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## **MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS**

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**FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT**  
By J. E. Cook

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and  
hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." (I Tim. 6:12)

Young Timothy is faced with an inescapable fact of life -- there are battles to be fought.  
What was true for Timothy is true for all. None are exempt. In fact, success in any undertaking is  
preceded by the will to win. But even so, many are fighting a losing battle. Their efforts are in vain  
because their cause is unworthy or misleading. Take, for instance, the fight for physical  
preservation. This fight to lengthen the life span is endless. Beauty aids to pamper the flesh  
constitute a gigantic business. Love of ease and pleasure is the desire of the masses. Yet it is still  
"appointed unto men once to die," and the fountain of youth remains undiscovered. If Jesus carries  
the grave will claim us all.

Then there is the fight that is waged in the material world. The insatiable desire to acquire  
and have financial security for a rainy day is legitimate in itself but so deceiving, disillusioning,  
and dissatisfying. Earthquakes strike, winds blow, floods come, while moths and rust corrupt and  
thieves break through and steal. "Here we have no continuing city."

How many have we seen who spent their lives laying up treasures on the earth only to have  
them swept away in a moment or they themselves snatched from the scene of action. "Then whose  
shall those things be?" Ultimately, it is a losing fight.

The same could be said of pleasure. Ours is a pleasure-mad world. "But she that liveth in  
pleasure is dead while she liveth." Even the fight to gain knowledge for knowledge's sake is futile.  
"Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." The defense of pride and worldliness with all

its pomp and glory is doomed to utter destruction. "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 2:16-17)

But here Paul brings into focus a conflict which he calls "good" -- the "fight of faith." It is good because it stands opposed to all sin and compromise. The lines are clearly drawn and the ground-rules unchanged. There can be no retreat. To miss it here would merit a dishonorable discharge and ultimate loss of the cause. It is a good fight because victory is assured if we faint not. "Be not weary in well doing" is a timely admonition for these days. The enemy promises freedom to deserters but those who have been deceived thereby have found it to be a false freedom. Every mile traveled down that road adds up to a long way back. To the good soldier who refuses to be entangled with the affairs of this life is promised strength for the conflict, the assurance of winning the war and eternal life when the final battle is over. Yes, it is a good fight and the dividends are rewarding.

Hence we are exhorted to fight for our homes (Neh. 4:14). The enemy knows the importance of the home life. If the Devil can break down faithfulness, destroy the family altar, minimize the importance of the Bible, and erase the example and teachings of modesty, morals and righteousness in our homes he will soon have the nation and the church as well. "Fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." (Neh. 4:14)

Moreover, Jude (v. 3) pleads for contenders for the old-fashioned way in the midst of ecclesiastical lukewarmness, compromise and apostasy. To affiliate with; to partake of, or to contribute to that which I have no faith in, is to commit sin against my own soul and that of my fellow man. The battle is raging, the end-time is upon us and the call for volunteers is sounded. "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas.

Sure, I must fight if I would win;  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy Word."

Paul became an example of what he advocated and left his testimony as a memorial to his wonderful life of victory. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (II Tim. 4:7-8)

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## REMINISCENCES OF VICTORY

By V. W. Anglin

Having grown up from conversion in the holiness movement, and having spent thirty-two years in the active ministry, with a real Divine call and witnessing some of the pitfalls of God's people and the main cause of failures I would like to be God's reporter to you dear people and tell you some of the places to be avoided if success comes and continues. 2 Kings 6: 9&10. When we started in the ministry, it was like the early Indians, we are informed, who, to teach their children to swim placed them in the water too deep to wade and told to go to it, which they did and had to learn or sink. Thus the first place we were sent as pastor, after knocking at the door we were told to go and find a member to consult. After introducing ourselves as the new pastor, we were told, "I did not know we were to have a new pastor" and we soon found this was the prevailing sense of a futile situation.

In those days, 46 years back, we had no home mission fund backing, and I am glad, for we learned, from scratch, the meaning of such verses as Matt. 6:33 &34, Phil. 4:19, and now at 76 years of age we find it easier to trust God for the supply of all need. God was our only never failing supply.

During this first year we attended a District convention and were called upon to lead a service and told how God was supplying our needs of every kind and giving victory in our church services, when we were approached by a pastor who said he was interested in knowing how he could achieve victory and success in his pastorate and we prescribed; rise early in the morning, give God the first hour at least, then finish the rest of the morning in the study rain or shine, have one night set apart to pray, immerse himself in the word of God, and we could get no farther for he broke in with, "But my family" and there he stopped, unwilling to pay the price for victory which no pastor can have who puts his family or anything else ahead of God and duty. The banker doesn't, the merchant doesn't etc. no one but the one who is sidetracked from his religious duties as God's worker in His vineyard. Then we wonder why his work languishes and fails.

Dear ones, the churches are sending out workers to tell folk how to succeed in contacting folk and reaching the masses but no one tells us how to succeed in reaching God first, praying clear through, day after day, and going out to the folk with a heart on fire, He convinces. Jn. 16:7,8.

In this first pastorate we requested folk not to try and explain the other one's need, to us, but to pray, pray, pray and we proceeded to do likewise. For months we put in the day and night in prayer, prayer till 11:00 A. M., no breakfast and some times not till evening, prayer until eleven and twelve at night, sometimes most of the day and praise God, it worked, and after months of bombarding Heaven for a revival it came, and folk began to flock from that city of 300,000 all over town to see a God-sent revival; young people too, and right there we found, what the young want is not Hot Dogs, Skating Rinks, Bowling Alleys and athletics but the same fire that the older ones want, and it holds them tight and secure, and thank God, it helps us meet and solve, head on, all common problems. No healthy young man can keep clean and attend a mixed Y. P. bathing party. It is just not to be if we keep victory for God. One night we were having a red-hot prayer meeting before Young Peoples Meeting and prayed clear through and were shouting the praises of

God when an elderly man testified that this was the place he had settled one of life's problems. What a place to help us do this, while we all get some of the fatted calf! Luke 15:23. Needless to say, the house adjoining that church was empty most of the time, too noisy. It reminds us of the church in my home town when first built, they tried to buy the adjoining house for a parsonage with no success, but that church used to have old fashioned shouting spells and marching around the church. We have heard them put on a musical show next door while services were on but that failed, so, here came an invitation to buy the house for a parsonage and they did. No acquisition, just pray the glory down and meet problems as they come. More of this later, enough for now. Brethren if we are to go on and succeed as a church, we will have to advance on our knees. We are trying to do this still at 76 and if we fail the Lord would no doubt take us away. Job. 32:22. Brethren the church will succeed as we pray the glory down, cease and we fail.

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## THE NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." (Heb. 6: 1-2) That they may be perfect in. one" (John 17:23) "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

How often we hear the expression, "Oh, there's nobody perfect!" There is a sense in which this is true but all too often the expression is used as an alibi to excuse the careless and inconsistent living of the ungodly. The Bible does speak of perfect men. Noah was perfect in his generation. Job was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. Abram was commanded to walk before God and be perfect. When the Bible speaks of perfection in relation to men upon earth, it refers to a perfection of the heart rather than the head and does not imply that one is beyond the possibility of making mistakes. The Apostle in exhorting us to go on to perfection does not allude to Adamic perfection, that perfection which characterized Adam and Eve before the fall, nor of absolute perfection, which resides only in God, but the writer of Hebrews is urging us on to Christian perfection. In the Christian sense, persons are perfect when their affections and motives are both pure. Consider some reasons why men need to go on to perfection.

In the carnal state the spiritual sensibilities are deadened. "Ye are dull of hearing" (Heb. 5:11) This accounts for the fact that some people are so slow to comprehend spiritual truths. They seek to cover their carnality. They see no wrong in anything on the other hand, the carnal nature will divert their attention by causing them to ride hobbies or get off on some side track. The rejecting of light has brought on a callused condition that beclouds their spiritual hearing and seeing.

The deadly effect of carnality is seen further from the retarded development of the unsanctified. "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God." (Heb. 5:12)

Many today are still in the fog when they should be out in the clear sunlight of a happy, holy, experience. Many people are still in the primer of spiritual things when by this time they should be mature teachers. They know so little even about true repentance that they continually practice shallow altar work and as a result many poor hungry souls who would get through to victory go away disappointed and deluded into a life of defeat. The carnal mind makes people unreasonable in their demands. They are hard to please. Many expect the preacher to do all their praying, reading and work for the Lord. Some go so far as to expect their poor underpaid pastor to be taxi driver, lawyer, doctor, banker and undertaker and when he can't get around to it all they pout and cry like the boy that wanted the moon. Some churches pay too little and yet they expect the pastor to give full time to the church and live by faith on the salary. We all agree that it is best for the pastor to give his full time to the work of the ministry but we wonder why these churches do not exercise faith and raise his salary to a living wage, for if it is good for the pastor to live by faith then it is far better for the members to live by faith also.

Another characteristic of the unsanctified is that they are unstable emotionally. "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1:8) The unsanctified are easily disappointed. Little things upset them. If there are not enough offices to go around they find themselves in difficulty. They can shout if they can be the pianist or song leader but it is hard for them to get blessed when the other fellow does it.

The unsanctified are unsafe fundamentally. They may get off on some spectacular or unorthodox idea. Recently information has come that the Sunday School Editor of another denomination, a professed, second-blessing, holiness man, wrote a whole lesson favoring the tongues deception. His fundamentals are shaky because, evidently, he never died out and got sanctified. The carnal minded are swept about by every wind of doctrine.

The need to go on to the Christian perfection is seen also from the demands of special diets by the unsanctified. They are such "as have need of milk, and not of strong meat." (Heb. 5:12) How sad it is to see a grown person yet with childish ways! How much more pitiful it is to see folk who have been around the holiness movement for years and still must have the spiritual milk bottle! They are so easily offended! This type of person is defeated often because he is not a student of the word. "For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe." (Heb. 5:13) They have no time to meditate upon the word. They seldom trouble themselves to read it, so they must depend entirely upon someone else for what little spiritual nourishment they receive. They have no desire for the deep things of God. They are possessed with a gnawing hunger for socials, ball games, recreation and entertainment but no appetite for the glory of God in the midst. They have little or no time for prayer, consequently, their faith is weak and their vision limited. They always want the preacher to preach on love and Heaven, rather than on the death route and how to get to Heaven. They are happy only when he prophesies "smooth things." J. A. Wood said, "Depravity does not involve guilt until it is assented to, yielded to, or cherished."

God demands perfection. Those who refuse to go on to perfection are constantly forced to go back and lay again the foundations. They lose the ground they gained by refusing to go on and be sanctified until, eventually they destroy the foundations of their faith and drift into hopeless apostasy.

Thank God! There is an experience of Christian perfection that establishes one unblameable in holiness! It is entered by simple consecration and faith. We are made holy by the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. We are kept holy by the indwelling presence of the Spirit as we pray and walk in the light. Dear reader, have you entered this experience of love made perfect? Obtain a holy heart and your end will be peace. Humble yourself before God and confess your dryness, touchiness, covetousness, licentiousness, and every other thing that is contrary to immaculate purity and the blessed Spirit will come and cleanse your heart and make you perfect in love. "According to your faith be it unto you."

"Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Tho' I cannot tell thee how;  
But I need thee, greatly need thee;  
Come, O come and fill me now.

"I am weakness, full of weakness,  
At thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest Divine eternal Spirit,  
Fill with pow'r and fill me now."

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## THE INFLUENCE OF A GODLY MOTHER

By Mrs. Paul E. King

"How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" Judges 13:12. What a strange question but how utterly beautiful!

Within the bosom of the truly feminine and unselfish woman is the desire for children. This is first evidenced in the actions of the small girl, who lovingly and fondly caresses a dolly to her bosom and tenderly kisses away its imaginary hurts and heartaches. Across the centuries of time, woman, when barren, has lamented, wept, and besought God in earnest prayer for children; and this, in perfect unselfishness and legitimate desire; for the Scripture plainly teaches.. "Let the younger women marry, bear children, and guide the house." This, then, is the normal God planned woman.

In the above Scripture, the flame of affliction burned deeply in the hearts of the sinful Israel-- fires before they were humbled and broken; but when they turned sincerely unto Jehovah for pardon and help His goodness was unfailing. At such times they were conscious of their utter dependence upon God. In no instance was this goodness denied them, but they were not permitted to deceive themselves as to what was responsible for their sufferings.

In these critical situations the man for the hour was raised up to call the people to higher spiritual ground in the name of Jehovah and to lead them Out to their servitude to freedom, peace, and security. Little wonder, then, that Manoah and his wife, after receiving the joyful news of the pronouncement of a male child, should wonder, "How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" That this was to be no ordinary child is plainly Seen in the Scripture, He was to be a

'deliverer' in Israel and, as such, his parents had much to do in the building of this unusual man child.

Mothers, we, too, have many things to do or not to do, toward the building of our offspring! For, what he is to be, and what he is to do, in any of these characters, we must now decide. It is a law of our being that makes it so; a law that I could wish were written on every mother's heart by the finger of God, and on the walls of her nursery in letters of gold. As one writer put it, "The mind of childhood is like wax to receive but like marble to hold, every impression made upon it, be it for good or be it for evil."

"What shall I do unto him?" Every mother should be a teacher and a guide. Who has the mind or character in hand while it is yet so flexible and docile that it can be turned in any direction, or formed in any shape? It is the mother. From her own nature, and the nature of her child, it results that its first impressions must be taken from her; and she has every advantage for discharging this duty. She is always with her children -if she is where mothers should be -- sees continually the working of faculties -- where they need to be restrained and where led and attracted. Early as she may begin her task, she may rest assured that her labor will not be lost because undertaken too soon. Mind, from the first hour of its existence, is ever acting; and soon will the mother see that, carefully as she may study her child, quite as carefully is her child studying her. Let her watch the varying expression of its speaking face as its eyes follow her, and she will perceive it's mind is imbibing impressions from everything it sees her do; thus showing, that, before the lips have begun to utter words, the mind has begun to act and to form character. Let her watch on; and when, under her care, the expanding faculties have begun to display themselves in the sportiveness of play, how often will she be surprised to find the elements of character already fixed, when she has least expected it. She has but to watch and she will find the embryo tyrant or philanthropist, warrior or peacemaker, with her, in her nursery; and then, if ever, her constant prayer should be, "How shall I order the child, and what shall I do unto him?" (Taken, in part, from M. M. Matthews) Timothy, from a child, knew the Holy Scriptures; having been taught them by his mother and his grandmother.

Moses, who "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and chose, rather, to suffer affliction with the people of God," had a mother whose faith and piety was so strong that she "feared not the king's wrath". Thus showing herself a fit mother for a son who was to be deliverer of Israel from Egyptian bondage. Under a like happy influence was the childhood of David passed, as he acknowledges in his subsequent days of power and fame: "Oh Lord, . . . I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid: Thou hast loosed my bonds." Thus, in the days of highest prosperity and greatest fame, David recognizes his pious mother's influence.

J. S. C. Abbott says in his "Mother at Home", that in a college where one hundred and twenty young men were preparing for the ministry, it was found that more than one hundred had been led to the Lord by their mother. It is a fact that many of our noblest patriots, our most profound scholars, and our holiest ministers, were stimulated to their excellence and usefulness by those holy principles which they derived from their pious mothers. Oh, mothers, what a privilege and a blessing has God placed in our arms! It humbles my heart greatly whenever I think of it. He chose us to be His special agents, through the medium of motherhood, to raise up sons and

daughters for His glory! Bless His name! I am most unworthy of such a sacred trust but am trying nobly to fill the place He is expecting me to fill.

Yes, every mother should be a teacher . . . a Bible teacher. Her own children should be her class; her home should be her schoolroom. Then her children bless her for her tender care.

"What shall I do unto him?" By all means have a chair. "A chair!" you exclaim. Yes, a chair . . . one with rockers. There will be too many cares and troubles to soothe -- it must have rockers Then above all else, have listening ears and an understanding heart. For the child who is able to unburden his heart to his mother is fortunate indeed. Remember, everything that ties our children to us, will, undoubtedly, be the things that will help pull them heavenward. Listen, then, to his woes, his sorrows and hurts; and, as you listen, rock, soothe and caress.

The chair of which I am thinking was old fashioned and high backed and made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough for me to kneel, or place my tear-stained cheeks in mother's lap. That was the bank where all our worries, fears and hurts were deposited. Oh, what a chair! It was different from father's chair -- entirely different. In what way? I cannot tell exactly, but it was different! Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, patience, more tenderness and more grief when we had done wrong. "When we were wayward," says T. DeWitt Talmadge, "Father scolded, but mother cried." Could this, then, be the difference in the chairs!

From my earliest recollections, this chair was always awake wide awake. When fever laid us low and we tossed fitfully from one side of the pillow to the other, this chair, manned bravely and courageously by mother's unwavering faith in God, rocked hour after weary hour; always her hand soothed the painful brow, and her soft lullabies, crooned in our ear, lulled us into a peaceful sleep. Recently I read of a young man who went away from home and broke his mother's heart, and, while he was away, the mother died. A wire brought the wayward son hastily home and, as he entered the room and looked into the lifeless form of his godly mother, he cried out, "Mother, oh, Mother! What your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." and he kept his promise; for he got too near the dear, empty chair with all its haunting memories. Mothers need faith . . . a genuine, hearty, loving trust in God. Wayward children can never get away from the sweet memory that Jesus Christ was their mother's best friend.

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to godly minded mothers. Their influence is far reaching and immortal. Who knows, even now, there may be another John Wesley or Martin Luther cradled by a godly mother who reads these few lines. Mothers, not only "To thine own self be true," but to our sons and daughters, as well. May God continue to make each of us who hold the sacred title 'Mother', faithful and true to this honored name, and may we be among the host whose children "rise up and call her blessed."

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SHE WAS A GOOD WIFE TO ME



"She -- was -- a -- good -- wife -- to -- me. A good wife, God bless her!" The words were spoken in trembling accents over a coffin lid. The woman asleep there had borne the heat and the burden of life's long day, and no one had ever heard her murmur; her hand was quick to reach out a helping grasp to those who fell by the wayside; and her feet were swift on errands of mercy; the heart Of her husband had trusted in her; he had left her to long hours of solitude, while he amused himself in scenes in which she had no part. When boon companions deserted him, when fickle affection selfishly departed, when pleasure palled, he went home and found her waiting for him.

"Come from your long, long, roving,  
On life's sea so bleak and rough;  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blessed enough."

That had been her love-song -- always on her lips or in her heart. Children had been born to them. She had reared them almost alone -- they were gone! Her hand had led them to the uttermost edge of the morning that had no noon. Then she had comforted him, and sent him out strong and wholehearted, while she stayed at home and cried. What can a woman do but cry, and trust? Well, she is at rest now. But she could not die until he had promised to "bear up;" not to fret, but to remember how happy they had been. They? Yes, it is even so. For she was blest in giving, and he in receiving. It was an equal partnership after all! "She -- was -- a -- good -- wife -- to me" O man! man! why not have told her so, when her ears were not dulled by death? Why wait to say these words over a coffin wherein lies a wasted, weary, gray-haired woman, whose eyes have so long held that pathetic story of loss and suffering and patient yearning which so many women's eyes reveal -- to those who read. Why not have made the wilderness in her heart blossom like the rose with the prodigality of your love? Now you would give worlds, were they yours to give, to see the tears of joy your words would have once caused, bejeweling the closed windows of her soul. It is too late.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometimes guest;  
But oft for our own, the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.

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## THE PRODIGAL MOTHER

A certain man had a wife and two children. The wife becoming dissatisfied with housekeeping and coveting the money being earned by her neighbors, said to her husband, "Husband, secure for me the Social Security number that falleth to me, and divide unto me a portion of thy trousers...."

With reluctant heart, the husband granted her desire and divided his wardrobe. Not many days after, with tool box under her arm, and waving good-bye to the children and the baby sitter, she took her journey into a far country and there secured a man's job.

She made big wages, but she associated with the wicked and listened to the vulgar stories that they told.

There was a mighty spiritual famine in that land. The children, turned loose at the mercy of the neighbors, soon forgot they had a mother; but the husband remembered the duties of a wife, and longed for the return of his wife to her home. The husband dined on cold lunch meat, while the wife tried in vain to fill her stomach with husks of the cheese-crackers that fell from the canteen vending machine. And no man gave unto her the respect due unto a lady.

One day, during the rest period as she sat engulfed in cigarette smoke and smutty stories, she came to herself, and said (with remorse), "Here I sit, surrounded by vulgarity and wickedness. I have sacrificed the respect due to a lady. At home is a deserted husband, while out on the streets our children roam without restraint. The money I make seems small, compared to peace of mind and soul.

In vain she tried to smother her conscience with the thought that she was contributing to the family's economic welfare. So she said to herself, "I'll arise and go to my husband, and will say unto him, Husband, I have sinned against Heaven and neglected my family in a terrible way. I am no more worthy to be called thy wife, nor the mother of thy children. Make me thy hired housekeeper."

So she gathered her tools together and started home. And when she was yet a long way off, the husband saw her and ran and clasped her in his arms. And the wife said, "Husband, I am no more worthy to be called thy wife." But the father called to the children saying, "Run and bring hither a dress, and the best apron. Put shoes on her feet, and rush to the meat market and get a steak of a fatted calf. And let us have a warm supper once more. For this your Mother was lost and is found. So they rejoiced. -- From Northern Lights.

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#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Mrs. Paul King,  
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#### A YEAR ROUND MOTHER'S DAY GIFT

Sarah finished wiping the last dish as she glanced out the open kitchen window to where the early transparent apple tree was shedding its delicate pink blossoms like snow in January when she noticed a big, fat robin carrying mud in his sharp bill and firmly depositing it in the forks of the apple tree -- building a new nest. Her heart beat with great excitement as he flew to one of the topmost branches and serenaded her lustily with jubilant song. A little farther away one of the wrens began to sing excitedly as he, too, took a brief respite from building and relocating in the

tiny house in the maple tree. All of nature had come alive and, like herself, was busy, but extremely happy in their new pursuits.

She hastily hung the dish towel on the inside of the cupboard door, then, very reluctantly, tore herself away from the serenity of the beck yard. Mother would soon be returning from town with Father and she must have all the house spic and span, plus having Joel and Tommy cleaned prettily. MariAnn and Edyth could pretty themselves up since they were now seven and nine. Then, too, she did want to finish the present she had been working on for Mother's Day.

"When Mama comin' home?" It was Joel. For the 'nteenth time he had asked her the same question; his expressive, tender blue eyes looking innocently up into her own.

"Today, sweetheart," she answered, picking the little bundle of questions gently up and giving him an enormous squeeze and kiss.

"O-Oh! You 'queeze too hard," the fair little fellow laughed as Sarah put him down.

"Run along and play with Tommy a little while longer, then Sissy will clean you up ever so prettily for Mother and Father; and don't forget, we'll be having a brand new, tiny, pink baby boy coming home with Mama. He'll have to see Joel! Just you wait!" and the little lad ran happily outdoors laughing softly, "Mama come home to Joel."

Sarah had just finished piling the fluffy frosting on the walnut cake when she heard the soft hum of Father's car as he drove into the rose bordered driveway. In an instant the four children rushed for the door.

"Stay inside," Sarah said gently, placing a restraining hand across the door. "Let's wait until Mother gets in the door with baby Tim. We might pull her down if we make a mad rush for her," and they laughed together as Sarah opened the screen door; then, standing side by side, the children held a big placard which read "To the best Mother in the World -WELCOME HOME!"

When she stepped inside the door and noticed the tidiness of her own home and the big cake on the cupboard, she began to weep softly.

"Mama cry?" Joel asked, clutching her skirt nervously.

"I'm sorry,, children," mother apologized, wiping tears of joy and gratitude from her eyes as she lovingly embraced each of her offspring. "I am so happy to be home with you. I missed each of you dreadfully." Then stooping down ever so low, she gave wide-eyed Joel an enormous hug and kiss.

"Mama!" the tiny lad said, patting her soft cheeks with his small, chubby hands.

"Let's see our new brother," Sarah said, leading the way down the hallway to the pale blue bassinet where Father had carefully deposited the soft little pink skinned bundle of new excitement. "Mother must rest," she added understandingly, "so we shall help her all we can in

caring for Tim and by always seeing that our rooms are tidied and kept clean," whereupon Joel ran to his youth bed in Tommy's room and, dragging a fuzzy little bedroom shoe behind him, said,

"See! Joel clean."

Sarah, a mother's instinct and love already budding beautifully in her bosom, gave the sweet child an adoring hug and smile as she said softly, "Put it beneath Joel's bed like Sissy had it." A bit confused but obedient, the child ran gleefully down the hallway.

In a short while Judith breezed into the kitchen, her arms loaded with gaily wrapped packages.

"Hi, Sis," she said, patting Sarah on her silken head. "Where's Mom and Tim? Urn!" she said hungrily, "Another one of your wonderful cakes! And I'm starved."

"Mother's resting while I finish supper," Sarah said brightly. "More gifts for Tim?" she questioned.

"All but this big one," Judith replied. "That one's for Morn tomorrow -- Mother's Day, you know."

A sinking feeling overwhelmed Sarah as she remembered her own humble but neat, unfinished Mother's Day gift. Judith always bought such elaborate gifts since she was working. Maybe -- just maybe -- she would be able to finish her gift after the supper dishes were washed and put away.

Not till Joel was bathed and tucked lovingly in bed, and the soiled clothes were deposited in the big clothes hamper in the washroom, was Sarah able to retire to the bedroom she shared with Judith and again take up where she had left off working on Mother's pale blue duster.

"Wait till you see what I bought Mother," Judith said excitedly. "Sarah, it's simply beautiful! It's a delicate pink dress with long sleeves and everything that looks like Mom."

"I'd love to see it," Sarah said, her own dexterous fingers working busily away on the last bit of smocking on the bodice. "Mother and Father are so wonderful and deserve the best," she added.

"I paid a ridiculous price for the dress," Judith said, throwing her body down on the bed with her Sunday School quarterly clutched in her hand. "Mother wouldn't be one bit happy if she knew how costly it was as she's always buying things on sale, or material to make her own clothing."

"Oh, Sis!" Sarah began, "you mustn't be extravagant, for the Bible speaks against costly array. Mother's such a wonderful example of true Holiness and she doesn't want anything so expensive. Now, if it was on sale..."

"This wasn't, Sarah. But I figured my mother deserved something really fine; and, since I am earning the money, well . . ." and her voice trailed off into silence.

Sarah said nothing more for she realized her sister's mind was again set.

The sun poked its long, warm fingers caressingly in through the venetian blinds and tenderly, warmly, teased across Sarah's long, drooping eyelashes and caressed her rosy cheeks as Mother noiselessly entered the room. Judith had been up a long time as this was her morning to get breakfast. For a long time Mother stood, looking tenderly, lovingly down into the calm, sweet face on the pillow. A tear rolled down her cheek, then another and another. She sniffled lightly and Sarah opened her eyes.

"Mother!" she began, then noticing the tears on Mother's face and the unfinished duster lying across the bed, she too began weeping softly.

"I . . . I'm really sorry, Mother. I . . . I . . . wanted it finished so badly for Mother's Day but I . . . just couldn't seem to quite . . . make it," and she buried her head more deeply into the downy pillow as she continued, "I . . . must have gone to sleep."

Mother picked the soft cotton duster up and lovingly caressed it before she slipped into it.

"Sarah!" she exclaimed. "It's ... beautiful, and.., and.., fits perfectly." Then examining the workmanship more closely, she continued, "It's like one I saw in the Ritz Shop one day."

"I saw it too, Mother," the girl said happily. "In fact, I got my idea from that one in the window. It looked just like you, Mother; and while that one was real costly, I decided I'd make one for you. Oh! I'm so sorry I didn't get all the smocking finished for you. I did want it all finished and pressed prettily for you today."

"Sarah," Mother said tenderly, laying a soft hand on her daughter's small shoulders, "I really do appreciate this gift more than you'll ever know; but, honey, you are giving me Mother's Day presents every day of the year." "Oh?" Sarah questioned.

"Yes, dear. Maybe not a beautiful duster every day, nor new dresses and the like, but you make every day a special Mother's Day for me."

"I... I... do?" the child asked, puzzled. "How?"

"You are always so kind and good to me, and . . . and . . . so helpful," Mother said, misty eyed. "You are always finding ways to help me and lighten my, load by washing the dishes, ironing clothes or bathing the children for me, and cleaning the house, and . . . "

"Oh, Mother! I love you and I simply delight in helping you, but that's not a .... a . . . Mother's Day present."

"Yes, dear. In a very, very special way it is a Mother's Day present. You see, Sarah, most children help with the work because it is required of them, but you go so far beyond that; you are always doing because of love. This makes it extra special, honey."

"I see," Sarah said softly. "That's what Jesus must have meant when He said 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' Some folks serve Him out of duty," she mused, almost in a whisper.

"But, Mother, I serve Him and work for you because I love. Oh! I see it! I see it!"

"That's it, honey. All year 'round you are giving me loving Mother's Day presents" Then, quickly planting a kiss on the girl's cheek, she whispered, "You're kinda' extra special too, Sarah."

The sun kissed the girl's cheeks lightly as a robin burst into a lusty duet with the busy wren on the lawn. It was a wonderful Mother's Day after all.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END