and found peace for his soul. Moreover this kind deed won his neighbor's heart and turned him from the evil way. -- Sunday School World

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Selection 5

THE DEVOTIONAL USE OF THE BIBLE

From the March 19, 1955 issue:

By Samuel C. Chadwick

The Word of God is like God's world. It is all interesting and all wonderful, but there are places to which we go often in thought and affection if not in actual visits: beauty spots of which we never tire, and sacred places of hallowed association. So there are pages of the Bible that wear thin with use, and some that are stained with tears. There is no Psalter like the Book of Psalms. There are favorite Psalms that register the pilgrimage of the soul. I love the 37th, the 46th, the 80th, and the 116th, and many more besides. Usually I read through the Psalm, and then return for meditation to a few verses that have appealed to me. How often I have countered "fret" with "trust" in Psalm 37, committed my way unto the Lord, and hummed and prayed through the matchless words, "O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;" and my soul rejoices in the assurance that if I delight myself in the Lord, He will give me the desires of my heart. It is great to take the Lord's own words, and speak them in praise and plead them in prayer.

There are Scriptures that I read at stated seasons. One of my earliest attempts at real Bible study was to try and write out in order the doings and sayings of our Lord in the week of His Passion. The first thing I do with a new Bible is to mark the passages in John in which our Lord makes His promise of the Paraclete, and those I read always between Easter and Pentecost, and then I find my inner chamber becomes my Lord's Upper Room.

There are three Scriptures that I have read on fixed days of the week for more than forty years. Every Sunday morning I read the fifth chapter of Revelation, and every Sunday night the seventh chapter from verse 9. Why do I do this? Sunday is the great day of my week. I preach other days, but there is only one day in seven that is specially the Lord's Day. It is a day devoted to worship and the ministry of the Word. To me is given the responsibility of intercessor and prophet, teacher and evangelist. I have to represent Christ, preach Christ, plead for Christ. For all this I need the vision of Christ, and nowhere do I find the vision as He is there revealed in the midst of the Throne, in the midst of the Redeemed, in the midst of the Angels, and in the midst of Creation. I can face the day when I have beheld His glory, and said Amen, Hallelujah! in His presence. At night I come back to the vision of His ultimate triumph and commit the day unto Him and rest my heart within the veil.

On Monday morning I invariably read Isaiah 41 from verse eight. Monday morning is a difficult time for the Prophet-Evangelist. Sunday looks somber on Monday. A blue Monday is the devil's chance, so I resolved at the beginning of my ministry that if I had to have a blue Monday I would have it in the middle of the week, and God gave me this Scripture as a protection against the "blues." Perhaps you would like to know how He did it. It was in my first month out of college. I was in my room on a Monday morning, wrapped in a rug, for I had a cold and the room was cold. It rained pitilessly all the morning. Just before noon a cab stopped at the door, and H. S. B. Yates, the minister of Leith, was announced. We had only met twice.

When I asked how he was, he answered, "I am a worm, and no man. He had the Blue Monday so badly that he had taken a cab and come to see me for a change. His church had been crowded the night before for the first time, and Satan taunted and tormented him into sheer terror. I listened with amused amazement. I am not made that way. He asked me what I did when I felt myself a creeping, crawling, contemptible worm? I had just read the forty-first of Isaiah, and I said, "Here is the very chapter for you. It is God's promise to a worm." We read it. We prayed through it, and he went away greatly comforted. Since then I have read it every Monday morning, and I have found it a rare defense against depression, with the result that Monday has been one of my busiest and happiest days.

I have written these things that I may make you partners in the deepest things. I go through the Bible, as I have gone through these passages of Scripture. Do you wonder that to me the Word of the Lord is precious? I have no more doubt of its inspiration than of my own existence. In conclusion let me give you a few of the glorious Doxologies: Romans 8:31-39; 11:33-36; Ephesians 3:20, 21; I Timothy 6:14-16; Jude 1:24-25, and all the songs of the Apocalypse -- and what of the great prayers of the Bible? -- The Wonderful Word

* * *

The Lamplighter

I think of the story of life as illustrated by Harry Lauder, who told of sitting at his window in his Scotland home many years ago, long before the advent of electric lights, watching the street lamplighter light the evening lights. He would watch him as he would place his ladder, climb and

light the lamp, take down the ladder and go to another. and so on down the street until at last he could see the lamplighter no more -- but could tell the way he went by the lighted lamps.

So it is, my friends, with you and me. As we go through life, may we be found lighting the lamps of truth, justice, and righteousness, so that as time passes and we move from the scene of action, those coming after us, though we be lost from view, may tell the way we went by the lamps we have lighted along life's pathway. -- Lucien D. Gardner

* * *

Too Many "Whistles" Before They Stop

Too many men give the first point, second point, third point, fourth point, and then last point. After dwelling for some time on the last point they say, "Now, in conclusion, so and so." Then after a few minutes more they add, "Finally, my brethren," "and now to end with this further word." This is altogether too extended a process of termination. Even the swiftly-moving trains will blow their whistles but three times before stopping, but I have heard preachers blow theirs half a dozen times, indicating a stop, and were yet still going on. -- W. B. Riley

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Selection 6

REDEMPTION

From the April 23, 1955 issue:

By Seth C. Rees

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2:11-14).

God's redemption of humanity is unique. It is most complete, both in extent and duration. It is as extensive as iniquity, and in the Divine purpose, as universal as humanity. In its application it is exactly suitable to all classes, states, and conditions. Widespread error has caused multitudes to believe that if they were differently situated it would be easier for them to become Christians. When I was talking to my little boy about some sin which he had committed, he said, "Papa, I just can't live a Christian and go to school. It is no use to try. I can't do it, I can't do it. If I could stay right here in the house it would be easy." And with great tears rolling down his face he said, "Papa, you are a man and a minister and are with good people and it is easy for you to do right, and when I am a man and a minister it will be easy for me to be a Christian." He was but voicing the sentiment of the human heart.

Salvation does not propose to make our circumstances different but to make us different. In the Epistle to Titus, salvation is applied first to the bishop, pastor, or minister, then to the

hoary-headed sire who stands in the twilight of his earthly life and looks both ways back over a long life of checkered scenes and with the eye of faith peers into the unlimited stretches beyond.

Then its application is made to the grandmother, to the young woman, to the young man, and finally to the servants. Grace teaches us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. This applies salvation to the outward life. But grace promises to deliver us from all iniquity. This is salvation applied to the inward state. That the depravity of the human heart is unequal and abnormal, no one can question. Salvation proposes to redeem us from all that and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. The Revised Version reads, "A people for his own possession." Webster's first definition of the word "peculiar" is "exclusive property." Second, "special and distinctive characteristics." Then we are God's exclusive property spoken of in the Bible as the Lord's portion, His jewels, a royal diadem, etc. All other claims are excluded. All mortgages held by either the world or the devil are canceled. God is our sole Proprietor. He pays the taxes and keeps up all repairs on His own property.

The Bible tells us that His own pure, bloodwashed ones are to be distinguished from the impure by obvious holy characteristics. One of their chief characteristics is that they have abandoned all human schemes and finite plans and in righteousness and true holiness they follow the plans of God in Christian activities, business, and in pleasure. As a result of this they will be misunderstood and misrepresented, but they will plod on with God without spending much time for explanation. They have lost their relish for superfluous apparel or gaudy dress. Jewelry and useless adornments drop off just as naturally as a tree sheds its last year's leaves.

Again, the extent of their success cannot always be measured by visible results. With them the strength of the congregation is not in its members, wealth, brains, or culture but in its spirituality. New Testament holiness, like its Author, will never be popular. You can no more popularize real holiness than the apostles could popularize Jesus. If you are going with the majorities you may just as well make up your mind to go to hell. If you would follow Jesus fully you must be ready to toil and sow amid persecution and tears, willing to have another reap the harvest and praise.

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Selection 7

THREE IMPERATIVES

From the July 30, 1955 issue:

By Ralph McCrory

Pastor, Anderson, Indiana

"Work Out" -- Salvation

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (Phil. 2:12).

The Apostle Paul, after commending the Philippian Church for their obedience to God in his absence, counsels them to continue in that course, working out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

Christ came into the world to save sinners. The greatness of His self-sacrifice shows the importance of the object for which He humbled himself. The cross of Christ throws a bright light on the tremendous choice; it is a matter of life or death, of salvation or damnation.

There is a true sense in which our salvation must be worked out by ourselves; no other man can do it for us. The Lord Jesus Christ is our Saviour; He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. "By grace are ye saved through faith ... it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2:8). But, there are two sides to this same great truth. It is His work to procure and provide salvation, yet it is our work to receive what Christ proposes to do in us. The Holy Scriptures bid us to carry out the work of our salvation in our own souls. Others may guide, comfort, and exhort us; but each one of us must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, because it cannot be done by any other agent.

We are to work out the salvation which is begun in us, but is not finished, and will not be finished unless you and I are workers together with God. The God of power, of love, and of faithfulness, has promised that His grace shall be sufficient for us. He will quicken and strengthen us by the power of His Holy Spirit, and by the truth, precepts, and promises of His Word. So we are to work out, not to obtain but to retain, our salvation. For it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. Therefore, we are to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

"Come Out" -- Separation

"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord" (II Cor. 6:17).

This verse used by the Apostle Paul, is a quotation from Isaiah 52:11, which reads as follows: "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord."

These words were given to the captives in Babylon, who were counseled to prepare for their return to Canaan, and to see to it that they carried back with them none of the evils of the idolatrous land in which they had been captive. But this local and historical meaning, as far as the Apostle is concerned, seems to have passed away, and we are counseled to be separated from the world.

The world, in a New Testament sense, is not a thing or a set of things, but a spirit and a disposition. The world is that attitude, that act, that scene, which we feel and know that God is not in.

The true Christian is not of this world; he will not yield to the fashions of this world, or he will not seek after its ends. If we have the old-time religion, it will master all worldly principles; it will resist all worldly influence, and will make us a power for God and righteousness. This is

expressed in plain terms by the Apostle in Romans 12:1, 2, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." John said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (I John 2:15-17).

We are Christians and have been regenerated and created anew, by the renewing of our minds, of our understanding, of our wills, and affections, through the influence of God, the Holy Ghost. Thank God, our whole conduct has become holy and virtuous, and we know by experience, and by sure trial, what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Those who dare to stand on the promises of God will know the reality of this wonderful experience in their lives. If we are not separated from the world, God will not receive us, and therefore, will not be our God, and we shall not be His people.

"Launch Out" -- Service

"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught" (Luke 5:4).

This beautiful passage is one of encouragement to those who have been laboring in the cause of truth and righteousness, and whose success has not been according to their hopes. Like all the principles of Christianity, service is a fundamental principle of life. It is service that makes men great in the eyes of the world. Selfish power may gain the prizes of the world, but it cannot and will not win the gratitude of God. Men may be remembered like Nero, for the evil they have done, or like Napoleon, for their pride and power; but the names crowned with immortal honor are the names of the humble servants of God.

Simon said, "We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing" (Luke 5:5). The words of this fisherman have been the words of many a weary Christian worker -- the pastor, evangelist, teacher, and the missionary. Weeks may have come and gone and nothing or little have been the results, but the words of Christ are to continue the work. Our Lord labored on and on under trying discouragements. So you and I are to labor on; we are to let down our nets for a draught. The net was no sooner let down than the fishes ran [swam speedily] into it until it was in danger of breaking, or rather did break in many parts. But how much greater and more Divine was the victory which God gave Peter at Pentecost when he witnessed at one time a much greater number of souls converted.

Thank God, our work will be rewarded. "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded" (Jer. 31:16). We may go forth with weeping, but we shall doubtless come again with rejoicing. The success of our labors will come. Often one soweth and another reapeth, but sooner or later, in one form or another, here or hereafter, success will come.

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Selection 8

PRESUMPTION

From the August 13, 1955 issue

By Editor Paul W. Thomas

If we will but take time to read the Word, it should be perfectly clear to us, that there is no place for a spiritual let down in our prayerful watchfulness against temptation. When David prayed, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins," (Ps. 19:13), he was asking to be kept from taking undue liberties, being over-bold and self-confident.

Perhaps one of the most dangerous temptations to the backslider, and the most common, is that of presumptuously counting upon the mercy and love of God while continuing in a state of disobedience. The idea seems to persist that because of a former right relationship with God, greater leniency with sin may be expected. But this is far from the truth. The Lord has plainly told us "Neither shall the righteous be able to live for his righteousness in the day that he sinneth" (Ezekiel 33:12).

A young man who was working as cashier and bookkeeper in the warden's office of a large prison fell into evil ways and found himself greatly in need of money for his gambling debts. He was tempted to forge checks and he did. For some time he was undetected, but eventually was found out, brought to trial and sentenced to four years in the same prison where he had been employed. Strangely enough the young man had not only been the warden's assistant, he was the warden's son. The young prisoner expected that when he was returned to the place as a prisoner he would receive special attention and favors from the warden, his father. But as he was handed over by the deputies with other prisoners into the warden's custody he looked into his father's face but found no sign of recognition. With a wave of his hand, the warden turned the handcuffed men over to the prison deputies who led them away. Within an hour the young man was learning to lock step with his fellow prisoners.

What the young man had overlooked was that even though his father was a loving parent, his own evil action had placed him in an entirely different relationship than that which he had formerly enjoyed. Sin places us in an entirely different relationship with God.

God is a holy God, and therefore he cannot condone sin. He is a just God, therefore he cannot let sin go unpunished. God is not only holy and just, he is a God of love and wants us to be saved. But God will not save us at the expense of his holiness and justice.

It is a serious and a fearful thing to willfully sin after we have received a knowledge of the truth (Heb. 10:26).

* * *

Worlds Unknown

[The reader is asked to bear in mind that the author was writing in 1955, before "Sputnik" and before the USSR's, and the USA's, first ventures into outer space. -- DVM]

Various imaginative and forward looking optimists have long insisted that some day bridges would span the oceans and that men would travel to the moon and perhaps to Mars. Now comes the announcement by responsible people that in about two years a man-made earth satellite will be launched to whirl about the earth at an altitude of between two hundred and three hundred miles. Enthusiastic newscasters see in this the first step in the journey of man through outer space.

We have no controversy with these imaginative astronauts, but if the moon is what the astronomers have represented it to be, we also have no special yearning at the moment for a trip to that barren orb.

So far man has been obliged to stay pretty close to the surface of the earth. In recent years he has achieved relatively small extensions of his earth-bound frontier, some 16 miles upward into the air with a rocket plane, and about two and a half miles down into the depths of the sea with a bathyscaphe. But we could wish that with all of man's searching for nature's secrets and his reaching for the stars, he could find that for which his heart longs, and which can only be found in the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is not given to many of us to be among those of high adventure in the realm of human exploits, but to the humblest and most obscure there is open all the fullness of God, and as we read of the proposed launching of the rocket-borne satellite, we thought of the words of an old hymn, written by M. Toplady:

"When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide my self in Thee.

God has a direct line for the saints to a better place than the Moon!

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Selection 9

INTERCESSORY PRAYER -- TODAY'S GREAT NEED

By William S. Deal

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints" (Ephesians 6:18).

Here is a portrait of Saint Paul in intercession. Beyond doubt his mighty ministry resulted largely from his great life of intercessory prayer. Would to God the world had more like him today.

Billy Sunday told the story of a minister who was out calling one day. He rang the bell at a certain house and a little girl opened the door. He asked for her mother. She said, "Are you sick?" "No," he replied. "Are you hurt?" she inquired. He told her he wasn't. Did he know of anyone sick or injured she questioned. He didn't. "Then you can't see Mama, for she prays from nine to ten," she informed him.

It was then twenty minutes after nine; but he sat down and waited forty minutes to see her. At ten o'clock she came in with the light of glory on her face; and he knew why her two sons were in the theological seminary and her girl was a missionary. "All hell cannot tear a boy or girl away from a mother like that," commented Mr. Sunday.

Possibly there never was a time since the early days of Christianity when this kind of intercession was more sorely needed than today. Millions of lost men and women have no one to pray for them. Thousands of parents never breathe a prayer to God for their children, nor even attempt to get them in touch with religious training of any kind.

Do you ever pray for the poor wretched prisoners locked away from opportunities of church? Have you ever wept over a stranger on "death row" and prayed for his salvation, although you had no way to contact him? Will his burning eyes stare into yours at the judgment with the fearful question, "What did you do for my salvation?" Will you hear the awful words of Jesus, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not"? O Christian friends, let us not forget to pray for a lost world, of which this prisoner story is only one sad illustration. Our prayer-arms ought to reach around the world.

Perhaps you are growing a bit older now and feel that there is little which you can do to forward the cause of Christ. Has it ever occurred to you that there is probably no other ministry so fruitful as that of intercessory prayer? You could spend an hour or two daily with your prayer list for the workers in the various fields. There are the ever needy missionaries, the busy pastors and church officers, and the burdened evangelists. The great Bible societies, publishing houses, tract societies, and radio ministry need your prayers as they attempt to get out God's Word to the masses. Then where could you spend more profitable prayer time than upon the Christian colleges, Bible schools, and seminaries where young people are being trained for workmen of God? Our political leaders, particularly the President and Congress, need daily prayers as well as the armed forces. Then there is the large string of city missions and the "down-and-outers" -- somebody's boys, God pity them! -- all of whom need your ardent prayers.

There never has been a really deep, lasting revival anywhere which was not literally "prayed down." Put this great need on your list along with the scores of campmeetings and other soul-winning efforts.

O Christian, arise, shake off the lethargy of this fateful hour and become an intercessor! How the church needs this ministry today. Without it the lost cannot be brought to Christ, for only intercessory prayer will bring the necessary power to draw men to Christ. Why not join the intercessors today and help meet this great need? It will greatly enrich your own soul, help you to win a multitude of others and enlarge your capacity to enjoy Heaven for all eternity.

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Selection 10

BY-PRODUCTS OF SALVATION

From the August 20, 1955 issue

Sermon by Seth C. Rees

"And things that accompany salvation" (Heb. 6:9).

The subject engaging our heart and soul is the "By-products of Salvation." Salvation is the most glorious, the most wonderful, and the most inexhaustible theme that has ever claimed the attention of human thought. The salvation of a human soul is the greatest thing that God ever turned out of Heaven. It is greater than all outdoors.

Salvation, briefly stated, is deliverance from the guilt, power, and presence of sin. Salvation may be possessed apart from everything else, since it depends upon nothing but faith in a crucified and risen Christ. One may receive salvation and not live long enough to enjoy any of the by-products of salvation. The thief on the cross never knew the things contained in our subject.

Much as we love to dwell upon the all-absorbing theme of redemption, we are called to consider some of the by-products of this great salvation. Webster says a by-product is "an additional product, something left over, a surplus having a market value of its own. Hebrew scholars tell us that the word "blessed," with which the 32nd and the 119th Psalms begin should be translated "blessedness" and that the word never is found in the singular number, but always in the plural form, suggesting that God's blessings never go alone. He has such superabundance that when he gives a blessing, he offers a thousand other blessings to go with it.

My father was not a "highbrow." A "highbrow" is a man who is educated above his intelligence. With a very limited education, my father had a great heart. He would not only entertain all his friends (and his very hospitality made many of them), but he would feed all the tramps, peddlers, and agents that hit the big road. In those days we sold grain, fruit, and vegetables by the bushel, and not by the pound. When he marketed his products he would fill the measure as long as anything would lay on it, and then add some for what he called good measure. God is so exhaustless in his resources, and so prodigal in his giving, that he multiplies his blessings more often than he adds them. This very day our fruit trees are covered and loaded with blossoms and fragrance, but not one-hundredth part of the bloom ever will come to fruitage. You say that is a waste of fragrance and beauty. Not at all, God enjoys the flowers, fragrance, and beauty which he himself has made. What a generous display he makes of flowers. On the Great Northern Railway we crossed the Rocky Mountains in a blinding snow storm on the fourth of July. The snow lay several inches deep with millions of flowers sticking their heads through the snow and smiling as if they had religion.

We call attention to some of the things that accompany salvation. Salvation includes holiness of heart and righteousness of walk.

1) The first by-product I wish to mention is intellectual illumination, and mental strength. Sin has disordered, deranged, and maimed our mental faculties. Sin affects the mind so that it is not to be fully trusted. Sin is unreasonable and illogical. The mind may become so steeped in sin as to become demented, unsound. But one of the "by-products" of salvation is a mental illumination and fortification which has a great market value of its own.

An examination of the records of all the schools will show that on the whole, the standing of Christian students is higher in scholarship than of those who are not Christians. Many times praying students have testified to receiving Divine aid in mastering hard lessons, and solving difficult problems. The Holy Spirit lubricates the machinery of the mind. We can think, feel, and choose better because we are saved.

We have known a number of confirmed drunkards who were such stupid fools that they hardly knew east from west, but after they were saved, in less than a fortnight they could give a good straight testimony, and use good English. Young man, if you want to go through college with the best results, keep the blessing of God upon your soul.

2) Another by-product of salvation is a physical quickening, not always amounting to a perfect healing from all sickness, but nevertheless having a great market value of its own. In thousands of instances this quickening does effect a permanent cure of otherwise incurable diseases. When I think of the empty cots, vacant wheelchairs, abandoned crutches and braces; when I think of the medicine chests that have been abandoned, the hearts that have been made happy, I rejoice that my attention was ever called to this by-product of salvation.

Physical healing is not the heart of the gospel, but it is one of the by-products having a great market value of its own. It is not a sin to be sick, but it is a great blessing to be well. It is not a sin to be poor, but it is convenient to have the comforts of life. Even where healing is not perfect, there is a restful quickening of the body which is an earnest of the resurrection. Many times we have been ready to drop in battle, and one look at the cross, and there was "life for a look at the crucified One." Our spirit revived; we labored on when weary, fought on when faint, and hoped on when disappointed.

Temporal blessings couple up with physical quickening. There is no promise that your table shall be loaded with all the dainties and delicacies of the season, but your bread and water is sure. He does not promise you an elaborate fashionable wardrobe, but he guarantees more clothing than some of you women wear.

3) Another by-product is courage, boldness. The most reticent and timid soul takes on an air and a front never known without salvation. Sometimes we are accused of being boastful and heady because we testify to being saved from all sin. They want us to have a hangdog look, such as we had before we were saved, but we are invited to come boldly to a throne of grace now that we are sons and daughters of God, children of a King, and he the King of kings. We have taken on a sort of kingly bearing, a touch of court life by association, and this courageous boldness has a real market value of its own. A young lady in an academy was so timid that she could not read a paragraph in the presence of others. She could not recite in the presence of her class. But when she

was saved, sanctified, and called to preach, she could mount a platform in the largest camp meetings in the presence of a hundred preachers, and preach as if the woods were on fire.

4) There is a peculiar victory in the most blinding storms, and the most protracted trials of life. There is not only the quickened human faith, for salvation, sanctification, and Divine quickening, but there is the faith of God, stronger and more enduring than any human faith. It will hold in the wildest gales, and on the highest seas of life. A gentleman was following his guide to the summit of a great mountain to see the sun rise. Halfway up the mountainside they found themselves in a blinding, flashing, roaring thunderstorm. The tourist said, "Let us return, we never can see the sun rise." "Oh no," said the guide, "it never storms on the peak, and we will soon be above the clouds." And so in another hour the flashing lightning, and roaring thunder were all under their feet, and it was all clear above.

Brother, if it is too stormy where you are, rise higher. The art of rising is a by-product of greater value than all Wall Street.

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Selection 11

THE SCARCITY OF BOOKS

An inquiry into the reason why so many homes are without good books

By William M. Smith, Westfield, Ind.

One of the instructions to Timothy from the Apostle Paul was, "Till I come, give attendance to reading." This may have been concerning reading the scriptures in public services, and it may include reading in private. We assume that it may mean both. At least it is good for a minister of the gospel to read good books in private, and read the Scriptures reverently and distinctly in public meetings.

Whenever I am entertained in a home when away from my own home in service, and the family that is entertaining me leaves me a little leisure, I invariably look for some book to read, and am frequently disappointed to find that there are no books in the living room and not even a religious paper. Even the newspaper does not hold the place it once did. Very often I find in homes of this sort that they have a radio. It is easy to suppose that, instead of reading for themselves, they let other people direct their thoughts over the radio, while they sit easily, not to say lazily, in their double-stuffed chairs. We live in an ease-loving generation, and reading substantial books takes more effort than some people want to put forth. They let others think for them and accept their opinions without making the effort to think things through for themselves. When you do find books on the table too often they are light and chaffy, occupying the attention for the time they are being read, but leaving no deposit of truth to meditate on afterwards.

Too often we have observed that a preacher, when reading a portion from the Bible in public, reads too rapidly and too indistinctly, often not putting the emphasis on it that he does on his own remarks. We are also made to wonder how much they read the Bible in private. When they speak as though the time when Jesus walked on the sea was the same time as when He stilled the storm, that the shepherds and the wise men visited the baby Jesus at the same time and get Elijah

and Elisha all mixed up, with other anachronisms; we wonder if they have read those accounts recently. I am of the opinion that it might be embarrassing to ask some preachers if they have ever read the Bible through from Genesis to Revelation even one time. The average minister is not well versed in what either the major or minor prophets have spoken and written. There is a vast reservoir of truth untouched by many preachers.

There is an abundance of good books for all classes of readers. Some of the best are reprints of some of the writings of a century ago, which some of the religious publishing houses are putting out. They may be called a little heavy reading for these modern days, but an afternoon or evening with some of these old writings would be a splendid exercise for a minister who is seeking something solid to give his congregation. Books of sermons are good. There are treasures in secondhand book stores. If you can get Wesley's or Watson's Sermons, or Finney's Lectures you will have a seedbed of thoughts, not to copy, but to give you ideas and styles.

It is an excellent thing to have good books and religious papers on the reading table in the living room. Children need to be encouraged to read helpful books. They are character building. The radio has spoiled the mind of many children for good reading. Even when good stuff is coming over the radio the tendency is to rather lazily listen. It does not leave the deposit of fact that reading does. Nor does it require study in the way reading encourages. We are sadly in need of a revival of reading on the part of the rising generation, not to say that the older ones are reading too much.

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Selection 12

IMPROVE THE BOX

From the August 27, 1955 issue

A certain soapmaker, having run out of superlatives to define the perfection of his product, hit upon a statement that said, in a novel way, the last word that could be said concerning it. "As we couldn't improve our product, we improved the box." We can't improve the content of religion, but we can improve the container -- ourselves. Much has been said as to the kind of religion needed at the present day. There is but one sufficient religion and that is Christianity. It needs not to be changed or improved, though some methods of advocating it may be bettered. And the Christians who display it to the world may be improved. The "box" is what the people see; make the box more attractive. It is a good slogan for the church: "Improve the box!"

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When The Modern Tide Struck Our Home

I will never forget when the modern tide struck our home. My sister weighed one hundred pounds. She was an artist, nervous and temperamental and all that kind of stuff that we had to watch out for. She was an artist, while we had to make our own living. She got music and some other ideas in her head, and came home from college the first year. That morning after breakfast, when we had prayer, she rose sweetly and excused herself and went upstairs.

She "got by" with it that morning, but Father "took note of it"; and the next morning, when she excused herself, he said, "Sit still."

"But really," she pouted, "I don't care to stay."

"That doesn't make any difference -- stay!"

"I think a person should have some liberty in religion," she answered.

"You can have all the liberty you please in religion," Father told her, "but I run this house; I paid for your grub, I bought the clothes you have on, I paid for your education. Sit down there quietly and listen while a father who loves you reads and prays."

My big brother came home one day. He had made money for himself and had a big, fat cigar in his mouth. He smoked it awhile on the back porch. Father came out, reached out his hand, took the cigar and, throwing it into the garden, said, "Don't smoke them around here any more."

"I would like to know what right you have to throw that cigar out," brother complained.

"You know my idea," Father answered. "This is my house. I am rearing boys and making a specialty of it, and you don't get by with that kind of stuff. When you are working for a man he can tell you whether to smoke in his office or in his warehouse. I am running this house. God gave me the command to do so."

"I will go somewhere else," my brother threatened.

"I am sorry: I love you," Father replied quietly, "but if you want the cigar worse than you do the home, you can go."

He went away three weeks, and came back and said, "Dad, you are all right. I submit and will play the game according to the rules."

Most people say, "Well, you have to let children have their way."

If that is so, then good-bye to home, to government, to everything; God will not stand for that.

I had a father who stood by the river of life -- thank God, an old piledriver -- and smiled while he drove down the jetty. He never licked me in his life, but I always knew I had one coming if I needed it. He reared ten children, and he did it as an undermaster of God.

You never saw a spoiled boy in your life to whom the mother had given everything she had that would not take that little mother and trample on her heart before he got through.

God intended parents and children to live together in the unit He ordained. He commands parents thus, and with a covenant attached: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

I thought I was getting away with something. I left my father's Christ and the Bible because of the teaching in the universities into which I went. The antichrist spirit of plunder in modern "kulture" clothes attracted me. I lost my faith. My father died; and before he died, he turned his face heavenward with the happiest, most beautiful smile. Someone leaned over the bed and said, "Dr. Rader, how can you smile like that when there is not one of your children that is serving the Lord?"

He smiled back as he answered, "That doesn't matter a bit. It was settled long ago. I brought them up as He commanded me. They will every one be in. They are a strongheaded group, but God will lead them. He will bring them in."

And every last one of them is in tonight -- yes, every one.

God talks to fathers and mothers, and God stands behind fathers and mothers with all the army and navy of heaven when they stand Godward for their children. Oh, for a praying fatherhood in our nation, and mothers that pray for their children! I tell you, God hears them, He hears, He hears! -- Paul Rader in Gospel Herald

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Selection 13

THE DEVIL'S BURDEN

From the October 8, 1955 issue:

The late Dr. Foster of Clifton Springs, used to tell about his aged mother, who was such a very anxious, troubled Christian that they would tally her on her needless worries. But it was no use. She was like the old lady who once said, I have suffered so much especially from the troubles that never came.

One morning, however, the old lady came down to breakfast with a very happy face. They asked her what had happened and she told them that in the night she had had a dream. She was walking along a highway with a great crowd of people who seemed so tired and burdened. They were nearly all carrying little black bundles, and she noticed there were numerous repulsive looking beings, which she thought were demons, dropping these black bundles for the people to pick up and carry. Like the others, she, too, had her needless load and was weighted down with the devil's bundles. Looking up after awhile she saw a Man, with a bright and loving face, passing hither and thither through the crowd, and comforting the people. At last He came near her, and she saw it was her Saviour.

Looking up, she told Him how tired she was, and He smiled sadly and said, "My dear child, I did not give you these loads; you have no need to bear them. They are the devil's burdens,

and they are wearing out your life. Just drop them, refuse to touch them, and you will find the path easy, and you will be as if borne on eagle's wings."

He touched her hand, and lo, peace and joy filled her frame. Flinging down the burden, she was about to throw herself at His feet in joyful thanksgiving when suddenly she awoke and found that all her cares were gone. From that day to the close of her life she was the most cheerful and happy member of the household.

So He can give you rest, and fill your heart with joy, and your life with praise. -- A. B. Simpson

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Never Off Duty

"Why do you stand in such an unbecoming position?" the Duke of Wellington once asked an officer caught slouching in uniform.

"I am off duty, sir," the man replied.

Then the Duke cautioned, "A British officer is never off duty. Resume your military position."

Likewise a Christian is always "on duty" -- a photograph for Christ. -- Exchange

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Selection 14

HOW GOD PROVIDED OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER

From the November 19, 1955 issue

About fifteen years ago [about 1940] my husband was suddenly taken from the scene of earthly things, leaving me with seven children and sixty dollars in the bank. But I had God! That night as I tossed on my bed trying to plan what to do, the Comforter whispered to me, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." My burden was lifted immediately.

The next day a man, whom I had seen only a few times, came, and said he was so thankful that he was spared to his own family that he wanted me to accept a gift to help along, and put into my hand two fifty dollar bills.

From that day to this the Lord has cared for us. Again and again, when I have been relating answers to prayer, big and little, folks have said, "You ought to write a book." As we are nearing Thanksgiving, I want to tell of a wonderful answer to prayer at Thanksgiving time.

My oldest daughter was studying at a Bible school, and a couple of weeks before Thanksgiving she wrote, asking if she could bring her roommate home for the holiday week-end, as

her parents were in faraway India. My pocketbook was very thin, and I had no prospects of its getting any fatter before the proposed visit, but I wrote back that I would be glad to have her come.

A few days later another letter, saying: "Dear Mother: Thank you so much for inviting Faith. Now I know I'm dreadful, but there are three other girls I would love to have come, one from Canada, one from Texas, and one from Georgia." That was a different proposition, and I felt that I'd have to pray about it before answering.

But after consulting the rest of the family, and praying, I felt the girls should come, so wrote accordingly. After mailing the letter I felt unexplainably happy; my pocketbook wasn't a bit fatter, and didn't see at all how I was going to care for four extra girls for four days.

The next morning as my daughter Mildred and I were making up the beds, it suddenly dawned on me that I had not quite enough blankets to go around, and voiced my thought to Mildred. We both laughed at the thought of inviting four strange girls -- to shiver! But we asked God to send warm weather or supply this need.

A couple of days later a friend called, and said her errand was to find out if we needed bed coverings, as she had been asked to do so the day before by one who did not want her name to be known. Taken by surprise, but remembering our prayer, I told her of the girls coming, and that to make them comfortable we would need extra covers. I said nothing whatever about our finances. As a result of this visit, we received two pairs of lovely new, wool blankets!

The Saturday before Thanksgiving another friend called. She said she had been looking through some trunks and found three perfectly good bedspreads, which she had no use for, and she had suddenly remembered me. Would I accept them? I assured her I would, and after she left we "tried them on" the beds and found they were not only the right size, but gave a festive air to the rooms.

On Monday evening we had a family "confab" on ways and means. We didn't get any farther than to say what we should like to have. I said I thought it would be nice to have a hot meatloaf, vegetables, and homemade pie for Wednesday's supper, as the girls would be traveling all afternoon, and would all have good appetites. Of course, we all thought turkey would taste fine on Thursday.

On Tuesday, when I came home from our women's prayer meeting, what was my surprise to find the dining room table piled high with groceries, canned fruit and vegetables, sugar, butter, eggs, flour, tea, coffee, potatoes, and apples, and a note from the friend who had called to see if we needed blankets, saying that a few friends had wanted to join her in contributing something for our company. After I had put away all these good things, which made our pantry look like a young grocery store, a note came from still another friend, saying she had heard about our coming visitors, and as they would arrive in time for supper on Wednesday she was sending me four pounds of ground steak, as she thought I might like to have a meat loaf. I called this friend up to thank her, but she said, "Oh, don't thank me at all," but she agreed with me that it was remarkable that she should be led to send just what we wished for that particular meal. She then took my breath away, almost, by saying, "And I want to provide your Thanksgiving dinner too."

"Oh," I said, "you don't know what we have received already."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I know all about it; but what I'll send will be different, and you can easily use the other things, too."

The next day, in came a fourteen-pound turkey, three pounds of ham, cranberries, celery, lettuce, string beans, turnips, sweet potatoes, cabbage, apples, oranges, grapefruit, bananas, two quarts of grape juice, three pounds of lady fingers, a five pound fruit cake, and two large pies.

We sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." And did we enjoy every minute of those company days? I'll let you guess!

As I looked around the table at the happy faces on Wednesday night, I could scarcely restrain the tears, but they were tears of joy. Besides our own Eleanor, there was Agnes from Canada; beautiful Olivia of Texas, as lovely of spirit as of face, destined to be the wife of a fine Christian man; dignified Faith, and Sue from Georgia, who was just herself. She leaned back after the meal, and with a deep sigh said, "My, I haven't had so much to eat since I left home."

Oh, what a feast we had the next day, and the next and the next and the next!

There was no end to the good things. Monday morning came all too quickly, and we all felt as if we had been lifetime friends, all because "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. -- Sunday School Times

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Selection 15

THE QUIETNESS HE GIVES

From the November 26, 1955 issue

There is what is called "the cushion of the sea." Down beneath the surface that is agitated by storms, and driven about with winds, there is a part of the sea that is never stirred. When we dredge the bottom and bring up the remains of animal and vegetable life we find that they give evidence of not having been disturbed in the least, for hundreds and thousands of years.

The peace of God is that eternal calm which, like the cushion of the sea, lies far too deep down to be reached by any external trouble and disturbance; and he who enters into the presence of God becomes partaker of that undisturbed and undisturable calm. -- A. T. Pierson

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A "Corpse's" Experience

Ceda Pavlovic of Belgrade, Yugoslavia, is a 60-year-old, retired jurist. While taking a hot bath, he forgot his school day physics lessons, and reached up a dripping arm to snap on a light.

His wife found him unconscious. A hurriedly summoned physician pronounced him dead. His body was carted off for burial next day under government health regulations. It was lodged in a chilled vault beneath the cemetery chapel.

Pavlovic regained consciousness to find himself in a coffin. A bit perplexed, he briefly debated whether he was in eternity, then nudged the lid of the coffin.

The lid moved upward. He climbed out, only to find the vault door bolted. He cried for help. The frightened cemetery guard fled.

At the top of his lungs he cried: "I am here by mistake, let me out." The guard finally crept back and released him.

Pavlovic hurried to the nearest phone to inform his wife he was coming home hungry. He was in for another shock. Under the strain of the day, she shrieked. Then she hung up. Then she fainted.

He tried next to re-establish himself with his neighbors. Answering his knocks, they looked quickly, shuddered and slammed the doors.

Finally, he found a friend who had not heard of his "death," who served as a go-between.

So many people say: "If someone were to return from the dead, they would believe." See Luke 16:31. This incident reveals the fact that instead of believing, they would flee. They would say the person had not died and hence had not returned from the dead. They would regard him as being insane.

The Lord who knows humanity perfectly said: "If they will not believe the Holy Scriptures, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. 10:17). So, we urge all to read and believe the Bible. -- Now

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Selection 16

THE SPIRIT'S LEADING AND THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORD

From the December 24, 1955 issue

Some time ago a town missionary had in his district a man who never would suffer any Christian person to come into his house. The missionary was warned by many that he would get a broken head if he ventured on a visit. He therefore kept from the house, though it troubled his conscience to pass it by. He made a matter of prayer of it, and one morning boldly ventured into the lion's den. The man said, "What have you come here for?"

"Well, sir," he said, "I have been conversing with people in all the houses along here, and I have passed you by because I heard you objected to it; but somehow I thought it looked cowardly to avoid you, and therefore I have called!"

"Come in," the man said; "sit down, sit down. Now, you are going to talk to me about the Bible. Perhaps you do not know much about it yourself. I am going to ask you a question, and if you can answer me, you shall come again. If you do not answer it, I will bundle you downstairs. Now," said he, "do you take me?"

"Yes," said the other, "I do take you.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the question -- Where do you find 'girl' in the Bible, and how many times do you; find it?"

The city missionary said, "The word 'girl' occurs only once in the Bible, and that is in the Book of Joel, the third chapter and the third verse. 'They sold a girl for wine.'"

"You are right," said he, "but I would not have believed you knew it, or else I would have asked you some other question. You may come again."

"But," said the missionary, "I should like you to know how I came to know it. This very morning I was praying for direction from God, and when I was reading my morning chapter I came upon this passage, 'And they sold a girl for wine'; and I took down my concordance to see whether the word 'girl' was to be found anywhere else. I found that the word 'girls' occurs in the passage, 'And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof,' but the word did not occur as 'girl' anywhere but in Joel."

The result of that story, however odd it seems, was that the missionary was permitted to call, and the man took an interest in his visits and the whole family were the better, the man, and his wife, and one of his children becoming members of a Christian church some time afterwards. -- Told by Charles H. Spurgeon in a Sermon

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Finney's Rules For Soul-Winners

Charles G. Finney, the noted evangelist of a century ago, proposed the following rules by which his students in training for the ministry might make their way into useful centers as soul-winners:

"See that you have a heart call and not merely a head call, to undertake the preaching of the gospel. By this I mean, be heartily and most intensely inclined to seek the salvation of souls as the great work of life, and do not undertake what you have no heart to do.

"Being called of God to the work, make your calling your constant argument with God for all that you need for the accomplishment of the work.

"Believe the assertion of Christ that he is with you and this work, always and everywhere, to give you all the help you need.

"Make the Bible your Book of books. Study it much upon your knees, waiting for Divine light.

"Beware of leaning on commentaries. Consult them when convenient, but judge for yourself in the light of the Holy Ghost.

"Give your most intense thought to the study of ways and means by which you may serve men. Make this the great and intense study of your life.

"See that you have the special endowment of power from on high, by the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

"See that you personally know and daily lean upon Jesus Christ.

"Spend much time every day and night in prayer and direct communion with God. This will make you a power for salvation. No amount of learning and study can compensate for the loss of the communion. If you fail to maintain communion with God, you are 'weak as other men' " -- Wesleyan Methodist

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No one receives the Baptism of the Holy Ghost without a divinely inspired heart-hunger, and no one can have this heart-hunger satisfied who does not do everything in his power to get where God can do his part.

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Selection 17

THE BIG JOB

From the February 18, 1956 issue

"And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" (Neh. 6:3).

There is a well-known story about a Christian missionary, working for a salary of \$600 a year, who refused a position as manager of the foreign office of a large oil company at almost any salary he would name. When asked why he so promptly rejected the attractive offer, he replied, "I would rather have a big job at a small salary than a small job at a big salary."

What makes a job big? The fame of the employer's name or the publicity which attends the work? Is it the amount of remuneration received or the degree of responsibility involved?

Thoughtful people must realize that it is not a place in the spotlight, or the drawing of a handsome salary that gives the true measure of a task. Everyone who strives to know and do God's will can be sure that his place is important. It is kingdom work, whether it is at the front line in Africa, or behind the scenes in America.

A Christian educator is multiplying himself in the scores of lives he has helped and influenced for good. A homemaker may know that she is working with God in the building of men and women. A father who labors to support a family, and who realizes his responsibility to God and society, is doing a great work. Nothing is small that is done for God and men and eternity. -- S. S. Herald

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Seen From The Pulpit

A pastor wrote some of the things he noticed from the pulpit and printed them in the bulletin. We do not know just how he got away with it, but it is a fact that congregations would be amazed at what goes on in a preacher's mind as he looks at a congregation. Here are the things this particular preacher saw:

"Some folks always coming in punctually late.

"Others always in the same place where they seem to belong.

"Some irreverence at the beginning of the service; not much, but some, and some is too much.

"Strangers without hymn books, and no one offering them any. It makes them feel nervous. How would you feel?

"When the offering plates are passed, some folks look at them as if they never saw them before and wondered what they were.

"Once in a while a man, now and then a woman, who seems to be asleep; but appearances are deceptive."

And many other things he sees from the pulpit; and let us hope that most of the things he sees help him to preach when he rises to give his message. -- Exchange

* * *

Tact In Soul-Saving

In soul-saving tact is necessary. A criminal under sentence of death was waiting the day of execution. A minister attended him. All efforts to lead him to repentance seemed unavailing. Going home he met a man who was known all over the district for his life and good works. The

conversation turned upon the criminal. The minister requested the elder to go and see him. He did so, and, sitting beside the criminal, he took his hand in his, and said, with much fervor and simplicity: "Wasn't it great love in God to send his Son into the world to die for sinners like you and me?" In a moment, the fountain of the man's heart was broken up, and he wept bitter tears, and afterwards said: "When the minister spoke to me, it seemed like one standing far above me, but when the good man came in and sat down by my side, and classed himself with me, and said, 'Wasn't it great love in God to send his Son into the world to die for sinners like you and me?' I couldn't stand it any longer." -- Christ Life*

[*If the elder in the above story who was successful in seeing the condemned man melted was actually speaking of himself as a "present-tense sinner," then either his theology or his experience was wrong. However, it seems possible, if not probable, that the good elder was speaking of himself as having been an unworthy sinner, just like the condemned man, before Christ saved him. Such a reference to himself as "a sinner" would have been like that of the apostle Paul, who, though saved from sin, referred to himself as "the chief of sinners," obviously meaning that he "had been the chief of sinners" before Christ saved him. -- DVM]

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Selection 18

"YET A LITTLE SLUMBER"

From the June 9, 1956 issue

By Virginia M. Miller

Pastor, Haverhill, Massachusetts

During the March blizzards which paralyzed New England this past year, [1955] many tragedies occurred. At the height of the storm, a number of factories closed down in order to allow the workers to reach home before darkness fell. Buses were crowded, cars stalled, and traffic was at a virtual standstill.

One worker, too impatient to wait for a bus, called back a cheery "goodnight" to his friends before the drifting snow blotted him from sight as he began his walk homeward. The next morning a stranger stumbled over the body of this man frozen to death in a bank of snow not too far from his home.

The tragedy was easily explained; a tired man exhausted from battling the clogging snow, a stumble, just a moment's rest on the soft snow, the rest drifting into slumber, deepening into insensibility and finally, death.

One man, one life lost, one death, but a whole city stirred! How much greater the dramas enacted around us daily, passing unnoticed in the bustle of busy living; the tragedies of spiritual death unseen by those who already yawn under the initial onslaught of the same deadly slumber.

Recently, a small boy ran his tricycle into the wheel of a moving truck. As a result of this accident the child slept for 365 hours, but it was an unnatural sleep, and every effort was made to

arouse the lad. Victims of sleeping sickness have been known to sleep for weeks at a time, but unless they can be startled from their prolonged slumber, death will be the result.

Every effort possible is made to rouse these unfortunate sleepers from their miserable condition. They are in a state where sleep is unnatural, does not rest the body, leaves the mind disquieted, and invites death.

In dealing with the soul of humanity, the first effort of the Spirit is to stir the sleeper and produce spirituality, the first symptoms of awakening vitality.

Unless the natural man can be sufficiently startled to see his lost condition, he will, under the drug of an abnormal drowsiness, sink deeper in unconsciousness till eternity's light alone will arouse him. The effect of the Spirit upon the sleeper is to arouse, invigorate, and stimulate until spiritual realities are seen with a clear, wide-awake vision. After such revelations, only a spiritual suicide would deliberately turn himself over, wave the Spirit to one side, and compose himself again for the slumber of death.

With the entrance of the Holy Ghost as our personal Sanctifier, there is imparted to the soul a heavenly shock, touching every spiritual faculty, and stressing the necessity of remaining awake and watchful till Jesus returns.

It has been the privilege of every newly sanctified child of God to rejoice in the life which surges through his being. This spirit of alertness is manifested in obvious ways; testifying spontaneously, praying always, paying tithes scrupulously, and in general, being to the church the blessing every child of God should be.

Careful reading of the Scriptures will prove to us that God never intended the tide of life to recede in the soul. The promises are to all those who go forward in grace, finding the way shining more and more unto the perfect day. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, and the Father has no sons in a condition of drugged stupor.

If we concede the truth of this statement, we must carry the thought through to its ultimate conclusion; that those who sleep are in danger of losing their sonship.

Paul seems to have no doubt of this danger when in writing to the church at Thessalonica, he exhorts them not to sleep as do others, but to remain watching; for, he continued, they that sleep, sleep in the night, but ye are of the day.

Those who have followed the warning of Paul and refused to accept the opiates offered by Satan, have found themselves constantly warding off the principalities and powers that would steal their wakefulness from them and inject within their heart the spirit of lethargy.

We deal many times with those who were at one time awakened to spiritual realities, but over whom the pressure of this lethargic age has thrown its spell until drowsiness has taken from them their spirit of wakefulness.

As the Holy Ghost moves in the services, they are sometimes stirred enough to realize that the life of God has left their soul, but, unable to clearly recognize their danger, they compose themselves for another nap while the Spirit moves on to others

The mighty manifestations of God that characterized our early meetings in the holiness ranks were those that are common to any group of awakened souls. The blessings of God, when first comprehended with a heart keenly observant and a soul reaching for heaven, result in an emotional activity that ushers in strong demonstration, tears, shouts, laughter, and soul-burden.

If we concede the fact that it was the third Person of the Trinity who awakened us for the first time, and still further admit that it was the Holy Ghost who kept aflame the revival fires, must we not in all honesty go a step further and acknowledge that not until the Spirit departed did we lose the vision and feel the lethargy returning to our hearts?

This apathetic condition is manifested negatively by the loss of blessing, unction, desire to pray, and a burden for the unsaved; and is manifested positively by an upsurge of carnality, that refuses to be subdued, and demands its own way at the cost of the soul throughout eternity.

In such a state, the physician of any value is the one who is able to diagnose correctly and write the proper prescription. The Great Physician, many years ago, in diagnosing such a case, left on record the following instructions, which have ever proved successful. "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works."

"Awake thou that sleepest!"

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Selection 19

YOUR OWN SOUL

From the June 16, 1956 issue

By Samuel Logan Brengle

I was once asked the question by a woman: "Can't one take too much care of his own soul? I see all about me, everywhere, so much sorrow and suffering, and injustice, that I am perplexed at God's way of ruling the world, and it seems to me as if every Christian ought to be trying to help others instead of looking out for his own soul."

Here is a common perplexity. Every Christian sees around him sorrow and suffering which he cannot help, and his perplexity at the sight is the Lord's prompting for him to take the very uttermost care of his own soul, lest he stumble and fall through doubt and discouragement.

By the care of his own soul I do not mean that he should cuddle and pet and pity himself, nor work himself up into some pleasant feeling. But I mean that he should pray, and pray, and pray, and seek the presence and teaching of the Holy Spirit until his soul is filled with light and strength, that he may have unquestioning faith in the wisdom and love of God, that he may have unwearied

patience in learning his will (Heb. 6:12), and that his love may be equal to the great need he sees all about him.

Reader, maybe you, too, are troubled by the sight of unhelped wretchedness near you. No living soul can answer to your satisfaction the question that will rise up within you that Satan will suggest as you look on the misery of the world. But the blessed Comforter will satisfy your heart and your head if you have the faith and patience to wait while he teaches you "all things," and leads you into "all truth."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." You can't help people if you go to them robbed of your strength through doubts and fears and perplexities. So wait on God till he strengthens your heart.

Don't get impatient. Don't try beforehand to find out what God will say, nor just how he will say it. He will surely teach you, but you must let him do it in his own way, and then you will be able to help people with all the might and wisdom of Jehovah.

You must trust his love, and you must abide his time; but you must wait on him, and expect him to teach you. If the king of England is coming to Windsor Castle, the servants do not lie around listlessly, nor hunt up a lot of work to do, but everyone stands in his own place and waits with eager expectancy. This is what I mean by waiting upon God. This kind of taking care of your own soul you cannot do too much of, and don't let anyone drive you from it by ridicule or entreaty.

The woodman would be very foolish who thought he had so much wood to cut that he couldn't take time to grind his axe. The servant would be useless who went to the city to buy things for his master, but was in such a hurry that he didn't come to his master for orders, and for the needed money. How much worse is he who attempts to do God's work without God's direction and strength!

One morning, over in England, after a half-night of prayer which I led, and in which I had worked very hard, I got up early to be sure of an hour with God and my Bible, and God blessed me till I wept. An officer who was with me was much moved, and then confessed:

"I don't often find God in prayer -- I haven't time."

People who don't find God in prayer must hinder his cause instead of helping it.

Take time. Miss breakfast if necessary, but take time to wait on God, and when God has come and blessed you, then go to the miserable ones about you and pour upon them the wealth of joy, the love, and peace God has given you. But don't go until you know you are going in his power.

I heard someone say once: "Take time to pray God's blessing down on your soul every day. If you don't, you will lose God. God is leaving men every day. They once had power. They walked in the glory and strength of God, but they ceased to wait on him, and earnestly seek his face, and he

left them. I am a very busy man, but I take time to get alone with God every day and commune with him. If I did not, he would soon leave me.

Paul said: "Take heed therefore unto (1) yourselves, and (2) to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers" (Acts 20:28). And again, "Take heed (1) unto thyself, and (2) unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee" (I Tim. 4:16). Paul didn't mean to promote selfishness by telling us to first take heed to ourselves; but he did mean to teach that unless we do take heed to ourselves, and are full of faith and hope and love in our own souls, we shall be unable to help others.

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Selection 20

HIS POWER NEVER CHANGES

A testimony of God's healing power

From the June 30, 1956 issue

By Mrs. Bessie L. Rankins

My health had always been good, and I never had had any serious illness. One day I noticed a little lump on my right elbow; it was not sore or painful unless I leaned on it or struck it, then it was very sensitive. One day I was hurrying about my work and as I went out the screen door with my hands full, the door swung back and struck me right on that sore spot. Immediately it began to swell and pain. The pain became so intense I could not stand it, and my husband took me to the nearest doctor, who happened to be a woman. She examined my arm and questioned me, but she did not seem to know what it was. She bound it up with hot Antiphlogistine and gave me some to use. This eased the pain. In a few weeks the swelling went down and when it was gone we found the lump was also gone, so we thought that was the end of it, but we found out later that she had only driven it through my system.

In about a month my right knee began to swell and hurt. It became so painful that I went to another doctor. He said I had osteitis, a bone disease. He began poulticing it, but in a short time my other knee began to swell. The doctor said he would try to draw the infection all out of one limb. Then the left knee gathered and broke and formed a large ulcer. I was bedfast for many weeks. I was very sick and I suffered much pain. When I finally did get up one limb was shorter than the other and I had to walk with a cane. I was months getting over this.

Then I noticed a swelling forming on my neck. It swelled until it was as large as a hen egg, and very painful. It became very hard and turned dark purple, then gathered and broke. After it broke it began to eat like a cancer. One after another of these swellings came and broke until I had ulcers all over my neck from ear to ear. There were two on my chest and one on my shoulder. They ate through tissue, ligaments, and even ate the tonsils out of my throat on one side. Everything that was in its way was destroyed. By this time I was an invalid and needed constant care. I was bedfast or in a wheel chair most of the time.

While I was suffering like this my left wrist began to pain and swell; after several weeks it broke and began to eat the flesh and the muscle from my arm. Oh! how I suffered. Then one started

on the muscle of my upper arm. It followed the same course and ate the entire muscle out of my arm. In a matter of weeks swellings started under both arms and ate big holes there, I had to lay for weeks with both arms out on pillows to keep them from growing fast to my body. The disease was traveling fast now.

I changed doctors again. The new doctor said I had tuberculosis of the glands and that it would travel wherever there was a gland until it struck a vital spot and then, of course, that would be the end. All this time my wrist was getting worse. The disease went to the bone, and two inches of the bone became porous. Each day there were pieces or splinters of bone on the dressings. Then a growth started on the base of the lungs, it too broke on the outside and ate a place as large as an orange. My health was entirely gone, I had no appetite, I weighed only 67 pounds and could not sleep without drugs. My temperature was so high that I had to have an ice-cap on my head night and day. I was delirious much of the time.

I was in the hospital three times, had several doctors and specialists. There were many painful treatments. The doctor wanted to amputate my arm just below the elbow; he said it would eventually drop off, but I would not give my consent. The suffering became so severe that I could not sleep nor rest. They gave me morphine, laudanum, [laudanum n. a solution containing morphine and prepared from opium, formerly used as a narcotic painkiller. -- Oxford Dict.] sleeping pills, etc., but everything failed.

During the last two years of this illness, my husband and I were both saved. I began to read my Bible, good books, and tracts; God began to talk to me about healing. We prayed and fasted many hours and I began to believe that even in my very serious condition God was able to heal me, but still we could not get definite healing, and finally reached the place where we thought that maybe it was not God's will.

One night it seemed the end had come; I was very low; my mother and husband sat up with me all night. I could not move a hand or foot without help. My voice was gone, my body was cold to my waist. They thought I was dying, but when morning came, I was still alive. The doctor was called to come and give me something to relieve my suffering, but his wife said he was out of town and she did not know when he would be back.

I whispered to my husband to go after two Christian women in the neighborhood who believed in prayer and in healing, and asked them to come and pray with me. They were very slow in coming and we could not understand why, but each one without knowing what the other was doing went to their closets and prayed through for my healing. They came from different directions and met at our gate as though it had been prearranged.

When they came in, they leaned over me and asked me what I wanted, I asked them to pray that I would live until the doctor got there. They said, "No, we are going to pray for your healing and God is going to do it." That was great faith! They knelt and prayed awhile and then they talked to me about the power of God to heal and his promises, then they prayed again. I was beginning to feel a little stronger and my voice came back. They asked me if I didn't feel like sitting up in bed, so they propped me up, I kept feeling stronger and soon I was sitting on the edge of the bed. We visited a while longer and one of the women said, "I believe you could walk." So they put a

housecoat around me and my husband stood me on my feet; with his help I walked across the room, when I turned to come back he withdrew his arm and I walked back alone.

The noon hour came and the women went home and my father and brother came home to their noonday meal. They were all at the table and my mother brought me a tray; I was sitting on the edge of the bed eating when my left hand, which was lying on a pillow in my lap, began to move back and forth at the wrist. It was not through any effort of mine, as I had not been able to move it for a long time, only as I would take the other hand and lift it. Then all at once it flew up in the air. I was sitting and watching it and when it flew up in the air I screamed, for the doctor had said it would drop off someday and I thought that this was happening. When I screamed my parents and husband came running into the room. They thought I was dying. But by that time, I was crying, laughing, and shouting. I was saying, "God has healed my arm. God has healed my arm. I was feeling it and squeezing it with my other hand. My mother, who had nursed me and dressed these ulcers every day, knew she could not even touch the tips of my fingers without causing me to suffer, as it was like touching a bare nerve in a tooth. She said, "May I touch it?" I said, "Oh, yes, yes!" She gently touched the tips of my fingers and when she saw it did not hurt me, tears came in her eyes.

My unsaved father, who never had seen anything like this, thought I was losing my mind. He started across the street to phone for a doctor to come and give me something to quiet me. I sent my husband after him. I did not want a doctor then. After some persuasion he came back, and as he came in the door, I walked to him and put both my arms around his neck; he knew I could not do that unless something had happened. Tears came in his eyes as he shook his head and walked out of the room.

When I finally quieted down, I was sleepy. I had lost so much rest and sleep that I was completely exhausted. My mother wanted to dress the ulcers first, but I was too sleepy, so they helped me upstairs and put me to bed in a quiet room. I did not need any drug. I went to sleep and slept all afternoon, all night, and until noon the next day. My mother thought it was the sleep of death and kept tiptoeing in to see if I were still breathing. When I awoke, all pain was gone and I felt like a new creature. They had helped me upstairs, but I dressed and came downstairs alone.

After I had eaten a lunch, mother came with the medicines and gauze to dress the ulcers. I said, "Mother, my arm is healed." She said, "Now, dear, don't get excited again. If I unwrap it and it is not healed, you will be more discouraged than ever."

She unwrapped the upper arm first; it had had an ulcer as large as a silver dollar where the entire muscle was eaten out; it was all healed over. She did not know what to think then she began removing the bandages from my neck, and as she lifted patch after patch each ulcer was healed. By this time my mother was crying and my husband and I were very happy. Then she started on my wrist, which had been ulcerated from my hand halfway to my elbow, all the way around, and two inches of the bone was decayed; it was all healed over, except a narrow slit where the decayed bone was.

I began to gain strength and weight, and in a few weeks, I was able to go to a bone specialist. He removed the decayed bone and the ulcer healed over in a short time. Doctors had

been trying to heal it for years, and had used the strongest remedies known to medical science, but could not heal it. But God healed it instantaneously and I have never had any further trouble. That was in 1915, and I am writing this in 1956. [41 years] I am well and strong, keep a seven room house, do all my work and sewing, and help my husband in pastoral work. Three of the doctors who doctored me have been dead for several years. My father and mother and one sister were saved through this experience. I want to give God all the praise and the glory, as he is worthy.

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Selection 21

AN HONEST AND A GOOD HEART

From the December 29, 1956 issue

Editorial by Paul W. Thomas

The heart, according to the scriptural definition, is the seat of our affections and will. It is "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness" (Rom. 10:10). And it is what we are in our hearts that governs our living. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23:7). God has said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4:23).

It is a sad, but true, fact that many who come under the influence of the gospel are not benefited by it; others are helped only temporarily. Why is this? The Word of God holds the answer. The secret is not in temperament or other personality traits; but the reason is to be found in the attitude of our heart.

In interpreting the parable of the sower to his disciples, Jesus said, "But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke 8:15).

An honest and a good heart is a sincere heart. The natural, unregenerate heart is deceptive, for we read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. 17:9). An honest heart is one that gets down to bedrock sincerity, willing to acknowledge wrong without excuse or argument, and willing to face up to our responsibility before the Lord.

An honest and a good heart is a believing heart. The seeds of unbelief bring ruin to our soul:-- "But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to smite his fellowservants" (Matt. 24:48, 49). Nothing will hinder our progress Godward quicker than an evil heart of unbelief.

An honest and a good heart is a meek heart. We are to "receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls" (James 1:21). Meekness is a willingness to be corrected, instructed, and guided. Moses was, by the grace of God, the meekest man. While he was a lion in defense of righteousness, his humility and openness of heart before the Lord made him great.

An honest and a good heart is an obedient heart. We read that Abraham "rose up early" to do the will of God (Gen. 22:3). We will do well to walk in the light as soon as it comes. Light

neglected, like light rejected, loses its radiance and we find ourselves in deepening shadows. When we face the light and walk in it, the path grows brighter and brighter. When we turn our back to it, our way is in the shadows. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 7:21).

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A lot of kneeling keeps you in good standing with God.

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Selection 22

FACING THE NEW YEAR

From the January 5, 1957 issue

By William S. Deal

Pacific Northwest District Superintendent

"Beware ... the year ... is at hand" (Deut. 15:9).

The old year (1956) is a closed book. Its deeds are done, its history written, its records closed; only its influence lasts on. Whatever there has been of joy or sorrow, good, or bad, naught can change it now, and we must face it at the judgment bar of God.

But before us is another book of days whose lily white pages we may fill with golden records or smudge with deeds of shame, squandered opportunities, and blasted hopes. Few persons, unaided by the Spirit of God, can settle upon resolves which they will carry through to higher and nobler ways of life, for, in the forsaking of one sin, they often fall into another. But God stands ever ready to help those who propose to do his will to carry through to triumph in Christ those holy resolutions born of the Spirit's convictions.

As the ancient Israelite, facing the "year of release" described in the contextual passage from which our text is taken, was warned by God to beware of certain things which he must avoid or invite the displeasure of his God upon him, so perhaps we, likewise, will do well to consider some important "beware" for the year which we now face.

I. Beware Of Forgetfulness

"Beware, lest thou forget the Lord," was a warning often sounded to Israel and most certainly needed today among God's people and the world at large. It is as true today as when it was spoken, that "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalm 9:17).

Some people tend to forget the love of God in times of severe testings. If God loved them, as he says in his Word, why would he let them thus suffer, they reason. But they forget that the love of God is often mixed with chastisement. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" (Hebrews 12:6).

And we must never forget that obedience is the supreme law of the universe. God regards it more highly than any kind of sacrifice and more important than the most devoted service. This year, there will be many temptations to disobey God's word in matters large and small, but those who come through with a record of obedience will outshine the most outstanding men of earth in God's sight.

We will need to beware of forgetting God's promises, too, in the midst of hot battles and discouraging times. Often the enemy will whisper into our ears his deceitful mockings and endeavor to make us forget, momentarily at least, the many promises of God that we shall be sustained in times of supreme testing. But the promises of our God are a strong tower to which we may run for shelter in the time of life's raging storms. We must never overlook the fact that though God may appear slow in our hasty estimate, he always comes in time to meet our every need when we fully trust him.

Millions this year will forget the value of their soul, but we must never be caught in this snare, not even for one moment. For in a moment of disregard for this chief of all values, one can place a scar upon his life which never will be erased! Or, in willful stubbornness, one may fling his soul away in continued disobedience and be overtaken suddenly by death without a moment in which to repent.

II. Beware Of Spiritual Lethargy

Everywhere there is this dread pall of spiritual lethargy settling down over people who allow themselves to succumb to it.

We shall need to fight the spirit of dilatoriness and refuse to be influenced by the ever-present worldly tendency to take life easy and get the most out of it for our own selfish purposes and pleasures. There are many pleasures in life which are perfectly legitimate for a Christian, which, nevertheless, may not be in the interests of deep spirituality. St. Paul had to decide this question for himself. He said, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient (profitable) ... I will not be brought under the power of any" (I Cor. 6:12).

All around us, the spirit of negligence and looseness reigns. Professing Christians by the million never turn a hand to win a soul or help one on toward a deeper experience with God. Were this not so, millions could be won for Christ. But with over one hundred million members on the rolls of American churches, and the onward march of ever-increasing crime, sky-rocketing juvenile delinquency, and continued relatively small church attendance compared to membership, there is bound to be a spiritual lethargy which is sapping the church and robbing millions of the life for Christ which they should be living. Holiness churches are beginning to be influenced by this laxity on spiritual matters. It is high time ministers and laymen alike begin to cry out against this sin of selfishness. Thousands are being overcome by this deadening sitting down to selfish satisfactions and self-complacency. We shall do well to remember that there are no genuine New Testament Christians sitting on the stool of do-nothing! Laziness and spirituality have nothing in common, even if the laziness is in the religious realm, while the person is ever so active otherwise.

III. Beware Of The False Conceptions Of Life

We often are prone to think that the false conceptions of life belong largely to youth, but it is not so. It is true that those who practice self-deception in youth find it harder to break away from it in later life. But it is also true that millions who should know better are still at the game of make-believe. Some of the most outstanding false conceptions of life which we shall need to beware of this year are very commonplace, apparently, and may be seen all around us. But they are none the less damaging. While most of these concern the unsaved, yet there is an element of danger in them for every child of God.

Foremost of these false conceptions is the one which says, "I am living only for now." Tomorrow may never come, so enjoy today. Who cares about the future, it is the present that counts. Squeeze the last drop of pleasure out of every passing hour and let no opportunity pass by to make pleasant this day, is the philosophy of millions who adopt this view of life. But how false it is, a disillusioning tomorrow will reveal with terrific awakenings.

"Get all you can" is another view which is carrying multitudes away upon its tide. They are out to make money and to gain social standing and prestige by whatever means they can. If weaker and unsuccessful persons have to be ground under in the upward struggle, that is just too bad, but I must "make the grade." Far too much of this spirit can be found in the church.

Then, there are those who say, "God is not interested in me personally; I must make my own way. With such a view of life, one cannot hope to rise to noble heights and achieve lasting and worthwhile goals. Shipwreck is bound to await such a frustrated course of life.

"I must live for myself" is the philosophy of other millions. With no higher guiding star, it is little wonder that others are ruthlessly trampled under foot in the wild struggle to attain whatever goals this selfishness may dictate. "It's my life, and I will live it as I wish," is always one of the most dangerous ways to face life's problems. Every criminal and moral derelict in the land today has followed this course of life. Millions who have not come to such an unfortunate circumstance of life nevertheless have been spiritually drowned in this unChristlike course of life. Only more frustrations, dissatisfactions, and loneliness can await those who follow such a pattern of thinking.

"There is no use of so much self-denial" is another attitude which saps the spiritual life of Christians and paves the way for sorrow and regret later in life. Those who imagine that to live fully and zestfully is to indulge the mind and body freely, even though it be in legitimate things, will find in time how false this conception of life has been. To look back upon a life thus spent must be dreadfully painful to those who, later in life, are fully awakened to its folly. There can be no spiritual progress aside from scriptural self-denial.

"There is plenty of time" is a false conception which youth indulges, but age knows to be fallacious. Yet, millions of adults act as if today were forever. "Do not do today what you can put off until tomorrow" is a philosophy of the foolhardy, but one indulged in by many who imagine themselves wise.

IV. Finally, Let Us Beware Of Unpreparedness

Christ constantly warned his followers of this hazard in connection with his coming again. Thousands have missed the best in life because they were unprepared when opportunities appeared which would have brought success. Millions will miss heaven for the same sad reason. Let us face this year with courage and determination to be ever watchful against every spiritual detriment.

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A New Year's Promise

Another year I enter,
Its history unknown;
Oh, how my feet would tremble
To tread its paths alone!
But I have heard a whisper:
I know I shall be blest;
"My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest."
What will the New Year bring me?
I may not, must not know;
Will it be love and rapture,
Or loneliness and woe?
Hush! Hush! I hear His whisper;
I surely shall be blest;
"My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest."

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Selection 23

BEHOLDING JESUS

From the January 12, 1957 issue

Sermon by Seth C. Rees

"And the people stood beholding" (Luke 23:3.5).

There must have been the greatest variety of feelings among those who witnessed this strange tragedy, the tragedy of tragedies, which put into total eclipse every phenomenon in all this spectacular world.

This strange action, accompanied by such strange signs, must have had a varied effect upon those present. There was one class there whose hearts were steeled and whose consciences were seared.

Those Roman soldiers, who drove the spikes into the flesh of the Saviour, cared for nothing except the booty for which they cast lots. Then there was a class of leaders, chief priests, who had hounded His steps for weeks and months, with hellish hate. When they witnessed this awful transaction they must have felt revenged, at least they must have felt temporary relief, to think that they had gotten rid of Him on whose trail they had been so hot for so long.

What strange emotions must have stirred the breast of Peter as he stood afar off and witnessed the crucifixion of his Lord. It is easy to imagine that he would have given a thousand worlds, if he had them, if he could extract the darts which he had thrust into the heart of Jesus.

Then I think of the centurion who was so affected when the earth began to swing, and the rocks began to open their seamy sides, and the sun refused to shine while his Creator died. He was so affected that he cried out, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Then, too, there "stood beholding" those loving women who were so early at the tomb to embalm the body of their Lord. They must have been crushed and stirred to the very depths; their sorrow must have been beyond expression.

All around that hill were those different classes, and more; while on the cross, beside the Saviour there was one who was reviling and cursing. But, while he was raging, there was one on the other side of Jesus who was pleading for mercy. When Jesus said, "It is finished," he took the penitent thief on his arm and swung through the gates of eternity with him as a trophy snatched from the burning -- one thief in hellish rage, and the other sweeping through the gates washed in the warm blood of the Son of God.

What a variety on that awful but glorious day! And so it has always been. From generation to generation men and women have "stood beholding." For two thousand years men have been called to stand and behold the middle cross, and in all the centuries there has been all this variety of feeling, sentiment, and conduct.

But in every age there have been a few men and women, fathers and mothers, holy folk, who have stood as true witnesses unto Christ; people who have gazed on the middle cross while in tears and have fallen at His feet and confessed all. I meet people today who are of the high priest class, full of rage; others who are wholly indifferent; some as rough and uncouth as the Roman soldiers.

Then there are those who love and take the narrow, pilgrim way; a few who will go through with Him no difference what it costs.

As I think of the strange scene, I am reminded that in the Christian Scriptures the transaction is referred to under several different figures. First, it is spoken of as a death. Death scenes are always impressive. However long death may have been expected in a family, it is a shock when it comes. It may have been months or years approaching the household, but the scene is impressive and shocking when it comes.

This is one of the ways which God has of stopping men of the world now and then, that they may think of God and eternity for an hour at least. Whether in a railroad accident, an automobile wreck, an earthquake, or in a sick chamber, death is always impressive. Men who say that they do not believe are affected; men who never weep are tearful; men whose lives are steeped in crime and soaked with rum, turn pale in the presence of death. When death faces those on a Titanic, men put away wine and women, they put away cards and dancing, and sing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

But here was more than a death scene. Crucifixion was chosen by the Romans as the most severe mode of capital punishment, first, because the anguish and excruciating pain is not equaled in any other form of capital punishment. Without a vital organ being injured, He was hanging, His full weight on the torn flesh.

Here was a pure, innocent Man dying, who did not need to die if He preferred to live; dying in shame, between two thieves; dying, as a million angels stood by, any one of which could have rescued Him.

One description of the scene is conveyed in the word, passion. His passion was to get to the cross. How strenuous and intense it was! If He ever feared, it was that the devil would kill Him before He could get to the cross. He never shrank from death. For the joy that was set before Him, he endured the cross, despised the shame, and is forever set down at the right hand of God. He spoke of [His] death as an accomplishment; he longed to accomplish his purpose.

Then, again, the cross is the first page of a new humanity. The old man, the Old Adam died on the cross, and it was here that birth is given to a new race, a new man, altogether different. We were all guilty, condemned, and only waiting for execution. Judicially, we died on the cross in the passion of Jesus Christ. If we take advantage of the sacrifice which He made, we may go free from the law of condemnation, and be held as no longer responsible for the past.

There was enough against me which was really true that I must die somewhere. I had a chance to die in the passion of Christ on the cross. This was my only way of escape, and my only hope of heaven. You might lead ten thousand souls to Jesus, but when, you come to the Eastern gate you never will mention it. Your only plea will be the blood of Christ. Rewards are never mentioned there.

A preacher, who has recently put away the innocent wife of his youth and married another, said he would marry the second one if he lost half of his reward in heaven: what folly!

Then again, the cross was a place and a scene of eternal victory. The armies of heaven, earth, and hell were mobilized on this lone mountain-top. Here the destiny of the world, was settled. Mount Calvary was no more than any of the other seven hills of Jerusalem until the crucifixion. From that hour to this, Calvary has been different from any other hill on earth! Waterloo was nothing but a beautiful farm fifteen miles out of Brussels until the great struggle between France and Britain was ended there, and one of the mightiest victories of all time was won on that common Belgium soil. It is now so sacred that millions visit there. It will be sacred to men until the end of time. There is nothing about the soil, climate, or location of Gettysburg to

distinguish it from thousands of other places. But because it is the location of the greatest struggle of the Civil War of the sixties, and the bloody field where the greatest victory was won and the destiny of a great nation settled, it is sacred to all true Americans.

In the war of the ages, the battle of battles was fought to a finish and the victory of victories was won on Mount Calvary. It was the struggle of struggles, and the triumph of triumphs, that has made its gray brow so sacred to millions of people. Here Christianity was founded. Here the greatest cause of all time triumphed.

All the victories of all the centuries were bound up in this one victory. Shall we ever be ashamed? God forbid. He endured the cross, despised the shame. Shall we ever be ashamed of His scars? Shall we ever be ashamed of our own if they were made in battle for Him? When that fourteen-year-old girl in Chicago held open the door of that burning theater until fifty people escaped with their lives, though she herself was so burned that she was scarred for life, she never saw the time when she was ashamed of her scars.

Brother, if, in the great army review to be conducted on the unclouded highway in the New Jerusalem, you can show a few battle scars made in this holy war, you will not then be ashamed, or know confusion. One scar will be worth more than all the wealth and honor of this earth. When that young Japanese officer learned that Port Arthur was blockaded so that their fleet could not enter, he went to the General and said, "I have a plan by which the port may be opened to our fleet, and I want permission to carry it out." He did not reveal the plan, but secured permission to make the attempt. He took a dozen marines up to within a few feet of the blockade, slipped out in a canoe and with soft paddles went on further, located, and exploded a bomb. The harbor was opened. The fragments of his body were gathered up and months later cremated in the presence of the Emperor of Japan. The father of that young officer marched at the head of that great funeral procession with a proud step and a shining face. That was the reward of sacrifice in this world.

But listen! The time is coming when not only Jesus will be rewarded, but his bride as well. The bloodwashed will come up from every nation and join him in the royal halls of glory to celebrate the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. They who have suffered and sacrificed without complaint, are going to walk and reign with Him. He is going to crown them. He will gird himself and serve them.

Brother, sister, I know there is some suffering with it. Thank God there is. But it won't be long until our bloodstained tears will be turned to diamonds and rubies, and our pain and sorrow will be transformed into everlasting glory, and we shall have a chance to crown Him Lord of All. It will not be long until our exaltations yonder will be as great as our deepest humiliations here. The next time you are in trials, just remember that the tears and blood drops of the sanctified, together with all their sufferings, will be transformed, translated, and transfigured forever. Hallelujah!

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Selection 24

READ THE ADVOCATE

By Ermal Wilson,
Assistant Secretary of Foreign Missions

Are you one of the masses of this age who live such a busy life that you seldom, if ever, sit down to read? Oh, yes, the art of reading is a blessing to you, for as you go to work, you read the road signs, and at work you read letters, instructions, and information pertaining to your work. But the art of reading should mean much more than that, for there is a store of knowledge and a reservoir of spiritual blessings awaiting us if we only would read. It is impossible to get spiritual blessing out of many of the publications that are on the market today. Therefore we should be selective in our reading. In our selection, we should read material that is character-building and spiritual. We, as holiness people, should have holiness literature in our homes; we Pilgrims especially should have the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate. What kind of reading material is lying on your table in your home?

The Advocate is a paper that we can justly be proud to have on our living room tables. It brings to our homes every week the richest selections of gospel truth and holiness messages. Many times, these writings come from our own Pilgrims and leaders. The Advocate is a defender of the faith. In these days when the trend is away from a standard for our people, the Advocate "earnestly contend(s) for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." It is a source of promoting interest in things which are vital to our church. It carries messages urging our people to ask for the "old paths" and for Pentecostal fires to burn in our churches. It brings to our attention the desperate need for a spiritual forward movement in our organized districts, and through its pages we learn of the way God is blessing in the church extension districts. It brings letters and reports from our own missionaries who have gone to the mission fields, keeping us in touch with those who have gone in our behalf to the regions beyond. The Advocate is a great boost to evangelism, also. It carries the slates of our approved evangelists and singers, and advertises our revivals and camp meetings.

On returning from Africa only a year and a half ago, there was one thing in particular that I noticed, and that was the change in our congregations. The people who used to attend my old home churches are not there anymore. Some have been called on to Glory, and others just do not attend. But I was thrilled to notice that our Sunday schools have had excellent gains, and new ones are making up the numbers in the congregations. How many of these new ones who have come into our ranks over the past few years are subscribers to the Advocate?

If you are a pastor, push the Advocate. It should be in the hands of every one of our members and friends. Even its presence on the reading table can be a blessing to unsaved members of our families.

You can be a blessing by encouraging others to subscribe to the Advocate. Why don't you give some of your old copies to interested people, pointing out messages and material which have been a spiritual blessing to you? As you read it yourself and talk of its blessings to your friends, others will become interested subscribers; thus you will have a vital part in spreading the gospel through the influence of the Advocate.

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A Real Sacrifice

Two gentlemen, a lawyer and a merchant, joined a party that was going around the world. Before they started, their minister earnestly asked them to observe and remember any unusual and interesting things that they might see in the missionary countries through which the party was to travel. The men promised -- carelessly, perhaps, to do so.

In Korea, one day, they saw in a field by the side of the road a boy pulling a rude plow, while an old man held the plow handles and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snapshot of the scene.

"That's a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor," he said to the missionary who was interpreter and guide for the party.

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money; so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves."

The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments; then the business man said, "That must have been a real sacrifice!"

"They did not call it that," said the missionary. "They thought it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

The lawyer and the business man had not much to say. But when they reached home the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story.

"I want to double my pledge to the church," he said, "and give me some plow work to do, please. I never have known what sacrifice for the church means. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I never have yet given anything to my church that cost me anything."

How much does the average modern church member ever sacrifice for his religion? How many that call themselves Christians ever sold the ox and then harnessed themselves to the plow?

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Selection 25

WHAT IT COSTS TO LOSE A BOY

From the January 19, 1957 issue

By William S. Deal

Pacific Northwest District Superintendent

Did you know that it cost over a million dollars to track John Dillinger, gangster of the '20s and early '30s, to his fate by gunfire at a Chicago theater door? And did you hear that he was once at a church altar but was neglected by the church people and left without getting the proper help? There is no cost so great or far reaching as that of losing a boy.

The financial cost is the smallest consideration, and yet, this is a staggering figure. According to reliable sources "it costs about \$1,300 per prisoner for operational costs in Federal institutions. This does not include costs for capital expenditures.* [Encyclopedia Britannica Research Library Report] Costs for apprehending, trying, and convicting offenders are very difficult to secure, even by research workers. In "Enemies of Youth," Dr. John Carrara says, "The United States spends fifteen billion dollars a year to check crime." Crime has become "big business." The worst of all is that a great portion of it is committed by youngsters under 21 years of age!

Ever-expanding social programs, research methods in sociology, and law enforcement improvements are being forwarded to meet the constantly increasing crime of youth by which so many of our boys are being lost. But crime continues to pile up. There are more criminals in America today than were lost of our fighting men in World War II. The ever-increasing crime bill is one of America's largest expenditures.

The social cost of losing a boy cannot be weighed nor measured. Every boy is a powerful potential in the hands of his parents and society... try to fathom the loss to society that we are experiencing in the reported fact that "a million young people are living criminal lives" today in America!

Reports by the FBI showed an eight percent gain in youthful crimes in the first part of 1954 over 1953. "In 1953 crime was up 6 percent over the preceding year. How much of this increased lawlessness is due to wrongdoing by juveniles is shown by the fact that in 1953 offenders under the age of 18 accounted for 53.6 percent of all car thieves in the 1,174 cities reporting statistics to the FBI; 40.1 percent of all other thieves; 18 percent of all robbers; and 16.2 percent of all rapists ... Most of these offenders were teenagers. Our estimates indicate there is now one delinquent out of every 18 youngsters between the ages of 15 and 17, inclusive."* [*From: You Can Help Stop Crime] This report is shocking indeed, but it will continue to grow worse unless there is spiritual revival which will check it.

The moral cost of losing a boy is stupendous! Just as one bad apple can spoil many around it, so one delinquent boy in a community can lead many innocent boys astray. No matter how vicious the life it always has its influence. As late as 1940 this writer observed that around John Dillinger's grave, Indianapolis, Indiana, there was a large circle where all the grass was trampled out completely by visitors. His influence continues to speak.

One great factor in the downfall of the innocents, according to Fredric Wertham, is the pit opened for them by the comics, especially the "crime comics." Around "90 million a month" of these were being turned out in 1954. The average comic reader is from 5 to 18 years of age, with the great majority in the 10-15 age bracket. These books are passed on and re-read by many children so that there is no way to truly estimate the reading circle they represent. Almost every crime in the ledger is portrayed in these comics, in bright colors mostly. Murders, burglaries, stabbings, shootings, and similar things are in leading roles. Almost nude girls and women are common in all crime comics. Sadism in almost every form, much of it having to do with sexual misdemeanors, abounds. They not only show how to do the crime, but how to get by with much of

it. Thus the evildoer is "glorified" and the law outsmarted to the youngster's way of thinking. Some children read from 2 to 20 and some teenagers boast of reading 50 crime comics a week!

This is the mental diet that millions of our youngsters are fed constantly. What can be hoped for but a harvest of crime and immorality?

That parents are to blame for much of the lowered moral standards and even the crimes of youth there can be little doubt... "Almost invariably, parents are to blame for the development of young criminals. When a child goes wrong, we usually find that he has been exposed to neglect, unhappiness, insecurity, parental conflict, drunkenness, or other bad influences at home."* [From: You Can Stop Juvenile Crime]

Youthful readers should not become too gloomy. There are just as fine young people today as ever in the world. Only about 1 to 2 percent of American youth have become involved in crime of some kind. [But, bear in mind, this was published in 1957. -- DVM] Young people can go far in many ways to help better this situation, by leading good lives themselves; by attendance at Sunday school and church, by becoming earnest Christians, by shunning evil companions, and by trying to help in every way those they see going astray, to bring them back to the right pathway of life.

The spiritual cost is the highest of all costs in losing a boy. America is what it is today because of its spiritual values. [This statement does not seem very valid in 1998. Today, it might be best to state it: America is what it is today because of its lack of spiritual values. -- DVM] To lose sight of these is to lose sight of our true American way of life. Every boy lost to crime is generally lost to the spiritual life of the nation. Some return penitently and become good Christian citizens, but how much more they could have contributed had they never been caught in this ugly web!

All Boston was electrified one day by the knowledge that a boy had been swept down the sewer. When the little fellow's body was found in the harbor, what sympathy the city showed toward the heartbroken parents! What must angels think of us mortals who can weep so over the physical loss of one boy and do so little about the thousands being swept away socially, morally, and spiritually?

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Selection 26

TRUTH IN OUR WORSHIP

From the January 26, 1957 issue

By Richard G. Flexon

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth" (John 4:23).

The desire to write this article was born when Mrs. Flexon and I stood beside Jacob's well, where the words of this text were uttered. What a feeling to stand beside the well where

Christ stood, and drink from the same well from which he drank, where he said, "Give me to drink"!

Before we visited Jacob's well we had seen the places of worship of many faiths. As we observed the worshippers go through their forms we understood better what had provided the foundation for the above statement of Jesus. There is plenty of worship with no heart, soul, or spirit in it. It was the same in his day, for the customs of that land have not changed through the centuries.

In Palestine one cannot go far without hearing the name of God and Jesus, or Allah. The entire life of the people of Palestine is centered around religion of some kind. They talk of Christ, God, Jesus, and Allah. They kneel to pray at all hours in their places of worship; but how heartsick one becomes as he watches them rise from their worship with the same sad expression on their faces as before they knelt to say their prayers. They all worship -- but do they know what they worship any more today than in His day? One is made to feel that they do not.

However, the same can be asked of the worshippers in our own country, and perhaps in our own churches. What do we worship, and how do we worship?

One is often made to wonder if, when we attend divine worship, we are conscious of entering within the veil into the very spiritual presence of God, whose discerning eyes are watching not only our actions but our motives. Does our frivolous lightness convey to the minds of strangers who may come into our midst a feeling that here is a people who really are sincere in saying they are entering God's house where he dwells, to worship him? Do we really feel God's house to be a place where we stand naked before eyes of flame, penetrating our every feeling, motive, and desire? Would we, if we entered our places of worship to worship him in spirit (without being bound by liturgies) and in truth (in all sincerity), go in so carelessly to converse in pulpit and pew on things so foreign to spiritual worship that we are incapacitated for concentration on spiritual things?

One is made to wonder: Are we building mountains of architecture which are more attractive to the worshippers than is the Christ whom we teach that we are to meet and worship there? Are we building to attract men by material structures rather than by a spiritual worship? Are our minds centered more on the beauty of the structure and the adornment of its walls than on Jesus Christ?

When one listens to some sermons, he is made to wonder if they are meant to draw the attention of the hearers to Christ, or the praise of the listeners to the preacher. When one listens to some singers, he is made to wonder if the singer is singing for an effect, the praise of his audience, or to worship Jesus Christ. If our singing is not true sacrifice to God, does it not degenerate into a sensuous enjoyment of sweet harmonious sounds rather than true worship to God? When we substitute a musical entertainment, to draw and to please the crowds, for true worship of God, are we not inviting the displeasure of God? Does not God always withdraw himself from the displays of talent for applause, when such displays of men are substituted for worship of him?

Do not some mistake the satisfied feeling of a service well rendered for the approbation of God? True, what men pass for worship may have the approval of the majority; but does it have His approval? A vice habitually performed under common sanction may be mistaken for a virtue. If our every act of worship were tested by the truth, how much of it would stand such a test? All of our works and all of our worship will be so tested some time by God. How much better that we apply the test and weed out the chaff.

Even now, is He not applying such a test and administering his blessings accordingly? Can we be complacently satisfied with the frothy incense of the praise of man when God longs for a worship which is in spirit and truth?

How much of our worship is real, sincere, and in truth, and how much of it is sham and hypocrisy? If our worship is not sincere, it is an abomination to our Lord. We wonder what reformatations would be wrought in our midst if all sermons preached were in truth, for the glory of God alone, and if our people could sing, in sincerity and truth:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

Compromise, we detest. But would not a prayerful examination of our worship under the test of sincerity and truth be beneficial, both collectively and individually?

* * *

A New Convert And A Helping Hand
An interesting letter to R. C. Hawkins
From the Church Extension Field

Dear Brother Hawkins:

Greetings in the name of our Lord!

We don't know if you remember us -- Genevie and Evelee Mason or Mason Twins; anyway, if you don't, that is not important, but we would like to tell you a story of one of our new converts and the Helping Hand.

Nearly four years ago when we came here to pastor, we were doing house to house visitation and one place we went, the door was closed in our face and we were very openly told

they weren't interested. Since that was the only door closed to us we felt that was the least likely place to see results for God.

Later, about three years, one of our fine young couples moved next door. They invited the young man about sixteen years of age to come to church. He sat under the gospel and the Holy Spirit was faithful. In our regular services he was saved and sanctified and has had a good testimony. As yet he has never been in a revival as that has only been a few months ago. He is a clean-cut, brilliant boy, but he comes from a broken home where God is not. Clubs and drinking take the place of God. Since the mother is gone practically all the time, this boy is rearing his four-year-old brother. His trials have been many but his heart has been open.

The other day he received the call for the Helping Hand. He went to his dad and asked for the money to pay this pledge. Of course, his father became very angry and treated him very severely over it. His heart was so heavy and we wondered:-- now what will he do. We thought perhaps he would come and tell us he just couldn't pay the bill. We went to prayer for him along with other of the church folks.

Last night after prayer meeting, this young man came back where we were shaking hands with the folk and handed us this Helping Hand envelope with \$5.00 in it.

His face lighted up with victory and he spoke in a triumphant voice and said, "I got it."

He told us he had sold his bicycle for \$5.00 and paid his pledge. His humility was so real he didn't even think about it being a sacrifice. He said his father thought he was crazy.

God has called him into the ministry and he is looking forward to Bible school. There are thrills on the other side of the waters but these are some of the things that spur us on in the work of God on this side. Our young people are accepting the challenge of the Lord and we say, "God bless them." They went and helped on our new Home Missionary Church and God blessed them.

We don't know what this will mean to you, but we believe if we knew more of the circumstances of people's giving, [we would find it to be] it would be sacrifice money and the work of God can't help but go on.

We have appreciated your labors and the things God is helping you to accomplish. May the Lord bless and give souls in every new church. We are praying.

In Him,
Genevie and Evelee Mason

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Selection 27
HOW NOT TO PRAY
From the February 2, 1957 issue
By Paul W. Thomas

There are some things that never ought to be the subject of our prayers.

We ought never to pray as to whether we should do something known to be sinful. An outstanding example of this is found in Numbers where the prophet Balaam spent a whole night in praying over something that God had told him not to do. "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more. Now therefore, I pray you, tarry ye also here this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more" (Num. 22:18, 19).

And it is wrong to pray complainingly and in unbelief concerning God's dealings with us. It is written of Israel that they "Wept in the ears of the Lord, saying, Who shall give us flesh to eat?" (Num. 11:18). The Psalmist said, "They soon forgot his works; they waited not for his counsel: but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert. And he gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106:13-15).

Many a soul has missed the way by lusting after the things of the world. Like Pliable and Christian they fall into the Slough of Despond, as some young Christians do, but like Pliable they climb out on the side nearest the City of Destruction. Others, though longer on the way, still have that carnal mind that lusts after the fleshpots of Egypt.

It is wrong to pray in an effort to get God to bless that which he has cursed and to approve that which is displeasing to him. To pray such a prayer can only bring the displeasure of Heaven. And it is quite possible to persist in wanting that which is forbidden until our conscience no longer bothers us and we begin to feel at liberty to proceed along the line of our own desire. But we should know that when the Divine restraint is removed we are far along the road to ruin. Balaam got permission to go with Balak, Israel was given meat to eat, and Judas was told, "That thou doest, do quickly." But Balaam's sun went down in a sea of blood, Israel found leanness of soul and died in the wilderness, and Judas went out and hanged himself. Jesus taught us to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" (Matt. 6:9, 10). Prayer that does not have as its basis heart reverence for God and a commitment to his will is worse than no prayer!

* * *

Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House Burns

Fire destroyed the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House, Syracuse, New York, on January 15 [1957]. The fire started in a Methodist Church adjoining and spread to the Publishing House building. Many of the denominational offices were in this building along with their printing plant.

Dr. Roy S. Nicholson, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, was in Indianapolis at the time of the fire. He informed us that many of the church records were destroyed and that he had lost his personal library. The building was completely destroyed.

We sympathize with our sister denomination in this tragic loss. We know they will labor under a severe handicap until it can be replaced. -- R. A. Beltz, General Secretary

The Burning Of The Methodist Book Concern In 1836

[In connection with this report of the January, 1957 burning of the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House, I have appended below, from hdm0011, Nathan Bangs' account of the February, 1836 burning of the Methodist Book Concern -- another story of a Christian "publishing house" destroyed by fire. -- DVM]

In this new and commodious building, with diligent and efficient agents and editors at work, every thing seemed to be going on prosperously and harmoniously, when, lo and behold, the entire property was consumed by fire! In this disastrous conflagration, the Methodist Church lost not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The buildings, all the printing and binding materials, a vast quantity of books, bound and in sheets, a valuable library, which the editor had been collecting for several years, were in a few hours consumed

It is impossible to describe the sensations which were produced by this calamitous and mournful event. It was on a very cold night in the month of February, 1836, but a short time after the great fire in the city of New York, which destroyed about twenty million dollars' worth of property. I was awakened about four o'clock, A. M., by a ringing at my door, and a voice which apprised me that the Book Room was on fire! I sprung from my bed, dressed, called my two sons who were at home, and repaired with all possible speed to the scene of conflagration. I hoped, at least, to save the library. But the smoke was already issuing from the windows of my office, and the flames from other parts of the house! Here I found the agents, who were on the spot before me. The hydrants were frozen, and the waters were thrown but feebly, though all exerted themselves to their utmost. We saw that all was gone. Suddenly, and with a tremendous crash, the roof fell in! The flames seemed to ascend in curling eddies to the heavens, carrying with them fragments of books and papers, which the winds swept over the city to the eastward, as if to carry the news of the sad disaster to our distant friends. Indeed, a leaf of a Bible was found about three miles from the place, on which the following verse was but just legible:-- "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste," Isa. lxiv, 11.

While standing upon the smoking ruins, about ten o'clock in the morning, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church informed me that this leaf had been picked up in the city of Brooklyn, and that it was in the possession of a gentleman in the lower part of the city, a bookseller, in Pearl Street. I requested a friend to call and ascertain the fact, and if possible to obtain the relic, which seemed precious in my estimation. He accordingly called, and found it was even so; but the gentleman, wishing to preserve it as a memento of this disastrous event, and as an evidence of the truth of his own statement, declined to surrender it to another.

Our "beautiful house," and all our "pleasant things," our books and printing and binding apparatus -- were indeed "burned up with fire!" But the fire-proof vault had, by the skillful management of the firemen, preserved the account books, and most of the registry books for subscribers were saved by the timely exertions of the clerk of that department. The rest was gone,

except about three hundred dollars' worth of books, and some of the iron work, stone, and brick about the building.

"How did this fire originate?" This question has been asked a thousand times, but never satisfactorily answered, although an inquiry was immediately instituted, and diligent search made, with a view to ascertain the fact. It still lies buried in obscurity; but my own opinion is, that it took fire by accident in the interior of the building, in the second story, where the fire was first discovered by the man who came to open the office and make the fires for the day. The reasons for this opinion, though satisfactory to myself, I cannot here detail; and, as they do not involve any one connected with the establishment in blame, while it relieves us from entertaining the cruel suspicion that any one was wicked enough to set fire to the premises, it may pass for what it is worth, without injury to any individual concerned.

In the deep affliction felt by the agents, and indeed all in any way connected with the establishment, it was no small consolation to be assured of the sincere and wide-spread sympathy which was both felt and expressed by our brethren and friends for us on account of this heavy loss. At a public meeting held a few days after in the city of New York, about twenty-five thousand dollars were subscribed toward relieving us in this distress, and as the news spread, similar meetings were held all over the country, and liberal donations and subscriptions were made, which mightily cheered the hearts of those more immediately interested in the Concern. The entire amount which has been received toward making up this heavy loss is \$88,346.09. This, as it came in, enabled the agents to continue their business, and they recommenced building, even while the smoke gave signs that the fire was not entirely extinguished.

What made this fire the more disastrous was, that the much more destructive one which had preceded it only about two months in the city of New York, had prostrated most of the insurance offices, and rendered them unable to pay the demands against them, and made it impossible to get insured in New York with any safety for some time. Most of the policies held by the Concern had expired about this time by their own limitation and such were the fears entertained abroad for New York fires, that it was next to impossible to get insured elsewhere on any terms. Hence but a small portion was under insurance at the time of the fire, so that only about \$25,000 were realized from these sources to make up the loss.

Happily, the Concern was not in debt. By hiring an office temporarily, and employing other printers, and accepting the kind offers of some who proffered their services, the agents soon resumed their business, the smaller works were put to press, and our herald of news, the Christian Advocate and Journal, soon took its flight again, though the first number after the fire had its wings much shortened, through the symbolical heavens, carrying the tidings of our loss, and of the liberal and steady efforts which were making to reinvigorate the paralyzed Concern.

Things went on in this way till the assembling of the General Conference of 1836, when Beverly Waugh being elected a bishop, Thomas Mason was put in his place, and George Lane was elected his assistant. To this conference the plan of the new building was submitted, approved of; and the new agents entered upon their work with energy and perseverance. Samuel Luckey, D. D., was elected general editor, and John A. Collins his assistant. Of their labors I need say nothing, as they are before the public, and will be appreciated according to their worth.

The new buildings went up with all convenient dispatch, in a much better style, more durable, better adapted to their use, and safer against fire than the former.

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Selection 28

NOT WITH THE TIDDLYWINKS BOYS

From the August 13, 1967 issue

An Editorial by Editor, Armor D. Peisker

[This, about "Tiddlywinks," or "Tiddledywinks" from the Oxford Dictionary: tiddly-wink n. (US tiddledy-) 1a counter flicked with another into a cup etc. 2 (in pl. Tiddlywinks) this game. Etymology 19th Century, perhaps related to tiddly -- 1 tiddly 1 adj. (tiddlier, tiddliest) esp. Brit. colloq. slightly drunk. It would appear from the preceding that "Tiddlywinks" may not have had a reputable origin, and may have been played originally in British Pubs, or Ale-houses, by those who amused themselves with this game while drinking and when "tiddly" -- slightly drunk, much like modern-day American bar-patrons play pool or shuffle-board while drinking themselves "tiddly," "Tipsy" and Tee-totally drunk. -- DVM]

Six Cambridge University students, The New York Times reports, recently left London for the Soviet Union in order to teach Russians how to play tiddlywinks.

These young collegians -- all members of the university's tiddlywinks club -- are for two months to tour towns and villages and finally Red Square in Moscow because, as the leader of the group points out, "The Russians haven't heard of tiddlywinks. We hope to get them interested."

At about the same time I read this, I received communication from one of our Pilgrim young men telling of a tour he and some of his fellow seminarians were making to New York City. They were to observe the work of the church in some of the stricken areas of the inner city, and themselves to do whatever evangelism they could.

At the conclusion of his trip, Brother Larry Shelton reports something of his impressions. He writes: "Although we saw many different methods of approach to alleviate the hardships of high urban life, the one thing which was always present was the deep hunger of the people for something to give life more meaning.

"The widespread hunger for the Word of God shone through clearly for me as I observed the crowds listening to gospel teams of young people holding street meetings in various parts of the city. On one occasion as the 'Collegians' of Asbury College sang on a street corner between tenements in the Bronx, one of the workers looked down into the face of a little Negro boy who was pulling his sleeve. 'Why are you coming to this lousy place?' he asked. The worker replied, 'We come because we love you, and because we want to tell you about Jesus.'"

"The Tiddlywinks boys" are intent upon teaching Russian villagers how to while away their hours by flicking little colored disks into a small cup-like container. The concerned Christian

seminarians are anxious to teach unchurched people about Jesus Christ who can transform and abundantly fill their empty lives with satisfying significance. These facts suggest how differently even intelligent people evaluate their time -- time, the very essence of life here.

Larry continues, "We told the boy about Jesus, but we were soon gone. Who is left in his neighborhood to continue telling him and his friends about the gospel?"

"As the face of this boy and the sound of his voice flashes through my mind, the meaning of the Incarnation becomes clearer. Christ emptied Himself of His divine prerogatives when He humbled Himself to become man. To lift us up, He became involved in our life.

"It is also true now that if we Christians, we who represent Him in the world today, are to make any notable impact upon today's need, we must become involved in life around us. We must, in a sense, continue the incarnation by living in the midst of the world and allowing Christ, who lives within us, to radiate His love through us to those around us."

It could be that God may call some who read this to serve Him in the concrete jungle of an inner city just as surely as He calls men to tropical jungles of other continents; but most of us will not get to minister the gospel in a Harlem or a Bronx. Nevertheless, right where we live, right in the blocks surrounding our churches, there are neighbors for whom life lacks utterly the significance God has intended. Their lives, filled with evil, trouble, and need, urgently require the redeeming comforts of God's grace. They hunger for the Word of Life. They are lost, eternally so.

Christ would reach some of them through us. He cannot, however, if we are content to remain aloof, gathering together Sunday after Sunday as an exclusive, smug, little group to worship God. He gave himself to save sinners, and He is always out where they are, seeking to bring them in.

Nor can He reach others through us if we engross ourselves day by day in our own pleasant personal pursuits. In the light of man's need and of Christ's call to His followers, such pursuits are secondary trivia. They are minors. We are not to major on them. To get out the gospel, we cannot, then, travel with the "tiddlywinks boys."

* * *

Nuggets

Occupy Till I Come

Whitefield once said to an old clergyman, "Are you not weary for our heavenly rest?"

"No, certainty not!" he replied.

"Why not?" was the surprised rejoinder.

"Why, my good friend," said the old minister, "if you were to send your servant into the fields to do a certain piece of work for you and promised to give him rest and refreshment in the evening, what would you say if you found him languid and discontented in the middle of the day, murmuring, 'would to God it were evening'; would you not bid him to be up and doing, finish his work, and then go home and get the promised rest? Just so does God say to you and me."

Our Echo

A little boy ran to his mother and said, "Mother, there is a bad boy in the woods. He repeats everything I say. When I said 'hello' he said, 'hello.' When I said, 'Who are you?' he said, 'Who are you?' When I said, 'What is your name?' he said, 'What is your name?' When I said, 'You are a bad boy,' he said, 'You are a bad boy.'"

The wise mother said, "My boy, go again to the woods and say, 'You are a good boy. Let's be friends.'"

The boy did as he was told to do. The boy in the woods answered back, "You are a good boy. Let's be friends." So it is in our lives. Whatever we say or do will come back to us in the same manner as we have given it.

Quiet Waters

Strong emotion has its place in religion as in all life, but the mood in which we find God most real to us is more often one of quietness.

Only in quiet waters are objects mirrored without distortion, and only in a quiet mind is there a clear perception of truth.*

"Be still, and know that I am God."

Those who have not learned to be still miss life's profoundest lessons.

[*The statement: "only in a quiet mind is there a clear perception of truth," is not altogether true. Often, quite the contrary is so: the time when one's mind becomes greatly disturbed, is often the time that Truth and right course of action are most clearly perceived. No doubt God uses both tranquillity and trouble through which to grant the clearest perceptions of Truth, Duty, and Accountability, and He is not bound always to use but one of these means. Furthermore, is it not true? that God may bring the clearest perception of a thing when one is neither deeply troubled nor totally serene, but is instead in a state of mind somewhere between those two extremes -- DVM]

Sound Wisdom

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of, in nothing on which you might not pray the blessing of God, in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed, in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act. -- Baxter

A Cure For Quarrels

Two persons who had been much at variance with each other brought their quarrel before a wise clergyman. Each accused the other, and each declared himself innocent. The clergyman patiently heard their statements, and then quietly said, "My judgment is this: Let the innocent forgive the guilty."

Hand To Mouth

George Muller, the founder of the famous Bristol orphanage, was relating to a friend some of the difficulties with which he had to contend in providing the orphans with food day by day and when he had finished, his friend said to him, "You seem to live from hand to mouth."

"Yes," replied Muller, "it is my mouth, but God's hand."

Must Be Used

A soap manufacturer, who was not a Christian, was walking with a minister. Said the soapmaker, "The gospel you preach hasn't done much good, for there is still a lot of wickedness and wicked people." The preacher made no immediate reply, but they soon passed a child making mud pies. He was exceedingly dirty. It was then the preacher's turn, and he said, "Soap hasn't done much good in the world, I see; for there is still much dirt and many dirty people."

"Oh, well," answered the manufacturer, "soap is useful only when it is applied."

"Exactly," was the minister's reply; "so it is with the gospel."

[An Untitled Nugget]

The one who thinks little thoughts is little; the one who does little things is little. A little person who associates only with little people lives a little life and is little mourned when he leaves his little world.

A Parable of Trees

Once upon a time a man built his house on a spot which commanded a view to the distant mountains and a vast expanse of heaven's blue skies. Then he said to himself, "I must have trees to shelter and adorn my house; trees make any place more lovely." So he planted a number of fine trees, and these grew up and were admired.

But the trees were too many, and were planted too closely, and by and by their lofty tops and interlacing branches shut out the distant view. The mountains were no longer visible from the house, and scarcely a glimpse of the sky could be had.

It is often that way with men's lives. They gather about them earthly interests in order to make their lives more beautiful, more comfortable, more influential, until after a while the glorious mountains of heaven are shut out and heaven itself grows dim and unreal.

* * * * *

THE END