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MISSIONARY REVIVALIST SELECTIONS

**From the May, 1965 Issue of The Missionary Revivalist
Official Organ Of The Bible Missionary Church, Inc.**

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By Holiness Data Ministry

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MRS. MAUDE ELSIE DODD
1883 - 1965

[Open Graphics\hdm1754.jpg to view a picture of Maude Elsie Dodd.]

Mrs. Maude Elsie Dodd, (Mother Dodd) went to be with Jesus, March 13, 1965. A few hours before she died she said, "Won't it be wonderful when we get to Heaven." When the moment arrived for Jesus to take her home, she smiled, opened her mouth as if to speak, and without any kind of struggle she was gone to be with Jesus. She had been a patient sufferer for several years, trusted the Lord until the end, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

She was saved and sanctified in an old-fashioned, holiness home mission revival conducted by Rev. Lee L. Hamric, near Cameron, Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, more than 58 years ago. She joined the Church of the Nazarene in 1910 and was a faithful member until 1957 when she joined the Bible Missionary Church. At the time of her home going her membership was at Bethany Bible Missionary Church. She was faithful until the Lord called her to her eternal home.

Her daughter, Mrs. Dorthy Plemons, a faithful true saint of God, preceded her in death. She leaves to mourn her home going, two daughters, one son, three grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and a host of friends. Her daughters are Mrs. Nell McMurtry, of Los Angeles, Calif. and Mrs. Luda Lemmons of Bartlesville, Oklahoma; her son, Rev. Elbert Dodd, of Duncan, Oklahoma. Her grandchildren are: Charles Dodd, Lake Charles, La., Donald Ray Plemons, Jamestown, N. D. and Mrs. Kay Thomas of Tulsa, Okla.

She was a great prayer and a great booster to the preacher that preached the truth. She stood by her pastor and boosted his preaching. She had many deep sorrows and disappointments in

this life but prayed and shouted her way through. She was a true mother that loved her children and she was a great Christian. Many will rise up and call her blessed.

Funeral services were conducted in the West Tulsa Church of the Nazarene by Rev. M. E. Perkins, pastor of the Lake Charles, Bible Missionary Church, assisted by Rev. J. E. Cook, General Moderator. Brother Perkins, who for some years had been her beloved pastor brought a great message from the text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13) The glory of God was on the service from start to finish. It was more like a coronation service than a funeral. Her body was laid to rest near Tulsa, Okla. to await the resurrection morning. We will miss her prayers, amens and shouts down here but expect to join her in shouting around the throne of God. I first met mother Dodd twenty-four years ago when I was a boy preacher holding a meeting at Tulsa. She prayed, shouted and boosted the meeting. Often she would shout up and down the aisles until Heaven 'would come down and the victory would be won. She was always victorious. I never saw her when she wasn't on top. No one was ever a greater booster for old-fashioned holiness. She lived up to all the standards of the Bible. She was truly a mother in Israel. -- Editor

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MEMORIAL

A fund to build the "Maude Dodd Memorial Chapel" on the mission field of New Guinea has been started. Anyone desiring to contribute to this may send your gift to Rev. Elbert Dodd, 1615 Larch Street, Duncan, Oklahoma.

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EDITORIAL

By Spencer Johnson

HOLINESS AND POWER

The baptism with the Holy Ghost is the greatest need of the Church. This need underlies all other needs. The danger today is to rely upon men, methods and money instead of depending entirely upon the Holy Ghost who alone can raise up men and equip them, suggest methods and energize them, supply the finances and make them a blessing.

When Jesus founded His Church He called a dozen men from common walks of life. It is significant that He did not call them from among the followers of Socrates and Plato or from the legislative genius of Rome or from the learned Sanhedrin. He chose the despised tax collector and the rough and ready fishermen from the shores of Galilee. They were hard-handed, weather-tanned leathernecks but they had hearts that could be enlarged to embrace the whole world in their love and sympathy. He sent these men to school for three years under His own blessed teaching (and unless a man has been to that school you can never make him a preacher by sending him to any other.) When they graduated they were soul winners of such success that the world still is amazed

at their service and sacrifice. There is nothing in true scholarship that need interfere with the saving of men. The learned apostle Paul was consumed by a passion to win men to Christ and thousands were the crown of his rejoicing. God expects us to make every gift we have as effective as it can be and a sharp axe cuts better than a dull one but the deepest need is not so much for gifts as for grace.

A plow-boy who left the corn field only three months ago, if filled with the Holy Ghost, will do more real work of soul winning than the longest-headed D.D. in the world who does not have this glorious anointing. Whatever the men, whatever their gifts, whatever our policies and methods and whatever the temporal wealth of the Church, it is all so much dead machinery, unless it is fired and made effective by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost.

Perhaps there are more activities in the church world today than ever but the spiritual tone and temperature in most churches is low. The only real and lasting motivation comes from the power of true holiness. Many have caught the wild fire of the frenzied tongues movement but it, like fox fire, generates no steam to change the lives of the devotees from the ordinary channels of the world. The fire of the Holy Ghost comes upon churches in answer to prayer and obedience and too many churches have almost ceased to pray. Thank God, there are some churches that are praying more than ever and some individuals too. Nevertheless a great many churches have lost their love for and confidence in the power of united prayer that once made them a force for righteousness in the world.

It is easy to get a great number of people out to a social event in churches that are not supposed to sponsor socials. (It is amazing how many "non church sponsored" socials just happen on the side and of course the church people all get the word and most all attend). It is no trouble to get a great crowd out to a Sunday School picnic for three or four hours in the park, but it is extremely hard to get the same crowd to stay and pray around the altar or to spend three hours after the worship service praying, and it is even harder to get them out to an all night prayer meeting. There are few indeed who are interested in a "mere prayer meeting," and yet the Christian Church was born in a prayer meeting; it was upon praying men and women that the mighty sanctifying Spirit first fell on Pentecost.

We should grasp every pure and legitimate aid within our reach to help win the lost. Yet we must not forget that our distinctive genius from the beginning has been the soul-saving, soul-sanctifying unction of the Holy Ghost. If we forget this our church will become a spiritual mausoleum and our rolls a census of the dead.

The hustle and bustle; the rush and confusion of the world too often affects the Church. Many modern holiness churches have become secularized by the world instead of evangelizing the world. A lot of good people are so busy they have no time to do anything. Their hands are so full their hearts are empty. They are so much with men they have no time to be with God. Many preachers and Christian workers are mechanical, perfunctory, formal and powerless. Often we must touch God for the renewal of the inward man, and the restoration of the spiritual power that has been given out in helping others. The sickle must be sharpened or it will cease to cut. The bow must be resined or the music will cease. Waiting upon God tones anew all our powers through which the Spirit works and makes our service fresh and effective.

In theory all the holiness churches believe this. They are ever ready to quote, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." But the sad fact is, there is often such a wide gap between their creed and their conduct. How few churches realize that a preacher is no accredited messenger of God unless he has the anointing of the Spirit? How many believe that only God can call a minister and send him to the right field of labor ? If he is not God sent then he is not God's man.

The same is tragically true in relation to laymen. When we need a layman to fill church office too often we do not look upon spirituality as the first qualification. We do not, like the Apostles, look first for "men of honest report full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom" to take charge of the work. Too often we are influenced by social status, community prestige or financial ability. Consecrated wealth, held in stewardship and not in ownership, is a mighty asset to Christian work. But it can be purchased too dearly. It is not the first qualification for office in the church. Many have blundered here and as a result the cause is paralyzed, and the pastor's hands are tied because some of the most important offices in the church are held by unspiritual men, who have no close walk with Christ and little sympathy with His mission to perishing men.

The church of the living God is supernatural in origin and destiny and can only be advanced by the supernatural power of the Spirit. It is through the Holy Ghost that Christ is here upon earth, and it is through Him that Christ uses His people to carry on the work of reaching the lost and preparing a people for His name, The Holy Ghost is the executor of the New Covenant, and there is really nothing accomplished in the Kingdom of God upon earth except what He does. He uses men, methods, and money and the Church needs them all. But unless He uses them they are no use in the work of saving men.

When all our plans, programs and financial arrangements are made under His sought guidance; when we recognize that unless He chooses to bless and use them they are all utterly in vain; when we have less policy and diplomacy and more Divine power; when we spend more time pleading and praying for the power of God to fall in mighty conviction upon sinners and unsanctified believers then we shall see the desire of our hearts in souls being born into the Kingdom while the Holy Ghost is honored, Christ lifted up and the Father glorified.

The purpose of the sanctification of believers is first purity and then power. "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts 15:8-9) When the heart is yet plagued with carnality the power to live holy is dissipated and the distinction as a force for God in the world is lost. The greatest power on earth is power to live clean and keep sweet and calm under pressure and to live free from revenge, hatred, malice, envy, strife and bitterness. Power to perform miracles or to do spectacular things is nothing compared to the power of a subdued and submissive spirit. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." (Prov. 16:32)

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BEHOLD THY MOTHER

(To every Christian mother)

By Mrs. Paul E. King

Behold thy mother, tender child!
Look deep into her eyes,
And place thy faltering hand
Into her hand so wise;

And let her lead thee down life's road
And smooth away thy fears.
Behold thy mother! Let her guide thee
Through life's uncertain years.

Behold thy mother's prayers, dear child!
For thee she intercedes!
And note her swollen, tear-stained eyes!
For thy poor soul she pleads.

So trust her God, sweet little one,
And let Him always be,
Thy mother's God who answers prayer . . .
Who'll do the same for thee.

Behold her sacrificial life, dear one,
And write it on thy heart.
For thee, for thee, she went through death!
Write on thy being her ev'ry, part!

And may thy tiny chubby feet
Walk in the path she trod;
Behold thy mother, little one,
And she'll lead thee to God!

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GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

By Ann Baldwin

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things"
The fragrance of a virtuous woman's life has a lingering quality that often endures for generations in the hearts of her posterity and in the minds of those whose lives have touched hers. I would like to share with you the aroma of a beautiful life which was hidden among the sand-hills of Arkansas, obscured by poverty, hampered by lack of education, broken by ill health, but nonetheless, beautiful.

During the discouraging days just after the close of the Civil War, my grandmother was born into a pioneer home. She received little formal education, but was schooled in religious thought at the knee of her uncompromising Baptist grandmother. This staunch old mother in Israel was an ardent student of the Scriptures, especially the Old Testament. Ministers from all denominations came to her for help in spiritual matters, and she firmly impressed the fear of God upon her grandchildren. My grandmother's mother was an old-time shouting Primitive Baptist, but denominational barriers meant nothing to her, and she took her religious liberty everywhere she worshipped.

With such a solid religious upbringing, my grandmother grew up in the knowledge of the Lord, but it was not until the summer of 1890, when the Methodists were holding a meeting in Terripin-Neck Community, deep in the back-woods, that she was truly awakened, saved, and along with her young husband, joined the Methodist Church.

Poverty was a constant companion of my grandmother's all through her journey of life. She never traveled outside of the county where she was born. She never had a living room, nor a carpet, nor one modern convenience. She only knew hard work, incessant meal preparation, spinning, knitting, sewing, washing at the old spring, drawing water, "shucking" corn, anxiously watching over sick beds, and burying her dead. Yet, she had an abundantly rich life, a life that still shines before me like a beckoning star.

My grandmother had an intense love for God and the work of His kingdom. She had no finances with which to propagate the Gospel, but she did the best that she could. Once a month, old Brother Wingfield, a Methodist circuit rider and Brother Marlow, his assistant, found their way to her home. She delighted in fixing steaming hot cornbread for their breakfast, and watched with beaming satisfaction as they enjoyed her humble entertainment. Tired after a long day's toil, she often sat before the dying embers of the fireplace, patiently teaching new songs to the preachers and lining out hymns for us in the services.

My grandmother carried a burden for souls. She agonized before the Lord so desperately for one of her sons, that she lay prostrate for several hours, on one occasion. She was vitally interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of her children. Every summer when the crops were laid by, she and grandfather loaded their family of seven scrubbed and shining children into a wagon and headed for camp meeting. She missed no opportunity in instructing them in righteousness, and in teaching them a practical application of the Scriptures. She drilled it into their minds never to take part in gossip or slander.

Poverty did not dampen my grandmother's zest for cleanliness. The plain board floors of her humble home fairly shone after their scrubbing with clean sand and a corn husk brush. In accordance with the custom, not one scraggly blade of grass dared stick its head up in her lovely scraped lawn of white sand. All kinds of old-fashioned flowers effused their delicate aroma into the atmosphere around her yard. Hours were spent in sewing for her children, and they never had reason to feel ashamed among their associates because of their dress. She was an example in household diligence and taught her girls the art of successful homemaking.

My grandmother was a servant of her community. Many a stormy evening, after tucking her little brood into their beds, she put on her wraps and bonnet, and plunged into the inky blackness to perform the services of a midwife.

My grandmother will be remembered by many for her hymn singing. She had a song in her heart and one on her lips. One man related that as he often traveled through the country side, he would rein up his horse under a certain sweet-gum tree and listen to her high soprano voice as it pierced the stillness of evening. Neighbors, toiling in their fields, paused and leaned on their hoes for a moment to catch the rich melody of her song, while she, oblivious to her audience pursued her tasks. A close neighbor said of my grandmother, "She changed my life with her singing." She usually sang as she worked. Often when the sun was sinking low, she sat on her front porch singing with no other accompaniment than the low whine of her spinning wheel. One of her songs was "The Wanderer" by B. Carradine.

"I had wandered off from heaven,
On the mountains cold and gray,
When I heard my Savior calling
To His lost sheep far away.

How I listened as the tear-drops
Coursed a-down like falling rain,
While His tender words of promise,
Made my spirit glad again."

The only ornament my grandmother ever possessed was the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit. She ever moved with gentle grace. She had an innate dignity which would have graced a king's palace. However, her gentleness encased a determined steel-like strength of character. She was an example to her children of virtue and modesty. I remember her as a patient invalid sitting in an old-fashioned rocking chair with toil-worn hands resting softly in her lap. She stepped bravely into Jordan's waters from the same room where she had visited with friends, given birth to her babies, instructed her children, and shared the fireside with her dear companion.

My grandmother was undoubtedly a success for Christ in her sphere. She was limited in many, many ways, but she so utilized all of her energies and talents and abilities that many "rise up and call her blessed." Her spirit still gives courage and challenges me to be all that I can be for God in "my small corner," today. May her children and grandchildren follow in her footsteps as they wind up the narrow path leading to the Celestial City, is my prayer!

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A MOTHER'S LOVE AND POWER
By Mrs. Paul E. King

She wove a web around my heart
Which naught but death can ever part:
The world has ne'er produced another

So dear to me . . . as my own mother.

Wove a web, did I write? Ah, yes, and more! She encased my whole life in love . . . her love! Her power and influence over my life can never be fully known or recorded with pen and ink.

How painfully and wearily one thousand years of the world's existence rolled along -- and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand and, yes, four thousand years, and no Christ.

But the slow century, the slow year, the slow month, and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers or concerts in the evening but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The: black window-shutters of a chill night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of the world stood there, and, pinning back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded the Hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ -- a Saviour! And that Christ, who could have made His first visit to our world on a cloud, as He will descend on His second visit, came in the form of a Babe! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated. One of the tend'rest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "Mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; and we could go on and on with names of great men who had good mothers. Such a mother was mine.

It was Spurgeon who said, "Let mothers learn to make home the happiest place in the world. If they are always nagging and grumbling they will lose their hold on their children, and the boys will be tempted to spend their evenings away from home.

Home is the best place for boys and men, and a good mother is the soul of home. The smile of a mother's face has enticed many into the right path, and the fear of bringing a tear into her eye has called off many a man from evil ways. The boy may have a heart like iron, but his mother can hold him like a magnet. The devil never reckons a man to be lost so long as he has a good mother alive." Tremendous words! And challenging !

A mother's love! My mother's love! It had all the stars of heaven shining down at night upon it. Serving that little impotence, that tiny possibility of the future, she asked no other reward than the joy of service; she could not free herself -- held thus by love's strong chords to her children. It won her by the whole strength of her nature from pleasure.

Let us look for one single moment upon the power of the cradle, for all this love and outflowing of the divinest feeling of human nature was not meant to be expended merely as a luxury for the maternal bosom . . . there is meaning in it. It is one of the sources of the greatest power that exists on earth. The power of the cradle is greater than the power of the throne, greater than royalty in its diffusion and its capacity of usefulness ten thousand times greater." Make me monarch of the cradles and those who will may have the monarchy of the kingdoms and of the throne.

Leopold Schoefer once said, "But one thing on earth is better than a wife -- that is a mother."

Mother! Ah, what joy floods my heart as I say it! Better, though, to never hear the word lisped from the lips of the helpless babe than that you should lead him astray. Think with me for a moment, if you will, of Madelyn Murray. What a blight to her children and what misfortune that her offspring has never known the bliss and joy of hearing her pray and teaching them to pray! They were born into a home where God is hated, despised and rejected, rather than loved, revered, and worshipped. See the power an evil wicked mother exerts over the hearts and minds of her children! Since this is true, can you not see the similarity . . . a good mother wields, woos and generally wins, her offspring for God and truth and righteousness by her good, upright living and influence.

Much that a mother does is never seen by the public nor made known to the visible eye. But the secret power of influence she weaves around her offspring is stronger than any power on earth. Be patient, therefore, kind and gentle, with the lives and souls God has entrusted into your keeping and care. The world is cold, cruel, and full of bitter hatred and strife. Weave webs of love and loveliness around your boy and when he faces the cruelties of the world his home will be an earthly heaven and a harbor of peace and contentment.

How well I remember my own happy childhood days. They were not days of idleness and wasted time. Rather, they were usually full days -- days of work and labor -- but always compensated richly and fully by mother's joyous laughter and hearty compliments.

What is it that makes a home? Is it the elegant furnishings, thick expensive carpeting and riches in great abundance? Ah, no! It is the mother. She, it is, who is the foundation of the home. Upon arriving home from school or work our first words would invariably be, "Where's mother?" Our little world was secure so long as mother was there. Her smile of approval was all the pay I needed for a job well done.

She spent many long years and hours shaping and molding the lives of her ten living children and her work was done well. Not by word alone did she teach -- example was her mightiest tool. She was never called to be a fashion model yet she was the greatest example of proper dress I've seen or known. She was totally unversed in things like beauty culture and fancy hair styles yet she wore her beautiful long hair up in a way most becoming to Holiness.

Mother! Ah, the magic in that name! Not infrequently have I dreamed of, and called her name during many a serious illness. Why? She, it was who caressed, fondled, nurtured, and nursed me during my helpless days of infancy; and it was she who helped guide and steer my feet in straight paths, proper conduct and right thinking during those crisis years of adolescence and growing up; and finally, it was she who prepared me for marriage and motherhood. Prepared, I say! Yes, mother, you too, can prepare your daughter for marriage by teaching her the value of unselfishness and love toward her husband and her family. This virtue of unselfishness is one of the basic foundation stones for a successful and happy marriage. I remember hearing Brother Dodd say, "In every broken heart and home someone was selfish." And it's true.

Not only must the mother be unselfish with, and toward her husband, she must also be unselfish with her children. Her time is not her own; and unless her labors toward her husband and children are labors of love her work will become pure drudgery. That is why it is all important that the mother be filled with all the fullness of the Spirit. Duty then becomes a delight and work becomes a joy.

Some time back, Brother Cook made a very pointed statement in our church, "To make a 'go' of marriage, you must work at it." So, dear mothers; dear, dear tired mothers, keep on giving unselfishly. The day of rewards has not yet come. Great is thy task! Go at it therefore, with new courage and faith in God. In Him lies all thy strength!

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WAS IT MY FAULT?

"I went to Sunday School when I was small and learned all about God. After I was married, I decided to go again and take my children. I could not persuade my husband to go, but the children and I went regularly for a year.

"Then I skipped a Sunday. Soon I skipped two or three, then we went only on special days. Soon I joined a bowling team that competed on Sunday afternoon. I could not get to church and get ready to leave in time to bowl, and bowling had become such fun.

"Three months ago in a courtroom I sat and heard a judge say, "TWENTY YEARS!" He was pronouncing sentence upon my 21 year old son, a punishment for drinking, gambling and robbery, which ended in the shooting and near death of a man.

"The sentence might have been less, but my son took a sneering, defiant attitude all through the court, ridiculing every law officer who spoke to him. But the crowning, shocking climax came when the judge sternly asked, "Young man, don't you believe in God?" My son laughed loud and long as he said: "God? Who's that ?"

"Every eye in the courtroom turned to look at me. If only I had those years to live over again. Night after night, I have paced the floor, with the words, 'God? Who's that?' echoing in my ears." By a mother

Notice those words, "If I could live those years over again." Many like her wish they could live those years over again, but you cannot. The thing to do is to live TODAY the way you wish you had lived tomorrow.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit . . . reap life everlasting. Gal.

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MOTHERS LEAVE PICTURES

I think if I but shut my eyes
And think of yesterday
I can hear my mother sing again
As round her feet I play.

She sang of Him, the King of Kings
And His coming to all men
As she scrubbed her floors on bended knees
She sang sweet songs of Him.

Yesterdays are gone forever
And now I scrub the floors
And tend the little ones round my feet
And do the other chores.

I'm conscious of the tho't I'm building
A picture they'll look back and see
Please God, grant that when they look
It'll be home and me and THEE!

-- Mrs. Annette Keene

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

AMONG THEM -- BUT NOT OF THEM

The morning sun peeked its bright warm head over the green eastern hillside and winked merrily in through the sheer curtains of Dottie's bedroom. At the same time a soft, playful spring breeze caught the curtains and sent them swishing gently over the young sleeper's rosy cheeks.

"Wake up! Wake up!" a happy robin sang lustily on a leafy locust branch outside the window.

Sleepily, the dark haired child sat erect, her young heart bursting with happiness over the peaceful morning sounds: Then it dawned upon her-- again, as yesterday morning -- it burst upon her young heart with such a longing and fear until she thought something within her would burst. But what was the verse Mother had so often quoted to her! 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.' This was one of the Psalms of David. She must not cry! She would trust! Trust in the Lord!

It all flooded her soul like a nightmare. The car! The accident, the ambulance, and then the news. Her mother and father, brother and sisters, had all been killed! She was left alone -- an orphan! Now she was here -- in a strange home -- adopted by strangers who were, in every sense, good to her, but knew nothing about God and His saving and sanctifying power. An uncontrolled tear coursed rapidly down her cheek and fell on to the dainty white quilt. Quickly she brushed it away and jumped out of bed. The big clock on the mantle in her room said a quarter till five and she knew the other occupants wouldn't be getting up until nearly seven, so she resolved what she would do.

Dressing noiselessly and making the bed, tidying the room and brushing her hair as Mother had taught her to do, she slipped silently down the thickly carpeted hallway to the verandah; then, opening the heavily curtained door, she slipped quietly through it and down the outside stairway. How delicate and dainty the grillwork was! A mocking bird sang lustily to his mate as her footsteps seemed to glide down the rose bordered pathway, past the big wall, on to the open field where she heard the gurgling, babbling, laughing sounds of the stream. With her mother's worn Bible tucked lovingly beneath her arm she seated herself on one of the many rocks which were along the stream. Tiny minnows darted here and there with lightning speed, and she watched as a few lovely mountain trout swam gracefully down stream, then back again. The meadow was alive with color as purple violets and dandelions made an exciting contrast. On the hillside she saw the daffodils swaying and nodding their pretty heads as though whispering some secret to the clean spring breezes.

Reverently she opened her Bible, the only real treasure she possessed, since her new parents had wanted her to have everything new -- no past reminders; and, as she read, it seemed as though she could hear her own dear mother's voice. 'Honey,' she so often had said, 'you are in the world, but not of the world. You can be like Jesus! You can be different if you'll let Him mold and shape your life.' That was exactly what she needed! Maybe -- just maybe -- God had put her in this fine big home to be a little candle -- a light! The thought sent new courage through her being and as she read on the Lord's presence drew strangely near. All Heaven seemed to come down by the big rock and the kneeling child as the birds sang and the flowers swayed to the breezes soft whisperings; and, when she left the sacred spot to return to the stately house on the hill, her entire countenance shone like some angelic being.

"Where you been, chile?" the old colored maid asked, sleepy eyed. "Down by the laughing stream with God," the sweet child answered.

"By a stream wid God !" Mandy exclaimed, puzzled. "How funny yo' all talks, honey chile! Ain't no one evah' thinks o' God 'round 'bout this here place," and a big salty tear ran down her full, black cheeks.

"Oh, yes, Mandy! I think of God, and I talked with God already this morning. I felt His arms go 'round me and He seemed to hug me, almost like Mama used to do, only it was a much warmer kind of love. You know, it made my heart all good and warm on the inside! It's a wonderful feeling, Mandy, to know God loves you and is caring for you all the time. I felt so alone; but I don't anymore, not since I talked with God this morning."

"You what?" and Mrs. Wrightsmore stood, ashen white, in the kitchen doorway.

"I talked to God, Mrs. Wrightsmore," Dottie said sweetly.

"Mother, please! Can't you remember to call me 'Mother,' " and a tear coursed down the fashionable woman's face. "I wanted a little girl m a little girl who'd call me 'Mother.' I thought I had found her when we adopted you, Dottie, but you never call me 'Mother.' Why not?" and Mandy noticed her mistress trembling.

"Go put yo' arms 'roun' about yo' Mommie's neck an' tell her yo' loves her, sho' nuff," the colored mammy whispered in Dottie's tiny ears.

"Oh, I didn't mean to make you cry, Mrs. Wrightsmore," the girl said tenderly, "but, you see, my Mama was . . . well, she was different. She was a Christian and . . . and . . . always read the Bible to me, and . . . and prayed with me too. But I'll try, Mother. I'll really try to always remember," and she bounced up on the woman's lap and threw her soft, rosy arms around the neck of the woman and kissed her lovingly on her cheek.

"You say your mother read the Bible to you, dear?" Mrs. Wrightsmore asked, her voice trembling with emotion.

"That's right. She read to us in the morning and at night before we went to bed," the innocent child answered sweetly. "I can't read too well yet, but the Lord helped me to understand this morning by the big rock," and a dreamy look came into her beautiful clear blue eyes.

"Dottie, darling !" and the woman folded the beautiful child closely to her bosom. "We'll read together, always. From here on out, Daddy, Mandy, you and I will read the Bible together -- just as soon as I can get to town to buy one."

"I have one," Dottie said, sliding quickly off her lap down to the floor and running over to the worktable. There, near Mandy's biscuit dough she found the old, well worn Bible.

"It was Mama's, but she'd be happy to know my new mother is reading it to me," and she lovingly deposited the treasure in the hands of her new mother. Just then Mr. Wrightsmore entered the doorway, clothed in his usual rich black suit, white shirt and freshly polished shoes.

"Is this a family conference?" he asked, jesting.

"Yes, John, I guess it is," his wife answered. "We're going to begin something new -- something which I, for many long years, have been longing to do."

"What is that, my dear?" the portly gentleman of the house asked.

"We're going to read the Bible, and I, for one, am going to become a true Christian. I have a little girl to raise now and I want to be an example of good to her. She has been among us, John, but not of us. I want to become like her," and she dropped her head on Mandy's salad table.

"An' a little chile shall lead 'dem," Mandy quoted, misty-eyed.

"Don't cry," Dottie began tenderly. "Jesus loves you so much that He died to save you. If you'll confess all your sins, He'll forgive you and come into your heart."

"I believe it! I believe it!" the fashionable lady shouted. "I know He has forgiven me and I'm so happy. I found Him! He, whom I knew as a young child, but lost. Oh, it is so wonderful! Thank God for you, dear child."

As she bowed her silken black haired head at the breakfast table, Dottie said softly,

"Thank you, dear Lord, for my new mother and father, and thank you for dear Mandy. Bless them all, dear God, and make us the happiest family in all the world."

Mr. Wrightsmore reached for his wife's hand and gave a warm, gentle squeeze. They were indeed a family -- born thus by God.

The sun's rays penetrated through one of the pine branches and kissed Dottie reverently on her rosy cheek as the small frogs in the pond burst out in a chorus, singing, "Spring. Spring. Spring."

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THE END