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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

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BEHOLD, HE COMETH
By Elbert Dodd

Revelation 1:7, "Behold, he cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen."

The whole world is looking for a mighty helper and deliverer. The world is sick physically, dead spiritually, corrupt morally, and confused politically. So much so they will fall down and worship any man who holds out any kind of hope for a better kind of day. The bodies are sick, their souls are hungry, and their minds are confused. They look for, and long for help and deliverance. This is indeed a dark day for those without hope in Christ.

In this scripture we find the hope, the blessed hope, for this poor old sin-cursed, sin-sick world. The hope is in His coming back to this earth. Who is the "He" of our scripture? He is the Word in the beginning. He is the true light that lighteth every man. He is the bread sent down from heaven. The physician that heals all diseases. The faithful witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. He is the one that loves and washes us from our sins in His own blood. He is Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God, born of a Virgin, lived on earth, died on the cross, buried in a borrowed tomb, arose from the dead, and ascended on high. He is the alpha and omega, the king of glory, the hope of the world, and the bright-shining sun for the Church.

He it is that is coming back to this poor old world the second time, riding on a cloud. Behold, He cometh. He promised to return -- John 14:3: "I will come again". Christ went to heaven for the benefit of the Church, and for the benefit of His Church He will return. As you see Him go away, so shall He come again.

This is the immutable truth of God. It is settled in the heavens forever, and can never be changed. It is predicted by the prophets, promised by the Father and the Son, confirmed by the testimony of angels, proclaimed by all of the Apostles, and believed by all true Christians across the ages. Let men despise this great truth, let them mock it, dispute it, put it aside, hate it, and try to destroy it; but it is the gospel truth. The cinders may burn out of the sun, and the stars fall from heaven, but God's truth lives on forever.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall mourn because of him." (Rev. 1:7)

Here is the publicity of the sublime event. It is not said that all shall see Him at the same time, or in the same scene, or with the same feelings. Other scriptures teach us some eyes shall see Him while He will be invisible to others, and that He will be manifested to some at one time and place, and to others at other times and places.

But, somewhere, at some time, every human being that was ever born on this earth shall see Him. The saints shall see Him and shout. The sinners shall see Him and mourn. The saints shall shout "Lo, this is our God", while the sinners will flee to the rocks and mountains and cry to the rocks and mountains "fall on us and hide us from the great day of the wrath of the Lamb."

Mountains get ready to move, rocks to break, stars to fall, the dead to arise. Behold, He cometh with clouds.

Dear reader are you ready for His coming. Will you shout "Lo, our God," or will you weep and mourn?

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

DIMENSIONS OF HOLINESS

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. 3:14-19)

The spirit of the world has ever been one of short-sightedness, lightness and frivolity. While civilization is threatened by greater dangers than in all the past, multitudes: refuse to: entertain -- a solemn or serious thought; they scratch the surface and their shallowness and little-mindedness is seen in everything they are and do. Pleasure seems to be the principal pursuit of the day. The populace is wild over athletic and gymnastic exhibitions, pastimes, holidays, horse-racing, magician's tricks, bowling, dancing, movie stars and television shows. Dress is the

absorbing obsession of many. They think of nothing, talk of nothing and live for nothing except what is "put on." Popular literature is filled with extreme frivolity while news racks display innumerable volumes of pornography: Much of the popular music of the day contains nothing but the appeal to the sensual. Honest men cannot but be distressed at the superficiality of mind displayed in common conversation. The current talk is empty gossip without a spark of earnestness or intelligence, nothing but chaff!

A game of football or basketball excites the public more than the imminence of a world conflagration. The Lord's day is openly desecrated by thousands. Occasionally some outrageous vice brings temporary alarm but it is soon forgotten in gay heedlessness.

Most of the professed holiness churches are not exempt from these terrible inroads of superficiality. Kitchens and banquet rooms have usurped the interests of the prayer meetings. Church leaders at camp meetings will play golf after the service until the wee hours of the morning and then are too sleepy and tired to awake and attend the morning prayer meeting. Youth groups become so absorbed in the frivolity of the amusement parks that they do not return until two and three A.M. Many, once holiness, preachers now give more time to directing the athletic activities of the church ball teams than they do to the preparation of their sermons. Seekers at the altar are rushed through to a profession so that the preacher and the members can hurry home to watch their favorite television program. Worldly, bobbed-haired, jewelry-bedecked, make-up wearing, women are pushed into leadership of the choirs and missionary societies, while the old fashioned, praying, shouting crowd are laughed at, set on the side and ignored. Now and then, some seem to find cause for alarm and they appear disgusted with the chaff of the modern program but they soon adjust to the "status quo," close their eyes, and keep on supporting it vainly hoping that things will change and there will come a better day.

There are many who consider themselves serious and deep-souled who have dipped beneath the surface but have not reached the depths of true spirituality. A morality which finds its origin, purpose, inspirations and compensations only within the sphere of human society and temporal interests is built upon the sand, and, regardless of its eloquence and plausibility, it cannot stand. Only that which is grounded in the holiness of God is destined to endure.

It was the selfishness of purpose and superficiality in the Pharisees that caused Jesus to give them the stinging rebuke that He did. They sought the honour that came from men instead of the honour that comes from God; they drew nigh to Him with their "lips, but their hearts were far from Him; they lived by the letter of the law while ignoring its spirit; they were proud of their own self-righteousness and ignored the righteousness of God which expresses itself in justice, mercy, humility and purity.

In the midst of all the superficiality of this age, the Spirit of God would appeal to our sense of wonder, reverence and solitude and bid us seek new dimensions of depth in Him. There are some breadths, lengths, depths and heights in the experience of true holiness! Holiness is as long as eternity. It is broad enough to afford compassion for the whole world. Since it came down from God, it is high enough to reach up to Heaven. It is deep enough to purge the deepest stain of carnality from the human heart!

Any thing is better than that we should spend our lives blowing bubbles! Occasionally we may be tempted to envy the lightheartedness of certain people; they are not in trouble as other men, neither do they suffer as other men; but truly anything is better than a frothy mind and fruitless life. We recoil from suffering, we are baffled by life's mysteries, we are keenly conscious of the perplexing problems and trials which beset us, we mourn over our losses, we are overwhelmed by our bereavements, yet all is unspeakably preferable to superficiality of mind and heart.

Better far the gnarled oak on the barren mountain, bowed by the storm and smitten by the lightning, if it gain depth of earth and strength of fiber, than the spreading green bay-tree rooted in the surface sod.

We should thank God for anything that knocks the baubles from our hands, that ends our idiot joy and brings our attention back to the soul and drives us inward and downward to the reality of things in the holy will of God!

There is a depth of true satisfaction in the life of holiness. A deep life of holiness includes a sense of seriousness to which the superficial are strangers; deep thinking, feeling and living preclude surface joy. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." All who are sanctified have been down there and voiced that bitter cry. They descended into the depths of their own heart, and saw its weakness and wickedness and the depth of depravity. They descended the depths of the world and looked at its hollowness and mockery; and in despair went down into the depths of the grave, and cried out from its darkness. "I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me." It was not until we went into the depths that the sunshine and music broke forth upon us. We never found the light of life and the peace that passeth understanding until they surprised us in the depths of self-despair.

The sanctified are ever ready to confess, "Thank God, I died, for in dying I found life. Thank God, I mourned, for I have been comforted; that I felt the horror of great darkness, for thus the marvelous light broke in upon me; that I sank low, for so I mounted high; that my poor, shallow, childish life was shattered, for now He has given me gold tried in the fire, white raiment, put a new song in my heart and opened my eyes to the vision of His glory."

They tell us that the depths of the ocean are unmolested by the storms that sweep the surface. Getting into the deeper depths of holiness we become unconscious of worldly disquietude in the power of an infinite contentment.

In the depths of holiness there is fullness and stability of character. Defeat and insecurity of character is the most distinct distress of many Christian people. They consciously lack certain graces. When they read of the fruit of the Spirit they are painfully aware that this or that cluster of fruit is missing from their branch. They need to be sanctified. There is a vast difference too in a character that is full of rich and generous inspiration and in one that is feebly struggling to maintain itself. A rich fruit bearing life must pierce the vital soil of the spiritual universe. How our Lord insists on an abundance of fruit bearing! "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." "I have chosen you, and

ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Jesus makes it clear that all this is possible only as we abide in Him. Many sanctified people have the fruit of the spirit but have a definite lack of vigor in the graces they have. Many are only sporadic in their fruit bearing. not many of us specially and greatly lacking here? In solitude, meditation and prayer we need to deepen our spiritual life. More time spent in reflection on the deep things of God, more love, more real praying in the Spirit, more of the life hid with Christ in God and our poor desert-like characters would break forth and blossom as the rose!

There is a depth of assurance in the experience of holiness. Paul reaches this height when He declares that He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." (Eph. 3:20) Whatever in character, satisfaction, and hope that is not based on the life of holiness in God must be overthrown. Our assurance is in Him. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (Psalms 91:1) It is the "power that worketh in us," that gives us that blessed assurance.

The artificial hanging gardens of ancient Babylon were once famous throughout the known world for their beauty, but they have long moldered beneath the dust of the ages. They did not endure because they were superficial. "All around us we see the glory, the joy and hope of men resting, like the hanging gardens of Babylon on an artificial basis, and any slight accident, a sickness, a loss, a death, any one of a thousand changes, wrecks the treasure and pride of life." All earthly and temporal joys must soon fade away but the joys that are at God's right hand are forevermore. more.

Let us seek new dimensions in the life of holiness. May God help us to face the facts, however unpleasant they may be, and get down to the everlasting truths that are revealed in Jesus Christ, and "through sorrow we shall find joy, through poverty inherit the true riches, through humiliation ascend the seat of honor, and through death attain incorruption and eternal life."

All the noble deeds of heroes, and the sublime sufferings of martyrs, all the sweet songs of poets, all the profound thoughts of great thinkers, all the thrilling unfoldings of human history, all the raptures of the saints and agonies of sinners, all the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of the common lot of man prove that only the deep and unfathomable experience of holiness can satisfy the human soul! God has so created the heart of man that nothing really becomes it except what is pure and holy, high and deep, great and noble, solemn and abiding.

"O the depths of the riches of love,
The riches of love in Christ Jesus.
Far better than gold
Or wealth untold,
Are the riches of love in Christ Jesus!"

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JEALOUSY

By Paul Pumpelly

"Envy is the rottenness of the bones." Prov. 14:30. "There is among you envying, strife, divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men"? I Cor. 3:3. Jealousy is essentially selfishness. It calls for all successes, all compliments, all advantages and accomplishments for itself alone. It reveals itself in its attitude toward the success of others. Byron said, "Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it, for jealousy dislikes the world to know it." How true this is. When one is proud or angry or miffed they can talk about it and sometimes even brag about it as though it were nothing more than freckles on their face., But when it comes to their jealousy, never, never talk about it for it dislikes to be revealed and admitted. Jealousy is destructive, a poor loser, a defense mechanism to avoid facts, a compensation for hurt pride. It has its own behavior pattern and always is easily recognized. The Bible reveals this pattern in human behavior in four different manners.

The first manner of behavior is found in Luke 15:28. "And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him." This is the attitude of the elder brother toward his prodigal brother who had just returned home. When the Elder Brother came in from the field and heard the music and shouting within the house, he inquired and found it was the rejoicing of his father over the returned prodigal. Jealousy aroused within the heart of the elder son and he refused to go in. He showed a distinct disinterest in the feast within the house. So the first pattern of behavior of jealousy is DISINTEREST. He had an interest in the mules in the barn and a great concern over cleaning the plow and doing much to keep him from showing any concern whatever over the feast in the house. When one shows a strange disinterest in their pastor and his ministry and could very easily stay in the barn he is revealing the same old jealousy that plagued the elder brother. When his choice of Sunday School teacher is not elected, he then has a disinterest in the class. If his choice of evangelist is not called he has a disinterest in the revival. Lost interest when left out. Jealousy. When you lose zeal and interest fades away, when your plan or choice is not in action, then it is the same heart condition that plagues all without holiness, JEALOUSY.

The second manner of this pattern is DEPRECIATION. "And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God. But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." Acts 13:44-45. Belittling, needling, bragging, scoffing is only jealously depreciating another. Children reveal this when they cry out, "my dad can beat up your dad." Or when they say, "John's mad and I'm glad and I know what will please him." Or "Your legs are longer than mine, no wonder you can run faster." Or, "Your tricycle is no good for the wheels are too little." But cries of sarcasm are not left to children alone for big grown men stoop to it. Children sometimes use a fist as a last resort but men use words and give in to the urge to throw mud. But someone well said when you throw mud you always lose ground. When one is forever digging and goading and minimizing the other it's still some old subtle form of jealousy. This pattern will sometimes set booby traps to catch its prey. A knife in the back or will encourage others to do it for them. It hires others to hate for them. They seek friends to join a boycott against their brother. Denominational jealousy; preacher jealousy, laymen jealousy, all working the same pattern in depreciation of any who would seem to exceed their doings.

Another manner of this subtle beast is DESTRUCTION. "Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him."

Gen. 37:4-5. Other verses in this pattern are included in this picture. Here are some of its content of this type of behavior. "They could not speak peace, ably; hated him yet the more; they saw him afar off; even before he came near they conspired; let us slay him; we will say; we shall see; his brothers were content." There it is. Still working in the hearts of men the same today. Murder a man's influence at any cost. In Guatemala they carry huge machetes and there is an average of one a week chopped up in most towns. Why? Jealousy. They don't know better. They feel the thing in them, they get stirred, they do just as these brothers did to Joseph. When they feel it they think what you are supposed to do, is cut their heads off. But of course here in America we have electric chairs, prisons, and a rope for such extreme cases so as a rule this machete business is not resorted to. We just used WORDS and the TONGUE. Same thing. One draws his knife, the other waggles his tongue, writes air mail letters, calls long distance and pays the bills with God's tithe money to satisfy his jealousy. Insinuate and make impressions that would put the other fellow in a bad light is jealousy in the same pattern that caused Cain to rise up just outside of Eden's gate and beat his brother's brains out. He did not know you were supposed to talk about them and say all kind of evil things against them. He just thought you were supposed to go on and bash their heads in. We just bash their influence in the holiness ranks. Jealousy always shows itself in evil speaking. There its true character is revealed at last. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James 1:26. The word "VAIN" means empty, void, useless, no good. When one is disarmed from their carnal weapon of the tongue they have nothing left to fight back with and they will follow afar off as did Peter. They can't use love and prayer for they don't have it, so when refused to speak evil, there is nothing left to do but sit back, and that, afar off.

The last of these four patterns of behavior is seen in REGRESSION. This one is very clear in the life of King Saul. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him And Saul eyed David from that day and forward." This is the act that disgusts sensible people. Reverting back into childish ways and pouting, acting sick, putting on to get attention. When the evangelist comes to hold the revival, the laymen give their attention to him for about 10 days. The poor jealous pastor can't stand to not be in the lime light and have to quickly shift gears to get out of the shade, he, or she, and mostly the "she" decides it is time to have a nervous break down. So to bed she goes to collapse and get her desire of attention. If that fails to do it, then she will decide it is too early to have the nervous breakdown so she will get up and start other methods of rallying the folk back to her. Usually will slip out and visit the folk and begin casting slurring remarks and slams toward the evangelist that causes the laymen to put the brakes on and now the meeting is tied up. Of course it's the evangelist at fault and he must be back slid and not what he used to be, and they certainly must never call him again. So it goes. Jealousy.

Do you want to get rid of this awful thing? Then here is the cure. Read I Pet. 2:1-3; Rom. 13:13-14; Jas. 4:5-10 and Eph. 4:31-32. This will do it for you. Jealousy can't live in any human breast when this cure is applied. Try it. Try it today. If you won't then there is nothing left for you but the continual behavior over and over, and in the end, DAMNATION. Thank God for the Saviour that will supply the cure to anyone who will have it.

Editor's Note: Amen!

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THE DRIFT OF THE CHURCH

By Evangelist L. S. Boardman

We went to church in the good old days,
And were kind to one another;
The Love Flame burned and the Lord smiled down
On every Sister and Brother.

When church time arrived the urge would come on;
You couldn't have kept us away;
'Twas a precious hour--God came with power,
As we'd sing and shout and pray.

The Holy Ghost was always there
To hover, and brood, and yearn;
Our hearts did melt like wax in the fire,
As the flame continued to burn.

Our church wasn't large but we loved it so well--
'Twas the grandest hour of the week,
When we'd gather there, for songs and prayer,
And the smile of the Lord to seek.

But as time went by as it always does,
The devil slipped in the door;
We still went to church; were a loyal crowd;
But it wasn't the same any more.

We fussed sometimes over little things,
Then we "hashed it over" at home;
And the Lord who was grieved was the first to leave
Our beloved church alone.

We sang the songs from the same old books,
But they just didn't "click" any more;
When the service was through we shook hands with a few,
Then bolted for the door.

We still went to church we were duty-bound;
But the romance of going had died;
We dreaded it, too, as the tensions grew,
But we felt we were justified.

"We" weren't to blame for the things that were said,

Folk needed to be straightened out;
So we had our say--but oh, what a pitiful day
When we smothered the Love Flame out!

Then we put on revivals, and contests, and drives;
Our Sunday School held up real good;
Our pastor was wise, and refused to take sides,
As much as he possibly could.

We fell into a routine, and went through the grind;
We held two revivals a year;
Besides week-end conventions, and visitation campaigns
With preaching--the best one could hear.

But the Sweet Holy Ghost was grieved and was gone,
And we didn't know what to do;
So we blundered on--a pitiful sight;
We tried, but we couldn't break through.

So we finally relaxed and gave up the fight,
And aimed for a compromise goal;
After all, why should we worry and get nervous and sick,
Over something one couldn't control?

We still tithed our money, and preached two works of grace;
We were doing the best we knew how;
Tho' some had lost interest and drifted away,
New ones were filling in now.

We tried not to go liberal not too much, at least;
We still shied away from the world;
But little by little we were forced to give way,
To TV, and short hair that was curled.

Two decades slipped by; the old-timers died off,
While some of them moved far away;
And the saints of the past were a glaring contrast
To the dryness we now had today.

Our children and grandchildren now ran the church;
Not one of them had ever prayed through;
Nor remembered the day when the Lord had full sway,
With fire in the pulpit and pew.

They engaged a good pastor a university man;
The most talented they'd heard of in years;

With polished psychology he "salved" up" the crowd,
As he preached just to "tickle their ears."

It seemed harder to hold our young people now;
They objected to the rigorous way;
So we laid it aside, and to interest them, tried
In every conceivable way.

The Sunday night service was the hardest to hold;
There were too many attractions outside;
So we put on cantatas, and movies, and plays,
After Holy Ghost conviction had died.

We picked our evangelists more carefully now;
Both kinds were still to be had;
But some didn't dare to preach 'gainst bobbed hair
And jewelry and make-up and fads.

These wouldn't offend for the sake of their pay
But soft-peddled the carnal and sin;
With neither anointing, nor prayer life, nor power;
Those are the ones we brought in.

We still had some seekers in revivals like this;
We'd pray for five minutes with these;
Then we'd gather about, maybe sing, talk or shout,
And thus hurry them off from their knees.

We used to be hated and despised here in town;
They called us "Fanatics" and more;
We dressed much too plain--walked to church in the rain,
And befriended the underprivileged and poor.

But now we are popular--the "Elite" are our friends;
We never offend any more;
They approve of our methods and the standards we hold,
And no one gets angry or sore.

So we're marking time, with our conscience gone dead,
And with our souls deceived, we must face
A backslidden church---of judgment-bound folk,
Having fallen from two works of Grave.

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CHANNEL 23 PSALM

The TV set is my shepherd. My spiritual growth shall want. It maketh me to sit down and do nothing for the cause of Christ, because it requireth all my spare time. It keepeth me from doing my duty as a Christian, because it presenteth so many good shows that I must see.

It restoreth my knowledge things of the world and keepeth me from studying God's word. It leadeth me in the paths of failing to attend worship services, and doing nothing in the Kingdom of God.

Yea, though I live to be a hundred, I shall keep on viewing my TV as long as it will work. For my TV is my closest companion. Its sound and its picture they comfort me. It presenteth entertainment before me and keepeth me from doing important things with my family.

It filleth my head with ideas which differ from those set forth in the Word of God. Surely no good thing will come of my life because my TV offereth me no time to do the will of God; and I will dwell with the devil and his angels forever. -- Selected

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PRAYER AND EVANGELISM

By A. L. Haywood

After preaching a number of years and thinking we were praying as much as the ordinary preacher, the Lord gave us a new vision and in that vision we saw we had failed God, not intentionally, but had not prayed as we ought. God told us if we would give ourselves to PRAYER, particularly in the early morning, or before the regular day's work began, He would bless us as never before. We were humbled and broken in spirit and made a new covenant with the Lord ; and promised Him we would first of all take time to, or give ourselves to PRAYER. Then began a new era in our effectiveness in evangelism. I have tried to be obedient to that Heavenly vision.

Soon after this the Lord directed us in the organization of what has been known as the ONE HOUR A DAY PRAYER BAND.

Since then this has been the burden of our heart and message, trying to get men to pray. One writer said, "The greatest work any man can do, is to get men to pray."

Now we are thinking particularly about PRAYER and EVANGELISM. I don't know how you could separate the two.

In fact as soon as one becomes really converted they become evangelists or want to evangelize.

When the one who leaned far Out over the banisters of glory, looking down upon a fallen sin-cursed, prodigal world until His great bosom heaved with compassion and love, like the

swelling of the tide of the mighty ocean; or when the Lover of sinners comes into our hearts, He brings along with Him a love for a lost world, or the evangelistic spirit.

I knew a poor ignorant farmer boy who at the time of his conversion did not know the Lord's Prayer, who never heard a relative pray, but inside of one week after his marvelous conversion, he brought two souls to Christ.

A young lady came to our altar under deep conviction, prayed clear through until the very atmosphere became charged with the witness of the Spirit. She arose, started right down the aisle towards her wicked brother, who sat on the back seat. By the time she reached him, he broke down and together they came up the aisle with their arms around each other. He fell at the altar and she fell by his side and became his burden-bearer. This all happened before she was ten minutes old spiritually.

No, you do not need to be sanctified before you become evangelistic, however, the Baptism of the HOLY GHOST is God's equipment for full effectiveness and service.

We may not be especially an evangelist, but as one well-known preacher said, "I am not an evangelist, but I evangelize."

Our success in evangelism will not depend, as much on our gifts and talents, as our tears. The Psalmist said, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Also, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Psalm 126.

There is no substitute for tears or soul burden, and we cannot have real soul burden unless we live a life of intercessory PRAYER.

It is said that Spurgeon was announced to preach on a certain occasion but did not appear. One was sent to determine the reason. Presently he returned and reported that he went to his study and overheard him talking to someone in there. "I don't know who it was," he said. "But whoever it was he seemed to be trying to get him to come to the service with him." He was saying, "I can't go, I just can't go, unless you will go with me. I won't. I just won't go unless you will go with me."

They said by the way Spurgeon walked down the aisle, faced the people, and by the truth that fell from his lips, by the way the people came sobbing to the altar, they concluded that the One he had been talking to in his study had come with him to the service that day.

Someone said and we quite agree with them, "I would not give a snap of my finger for an evangelist who did not carry with him a deep heart-felt concern and burden for souls, or who seemed to care more for offerings than for souls. It is not for me to say how much time one should give each day in PRAYER, but we do know that we must apply some system to our prayer life or we will be defeated. Peter and John went up to the temple at the HOUR OF PRAYER, it being the ninth hour. Just a certain hour. (Acts 3:1).

One writer said, "We can't do anything as it should be done until we have prayed as we should pray. And after having prayed as we should we can do anything required of us."

Another writer said, "We are not capable of looking any man, woman, child or dog in the face any day, until we have seen the face of our dear Saviour."

It has been said, "That practically all of the great prayers of old time and all times have been early risers."

We think an evangelist should give more time than a layman or pastor, since he is facing a very serious problem in making an appeal to the public practically every day and only much intercessory or prevailing prayer can give him the soul urge, drive, or that burning soul compassion he must have, for the people will never feel until we feel and then only as we feel.

We believe this equipment will insure us success for did not the Lord say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Since Satan knows that prayer is the secret of success in the salvation program, he will keep us busy preparing sermons, making calls, which are worthwhile and legitimate in their place, if he can only keep us from giving ourselves to prayer. Bounds tells us, "We can lose out spiritually while doing these things if we neglect to pray as we ought."

And now, we are thinking about some who knew more about prayer than we, no doubt, what they said, how they prayed, and what the results were. We will add a few thoughts of our own.

Hodge said: "Prayer is the forgotten secret of the church." Fenelon said: "Of all the duties enjoined upon Christians, prayer is the most important, and strangely enough, the least practiced." How tragic !

Sims said: "It is not our ignorance but our woeful neglect of the prayer life that most grieves the heart of God."

Spurgeon said : "Leave your fleece on the floor of supplication until it is wet with the dews of heaven." He said also, "There is a point of divine grace as much higher than the ordinary Christian lives as the ordinary Christian lives above the worldling."

Since life is so very short, and eternity so very long, and so very much depends upon our measuring up to all the will of God, we should be deeply concerned about this matter.

One writer said, "We are for God according to what we are with God, and our ability to stay with God outside the secret place will be measured by our ability to stay with Him in the secret place."

It is true we cannot discharge our duty to God and man unless we have a deep, heart-felt concern for souls and the work of God, unless we are living where can trust us with a deep heart-felt burden, a real soul agony.

There isn't any question but what a good many of the churches and a good many of the preachers need a mighty awakening. They need a brand new vision. As Evangelist U. E. Harding said, "We need a NEW GRIP ON GOD." The unknown Christian wrote, "Is it not a fact whilst our organizing is WELL nigh perfect, our agonizing is well nigh lost. Back in the days of Isa. 59:16, God wondered that there was no intercessor. Oh, how great must be His wonder today. For how few there are among us today who know what' real prevailing PRAYER is." Spurgeon said, "A PRAYERLESS soul is a CHRISTLESS soul."

We fear that some of us are making the mistake the other churches have made in thinking we can substitute stately cathedrals, entertainment, programs, impressive ceremonies, organizing for agonizing, the human for the supernatural. Bounds said, "The Holy Ghost does not flow through methods but through men. He does not come on machinery, but on men. He does not anoint plans, but men -- men of prayer." The sermon cannot rise in its life-giving forces above the man. Dead men give out dead sermons and dead sermons kill. Preaching which kills is prayerless preaching. Without prayer the preacher creates death and not life. May God have mercy on us unless someone dares to stand upon the walls of Zion, cry aloud and spare not, unless someone dares to carry the TORCH at the risk of being called fanatical, or old-fashioned.

Our only hope is to get back to the old program of prevailing PRAYER. Rebuild some of the broken down altars. Get back to the old family altar, back to our SECRET place of PRAYER, back to the old program of praying clear through in our regular services. We need to get back to the old fashioned Methodist blessing and SOUL BURDEN, for Isaiah said as soon as ZION travailed, she brought forth her children-not before, and not after, but as SOON. RIGHT then and there. May God help us to get the vision that really gets us before it is too late. I am certain that it is high time for us to fall on our faces, humble ourselves, confess our coldness, lack of blessing and burden, and inquire for the old paths wherein is the good way that we might find sweet rest to our souls.

It is said of Bramwell, that he prayed five hours daily, and went over his circuits like a flame of fire for God.

We wonder if more pastors, superintendents, and evangelists would not kindle more watchfires, if they spent more hours in prayer.

It is said of Dr. Judson, "That he was not a genius or a man out of the ordinary, but that he spent five hours daily in prayer, impressed a nation for Christ and planted the Kingdom of Heaven permanently in the heart of heathen Burma."

It was said of Abel Clary. "That he was converted in the same revival with Finney and was licensed to preach, but seldom did, but he gave himself to Prayer."

Abel Clary was in the habit of following Finney around in his revivals, to pray while Finney preached.

Finney would say, "When I see a certain pale face in my congregation, I know we will have a revival here for God has sent Abel Clary over here to pray while I preach."

We have thought that some of us ordinary evangelists might see more success if we too had an Abel Clary to roll, groan and agonize on the floor in an upstairs room as Abel Clary did in the Rochester meeting, or a Father Nash to roll and agonize out in the woods while we preached.

It was said of Praying Hyde, "That he remained in one posture sometimes under a burden for thirty-six hours scarcely moving." Some of his friends tried to get him to take it easier and not be so concerned about souls, but he answered, "I would rather bear the burden for souls, even if it shortens my life than to be at ease in Zion."

He died young, but it has been estimated that one-hundred thousand souls were saved as a result of his prayers.

Brainerd prayed nights, all night long and preached day times with so much power that heathen Indians rolled off logs and literally howled to God for mercy. It is said, "There was so much power behind his preaching that scores of Indians were converted as a result of one sermon and that sermon was interpreted by a drunken Dutchman.

In conclusion, we repeat, if we would pray successfully, we must make PRAYER the first business of our lives. We must specialize in the art, and major in the practice.

Jesus spoke a (whole) parable to this end: that men ought ALWAYS to PRAY and not to FAINT.

One poet wrote:

Let me linger in thy presence;
Let me wait in silence there
Till my Savior comes to meet me
In the secret place of prayer.

* * * * *

CHURCH NEWS

EMMETT, IDAHO

[See Graphics\hdm1691a.jpg]

The church at Emmett has had a serious fire. Brother J. E. Cook, one of our General Moderators had never been with us at Emmett so we planned to make February 7 a great day when he came to be with us. Clyde and Cora Dilley were there to lead the singing and were assisted by our orchestra.

We got off to a great start in the morning service. Brother Cook took for his text, Rom. 8:37 "More than Conquerors." he made us feel that if God is with us nothing else could be against us to harm or hurt. He lifted us above every storm cloud, every dark day, discouragement or defeat. We felt from the very first, surely God's man is in the right place for such a day as this.

In the afternoon we were to have a rally of the churches in the surrounding territory. The opening part of the service was a good song service led by Brother Dilley. A letter of encouragement was read from our precious Brother Dodd. Brother Cook took as his text for the service, Joshua 4:21, "What Mean These Stones." Then was when our fire got started and broke beyond control. He spoke of real Christian experience and that the stones typified regeneration and sanctification. He spoke of the sifting of God's people and still when the sifting is over they are still sanctified and kept in the love of God. He told of the change in the appetite by the sanctified experience. No more onions, garlic, leeks, etc. from Egypt, but of the desire for pomegranates, grapes and honey of Canaan. He pointed out that every denomination that has ever compromised has gone down. He showed us that the world would see no advantage of going with a compromised church, etc.

Well, I started out to tell you about the fire. We were organized as a church on April 30, 1956. Brother E. J. Wilson came to be our pastor. He has labored faithfully and preached the word without fear or favor. We bought our church at that time for \$10,000.00 to be paid in 70 months. But we paid out in 44 months, \$10,000.00 principal and \$600.00 interest. We wanted to have a mortgage burning fire so at the close of Brother Cook's stirring message, assisted by our precious District Moderator Brother A. L. Turner, our loyal and devoted pastor, Brother E. J. Wilson and the Board of Trustees, we burned the mortgage while the congregation stood and Brother Dilley led them in singing, "I never shall forget how the fire fell." We say glory to God from whom all blessings flow and pray for you that you too may have a mortgage burning soon. God has not only helped us to pay our church debt but he has helped us with our other obligations. Our receipts as of Feb. 7 were \$54,447.00. We have given \$6,113.00 for missions; \$3,495.00 for general and district funds; \$2,948.00 for Bible Missionary Institute and \$630.00 for Beulah Mountain Children's Home.

Every stormy wind that blows simply drives us nearer home. We have dug in for whatever opposition or battle may develop. We came out to go with God. With Him we mean to fight the good fight of faith until the crown we gain. -- Rev. H. T. Davis, Reporter

Editor's Note: It looks like the Emmett church has given nearly 25% of their total income for others. No wonder God is blessing them.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

[See Graphics\hdm1691b.jpg for a picture of Rev. Fred Thompson.]

Funeral services were held Thursday, January 21, at 2 P.M. at the Woodcock Valley Bible Missionary Church on Route 26 between Marklesburg and Entriken for the Rev. Fred W.

Thompson, 47, of Hesston, R. D., well known blind minister, who passed away unexpectedly at the J. C. Blair Memorial Hospital at 12:35 P.M. on Monday, January 18, 1960.

The Rev. H. B. Huffman of Onego, W. Va., District Moderator of the church, and the Rev. Burl Ryder of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., officiated.

The death of Rev. Thompson was caused by an acute coronary occlusion. He had been a hospital patient since January 13.

He was born August 21, 1912, in Walker Township, Huntingdon County, a son of Walter and Carrie (Kyper) Thompson. He was married to Clara G. Johns on October 12, 1935.

His wife survives along with his mother, Mrs. Carrie Hoffman of McConnellstown, and the following children: Walter Harold Thompson of Aitch, R. D.; Fred W. Thompson, Jr., a student at Salem Bible Institute at Salem, Ohio, who resides at home and Arthur B. Thompson, at home. There are two grandsons. Also surviving are the following sisters: Mrs. John (Mabel) Chilcote of McConnellstown; Mrs. Paul (Beulah) Robb of McConnellstown; Mrs. Dollie Johns of McConnellstown and Mrs. Dorothy Cree of Huntingdon. One brother preceded him in death in 1935.

He attended the public schools in Walker Township until the sixth grade when he was blinded in an accident. He later attended and graduated from the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind at Pittsburgh. Rev. Thompson served the independent churches at Pemberton, Six Mile Run, Defiance and Riddlesburg. Then he served the Nazarene Church at Newburg where a church sanctuary was constructed under his direction. In 1955 the Woodcock Valley Bible Missionary Church was constructed through his leadership. Ten years ago he was the founder of the Mount Joy Holiness Camp at Entriken and was serving as the president of the board of directors at the time of his death. For 13 years he was director of the WHUN Bible Hour. He was on the advisory board of the Tri-State District Bible Missionary Church. In addition Rev. Thompson was a home teacher for the Juniata Foundation for the blind, served on the foundation board and managed a foundation store and workshop in Huntingdon. For the past 17 years he had been employed as a contract carrier for The Daily News, delivering the papers daily to the Saxton and Broad Top area.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brother Thompson was indeed a brother beloved. I was intimately acquainted with him. He always possessed a wonderful Christlike spirit. He was a holy man. Brother "Freddie," as he was affectionately called, was the most capable blind man I have ever known. He could see more without eyes than most men can see with eyes. Our church has suffered a great loss in the passing of Brother Fred Thompson. Our loss is Heaven's gain. We shall all miss him down here, but we can meet him up there. Please remember Sister Thompson, his faithful companion and the children in prayer.

* * *

THE REVEREND FRED

'Tis a privilege for me at this time to treat,

Through poetry, a subject, your approval will meet,
The subject affords me a job -- king size,
As Fred Thompson, the preacher, I now eulogize.

First I think it for me, quite proper, to state,
That this man's character, we should all emulate,
For He's sweet and kind, honest and true,
Patient, enduring, long-suffering, too.

The Reverend Fred has been tested by fire,
And the way he's withstood, is a thing to admire,
His courage has held, in ev'ry test and trial,
And he keeps to the course, always wearing a smile.

He's been handicapped physically thru many years,
Increasing his burdens with heartaches and tears,
He goes about daily without mortal eyes,
Yet we know that his sight, goes beyond God's blue skies.

His soul he has given to the teachings of Christ,
Defending the word with his life's sacrifice,
Unfolding through love like the pure budding rose,
Till the end of life's journey, in Him to repose.

Written by Don Stuller, radio announcer for WHUN in Huntingdon, Pa. Radio Station over which Rev. Thompson has broadcast the gospel for the past 13 years.

* * *

Sister Clara Thompson and family wish to express their sincere gratitude and appreciation to the ministers and congregations of the Tri-State District and the General Moderators of the Bible Missionary Church who have extended comforting sympathy in the recent bereavement suffered as a result of the death of their beloved husband and father, Rev. Fred Thompson.

* * *

DEAR FREDDIE BOY

Dear Freddie Boy, you've beat us
In the immortal race.
Already you have gazed upon
His smiling face?
Eyes you have,
Far brighter than my own?
Since you have left this darksome trail,
And hurried home!

Freddie, led as you were,
By faltering hands so many days--
Christ changed your plans, my dear old pal,
For better ways?
When you let go the grasp of flesh
So long held dear,
He met you there, with outstretched arms,
To dry your tear!
We're weeping now, but these are tears
Of deepest joy,
Because you made it safely through,
Dear Freddie Boy!

-- L. S. Boardman

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"COME SHORTLY...AND BRING"

By James A. Todd

"Come Shortly . . . and bring" II Tim. 4:9-13. I was a long time of the opinion that the heroic Apostle Paul never cried out in his sufferings for the cross of Christ. Finally, I became aware of one of the most agonizing cries, and it came from the heart of Paul! In this instance he has just finished his immortal utterance of his readiness to be offered, and his assurance that he has fought a good fight . . . and kept the faith! Immediately he says in a soul-searing cry, "Do thy diligence to come shortly (quickly) unto me: For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed... Only Luke is with me. Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

Paul is aware of the shortness of time, in a time when there is great need for spiritual work to be done. He does not cry out for help through fear for his life. Nor does cowardice force him to cry over his lot in life. He rather desires that help that can carry on to enlarge the goal and purpose of his "high calling of God, in Christ Jesus." No, the man who stood in Ephesus to fight wild beasts in the arena is not afraid for his life, but for the weaklings who quit the race his cry is wrenched from him. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed . . . ! Not only has Demas departed to Thessalonica, which is perhaps his native city, but he is departed from the love of Christ, to his native state of depravity! In short, Demas the faithful fellow-laborer is now backslidden. He is departed from the faith. He is departed from the Christ. He is departed from all the good that eternity offered, and is departed forever! His departure was premeditated and deliberate. He loved the world! John had 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." (I John 2:15) But Demas loved the world, and departed! He was not alarmed what his backsliding might do to other young men with whom he had started in the Christian ministry. He was unconcerned what happened to the aged apostle, who had sheltered him from every evil and helped him in every trial. He was indifferent to the grief that came to the heart of Christ, Who had died for his sins, and

was utterly callous about the influence his deflection would have on the community about him--he departed of his own freewill, from all that was high and holy. It is a terrible thing for anyone to backslide. It is thrice worse for a trusted laborer in the Gospel to sell out for the love of the world. Now, in his backsliding, he has brought great sorrow to the Apostle.

Paul's first cry is for a man-a young man, who can be profitable for the ministry. He cannot go himself, for he is Nero's prisoner for Jesus' sake. So, he says, "Bring Mark." Now this is the same Mark whom Paul refused to take earlier, for he did not show ability to endure hardness, as a good soldier. He has since become a welcome companion in Paul's first Roman captivity (Col. 4:11, Philemon :24) and having proved himself for Christ's sake, he is now a much desired workfellow, in this, Paul's second captivity in Rome. Paul did not ask for an entertainer! Nor did he call for a mere companion, and a servant was not his desire. He did not want just any man, or a camp follower would have been available, no doubt. Now he needed a man, a real man, who will dare to stand up and be counted! Bring a man who can take the place of a quitter, and do the job of the ministry. Bring Mark! Yes, bring Mark! Bring a man who can stand with the brave, and in the words of the gladiator in the Roman Arena, say with courage, "To Morturi Salutamus" --"We who are about to die "salute you." Someone to lift the torch flung from his dying hand, to shed the light of the Gospel! Bring Mark! Then, having assured himself of the furtherance of the cause, he could give but small thought to his immediate comfort for his dying days. He bethought himself of the cloak he had left. It may very well be that he hoped to lighten the labor of Luke, the beloved physician, so requested the cloak. I personally have seen the time when a topcoat must serve for both sheet and blanket! I believe that Paul must have felt the pinch of the Roman winter coming on. No doubt he remembered that the "apartment" was damp and drafty. A touch of rheumatism or arthritis may have had a part in that sharp pinch. "Bring the cloak." There is no great urgency here, but bring it since you are coming to bring Mark, anyway. Just bring it when you come. Do your diligence to bring Mark quickly, so he can get into this fight of faith, but just bring the cloak as you are coming anyway!

In thinking of this small comfort for the aging body, he is well aware that the mind must be nourished with new thoughts and kept young! It is more necessary than to keep the body going. Most people decay from the top down! When we retire to take it easy, we soon die and pass from that ease. He is not unmindful that even he needs stimulating, thought provoking books. So, "Bring the books." So often people, even good people, fill their minds with light and chaffy things, when they could so easily put their minds to so much better things. I notice that the people here in British Guiana are a well-read people. The books in their library are used books. The schools have classes day and night, people preparing for better jobs, for degrees, for examinations for university entrance, and for self improvement. Oh, that we cab get the light of true holiness to shine in these minds and hearts! Bring the books! I do not know what books, precisely, he asked for. I am sure it would have been worthwhile reading, albeit not especially easy reading. I do not think it was all promotional material. I can not imagine it being reports of the latest contests, or entertainment -- world releases. I dare say it was not literature to tear down any worthy cause, and I venture to suggest it was not filled with boastful reports of human accomplishment, no, not even of Godly men. There seems to be a flood of so-called literature, promoting this cause or that, and at the same time fighting someone else who is working for the cause, or tearing down whatever good the other is doing, in order to seem to be the only one doing good. I personally like to read all the good articles in any religious papers that are true to the Bible, and appreciate the tracts and books

that are written or published by all who promote truth, but I long ago determined that if it is promotional material put out by any group that I cannot join, I refuse to allow them to make me a distributor of their promotionals. Ah, yes ! Bring the books! Good books. Books that teach truth. Books that inspire, Books that illumine the soul and challenge us to the best there is in us. Bring the books, even if you must leave the cloak behind. Bring the books! The mind must be fed and kept alive!

With the cloak and the books, the emphasis is, especially bring the parchments. Sober thought, isn't it? The stimulated mind must have some means of expression. Imprisoned in body, he must have some means to get his thoughts out to those whom he loves! In this our day, the mercenaries do most of our thinking. We quote what we read! We are fast losing the art of communication. Maybe it is just that we want to be entertained, and not to think. We utter the propaganda that the promotionals put out ! For generations, yea, centuries, the Clergy wanted an ignorant public, with the liturgy in a foreign tongue! Then brave men dared to translate the Bible into the public tongue. Men began to learn to read, and they think! But thinking men are dangerous men, for a system that would keep them in bondage. Today, we see some governments trying to control the thoughts of their people. Yet, free men are giving up the exercise of thinking! But mind what you think about, and how you think!

The wise man said in Proverbs, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." You can have mastery over your thought life, or it will have mastery over you. Phil. 4:8, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Bring the parchments. Give the prisoner a means of expression! In this land where paper is imported, I have come to appreciate it more. I see the merchant wrap up in small paper what could more easily be stuffed into a larger bag.

In a nice supermarket, I was asked if I brought a bag to take my groceries out, and one of the best bakeries in town charged me extra for a bag in which to put an unwrapped loaf of bread. I have had my foodstuff wrapped in used newspapers on the public market. (Driven by necessity, I bought a wicker basket.) The attendant at the filling station used a paper one-third the size of a dollar bill to wipe the oil stick, and then folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. I went to buy stationery, and learned to give my children used wrapping paper for their first draft of a letter. I think of neatly stacked mimeograph, letter, art, or any kind of paper, with a new respect. Someone must bring into this land every piece of paper. No wonder Paul the prisoner, anticipating death before Spring would come again, would say casually, bring the cloak as you come anyway, and would cry with a poignant, heartbroken cry, "But especially (bring) the parchments." He knew that he must have a man, but if he had a man, he must also have some way to get his thoughts across to other men.

I am so thankful that the little request Paul made to Timothy was carried out, for if Timothy had left the parchments, the world would not have today many of the priceless writings of Paul the aged prisoner. Without the parchments, no records can be kept, no letters written, no thoughts preserved for posterity, no challenge to the better life printed, no tracts of Gospel truth, no promotional literature, no ray of light from the enlightened mind. Oh, yes, by all means, bring the parchments! But then I read in my Bible, how the Angel is to stand with right foot on the sea, and

his left foot upon the earth, and declare that time is to be no more. Then, I read further and find that: the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and the books shall be opened, and the Book. Those whose names are written in the book of life shall be taken away to be with the Saviour to the New Jerusalem, and those whose names are not found written in the book of life are to be cast into the lake of fire. (Rev. 20:) Yes, the books shall be brought, and you are writing upon your pages of the parchment right now, by the way you live, and the motives of your heart, and especially by the way you respond to the call of Jesus Christ, who is seeking a man or a woman who will take the place of a quitter, and fill it as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then, I think how Jesus is coming shortly, and He will bring His rewards with Him. As John says in Rev. 22:20, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,
Box 598, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE EXPENSIVE LITTLE MOTH

By Mrs. Paul E. King

"Get that moth; Ruthie!" said mother as the tiny little winged creature flew straight toward Ruth Ann. "Oh, mother, let it live. Please!" begged Ruth Ann; "It's just a tiny harmless moth and it wants to live, too," and she watched as the moth disappeared out of the room.

The hot summer months rolled by into Autumn, then Fall, and the frost began to lay white all over the meadow on the farm.

One chilly morning as Ruth Ann was preparing for school the tiny snow flakes began to fly outside. "Oh, mother," she said, "I do believe I must get my heavier coat; it's been so cold walking to school these mornings," and with that she raced up the stairs to the clothes closet, and came down carrying her heavy wool tweed coat. "There, that ought to keep me warm," she said as she laid the coat on the nearest chair. She ate a good hot breakfast, then after family prayer slipped into the big warm coat, and as she was pulling her mittens on she saw it: "Mother, mother! Oh, whatever has happened to my good coat? Why--why, it's all full of holes on this one side," and she began to cry.

"Now, now," mother said sweetly, "don't cry. We'll see what's happened. Here! Take it off and let me have a look." Still sobbing bitterly the little girl obeyed, and as mother examined the coat she asked again and again, "What did it, mother? What did it?"

"Ruth Ann," mother finally said, "you can't wear this coat just now: It must go to the reweaving shop and be rewoven; your coat is full of moth holes." When mother mentioned 'moth' Ruth Ann caught her breath. Surely it wouldn't have been that tiny, tiny moth mother had told her to kill this past summer! Oh, no! It was too little to do so much damage! However, her conscience nagged her all the way to school that week. Suppose it was that harmless looking little moth! But it couldn't be--it just couldn't!

Two weeks later mother and daddy went to town to pick Ruth Ann's coat up at the reweaving shop. "That will be seventeen dollars and fifty cents," said the lady with the sweet round face to mother. "Did I understand you correctly?" mother asked, "was that seven or seventeen?"

"Seventeen," was the lady's reply: "you see, your little girl's coat had seven large holes, besides many small ones, and I must get material from the inside of the pockets or the facing--some place where it's not seen, and reweave the new material into those holes. I do it all by hand under a magnifying glass, and it's quite a job," the kind old lady went on.

"I understand," said mother, "but say, that was an expensive little moth, wasn't it?"

On the way home to the farm mother wasn't as jolly as usual, her mind was thinking--that moth ! That expensive little moth ! How like something else it was!

"You're so quiet mother," daddy finally said, "is there something bothering you dear? No, not bothering me, but causing me to think plenty. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents from a tiny, little harmless looking moth ! Can't you see what I'm thinking dear?" she asked. "I believe I do," daddy said thoughtfully, "the expensiveness of one little harmless looking sin?" "That's it," said mother.

After supper was over and Ruth Ann was finished with the dishes mother called from the living room, "Ruthie, come here! Daddy and I have something to tell you," and the little girl came hurrying into the room. "Sit here between us," daddy said, then placing his arm around Ruth Ann's shoulder he began, "mother and I went into town and got your coat from the reweaving shop. Do you know how much it ~ cost us?" Ruth Ann nodded no and daddy continued, "it cost us seventeen dollars and fifty cents to have it fixed so you could wear it again." Ruth Ann gasped and started to say something but daddy went on, "That was an expensive little moth you let live this summer. Don't you think so?"

"But Daddy," she pleaded, "it looked so harmless and tiny, and I -- I pitied it." "That's just it; you should have obeyed your mother in the first place, and then too this has a great lesson in it for you. The moth looked harmless because it was so tiny and small, but you see how harmless it was! It made all those holes in your coat! That moth is like sin. No matter how small and harmless a thing might look to you Ruth Ann, in the end it's as poisonous as a snake and as destructive as the moth you let get away. Sin doesn't stop with little things--it eats on and on getting bigger and bigger all the time. Sin is just like that moth, only so much greater and worse. You see, that tiny harmless looking little moth deposits an acid on the clothes, and that acid keeps eating and eating, making the hole larger and larger all the .time. The devil starts you out by getting you to do little things that you think are harmless--just like you disobeyed mother when she told you to kill that moth--you disobeyed, and the devil has put a spiritual acid on your soul. That one act of disobedience will soon lead to something bigger and far worse unless you ask Jesus to forgive you and save you. Soon your beautiful, pure, sweet life will be all full of sin and wickedness, and no good to Jesus and His cause, just like your coat was no good to you until the lady reweave it. Jesus died for you, Ruth Ann; He died that you might be free from sin and its awful effects upon your life. We had your

coat rewoven for you and you can wear it again, and no one will ever be able to tell that anything happened to it except mother, and you and I, because on the inside of your coat--way down in your pockets, replacers are sewn that don't quite match the rest of your pretty coat, but nobody else will know. That too is like sin; sin always leaves scars on your life--big scars! Sometimes these scars are so big that even Jesus can't hide them. Oh, He forgives the soul, but the sin scars on the face and body will always remain on 'some people who have been real wicked sinners. Ruth Ann, if you'll ask Jesus to forgive you and save you now while your heart is still young and tender, and before sin gets a hold on your life, you'll not have these ugly scars."

"Oh, mother !" cried Ruth Ann,, "Dear, dear, mother, please forgive me for disobeying you. I don't want to give the devil my life; I want to belong to Jesus, from now and forever as long as I live," and she was sobbing bitterly.

"We'll all pray dear. Right now," mother said as she put her arms around her repentant daughter. Daddy led m prayer as mother wept and prayed, and Ruth Ann, with hands raised toward Heaven was praying, "Forgive me, dear Jesus. Forgive me, and save my soul. I'm sorry I disobeyed mother, and I want to be saved," and then in an instant He came. Ruth Ann's face shone with the light from Heaven and she shouted and clapped her hands for pure joy, saying "I'm saved, mother! Jesus saves me just now, daddy! Oh, I do love Him so! I love Him!"

Daddy and mother were both shouting and weeping as they watched their precious little girl rejoicing in her new found love of Jesus.

* * * * *

THE END