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CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH
By Glenn Griffith

A Compilation By Duane V. Maxey
From The Missionary Revivalist
Including a Brief Sketch of Glenn Griffith,
14 Articles by Him, And a Tribute to Him
After His Homegoing in 1976

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INTRODUCTION

This is an unique publication "by" and "about" Glenn Griffith, the revered Founder of The Bible Missionary Church -- one that you will not find so-arranged elsewhere, unless it has been copied from this original compilation. This publication consists of 16 parts: First, a brief Sketch of Glenn Griffith, then 14 Articles by him, and finally, a Tribute to him after his Homegoing on January 12, 1976 -- all compiled from issues of The Missionary Revivalist. I have noted with each of the 14 Articles the date of the Missionary Revivalist from which it was taken. The Tribute to Glenn Griffith, published in the February, 1976 Missionary Revivalist, included a picture of him that I have also included with this compilation. It is found on this CD in the Graphics folder, as GlenGrif.jpg, and it is shown in the PGD-Menu with the listing of this file.

I heard Glenn Griffith preach only twice that I remember: the first time in the Fall of 1955 in "The Old Box-Factory" between Nampa and Caldwell Idaho, at which time he was holding meetings in the early part of the process of forming the Bible Missionary Union, later to become the Bible Missionary Church. The second, and final time that I heard him preach was in the Summer of 1956. I had just arrived at God's Bible School on the Mount of Blessings, Cincinnati, Ohio, to take "The Six-Weeks Course". As I recall, after hearing him preach in one of the day-services of the Campmeeting, Glenn Griffith came up to me, telling me that my Brother Parker had asked him to meet and greet me, and as he warmly shook my hand, he left several dollar-bills in it.

I was impressed, both by the warmth of his greeting and the generosity of that handshake. In those days several dollars bought a lot more than they will now! The memory of how and where I spent those dollars probably faded from my mind not very long thereafter, but that warmly-extended "Green-Backs" Handshake from Glenn Griffith I yet fondly remember today, more than 44 years after it occurred. I see a lesson in this: -- small kindnesses sometimes make indelible and life-long impressions on those to whom they are extended, and Jesus said that "whosoever shall give to drink ... a cup of cold water only ... shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matthew 10:42) Along with other great men of God, Glenn Griffith may be very surprised to receive huge and eternal rewards from Jesus for the many small and seemingly insignificant kindnesses he has shown in brief interludes of time along the way.

Glenn Griffith was not only a powerful, uncompromising preacher of old-fashioned, second-blessing holiness with Biblical Standards, but he was as well a warm and compassionate man of God -- an example of Perfect Love. No doubt, there will be multitudes who knew him and who sat under his ministry across the years that shall rise up and call him blessed on the great and mighty, Day of the Lord -- saints from various denominations, revivals, and campmeetings across this nation and abroad, saints in glory who got there in large measure because Glenn Griffith had, preached, and lived, the genuine experience of Heart Holiness with High Standards in accordance with the Biblical description and requirements of that experience. -- DVM

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SKETCH OF GLENN GRIFFITH

From the October, 1956 Missionary Revivalist

Rev. Glenn Griffith, known by some as a modern John the Baptist, was born in the state of Kansas. He was also born again in the great old Jayhawk state. Later he was sanctified and called to preach. He married Miss Josephine Clark who has stood faithfully by him and kept the home fires burning through all the years of his ministry. Brother and Sister Griffith have five living children. They are: Mrs. Corrine Lacrone of Denver, Colorado. Darrel Griffith of Denver, Colorado, Marshall Griffith of Pasadena, California, Mrs. Delores Christianson of Pasadena, California, and Daniel Griffith of the U. S. Navy stationed in the Kwajalien Islands.

Brother Griffith has pastored churches in Brownstown, Kansas, Augusta, Kansas, LaJunta, Colorado. [In the Church of the Nazarene] He served as District Superintendent of the Idaho-Oregon District for eight years and as District Superintendent in Colorado for four years. He has held camp meetings and revivals from coast to coast in the United States and in much of Canada and Latin America. He is considered one of the greatest camp meeting preachers in this generation. In September 1955 he stepped out under the stars and began a tent meeting in Idaho which ran for several weeks and culminated in the organization in November of what is now the Bible Missionary Church. Under the spirit-filled guidance of brother Griffith the Bible Missionary Church has spread into more than twenty states and to some foreign countries.

The General Conference expressed their confidence in the godly founder of The Bible Missionary Church by electing him General Moderator on the first ballot. He lacked only one vote being elected unanimously. The Bible Missionary Church is not yet a year old but it is indeed grateful to God for such wonderful leadership.

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CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH

From the October and November, 1958 Missionary Revivalists

* * *

"Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James, to them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called: Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied. Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." (Jude 1-3) "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." (Heb. 12:1)

Jude really stirred the Devil. After he had preached this message to the people they found him in a cave over in the East Indies, shot through with arrows. "That you should earnestly contend

for the faith." Not a faith but the faith. Not twice delivered but once delivered to the saints. It is like a vial of serum, from the hand of the doctor for a certain disease, that he has carefully and conscientiously and confidently placed in that person's hand once and said, "Take this to the victim and administer to him his need."

Away back there in the early morning of this old universe when Abraham was called the father of faith, and the people were scattered without any particular leader after the antediluvians were drowned and God had spared Noah, Abraham was called to leave his flocks, his country and his folks and go into a land that God would show him. God said, "I will make thee a blessing and I will bless them that blesseth thee and curse them that curseth thee." "If you are able to number the stars of the sky and the sands of the sea, then you can count the number of the seed that you shall bear and be called the father of the faithful."

He brought together the people and God gave him the seed of faith, that as far as old time salvation is concerned, pertained to us. I have thought a good many times what it would have meant if Abraham had failed in that moment way back there. God just gave them the faith once and from that time until now, God only knows how many times that flickering light, that serum of love, the only cure for sin, has flickered and burned down like embers on an altar. Nobody knows how many times that vial of serum was almost denatured and adulterated by personalities and preachers and generations of people but there was always somebody, always a remnant that God had who kept that faith that was once delivered unto the saints, and made footprints on the sands of time.

Why did he call them saints? It was because they kept the faith regardless of persecution. You can read about them amid the fires of persecution with wonder and encouragement and they will give you something within you that will stir you up and you will say, "My God, what's the matter with me in this hour in which I live?"

Think of brother Abraham, no one will ever know how he was tested to see whether God could trust him with that faith. After God had given him that little boy -- a miraculous thing it was. Abraham was old enough to pass beyond the time of generation and his wife, the Bible says, was as good as dead. Brother this is a miraculous religion that you and I are enjoying, it is not on the ordinary human level. That's why I love it. This salvation can take a fellow off the scrap heap. It can take a drunkard and take all the appetite for drink and smoke and cuss and gamble out of him and stand him out there, an astonishment to the world! And they don't know who he was born and neither does he, but he knows he is born of God! Even after God had given Abraham that child of promise, it looked like He was going to take him from him.

But in that ordeal, He planted in Abraham the seed of faith and gave him an insight into the Infinite. He gave him an insight of the love and power and majesty of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Brother, it was not just an old imputed something, it was planted deep in his soul until anything and everything could happen but he could not get away from it. And he didn't want to get away from it. God give us some salvation like that now. It is not a mental assent to a doctrine, it is not just a theoretical conception of God or a figure of speech. Brother, it is an implanted seed of faith that makes a man live on and on and on. We weren't born for this world. If you have this salvation, God has injected into your moral plasma the seed of everlasting fruitage that will bring

forth in its fullness on the other side. Hallelujah! Guard it. Protect. Fight for it. Contend for it. Lose everything for it!

Abraham started with that boy. It began one morning in family worship, God said, "Abraham, I want you to take Isaac up on Mt. Moriah and offer him for a sacrifice. I haven't been able to read where Abraham ever questioned. He could have said, "Lord, you just gave him to me as a miracle, why take him away? But he didn't question. He had the servants to saddle up the mules and started on the journey across the plains and over toward the distant heights for the offering. Finally he said, "We've got to have some wood." And Isaac cut the wood and then carried it when they left the servant boys down there at the camp. Alone, the father and son started up the mountain.

I'm talking about the testing of that faith. Abraham was just as human as I am or you are. I can't help but believe that little Isaac put his little finger in Abraham's big hand, and with the load of wood on his shoulder, the wood on which he would be stretched, and looking up into his father's face, said, "father, we have the wood and the fire, but where is the sacrifice?" I wonder if Abraham didn't have trouble with his Adam's apple about that time. I wouldn't have known how to answer him. But Abraham said, "God will provide the sacrifice." I'm not talking about feeling, I'm talking about faith. His step never halted but on toward the mountain top he went. Up there on that mountain top amid the sage brush and the Greasewood they threw down the wood and put a few stones together for an altar, and Abraham, with the cords that had bound the wood, tied his boy. I believe this was a type of the Gethsemane picture of Jesus Christ when He walked in there and left His three chosen friends and they went to sleep while He went a little farther and fell on his face. I think Abraham, way back there in the beginning of faith was pointing forward to that testing time for the Son of God in the garden of Gethsemane. When Abraham had stretched his boy on that altar he took the knife from his tunic and drew back but God caught his hand. Oh, brother, God knows the intent of our heart. God knows when we are sincere. God knows when our testimony is just a little froth and just a few idle words. It's easy to make a lot of braggadocio. Don't you think that I don't believe in running the aisles and shouting. I do it myself sometimes. We need more of it. But I tell you we need some folks back there in the gap. God knows when we mean it and when we give our all to him.

Think of Abraham with his boy stretched on the altar, and never a word of retraction. God knew the mind of Abraham. He knew the heart throbs of Abraham. He knew that Isaac was as much dead in the mind of Abraham as if the knife had penetrated his little heart and spilled out his life's blood. God said, stop, Abraham. And about that time there was a rustle in the thicket. God answers that faith when He knows we mean it. When the Holy Ghost sees our motives and knows there is no pulling back, there is a rustle out there in the leaves. Abraham looked and there was a ram caught in the bushes. No ram ever got hung like that before. God hung him that time. In that moment of trial in your life or the time of mighty trial in your local church when things are the darkest and all hell is turned loose and the light almost flickered out but you held on and then God came! Nobody will ever know all of Abraham's burden or how near that serum for the human race came to being lost but, thank God, it didn't die out. God is saying today, "I want you to contend for the faith."

Then there was old Noah who was moved with fear and by faith built an ark. When the judgments were threatening and the flood was coming on he had faith enough to be afraid of things yet not seen. Thank God, he went into a city and built himself a church before he had a congregation. Hallelujah! He said, "I think God wants to do something here and he built his house and then said, "Everybody come on." And everybody that went in were saved. Only eight got in. It only lacked eight of being snuffed out, but eight kept the faith a burning.

The world didn't think much about that boy in the basket among the bulrushes, but God knew he was to be a prophet. Hallelujah! And Providence so surrounded him that his mother became his nurse and the king's house became his nourishing table, and the universities of Egypt became his school room. But one day, when he came to his own, something surged within him and he realized that there was different blood in his veins than flowed in the veins of the Egyptians and something awakened within him. There came a time in his life when he said, "I'd rather suffer affliction with the people of God." "The Israelites are my people. I know I was schooled in the universities of Egypt and reared in the king's house but I am not of Pharaoh's house. "That crowd with sweating, bleeding backs out yonder in the lime pits making bricks without straw, is my crowd." Then out there in the desert, by the bush that burned and was not consumed, God called him and said, "I have seen the afflictions of my people and I have heard their groanings and I have come down to deliver them." "Come now, and I will send you into Egypt." Brother, Moses never started until the fiery baptism of the burning bush burned out every bit of carnality and burned out the university and the Egyptian ambition until he had rather suffer the afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Hallelujah!

I'm talking about that spark of faith, that something that God plants in the soul. Faith is the victory. Faith is holiness. It isn't a worked up, thrilled up something until you can shed a crocodile tear. No, it is something that will make you move when nobody else moves. It is that something that makes you willing to suffer when everybody else walks out. It is something within you that makes you face the battle when everything else within you is trying to run. It is that thing that holds you steady when everybody is shouting, "Escape; save your live; run, save your reputation." There is something in there that is planted deeper than the fear of man and deeper than the ambition for personal gain. When that is planted in you, that hope of glory, then you will stand and you'll not do it unless you are sanctified wholly. Jude is not talking to regenerated people. He said to "Them that are sanctified." You are the preserver of the seed of God. You are the preserver of the faith. He never gave it to an unregenerate or an unsanctified church. God never sent an unsanctified church out. Away with your once in grace, always in grace. God knows they must be born again but brother, he never gave them a commission until they were sanctified wholly in the upper room.

The unregenerate and liberal crowd wrecked the church and turned the thing into a play party and the house of God into a place of selling of pigeons. They changed it from a house of prayer into a house of feasting. They have lost the desire to keep the body under and would rather feast and entertain self than to sacrifice self. The worldly crowd are sitting down in the day time and fanning themselves with the fan of ease. The book says "They sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play." When the man of God came down from the mountain with the shine of obedience on his face, he heard the clatter of dishes and the laughter of ribaldry in the camp and he said to his friend Joshua, "It is not the cry of war." Oh, brother this thing we hear about in the modern church,

the programs, and crusades and the building of four hundred thousand dollar cathedrals. They have the money and the talent and everything you can conceive of except the Holy Ghost.

It is not the cry of men that are ready to do battle for God. No. It is a different sound. It is the sound of relaxation and of a drunken orgy. It is the sound of something trivial and the sound of a dance. Moses could see the nudity of the camp for they danced themselves naked and they circled around the calf of gold that they had made. God never gave those people gold that they might consume it upon themselves. He had them bring it out of Egypt that He might make sockets for the pillars of His tabernacle in the wilderness and to overlay the beautiful altar where His shekinah glory would come. But they had perverted the gold. That's what many are doing today. They are perverting the silver and gold while they refuse to cry and make their offerings. They bedeck themselves with all the glamour and dance to the tune of idols.

jumping. What a lie! He was caught in the thing. Aaron had fallen to the place where he minded the people and their ambition and their selfishness. The reason faith has failed in the fires of persecution is because the prophet is afraid of the people. They have lost their message. Old Sister Proud heart and old Brother Money Bags and the old church board run the church. The preachers are afraid of the people that support them and are afraid they might lose their reputation and not get moved to a bigger church than they had. Even though Aaron had failed the fire never went out. Why? Because there was a man who had just come down from the hilltop where he had looked upon God. God had shed His glory on him. Moses came down and looked the situation over and God whispered in his ear and said, "get out of the way, it is time to eliminate the whole business, I'll kill ever last man, woman, boy and girl and every beast and every animal and everything that they possess." "Get out of the way Moses." But on his knees Moses plead with God. Humanity consecrated -- No! Humanity filled with the faith of the eternal God.

Moses on his knees with the flickering light of the great faith that was to light your path and mine, plead with God. If it had not been for Jesus Christ throwing Himself before the roaring torrents of God's wrath this world would have been gone before now. And Moses, the anti-type of Jesus Christ threw himself in the gap and said, "Oh God, after all that you have done for this people don't blot them out now. You brought them out of Egypt and across the wilderness and up to this river Jordan where we can see the land and smell the flowers and the pomegranates and the fig trees. Oh, God, here we are. Won't the devil love this. No he is not going to laugh at us, he is going to laugh at God. They will accuse you of letting them die in the wilderness. You will not let them die." And on and on he prayed. "Oh God I know they have sinned an awful sin but if you don't forgive --" and then he lost words to express it. Look in the Bible and you will see. Remember that verse in the New Testament that says the Holy Ghost will make intercession for us with groanings. Have you ever come to the place in your prayer life where you just couldn't express in words, what you felt in your heart? About all you could say was "Oh God, Oh God." And the Holy Ghost took that groan and took that message and that heart throb and that burden and that moaning and went up to the throne of God and made intercession with groanings that could not be uttered. I believe the Holy Ghost took that little dash or comma in that awful moment when faith was about to die. Moses could have let them go but he didn't. He said, if not, blot my name out. My God, get after me, Jesus! He made an atonement. What is an atonement? It is an at-one-ment with God. One stands in the gap and suffers for things he is not guilty of. He suffers for another that he might free

him and appease the wrath and satisfy the justice of God. Only Jesus could atone for the race but He wants us to stand in the gap of intercessory prayer.

You talk about old time religion in the Bible Missionary Church and all the rest of these precious bodies of people across the country. It's not the name of a church that's going to bring the victory. It's not a certain group. It is that burden.

It is that seed of faith. It is that inculcated something of the nature of God that won't let lose but clings when the world is on fire and when faith is about to die out, and the experiences of the infinite have become commonplace. Many come to the altar and profess everything under the sun and get nothing. They don't stay there long enough to get victory through the blood. It is in that moment when God is counting on people to stay in there and say, "My God, save this generation of men and women." "Oh, God, if you have to blot out my name, save this soul."

Contending for the faith. There are lots of folks that will take the sword like Simon Peter. Plenty of them will take the sword and strike against somebody that would say something against this book or against the Sabbath day, or against some old fashioned standards. The motive in there may be kind, but oh, the weapons are not the weapons that God expects you and me to use. You can't show me a place in there but what the one that kept the spark of faith going and the light of God burning was the one who gave. He was the one that paid the price. He was the one that took the arrows of a despicable world that hated God and buried them in His heart. He took them all and carried them to His cross of crucifixion. There God looked upon the travail of His soul and was satisfied. That is the victory. I don't care what else we stand for. I don't care what else we preach or anything else, if you aren't dying you aren't living. If you can't groan you can't shout. If you can't weep for God you can't laugh for God. This thing is more than just a holding of standards. This is something that consumes the soul. I tell you beloved, I wish I could bare my soul to you. I get so sick and tired of folks quibbling over those things anyhow. If you get out where the bullets are flying and guns are blazing where the flashing steel of the sword of battle is waving and the shield of faith is all that is holding you, brother, you'll forget about all these things. You'll get out there beyond them. You'll not go into the battle without the full armour of God. You'll be dressed properly. If you aren't you'll never get out there. I don't want to quit emphasizing standards but I want you to be an intercessor with a throbbing heart.

Simon Peter was protecting Jesus but Jesus said, "Get behind me Satan. Put up your sword. You don't know what kingdom you are of. You've got to be baptized with this common salvation until you will die with me. I'm not asking for an army of sword and spears. I'm asking for some men that will die."

Contending for the faith! Paul said, now if you can't do it, if you are having a hard time, look at your uniform. Put on the whole armour of God. Why? That you may be able to withstand the wiles of the devil, Glory to God. He said we are not fighting against our brethren. We aren't going around to see if he is bald-headed or curly-headed. No sir. Not going around that way. But I want you to put on the whole armour of God. We're not wrestling against flesh and blood. We are struggling against rulers of darkness and powers of darkness and wicked spirits in high places. We are fighting an atmosphere where all hell is turned loose on us. The delinquency problem has filled

the air and all the divorces and murders and everything wicked and vile until the love of many is waxing cold. I want you to put on the whole armour of God.

Put on the breastplate of righteousness. Keep your own life clean and then they can say He has jumped off the deep end and it doesn't bother you a bit. Hallelujah! And they can shoot at you from every angle but the fact of the matter is you have on the breastplate of righteousness.

He said, Put on the helmet of salvation. Satan is going to bruise his heel but God is going to bruise his head. Get the shield of faith, faith that can trust. Put up the shield of faith.

And then take the sword of the Spirit. Not a carnal weapon. Cut and slash with the sword of the Spirit, preach the word. Be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine but will heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. From such turn away. But I tell you, said, Paul I've been through this, I've been shipwrecked on the ocean, beaten with stripes 40 times save one. They stoned me on the sidewalks and God put me on the elevator and took me up into the third heaven. He said, Timothy, you tell them I've fought a good fight, I've kept the faith. Glory. And there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me on that day and not to me only but unto all those that love His appearing.

I thought one night when I was a boy I was going to heaven, I really looked with anticipation. I shut my eyes and went away into a kind of a reverie or half-awake dream or whatever you want to call it. But I thought I was out in western Kansas where I used to go between school terms, I thought I went out there into the harvest field and the sun was down and all the harvest was in and I thought about my blistered callused hands and I could see the old wheat straws with the heads on them hanging on the side of the header barge. They hauled the wheat to the stack or hauled the bundles to the threshing machine. There they hung. I thought everybody was in expectancy. There they were all looking toward the east. And someone said, Well, He may be here before we get the chores all done. There was something in my heart that thrilled me. Glory to God. Work's all done. When we pitch on the last load of bundles and the last load of wheat heads He may come. And that vision carried on until I felt the touch of my wife in the morning. I was dreaming.

Are you looking for glory J for Jesus to come? Jesus who died on the tree. A cloud of bright angels to carry us home. Oh, that will be heaven to me. We will be free from all the trials. Oh, this old fight. This old faith. I believe there are men and women who are not going to rely on the New Revised Standard Version, but will abide by the faith and die for that faith once delivered. Oh, have you been persevering in that faith? Have you been giving yourself? Have you been keeping that sacred faith? Have you had an evil motive, a selfish motive? An envious spirit? Was what you did so selfish that God culled it out? Was it just a tare that the enemy came in the night and sowed among the seed? You don't dare pull them up. Don't dare tear them up. Some are among the good people of the church and if you pull up the tares you might destroy a full cluster you know. God said, Let them alone. Let them alone till the harvest time. He said, I'm going to send my men, not angels to gather them first because they've got their heads up higher than the rest of the people. They are always giving dictation, you know telling folks that we are wrong and they are right. So it is not hard to locate them in the harvest. So, when we cut the wheat down, the bundles

down you know, that old head, the tares, sticking up about six inches above the wheat you know. Just go along and take the sickle and cut them off and not bother the grain at all. He said, men will gather them and put them in the fire and they will burn. Then he said, we are going to gather the wheat into the garner. Say what you please, I'd rather suffer and keep the fire burning. Glory to God. I'd rather suffer and nourish that little bit of faith. There isn't much of it now days. God helps us to keep in the garden until God can revive and rejuvenate and regenerate and sanctify so the seed can live. If you are not willing to die in this hour--God needs somebody to stand in the gap. I believe God has given that spirit to this crowd, not just to the Bible Missionary Church, but this crowd that is in every church that the devil has not hurt. They want to serve Him but somehow the devil wants them. We'd better keep the fire on them and keep them in old fashioned meetings where God can come and somehow do something for our little group or we'll drop into hell with the multitudes of this generation. I want to intercede with all my heart and every ounce of my strength. I want to tell you God is helping folks but we need to get in there further. The old light is flickering.

You know there are young people that walk the side walks and come in and sit in the pews of holiness churches, who are becoming so accustomed to the program of modern liberal holiness, until they are settling down in the atmosphere of entertainment and sports and recreation and psychology, and they have said, "maybe this is all right." There's only one thing -- all the doctrines we ever preach will never stir them. We can only stir them with the sacrifice on Moriah. We are going to have to take the persecution and the shame and the ignominy and the reproach that Jesus took and say, Glory to God, this old-fashioned way is it and we must practice it in prayer, and practice it in song and practice it in preaching and practice it wherever we work or wherever we are. We are the preservers of the faith once delivered to the saints. If you are not ashamed of it roll up your sleeves and be a prayer warrior. Jude said, I exhort you that you earnestly contend for the faith that was ONCE delivered to the saints. It was handed to us a holiness people. Are we then going to contend for it, or are we going to submit? And if we lose it we lose ourselves.

It has not been long ago since I saw the faces of my friends. It is no merit of mine. They had meant a lot to me and I had traveled with them a long, long way on the road, but there came a time when there was a stand that I had to take and one by one they said, Good-bye. Why? If I wouldn't stand for this brother, I'd lose my own soul. If the fire goes out in my own heart I can't fan anybody else's into a flame. We must be singled out for God. He is not going to Dull us out by families nor by churches nor by communities. He said, Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and open the door I will come in and sup with him and he with me. He is counting on you and me as an individual one that will stand in the gap. What for? to contend for the faith which once was delivered unto the saints.

I can't go into detail for I'm through The space is gone. But the footprints of the men and the women that went this way are recorded, part of them in the 11th chapter of Hebrews. These all died in the faith. And God hath prepared for them a city and he is not ashamed to be called their God. Did you ever read that? You can read that about the 13th verse of the 11th chapter of Hebrews. Time would fail to tell you the suffering of John Knox, Martin Luther and the light they had. When they tried to get one of those old saints to recant with fires already lighted, when the flames were going up until the smoke began to choke him, one of those tormentors stepped up to him in fear and said, Mr. Huss, it is not too late to recant? We can put the fire out. He said, I have

brought no evil gospel. I will not recant. And John Huss slipped out. But before the fire ever burned him he was shining in paradise somewhere in the great love of God. Listen, beloved it is either real or it is the biggest farce that was ever displayed in the universe. I believe it is the faith of our fathers. I believe it with every ounce of strength and every drop of blood and I mean by the last 33 years that I have put in there, and I mean to keep it. If I drop dead in the pulpit I'll go to heaven. Contend and not whine. God wants some that will suffer.

My friend E. J. Wilson said if I was starving to death I'd make the devil think I was fasting. He said, Brother Griffith, if I thought there was a compromising hair in my head and I didn't know which one it was I'd pull them all out. That's the way I feel, Brother, we are in the battle. We are not in a kind of old sham battle. We are not shadow boxing. We are not in a little old skirmish out here on the skirmish line, Brother, this is an all out war. This is a bloody war. This is a war unto death. Not human death but eternal death. It's worth fighting for. Glory to God! Contending for the faith.

I'm having a good time. My back has not bled any yet! I don't know whether it will or not. I believe when that time comes His grace will be sufficient. Through many dangers, toils, and snares I have already come. 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far and grace will lead me home. Let's stand up and sing it if you believe. How many have the faith? God help us to fight for it. God help us to suffer for it. God help us to die for it. Somebody suffered or you wouldn't be here. Let's be as fair as the moon and as clear as the sun and as ferocious as an army with banners. Hallelujah!

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3

THE BIBLE MISSIONARY UNION

From the June, 1956 Missionary Revivalist

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It was in the month of September and the eighth day, that a crowd gathered under a large sixty by ninety tent about seven forty-five in the evening. The tent was located about five miles west of Nampa, Idaho and four miles east of Caldwell, Idaho on Highway thirty.

This crowd came in response to invitations from a group of God's burdened people, who after much prayer had decided to start the meeting. Of course the meeting really started earlier in the hearts of many of God's people who felt that something must be done to preserve the rich heritage of "old fashioned scriptural holiness" as they knew it in the beginning of the modern holiness movement, and that its freedom and liberty of worship would be handed down to this generation as they had received it.

For two years previous to the gathering under the tent God had been talking to my heart about my responsibility to God and this generation, to preach the rugged gospel, and maintain its standards of holiness of heart and life, as I received it from the old fashioned preachers and leaders when I came into the movement in 1926. I felt in my own heart, and also from the

testimonies of many other preachers and people, that I could not go along with the drift that I could see in the program of the church of which I was a member. So as the pressure grew both from the condition I felt in the church, and also the constant urge from the Holy Spirit to faithfully contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and make full proof of my ministry to this generation, I finally came to the place where I had to make a choice. Three alternatives confronted me. I could have gone along with the present program or I could stay in the church and fight for the things that marked the identity of the early holiness movement, and run the risk of getting bitter in the fight and lose my soul or I could walk out under the stars and continue to preach as when I started out in the beginning. After weighing these attitudes in my heart I decided while in prayer as I walked the road under this pressure, that I would choose to step out, without rancor, or much thought for the tomorrows, but only that I might please God and finish my course with victory.

It was while I was fighting this battle to know the will of God as to my future ministry, that I received a letter from one, later connected with the band that erected the tent between Caldwell and Nampa, Idaho. Finding this crowd of the same mind I made the decision to come to Idaho and start the meeting and trust God for the future. On September 7th, I mailed in my Elders Orders to the proper authorities, and boarded the train for Idaho arriving about four thirty in the evening. I went out to the tent and at eight o'clock started the meeting with about one hundred and fifty present the first night, and thus beginning our present group. The meeting ran in the tent and in the present tabernacle for five weeks and in the early days of November we organized what is now "The Bible Missionary Union" with about one hundred and twenty-six members. God has so marvelously overshadowed until it reminds one of the way the Lord shielded His people with the cloud by day and the fire by night, and has supplied every need just as it was presented. For weeks and running into months the faithful Holy Spirit has filled the altars time after time and very few altar services have been barren.

Now up to this article, the group has grown locally, and has in the meantime, expanded to the almost unbelievable. In many places God has raised up congregations, who, though having to move out under the stars with no equipment of any kind, have managed to rent or buy property sufficient for the services and have made a place for the pastors and their families. God has given to the Bible Missionary Union a wonderful group of old fashioned preachers who for the most part are Elders and successful in the ministry wherever they have come from. Some have come from leading churches and some from the field of evangelism. They are anointed of God for such a time as this, and the glory of God is continually upon the preaching services as well as the wonderful prayer and praise services. The atmosphere of these services attended by large crowds takes a person back to the holiness meetings of twenty years ago. In these few short months God has blessed the organization until it has spread into thirteen states and there are many cries of "Come over into Macedonia and help us," so many that it is hard to keep up with them and impossible for us to organize with a pre-revival meeting. Rev. Spencer Johnson, Rev. Joe Cook, Rev. H. B. Huffman, and myself are all busy organizing and holding revivals, getting folks together, and the tide of need is rising, and the forces of help are increasing. We are confident that if we can keep "the glory down" and trust only in the God of Israel and the Christ of the New Testament that He will help us to reap some of the harvest that is being wasted in these last days that are marked by signs of apostasy. May God help us not to depend upon human programs, but humbly believe God and follow the cloud by day and the fire by night.

God has opened the mission fields to our work, and we have our first missionary, Miss Norma Kennedy, in preparation for East Africa, under the "Faith Missions" which is superintended by my good friend and a great missionary, Rev. Victor Glenn who has vision and carries a burden as few men carry for the heathen. God is blessing in a marvelous way. Our local group at Nampa and Caldwell raised \$2900.00 for Norma's equipment, and she will be sailing this summer in answer to her heart cry to the needy harvest fields of Africa. May God bless this our first missionary, and may she thrust in the sickle in these late hours of the day of grace. At the close of a great missionary rally in which Norma gave her experience, and the Lord had helped us to raise this amount of money we made a call for young folks who would dedicate their lives to special service for the Lord and fifteen young men and women stepped out and knelt at the altar and dedicated their lives. To God be all the glory!

The Lord has placed His seal upon the work and answered to the burden of our heart when we felt along with the other reasons for leaving the old church, that the Lord would help us to try to make a way according to the ability that the Lord has given us, for some fine young men whom we felt if they stayed true to the old fashioned faith and convictions which they started out to preach, they would soon be without a place to preach. Some have already felt the urge, and I appreciate the men and women who have refused to bow down to, or take on the likeness of a holiness which does not deliver men from the world and formality. Thank God there are many who are still standing true to their convictions and are putting up a valiant fight, and there are many fine laymen and women who are living faithfully too, although many are under pressure of the atmosphere of cold formality.

We have no rocks to throw, but I will say it is wonderful to be free, and see the Lord work as I have not seen for a good many years in the meetings both large and small. Everybody pulling for the old rugged truth, and shouting on the preacher makes a lot of difference, both to the preacher and to the Lord who is trying to move into the service and convict, convert, and sanctify souls. Thank God for the many tears I can see upon the cheeks of the saints as they rejoice in this old fashioned joyous atmosphere, and sinners and backsliders melt down under old fashioned conviction and make it to the altars and weep their way through to victory. Praise the Lord!

The following little poem has been a source of blessing to me as God has helped our crowds to make a place for the blessed Holy Ghost and lost souls:

An old man, going a lonely way,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide;
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The swollen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man" said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength by building here;
Your journey will end with ending day,
You never again will pass this way;

You've crossed the chasm deep and wide;
And built a bridge to span the tide."

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," said he,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm has been naught for me,
To the fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

--Author unknown.

Sincerely,
Glenn Griffith

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4

THE CHALLENGE OF OUR HERITAGE

From the November, 1956 Missionary Revivalist

* * *

"And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." (Numbers 13:30).

In the setting of this scripture before us we see a group of men chosen from each tribe to explore a vast land, which God had given to them to possess as an everlasting heritage. They have returned to report to Moses and the assembled tribes of Israel what they have found and the challenge of possessing it.

The will of God is always the greatest challenge that can come to a person. It is no different now. A misunderstanding at this point or a drawing back will not only defeat the individual but it will bring hardship upon the whole group to whom the challenge has come. Regardless of what attitude is taken or what decisions may be made by man, God's will remains the same, and He expects it to be carried out in its fullness, or tragedy will follow.

Twelve men were selected to view the land. Ten of them backed up and brought back a discouraging testimony, but there were two men who accepted the challenge, and were willing to go against the majority and take their stand for the will of God. While the ten were bringing a discouraging report, Caleb who had pressed his way to where he had seen the great inheritance stretched out in a beautiful panorama before him, and had climbed a mountain and found its fruit and had eaten of its grapes and pomegranates and had tasted its sparkling springs of pure water,

sprang to his feet and shouted above the noise of the defeated spies and stilled the people and said, "let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it." God never asks the impossible in His will for any person, but makes them able to possess it.

It was this glorious testimony that changed what seemed to be hopeless experience into a victory for Caleb, and later a victory for a whole generation of the children of Israel. Remember, the challenge was not just a claiming of the land or the blessing, but a possession of the land. After they had crossed its borders, the great will of God stretched out before them. Only the ground their feet trod upon was given them. Many start out alright, but when the challenge comes to walk in the light, and keep possessing new territory of experience, and keep their identity clear as holiness folk, they back up and make excuses, and compromise the real experience, that makes the difference between holiness people and holy people.

It means everything to maintain our doctrine of holiness and keep our true identity as humble dwellers and courageous possessors of Canaan. Many lose their identity as holiness folk by becoming lopsided and placing the emphasis on one phase of identification to the neglect of others, and thereby bringing an evil report of the experience of holiness and causing some to turn down the experience and fail to enter the land of Canaan.

A Christian is always surrounded by a certain atmosphere of humility which comes from his constant communion with God, and the leadership of the Holy Ghost, and the patient suffering of daily persecution. There is a strange unearthly glory that accompanies what he says and does. His influence counts for Christ and makes souls hungry. His presence puts a deep sense of conviction upon them because of their disobedience. This glory and spirit of humility are the marks of identification, and without them a Samson becomes as other men, and loses his strength and testimony and becomes empty, wisting not that "the Lord has departed from him."

The challenge of holiness is not just standards, these should not be the outstanding marks identifying us as God's people. But the challenge is to keep the standards, with the glory of God and our lives saturated with his presence. I may dress strictly according to the Word, and we should, for there is no such thing as a worldly Christian. (I John 2:15). I may conscientiously pay my tithe, and keep the Sabbath as all Christians do. I may visit the sick, and run errands of mercy, but really these are not the challenge of my Christian experience. The challenge is do I measure up in all these while God's glory is upon me with a sense of His glorious presence in tenderness and with a burden of sincere concern for those who are failing. This is the challenge! Otherwise, though I may do all these things and have not Divine love, that melting presence of the Spirit, I am become as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

The challenge of holiness is not the fact that we struggled through the day or through the hardship, temptation and test while we murmured and complained about how hard it was to make it, and thereby testified for Satan and his power. But the challenge is to be able to keep our sufferings to ourselves, that Christ may be glorified in us. (I Peter 6:10). Stephen, when he was being stoned to death for something he was not guilty of, said, "I see the heavens open and Christ standing on the right hand of God." Some in the crowd said, "behold his face shineth like an angel's." Paul declared "I count all things but dung, that I may know him, and the fellowship of his suffering." (Phil. 3.) This may appear to some as preaching a little close, but it only shows that the

blessed Holy Ghost can see us through to victory. Otherwise it is but human will worship, and will fail in the crucible and cause one to lose his identity and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ.

May God, the blessed Holy Ghost, so possess our lives, that it will be our glorious spirit of victory, and our concern for a troubled world and lost souls that will reveal our identity while at the same time we do not sacrifice any of the standards of holy precepts. The world sees both extremes; the drastic contender for standards, and also the worldling who has no standards and yet professes to be a Christian. Lost souls are looking for someone who is victorious, consistent and humble in every circumstance. These will prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God, "even your sanctification."

I believe God is gathering the remnant of the scattered sheep of the house of Israel. Not just to form another church group or denomination, but to get them together, and form nucleus for His army to press forward His cause in this final battle before the rapture. The Bible Missionary Church is not forming just to make a place of refuge for hungry, persecuted saints alone, but to gather together some faithful laborers, who will thrust in their sickles into His harvest before, "the summer is ended, and the harvest is past," and this neglected generation goes to the judgment without the true message of deliverance from the carnal mind, that wrecker of men from the beginning.

Here is the challenge. God help me to stand in the gap as we stand with our backs against the sunset of the dispensation of Grace. Help me to pray until my heart burns within me to do His will and to weep over precious souls for whom He died. This is my prayer; Oh God help me to pray until the place is shaken where I am. Help me to pray until a real Pentecost blazes in my soul, and until my entire past, present, and future, my reputation, my all rests surrendered to God, to be hurled against this mighty foe to defeat him in the hearts of men. Help me to pray until my faith embraces a warm Calvary; until the Word of God will not only be my source of authority, but the answer to the sin question in every heart I contact. Help me to pray until I realize the value of a lost soul slipping into hell. Let me pray till I am moved with such compassion for the lost, that I will forget the price of rescue, and go into all the world and preach the Gospel. Help me to pray until messages both negative and positive burn within my heart and that peculiar unction of the Holy One comes upon me. Then let me preach. Let me preach. Let me preach the Word! Let me preach it in the streets, in missions, in little churches and big churches. Help me to preach it until souls will be convicted of their sins and will quit the sin business. Help me preach it until the show crowd, the television crowd will become honest with God and their own conscience and pray through to victory. Yes, dear Lord, let me preach till we have answered the challenge of carnality, and Thy Word has destroyed it in the human heart. All this I ask in the name of Christ. Amen.

It is always easier to run than to stand in the gap. It is easier to drift with the liberal church, than to pray and stand in the gap. It is easier to take whatever comes than to be faithful in the secret place. If we quit preaching against sin, and don't name the sins, if we fail to stand against the little so-called non-essentials, such as wedding rings, and jewelry of all kinds, lodges, Sabbath breaking, divorce, pride, and any other form of carnality and disobedience we will soon cool off and become short of the glory and robbed of our burden as prayers. We will lose the victory in our testimonies and the ministry will lose the real message of deliverance.

All these things present the real challenge of our heritage. The gulf is going to widen between the true Israel and the world. It will not become easier to preach the old fashion gospel. The pressure from carnal brethren and sin will intensify as the battle rages on till Jesus comes. The danger, (If we don't keep in the shadow of the Almighty), will be to either get bitter or go along with things on a nominal level. Here is the test and challenge of a true holy people and leadership. We can only do the task with broken hearts and vital truth. God help me to fight with compassion and earnestness of heart and life, and accept the challenge of this tragic hour when men are failing and make full proof of my ministry until Jesus comes or says, "Well done. come home."

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5 CHRISTMAS

From the December, 1956 Missionary Revivalist

* * *

"... and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." -- Matt. 2:11.

"CHRISTMAS" -- what memories cluster, and form in the minds of millions of people everywhere when this Name is spoken. While it may mean to the pagan, and unenlightened folks a strange meaningless occasion, and to the selfish, greedy, commercializing forces of industry a time to take advantage of the sentiment, created by this peculiar season's atmosphere and event, and fill their selfishly made coffers, yet to the genuine Christian it is a hallowed memory of the most wonderful event in history, when God wrapped His wonderful infinite Love in swaddling clothes and laid it in a manger -- giving to a lost, entirely depraved humanity His only begotten Son, that man might be redeemed from all iniquity and become heirs of the whole will of God. Praise His matchless Name.

Only wise men found His manger cradle that Christmas night of long ago, through wisdom that was born of faith in God's Holy Word, of prophecy. It started the footsteps of humble shepherds, and the sandaled feet of kings to making a path to the birth-place of salvation on this earth, and those who follow the path will find a fountain filled with blood, that flows from the heart of this glorious Saviour that was born that glorious night in Bethlehem. He was not only the Gift of God to save men from sin, but He gave himself outside the gate in suffering, that He might sanctify the people with His own Blood.

No wonder that the wise men and shepherds brought gifts of frankincense, gold and myrrh and presented to Him their treasures -- "He gave Himself." To me this is the real expression and essence of "giving." No wonder the question was asked -- "How much owest thou, unto thy Lord"? I am sure these gifts presented on that night of long ago, were but the heart language of these men, saying: I bring to Thee thou Christ -- "My all."

To me He is the same today as when the star stopped over the sweaty stable that night -- or when He counseled with the trinity before the foundation of the world, -- or when He arose triumphantly over death, hell, and the grave, and made captivity captive to His glorious will. He is waiting for our gifts -- our treasures, and if we recognize Him as Saviour and Lord, we will bring our ALL to Him, that " -- the world may know that God the Father has sent Him." I feel this day, like Thomas a Kempis must have felt, when he lifted his voice in supplication, and said; "Give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me just as Thou wilt."

I am sure the same panorama of suffering humanity spreads out before US, that brought the babe in the manger, and the cross with the Saviour upon it. I wonder what OUR attitude will be this Christmas, as we look upon this scene of suffering humanity, both physically, and spiritually. Is it in your heart to give ALL, as HE did --as far as humanity can?

REMEMBER to notice when you read the text of this article, that "They presented gifts, gold, frankincense to HIM -- not to each other. Did you ever stop to think what could be done in this tragic hour for dying humanity in real Christian gospel. If the money spent lavishly upon friends and loved ones would be brought to the manger of eternal life for the souls of men, and given in the same spirit of yielding, and recognition of the gift of God as these wise men had in that glorious midnight hour?

Our memory ought to be quickened deeply, when we think and know, that there are many tribes, and groups of people who have never heard of the love of God cradled in a manger, revealed on the cross, and experienced at Pentecost. There are many dying in darkness, and living in the shadows of death who would worship Him who is that love, if they only knew. If the blessed Holy Ghost could only deal with that young person, like He dealt with that young Scot, -- John McKinzie, a young missionary candidate as he knelt on the banks of the Lossie:--"Lord send me to the darkest spot on earth" -- what hope would come to these darkened souls if someone would "bring their talents and life to that blessed manger" -- now. Then we MUST remember our missionaries that are OVER there giving themselves on a far away field of suffering. Especially to know that Norma Kennedy will be spending her first Christmas away from friends and loved ones, and Miss Keith, and the Others whom we have not met, but all are and have been bringing their all to Him and the heathen lost.

Then, too, we have many valiant preachers and workers, who have brought their all in this hour of apostasy, and are out there on the battlefield burning out for this wonderful gospel that was born on that victorious night. Some are sacrificing far more than the casual eye will ever see, and they will never complain of the sacrifice, for they feel they are just doing what the one in the manger wants them to do. When He said; "--As thou hast sent me, even so also, send I them -- Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." I am sure the deep sentiment would come from each worker and Christian friend, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone and all the world go free? -- No there's a cross for everyone and there's a cross for me."

We of The Bible Missionary Church have not been long on the field of battle known as such, and it would seem to me as one of the leaders that now is the time as we begin to really cut our swath in God's great harvest field to catch the true vision of the cost of discipleship, and that

we practice with warm hearts the bringing to Christ our talents, money, influence--our all to be invested only in souls, without pressure of heavy given budgets -- but our tithes and OFFERINGS as envisioned manger worshipers, realizing that we have found the "pearl" of great price, and we want to give HIM to this lost, confused, footsore generation, in the same measure as we received Him. Bless His name.

WHY NOT -- make these practical gifts this Christmas season. First: send in your (10%), ten per cent to the general fund which keeps the workers on the field in organizational revivals, and renting of halls, etc. Not just this Christmas time, but every month as near the first as possible. Send all monies to Rev. L. P. Roberts, 139 South Bryant St., Denver 19, Colo., and be sure to label each offering.

Then this OUR first Christmas as an organization bring and lay at Jesus feet a consecrated, love offering for "foreign missions," and write our missionaries a letter of confidence. This offering should be designated--"Foreign Missions Offering" -- this, going to our general treasurer. This in turn will be forwarded to Rev. Victor Glenn, and to our missionaries.

Then it would be wonderful if some of our larger churches would remember the pastors and their families of our smaller churches this time of year -- with special remembrance, and let them know that we believe in them, and appreciate the task they are performing for our Christ and Lord, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

May the Christ of every season of the year hover over every household and give you real peace, not as the world giveth, but from the Prince of Peace.

A very warm-hearted Christmas to you all.

Sincerely,
Glenn Griffith

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6
PREPARE NOW -- ERE THE DOOR BE CLOSED

From the February and March, 1957 Missionary Revivalists

Sermon by Rev. Glenn Griffith in the Camp Meeting at God's Bible School
Scripture Lesson: Matt. 25:1-13.

* * *

I want to talk to you from a positive statement, "The door was shut." It seems peculiar that God would call the opening into His kingdom a door, but it must have been because He wanted to use a common everyday word found in every language. A door stands for at least two things in a building or in the home. In the daytime, when the sun is shining, the door sometimes swings or

stands open, saying to friends and neighbors, "Welcome to our home. Come on in." In the evening, when the shadows gather the darkness settles down. that same door stands for something else altogether. It is shut and bolted, and no one gets into the home unless given a special invitation by the host himself.

During this great day of grace the door of God's kingdom is open. The approach of night ought to get every one of us awakened to the fact that the door may soon close. God's Word makes it plain and clear that the present time is a day of grace. He says, "Today is the day of salvation." "Harden not you heart, as in the provocation." He has warned us to flee from the wrath to come. In the language of the kingdom, poor lost humanity should hasten to get in out of the storm, and out of the murky waters of death, while the door is open.

That door is Jesus Christ: there is no other. In the tenth chapter of John, Jesus Himself said, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And in the fourteenth chapter of John, the Master said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Peter made the solemn declaration, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." There are a lot of other ways which people choose, but God's Word says, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Jesus Christ is the open door. He was depicted by the pen of that mighty orator and writer, Isaiah, when he said, "When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him: he is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God. and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." The door was opened when the temple veil was rent from top to the bottom. The riven side of the Son of God made a doorway for every lost soul in the universe, that they might be redeemed by the blood of Christ. There is no other way. Christ is in the foreground. It is Christ or chaos. It is Christ or eternal death. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." He is "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He ascended to the right hand of God, and there He offered His blood upon the altar; and He is there now interceding for a lost and dying world, saying to the Father, "Have mercy on this people." Jesus Christ is the open door from the worst place in this world where a sinner can go, to a highway that can lead to the very portals of the city for God.

Brother, you can join the church, and you can join the Mormons, and you can join the Jehovah Witnesses, you can join any group you want to; but a religion without Christ is just a religion: there is no salvation in it. Jesus Christ can break the habits in men that they cannot break.

He can take them from the scrap heaps of life, and make them monuments of grace in a world that is steeped in sin. I believe this is a day of grace; it is Christ or chaos for the Gentile race. I believe that we are going to get into the kingdom now or we'll never get in. The cigarette-smoking Jew, and the cursing Jew, will repent now and be redeemed now or he will never repent. This generation pays little attention to the laws of God; they are not afraid of the judgment, and they are not afraid of hell. They are taught in the schools not to worry about it, they don't want to think about the hereafter. Many people are so deeply wrapped up in iniquity that they don't want to think about the settlement time. But all of us are going to meet God -- He stands at the end of the trail, and He is going to ask one question, "What did you do with Jesus which is called the Christ?"

There will be a day when infidels will tremble, there will be a day when every knee shall bow, and every tongue will confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Oh, if God could awaken this crowd to the fact that the day of grace is about over! Never has there been such a day of bigotry, never such a day of confusion, never such a day of prayerlessness. Never has there been such a lack of Bible study, never was the Bible such an undiscovered Book as it is right in this evening time. The Holy Ghost is here, and He is calling to men, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said Jesus. You are going to get to the point of no return, one of these days; but if you will seek God with your whole heart, the Holy Ghost will reveal the will of God to you.

God is about ready to take His hands off this generation of light-rejecting people, and an age of undisciplined men and women. Thousands of people in holiness meetings are not moved as they once were. Why? The sun is going down. It is getting late in the day. Away back yonder He said, "I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel." God wants our hearts--your heart and my heart, but the time has come that a speaker can preach on hell, and men will go to sleep in the pew. You can preach on the judgment, and college graduates laugh and nudge one another and say, "Hum, that's that old thing!" But let me tell you, in perfect honesty, that the same scales that weighed Belshazzar will weigh you one of these days. If you don't have salvation through the Blood, if you don't have the Holy Ghost in your heart, you will be found wanting. What are you going to do about it? The sun is about down.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins . . . Half of them were wise, and half were foolish." Only eight people escaped the Flood. I don't know how many will escape in this time, but this Scripture says that five of the virgins were wise and five were foolish. The half who were wise paid attention to the Bible. lined up with its precepts, got oil in that second vessel. They believed that one must have holiness of heart and life -- not just an ethical holiness, but holiness of heart, a personal experience, and a life above reproach.

I am talking about personal holiness--does everybody understand that? Personal holiness not professional holiness, not theoretical holiness. Full salvation will wash away the pollution of your heart; it will deliver you from the world, from your friends, from your loved ones, and from anything that would get between you and glorious communion with God. Separated holiness, hallelujah! You talk about consistency. There is consistency in the realm of holiness. There are

hypocrites in the church, hypocrites in the lodge, hypocrites in business, hypocrites everywhere. But there is a main line that God calls the highway of holiness, and He said, "The unclean shall not pass over it." I have sense enough to know that the Holy Ghost is not going to require of me anything more than it takes to get to Heaven. There are just two crossings into Canaan--the Red Sea where your sins are covered, and the River Jordan where you leave a witness that you crossed over.

I like the attitude of Ruth when she held on to Naomi's hand, and said, "Intreat me not to leave thee . . . Whither thou goest, I will go . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." God is not going to make a special occasion. or a special dispensation of mealy-mouthed, applesauce holiness to redeem this generation that has had more light than has any other generation. God has not changed. Oh, people would like to make excuses. But, brother, Christ is the door, and everyone who gets into the kingdom is going to enter through that door.

Those virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom, but only five had made proper preparations. Somebody said, "Oh, don't call that preacher; he'll split the church." Well, there's already been someone ahead of all this crowd. We read that when Christ shall return for His own, two women will be grinding at the mill. One of them will have already said "Yes" to God, but the other will have failed to get ready for the coming of the Lord. "One shall be taken, and the other left." The Holy Ghost has made the division. In almost every home, there is one who wants the will of God, and one who either does not want it at all or is just playing fast and loose. Two men shall be sleeping in a bed, and one shall be taken. One had listened to God, and the other had not. The two -- there they are.

I could stand in 97 out of 100 pulpits of all the holiness churches, taken as to their general state, and I would see the two crowds--the wise and the foolish. Of course, there may be some who think they are wise, but they may be foolish. They haven't paid the price, they only act like it. I'm not going to shut off that old-fashioned, Blood-washed crowd and try to make them stop shouting just because there are some who do not have the blessing. And I'm not going to encourage the crowd that just sits and looks nice. If they don't mind God, I can't help it. I'm going to love them anyway, but I am trying to tell you that you have to mind God. Simon Peter said. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" The only way we are going to get into Heaven is through the Blood of Jesus.

We are on our way to the Judgment, and we are getting closer to it all the time. The virgins took their lamps, and started out to meet the bridegroom. They testified in meeting, all of them in the same room. Nobody knew just how the others were, and nobody knows tonight how another is. But you know whether or not you have oil in your own vessel with your lamp. The wise testified that they were saved and sanctified, with oil in their extra vessels. The unwise, the foolish, also testified The sun went over the western slope, and evening shadows began to fall. Folks began to get drowsy--God made us so we can sleep, and there is nothing unnatural about sleep. Those virgins lay down to sleep, but in the midnight hour the bridegroom came.

There is coming another hour when a heavenly being will step out of the vestibule of Heaven, and say, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." I believe that when that voice sounds, the graveyards will open and give up their dead. "The dead in Christ shall rise first;

then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them!" I wish I had strength enough, I wish I had vocabulary enough, I'd like to put on a demonstration that would wake up this crowd, would wake up the young people, and let them know that we are very close to the coming of Jesus.

When the graves are turning wrong side out, and the saints are being gathered up, what do suppose the foolish will do? What do you think you would do then if you knew that you had walked behind light, and you didn't get sanctified, or if you did get the experience of holiness you had let it leak out of your soul? What do you think you would do at that very hour when Heaven's gates swing ajar, and the Son of God descends with a shout, and with the trump of God--what would you do? I don't believe that those virgins walked up, and touched one another on the shoulder, and said, "Could I borrow a little oil?" No, I believe they were screaming and pulling their hair, saying, "Can't you spare a little oil?" "What for?" "Our lamps are going out." Brother, it is that second blessing, that extra oil, that is going to light the midnight hour. I believe that is one reason Paul said that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Those who have oil in their lamps are going to be with Him. You say, "I don't believe it." There's going to be a commotion; there's going to be remorseful crying; there's going to be wailing in the night. You ask, "How do you know?" Because Christ has not come yet; He is just announced. And the foolish, for the first time in their life of profession, gave an honest testimony. They said, "Give us of your oil, give us of your oil. We have traveled all these days, we have professed all right, but we really have had no oil." But the wise said, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Did they go? Sure, they did. But something tremendous happened while they were gone.

Now, let me ask you, where do you think they went? Where do you buy this experience? They went down to that old empty church. The old bell is hanging idle, the old clapper does not ring any more. No need. The old-fashioned prayer meeting isn't held any more. While they went to buy, the Bridegroom came. Somebody says, "What about the regenerated folk now? Will they go into the Millennium?" John 1:7 says, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I believe there is a provision in the atoning Blood for the cleansing of a natural child, until he reaches the age of know-how and know-what, and realizes that he has not only broken a law of home but has broken a law of God. That moment the Blood ceases to cover, and that child must repent. That same provision in the atoning Blood of Jesus covers the babe in Christ as long as he walks in the light; but when he comes to the light of holiness and rejects it, and says, "No." he is not a Christian, he is a rebel. Friend, you are going to meet the Lord at the rapture, or you are not going in.

While the foolish virgins went to buy, the Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage. When the last one was in, the door was shut. Let me tell you, the same hand that shut the door of Noah's ark shut this door, too. Afterwards the other virgins came also, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But He said, "I know you not."

In the beautiful seaport city of Seattle is a new pier, almost like the inside of a depot. The huge gate opens at the push of a button. Almost at the same time, the gangplank slides down off the boat. When one pushes the button again, the gangplank goes up, almost at the time the door goes

shut. I stood there in that beautiful structure, for I like to watch the boats. I like to see them being loaded, like to see the large cranes lift those almost unbelievable weights of different articles and let them down into a freighter. I like to see the people march up a gangplank. There is something about it that makes one feel they are really going some place. I've watched them there by the hour when I would take a walk out in the sunshine while there in a revival.

One time a large passenger boat was in, and the depot, or whatever they call it, was crowded with people. Officers were examining passports and looking at tickets. But I noticed that over in the corner were some folks who had evidently forgotten something. It may have been a large family, or some friends and a family together. There was one who seemed to be saying that she would have to go back, there was something she would have to do. And I noticed that a little gray-haired lady, that I picked out to be the mother, would say, "Well, if you must, you had better go, because it is almost time for the boat to leave." I could not understand what they said, but that is what it seemed like to me.

The lady left, with her little handbag, and started out to do whatever it was she had to do. But while she was gone, somebody called out over the loud-speaking system, "Time to go aboard," and the people started. They marched out through that big gate that stood there as though it never would move again. It looked as if everybody could go through, but at a certain time a man dressed in blue, wearing a peculiar kind of cap, walked over and punched a button, or did something or other. I heard a rattle, and a clang -- not loud, but like heavy machinery moving smoothly through oil. I saw the gate begin to go down, and about the time it was within four or five feet of the floor, that lady came frantically in on the other side. She ran and threw up her hands, and waved to an officer. But he paid no attention. He had had instruction to shut the gate, and the gate was shut. She jumped up and down, she went over to the ticket office, she went back and pointed her finger in the officer's face and said, "I've got to get on that boat." But the gate did not open. The boat moved out into the harbor and was gone, while the woman stood there, frightened and disappointed. Still it would be but a week until she could go on another boat. But what I am trying to tell you is that when God's door is shut, and the old ship Zion Dulls out for that shore of everlasting contentment, it will never, never come back. If you have to buy some oil, you had better do it now. You know just where the oil level is in your lamp tonight. Will you be honest with God? I want to tell you there is perfect cleansing for you:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

You can get through that door of salvation now, and be ready for the Rapture. Won't you do the thing that God wants you to do? -- From God's Revivalist

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From the May, 1957 Missionary Revivalist

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"I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." (Rev. 2:4).

The whole setting of this scripture containing this solemn indictment against the Christians at Ephesus is surrounded by an atmosphere of unearthliness, and supernatural awe.

The barren island of Patmos with its bleak barrenness, with only a solitary flock of gulls to break the lonesomeness has now become the sanctuary of the omnipotent Christ and His faithful preacher John, who was too hot for the persecutors' oil to burn, had been cast upon this lonely Island to die and be forgotten. But down its lonely pathway walked One who not only came to keep His promise with His disciples -- "Lo I will be with thee, whithersoever thou goest--," but to change its barrenness into blazing glory, and walk by revelation in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, in all His Omniscience, and omnipresence.

What a spirit of awe must have gripped John, as he turned when the voice of many waters called to him. That voice that sometimes was like a mighty storm when it crashes through the mountain passes, or as the roar of mighty breakers on a rock bound sea shore, or as the quiet whisper of a babbling brook as it ripples in the moonlight on its way to the sea. As he turned he saw in the whiteness of His locks the Ageless one. He was never any younger, and will never be any older. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. His eyes blazed with omniscience, and penetrated the very soul of John, who fell on his face, as one dead. A nail pierced hand was laid upon him, and that still small voice said unto him, Fear not; I am the first and the last-Write this to the Christians at Ephesus and it shall be to all people in like experience.

"I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." In His omnipotence He said; I know thy works (this may not have been in commendation), for He said; your works are without love. Just a program. You seem to be satisfied with a crowd -- a big Sunday school -- a luxurious building -- ministering a cold formal holiness without heart-throbs or compassion. Many churches and individuals are trying to satisfy themselves with this "works" program, but no soul burden, just a professional holiness. Yet the world is full of men and women and young people who are lost -- bound by habits -- and crying to be free, but they get no vital held from this heartless holiness. "Thou hast left thy first love."

I know your attitude toward those that are evil, and those who -do not seem to measure up to your standard, saith the Word, and I know you have tried them which say they are Apostles and are not. You can sense the fact they are preaching without unction, but the spirit in which you rebuke them, or discuss them is a spirit without love. Rather a harsh legal spirit. They have no excuse for their sinfulness, and light rejection, and apparent lack of spirituality, but Paul said: (Gal. 6:1) "Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, YE which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Yes, saith the one that walketh in the midst of the seven Golden Candlesticks: You have labored, and hast borne and hast not fainted, but the romance is gone from your work, your eyes are dry, your heart is really not moved.

True the message of holiness is the only hope for a lost generation, but YE are the light that reveals the strength of the message. You are the proof of its deliverance, but your light has gone out. Thou hast left thy first love. Jesus said Ye are the light of this world. (Matt. 5:14) He never said I will give you the Candlestick of Doctrine, but He said; I will set you on fire, and you will light the way through this doctrine, to the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. Better for a light house to fall, and its lights go out on a stormy night on a rock bound coast, than for a Christian to backslide in his heart and light go out, and he become just a carrier of a cold candlestick of doctrine, that has the form of Godliness, but denies the power that delivers from that old carnal nature.

Jesus said; Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor, where with shall it be salted... Yes the gospel of holiness is the life line that God has, and is throwing out to the lost souls perishing in the currents of sin and death, but if the Christian who is casting the line has lost his strength, like salt without savor -- Jesus said; he is therefore good for nothing, but to be cast out for men to trample under foot. The savor is the strength of the salt, that gives it seasoning qualities, and taste, and so is the first love of the Christian the strength and seasoning qualities of the Gospel. Without the savor it is but a weak, anemic, nauseating and helpless imaginary hope. Like a mirage in a desert is to a thirsting and famishing wanderer it looks like water but is only an imaginary lake or oasis, which beckons the traveler on until he stumbles and falls famished and lost.

My friend it may look like holiness, and the program will attract a crowd if the sponsors are talented, and are good psychologists, and can project their strong personalities into it through polished and planned social activities or persuade through appeals to the vanity of souls or appetites of the flesh as they seek for a prize or to be popular, and great reports will be given of the wonderful crowds and service, and yet it will be as empty and dead as a pine branch decorated with presents and false fruits hanging all over it at Christmas time. In like manner this kind of program is just fooling lost souls on their way to the judgment. They thought it was hope, but found only chaff. They listened to talent and voice culture in harmony, and thought it was real salvation, but found in it no strength to deliver them from a burdened heart and a habit-bound life. Oh preacher what a tragedy -- Oh Christian what a judgment is coming. "Thou hast left thy first love."

Yes this emptiness could take on the picture of a so-called program of radical holiness (falsely so called), and the whole, with a spirit of scorn, and censure, because they have only just a little handful of browbeaten or bitter folks, who mind no one else but themselves and their concept of holiness and its standards, who go farther with their opinions than the Bible goes. Some of them are so radical they wander forever feeding at every meeting that is advertised as holiness, but they are never willing to stand up and be counted when an offering is being taken, or a group being formed to do battle for Jesus and a lost world, as there is always something that does not quite suit them. The poor broken, footsore world, with its broken hearts and lost souls finds this so called Christian crowd like the man Jesus spoke of in Matthew who heard a knock on his door in the night and when he arose and opened the door he found a "Friend who had come on a long journey, and was hungry for bread, but when the man turned to look he found his tables EMPTY. He had nothing to satisfy the hungry friend, so is this so called heartless program -- plenty of testimony -- but no bread of life. Oh God don't let us lose our first love, for it doesn't make any difference then what

we stand for or against if we have lost the tenderness, and compassion of our first found joy, we have no bread of life to give -- we can only give what we have.

The heart of the experience of holiness is love out of a pure heart -- not mushy love, such as the liberal brethren like to hide behind, but love that is divine in our hearts that makes us really love souls. Love that will sacrifice for lost souls to redeem them. Love that gives birth to vision like Isaiah had (Isaiah 6) until with sin purged-He cries, "Here am I Lord, send me." Love that will pray in its Gethsemane -- "not my will but thine Father." Love that will send young men and women across international boundaries to give their lives in some pagan, far away land, that they might bring the bread of life to the starving suffering souls who have never seen the light of the Gospel, nor tasted of the bread of life.

"Who can count the thousands of souls who have slipped through the channels of so called holiness groups, and individual Christians' hands, and plunged into a hopeless eternity without God and without hope, because a Christian's light went out -- a Christian lost the keen edge or the savor of his experience or the romance of his ministry. If the enemy can rob the preacher of his unction -- the Christian of the victory in his testimony-the pray-er of his groan, he has succeeded in defeating every purpose and plan God made to save lost humanity. God's ambassadors have "lost their first love." Let the preacher carry on his. high type so called program-Let him keep his so-called pace with the TIMES. Let him project his so-called scholarly personality, and masterpiece of firstly -- secondly -- and thirdly perfectness, and its content of thought and composition, but if there is no unction. if there is no real soul concern for the crowd to whom he ministers, they only go home from the service, disappointed, unfed, and the lost wander farther in hopelessness-they came and asked for "a fish -- but they were given a serpent." "They asked for bread-but they were given a stone."

When one thinks of the Christian so-called, and ministers who carry on their lives and task without doing it in the "light of eternity" one cannot help but shudder at what will take place at the judgment seat of Christ, where we will ALL be judged according to our works. The great commission was and is -- "Go, ye into all the world and make disciples," and everyone knows that only when Zion travails will souls be born into the kingdom of God. Only the sermon preached with unction of the Holy One will produce conviction deep enough to cause souls to repent. Only a burdened prayer will create an atmosphere where souls can pray clear through to the experience of the new birth or sanctification as a second work of grace. Paul said, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel . . . let him be accursed." (Gal. 1:8)" God have mercy on anyone who takes lightly this tragedy of leaving their first love, and tries to Carry on in this heart backslidden state. Anything can happen to a person when they lose this life of Christ placed in them through obedience to God's will by the blessed Holy Ghost. The Christian or worker not only will cause many to lose their souls, but will travel out into that state of apostasy, and many will never repent and do the first works again. This path is strewn with the lives of preachers and people who have not only lost their burden and concern and cannot pray for souls, but many are today in indescribable immorality, and no doubt many will never recover themselves. After knowing the love of Christ, and having experienced such fellowship and confidence with God and with unction have proclaimed the glorious gospel of deliverance it is doubtful if they will ever get back. To fall away through the sins of omission, such as failing in the life of devotion -- secret prayer -- or walking in the light of His Word for awhile then go back into

the path of rejection and settle down in this make belief life of cold-hearted formal worship is to border blasphemy. They knew the way they should live, but failed to walk in the light. Oh brethren, what will the judgment reveal, when God calls in His stewards, and reviews our lives? There may be some things we cannot do, but God knows and we know that we can keep ourselves in the love of God, and He will keep us unctionized, blessed, holy so we will not be found naked at His appearing.

Dear readers and brethren, God has called us unto holiness, and has provided the atonement for us that we not only can be saved and filled with all the fullness of Christ, but He is able to keep us from falling. We are His light, strength, and the proof of His divine love and grace, and He has sent us, even, as He was sent into this dark world to save souls for His kingdom! How tragic if we cannot pray, and are not concerned about the lost, and try to get them in some other way! If we have left our first love, then God will have to say again "I looked for a man to stand in the gap and make up the hedge, but found none," and again He will have to pour out His wrath upon this enlightened generation, but their blood will He require at the hand of those who have left their first love. This generation has had the greatest opportunity, and had the brightest light. This generation who has had the privilege of the closest relationship to Jesus Christ will stand with bloody hands and face the solemn indictment, "I HAVE SOMEWHAT AGAINST THEE, BECAUSE THOU HAST LEFT THY FIRST LOVE" -- Then shall many say unto Him -- (Lk. 13:2528) "Lord, we have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me ye workers of iniquity..."

Beloved we are all a long way out yet -- may God help us to make our calling and election sure. "Let us search ourselves to see whether we be in the faith." Remember, there is much else besides standards and doctrines. These we must have if we maintain a clean life and church, but there is the greater which is the experience of vital heart holiness. Its melting, compassionate, humble influence will temper every storm that blows and weep over the erring one and lift up the fallen, and while this old world and formality sits down to eat and rises up to play, we can bring a warm, melting, flowing Calvary to this needy sin-cursed humanity, and be able to meet them with victory at the judgment when our little star is set. And we will hear our Master say -- "Come ye blessed of my Father -- enter into the joys of thy Lord."

How is it this day with you, dear judgment bound friend? Are you honest with God -- your own soul and your fellow man. We don't have to leave our first love, but if you have He said "Repent and do the first works....," and He will receive you. Let us Pray.

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8
THE CRUCIBLE OF PENTECOST
Or Humanity's Melting Pot
Acts 2:1-12

From the July, 1957 Missionary Revivalist

* * *

"What meaneth this?" was the expression of astonishment, that burst from the lips of the gathered multitude as they witnessed the supernatural happenings before their eyes.

Here were men who just a few hours before were recognized as ordinary men, only they followed, after a fashion, Jesus of Nazareth, but had been living in fear of their lives, and had forsaken Him and fled. But now they come rushing out of an upper room without fear or embarrassment, witnessing that this Jesus whom this crowd had crucified was both Lord and Christ, and that this was the experience that was spoken of by Joel the prophet--that God would pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, as Jesus had promised in the 16th chapter of John when He said: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

It meant that the hour of greatest importance to humanity had arrived,--That hour when, Jesus was manifested to "Destroy the works of the devil." It was when the hottest fire was kindled in eternity, and was like a blast furnace in a steel mill that would melt the hardest of minerals until all the alloy, and slag, and foreign particles were melted out and only the pure metal was left. This pure metal was caught in a "crucible" that caught the pure metal after it had gone through the blast fire, and there it was melted, and waiting for molding hands to make it into valuable usages. This metal that was once scattered and mixed with dirt, slag, and impure metal found in the depth of a mountain has now been melted and run together, so it can be used for the good of humanity.

The upper room where Jesus had told his disciples to go, was turned into a divine Furnace, whose fires were so hot, and of such a nature, that they could refine the soul of a human being by burning from his being all the impurities of his nature and disposition. Instead of mineral slag this fire would burn up jealousy, pride, selfishness, anger, envy, strife, fear, and lethargy, and instead of melting minerals to run together--it melted the hardened heart, and caused the entire inner being, free from its mixtures of sin and rebellion, to run together in complete unity of Spirit until the human could love Christ without division or sin, with all of his soul, mind and strength, and his whole being was brought into harmony with the will of God.

Pentecost then became Humanity's "Melting Pot," preparing it for eternity and for the service of Christ and lost humanity. For now God could trust men who were in the "Crucible" and had stood its fires until nothing was left but pure manhood and womanhood, and they would do His will.

There are several things this withering, "Pentecostal Fire," did even besides purifying the individual heart and soul--;

One thing it melts Christians together until they are of one mind and one accord. Here were people from seventeen different nations, with different languages, different customs, different laws, different traditions, different bloods, and while it did not change their nationality, nor identity, it did melt and run them together in this melting pot until they all went out witnessing the same message, they all understood the language of Canaan. They were cleansed of having their own way of doing things back in the old church, and became like "Ruth," when she said, "Intreat me not to

leave thee, . . . whither thou goest I will go . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and THERE will I be buried."

It seems to me that that is, and should be, the picture of our Bible Missionary Church -- we have come from many denominations, and some from no denomination, and our people have been trained in many schools of theology, and different church polity, but because WE as a people have professed to have been in "Pentecost's Crucible"--this fire must be kindled to such heat that it must melt and mold us into a new vessel "Meet for the Masters use" --FOR THIS GENERATION. We are no longer Midianites, etc. -- we are of the "Scattered" sheep of the house of Christendom, and only Pentecostal Fire can melt us into the unified evangelical, and missionary force to reach this dying, footsore, uncared for, broken generation of lost men and women and young people, and enable us to stand patiently against the withering blasts of smear, politics, and selfishness that will be hurled at us from thoughtless and unkind sources. We must be so blended together until our old identification slogans, and plans etc. are melted completely out, and we stand again as fresh characters from the blast furnace of the Pentecostal Room. No principle sacrificed, only the matter of doing things in a melted unity that is new.

This will be no small task for us all, but if I am willing to be melted, and molded for this final battle against the forces of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places, God will mold me so. While I feel that every local group should be as independent so as to plan its own program, and own its own property; Yet we must all be unified in the Spirit, and standards, and vision, and in accepting our obligations to the whole Church. and carry out in unity our responsibility to each other and this great harvest of souls for our Saviour.

Then too, there will be some differences, perhaps slight in the interpretation of some teachings that are more or less controversial; that is, some question on a certain interpretation of a scripture where good holy men--conscientious in their belief, and yet another just as conscientious see it a little different, again this melting fire of Pentecost will blend in harmony our efforts--if all are feeling their interpretation is not infallible--.

For instance, take the divorce evil. There are none, but what feels and abhors the fact that it is the outstanding sin of this age. This sensual relationship has been the downfall of nations and people from time immemorial, and has brought the judgments of God upon humanity from the destruction of the Antediluvian Flood, until this present day--"They were eating, and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and never knew until the flood came and took them all away, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man" or read Matt. 24:37-39. God's law and His judgments have not been able to stop it. Eccles. 8:11. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

Now this question and problem has been discussed and diagnosed by councils of great Christians, and leaders who were holy and conscientious, and while in consultation with large committees they have never yet solved it nor agreed on a definite interpretation so as to satisfy all concerned. Some were more or less extreme in their interpretation against divorce and remarriage, while others took a less extreme attitude. Now all these men were leaders and more or less molded the Holiness movements, and while they did not see this problem just eye to eye, yet again this melting quality of old fashioned Pentecostal fire molded them into a God-fearing, sin-killing

agency and they struck their generations like a tornado, and while none were asked to compromise their convictions on this vital problem. they set their rules not on the extreme nor the exception to the rule, but steered their course to the radical side of the question with mercy and went all out for a holy ministry and a clean church vitalized by this Pentecostal baptism that made them flames of fire and helped them to generate genuine revivals that changed whole generations from sin to God and salvation.

I have never married a divorced couple and never will. I have never knowingly taken anyone into the church who did not have scriptural grounds for divorce. I feel that my judgment is not infallible, and I can trust in, and work whole-heartedly with men who are just as conscientious in their judgment and interpretation, and who are Godly and consistent along every other line of doctrine, and belief in this old fashioned holiness way.

This awful condition of mix up and moral madness is the reason that I am firmly a believer and a preacher of both a strong NEGATIVE and POSITIVE gospel. I believe the Church has failed in its preaching on the negative here. There must be such strong preaching against this dreadful sin that a real hell scare will come upon young people, and they will be afraid to venture down this dangerous trail of broken homes. It must be preached with such passion, that husbands and wives who have a little trouble, or deep lying trouble in their home will be convinced that they had better not break up their home and cast the children out in the currents of life with a stigma upon them, but rather suffer and save any embarrassment, or run any risk of losing their souls. Such impassioned preaching, and teaching--precept upon precept and line upon line, will come nearer saving the home and the soul than any set of rules, that can be mis-interpreted, and abused. "We are saved by the foolishness of preaching." So let preaching and teaching be strong against all evils of the day (Negative) and after that present a flowing, melting Calvary (Positive), and it will light the way to a fountain filled with blood, and a glorious Pentecost and peace.

As far as this writer is concerned, I would rather DIE NOW than to knowingly compromise God's eternal Truth, or His Message to this dying generation. But I cannot see why WE should be held accountable to completely solve, and make rules satisfactory to everybody in this age. When no group, no church or committee of faithful leaders has been able to do this in any generation in the past. I believe in the lives of these great leaders of the past who probably did more in a few years than I will ever do, and were Godly and were just as wise and as conscientious as any person today, yet they were not able to satisfy everyone with their interpretation, but God helped them to mold their generation for God and Righteousness.

I believe with all my heart that if this generation of leaders will set their rules on the radical side with MERCY, and realize that the visible Church is not necessarily the DOOR to the Kingdom--for Christ is "that door," and no ONE will slip by HIM into that glorious invisible church without meeting all conditions. That we can work out a PLAN where holy, devoted, burdened and conscientious men can be "MELTED" together in that great "Faith that was once delivered to the saints," and mingle our prayers, sweat, and tears, and our blood if need be, and meet the challenge of this tragic hour to reach souls that are now in the treadmills of death.

No preacher or leader would be asked to compromise their God-given convictions, nor standards, but trust each other, and stand shoulder to shoulder in this final battle.

Then I notice another result that is characteristic of this "melting pot" experience--; These partakers of this fiery baptism were people from all walks of life, some fishermen, tax collectors, scholars, etc., but they were so melted together in the great endeavor of winning souls, that the only thing mentioned in particular was, that, "They had been with Jesus." I am convinced that God will use all kinds of men if they will go into this "fiery crucible" to reach this lost civilization of immortal souls, in fact the modern holiness movement for most part had for its leaders men, strong in faith, who were saved out of the rough, and had to learn the hard way of experience, but through this mighty experience were able to teach men how to find a "fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins." As E. M. Bounds puts it--"While the world looks for methods, and plans--GOD is looking for a man or men who will stand in the gap and make up the hedge for poor humanity." Oh God give us men. God made men. Men without shame. Men on fire. Men whose knees are used to being on the floor. Men with callused knees. Men who will not sell out to the world. Men whose hearts are broken because of a broken sinful generation. OH GOD give us men.

Yes LORD give us men who are not afraid to face the challenge of Pentecost. Men who are not afraid to face the smear campaign and persecution that goes with this ministry in this late day. Men whose only ambition is to please God and give themselves to this vital task.

Oh God. let this fire fall again, and set Thy ministers and people a flame. Knock the scales from the eyes of Thy followers until we shall never see this world again, but only God and His will and plan. Let it melt out all foreign particles that would deflect God's power and intent for this age and our lives.

The DAY OF GRACE is almost over. The Devil is mad because he knows his time is short. The pressure is mightily upon us all. Men are failing that I one time would have staked my life on, that they never would fail. It is time now when MEN WILL STAND UP and BE COUNTED. The ranks of old-fashioned Christians are thinning, and the Cults, and creeds are growing. The creature is being worshipped, more than the Creator. It is easier to drift than to stand against the strong tide of worldliness, and apostasy. It is more popular to be entertained than to give ourselves to this sweaty and dangerous task. But He will not fail us, now or ever. Bless His Name forever!

One of these TIMES we will again hear that cry--"Behold the bridegroom cometh, Go ye out to meet Him" -- and the astonished world that is unprepared will again stand in awe when the bride of blood washed saints have taken their flight -- "What Meaneth This." Let us be true. Let persecution come. Let friends forsake, and misrepresent us. It will all be forgotten and lost in the glory of His presence, when we patiently finish the race that is set before us. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." I am glad I went to the upper room, and into the "melting pot of the ages." Amen.

Let us lose ourselves in thrusting in the sickle.

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GOD' S GIFT

From the December, 1957 Missionary Revivalist

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"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." (John 3:16)

What a Gift! This world of lost humanity will never be able to fathom such compassion that caused an infinite God to make a gift to a completely depraved humanity that had broken every law of God and every covenant man had ever made with Him. What a time for such a Gift to be given! Never before had the spiritual darkness been so intense. There had been no direct voice from a prophet of God for four hundred years. The religion of the day had dwindled to a mere external hypocritical worship. The holy temple in Jerusalem had been polluted with the selfish money changers and pigeon sellers. The sacred vessels were handled with irreverent hands and it looked as though a just God could, nor would no longer reveal Himself to a nation and people that He had so miraculously delivered from bondage and called to be kings and priests unto Himself.

Now, at this unexpected time and hour, when hope seemed gone forever, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, again brooded over His people, while men staggered on under the unbearable burdens caused by sin. In this midnight hour, He took from the deep of His compassionate heart ALL of the Love of God; clothed it with the likeness of human flesh and wrapped it in swaddling clothes and entrusted it to the body of a special vessel -- Mary, a virgin whom He had chosen, and of whom the scholar said, "there was never one like her before, and would never be one like unto her again." This virgin Mary, carrying the incarnate Word, made her way into a crowded Bethlehem and down its narrow winding streets, jostled about by the careless crowds and finding at last a manger in a sweaty, smelly stable, she presented to this needy world, the precious revealed Love of God -- Jesus the Son of God.

The angel of the Lord came upon shepherds, and His glory shone round about them and they were afraid, while He announced the birth of a Saviour. Hope for a dark, lost world was again kindled. The Angels sang, and wise men, lighted by the star of hope began their search for the Saviour. And wise men have searched for Christ and have been finding Him ever since, Hallelujah! What a Saviour! Every one that finds Him leaves their gifts of Frankincense, and Gold and Myrrh, and goes out on a new way and with a new life, and an eternal hope, and a burning message for lost and dying men.

Even though He came in the tenderness of a baby, yet in Him was invested "All power, both in heaven and in earth." Before He could fully reveal the power of His love, the very power of His Majesty so stirred an earthly king until he strove to slay this child before He was six months old and killed all the male children, so as not to miss Him, for he sensed the majesty of His power. But no king with a design like Herod's can ever find a Saviour, (Yes my personal Saviour) for He is hidden from all who do not seek Him with a whole heart to love and serve Him.

His power of Wisdom, when he was but twelve years old, confounded the wisest of the doctors and scribes as He revealed to them such profound truths from His holy Word. They wanted to do away with Him for the truth searched them out. Their kind are not all dead, for the same stripe today are trying to do away with the Word, by trying to re-write the Bible. saving they would make it more simple and easy to read, but again His power of Wisdom cannot be discovered nor destroyed for only Christians can understand the Word as it is revealed through His power, the Blessed Holy Ghost. But what a Gift, that can unlock the finite minds of sincere souls until they can understand God and His will for their lives and make Him their wisdom.

He was constantly trying to deliver humanity from their woes and sufferings. Through His power of might, He was trying to convince the men who followed Him closest, that He could deliver them. They were with Him when weary from his travels and many messages to the people He fell asleep in the hinder part of the ship. When the awful tempest was on, they saw Him gently rise and they heard his voice, like the sound of many waters, as He said, "Peace be still." They watched the stormy sea as it recognized its master's voice and settled down to peace and calm. They saw Him feed the hungry thousands in the desert with the tiny lunch of an innocent lad. They could not doubt His power when they gathered up the twelve baskets full that remained and presented them to the boy. He was trying to show them that He could take them, if they would yield themselves to Him and feed the hungry souls of men.

Oh, friend, we will never really know what a wonderful Gift God gave this world until we are ushered through the veil and look behind the scenes into that glorious city of God. He could not only heal the lame and open blind eyes, and unstop deaf ears but He could call the dead from the grave. But He came to do more than merely to minister to the body and mind. Bless His name forever! God's love went deeper than bodily needs. He never gave His Son to come into this world as a helpless babe and suffer until His soul's sorrow drove Him into the garden, where He shed as it were, great drops of blood, just to alleviate physical pain. He came to meet the deepest need of the human soul.

Centuries before, He saw the real need through the eyes of the prophet Ezekiel, when He asked, "Can these bones live?" He saw what death and sin had caused. He sent a preacher to preach the word of the Lord and the valley of dry bones came to life and stood on their feet as the Holy Ghost fell on them and they became the army of Israel. Glory to Jesus! His power can go deeper than sin has ever gone. He looks upon the human heart and knows that it is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Yes, He knows what sin has done to every one of us. But more than that, "His power can make you what you ought to be. His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free. His love can fill your soul and you will see, 'twas best for Him to have His way with thee."

They thought He was just a helpless babe, but He was Emmanuel, "God with us." The Pharisees and Sadducees said He was Beelzebub, but His name was and is Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins. Glory! The Jews thought He was an earthly king and would deliver Israel from the bondage of Rome, but He was and is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords and He has come to deliver us from the bondage of sin and to give us an inheritance among them that are sanctified. Hallelujah! What a Christmas Gift. Blessed God, how can I ever thank Thee for this unspeakable Gift. At this Christmas time I am glad to testify that, like the Wise Men, I sought this

Babe in the manger, and the Christ of the Cross. "His yoke is easy, His burden is light. I have found it so, I have found it so. He leadeth me by day and by night, where living waters flow." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." May this Christ of the manger be yours at this Christmas time.

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10

IRELAND, NOT A DREAM BUT A REALITY

From the March, 1958 Missionary Revivalist

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On the third day of January, 1958, Rev. Paul W. Finch, Leroy Adams, Jr., and the writer, boarded the beautiful and gracefully built passenger ship, "America," it helping to make up the fleet of "United States Ship Lines." The America is 723 ft. long, 92 ft. high, and 93 ft. wide, and made the average speed of thirty knots per hour. Getting us across the stormy Atlantic Ocean in a little less than six days. The crossing was called a very rough crossing by members of the ship's crew, especially the last two nights, as we skirted a terrific storm that struck England with winds reaching ninety miles an hour, and blowing several smaller ships ashore on England's coast, but we were north far enough to escape the hard storm, and made it in fine shape.

The Lord seemed to smile upon us from the very beginning, as every plan in meeting and boarding the ship worked according to plans, and after boarding we were asked to have charge of the Sunday morning service, and Brother Finch and Brother Adams led the service in song, and sang a beautiful special with guitar accompaniment, and the Lord helped me to make an attempt to preach from James 4th chapter. While out in the middle of the great Atlantic with only what seemed a very small boat by now in comparison to the immense expanse of the churning ocean, I took the subject -- "What is your life? It is but a vapor, that appeareth for awhile and then vanisheth away." Certainly the fact of the uncertainties, and frailties of life, were brought very vividly to mind, as we tossed helplessly on the bosom of a stormy sea of water, but the sea of life is far more stormy and uncertain, and God seemed to help to bring this thought to bear in upon the minds and hearts that Sabbath morning. Praise God forever, for this glorious gospel of holiness.

Then after the services, on the next day a gracious act of courtesy on the part of the Chief Purser happened. We had been separated and in different cabins, but the Chief Purser placed us all together, and transferred us from tourist class cabin on "B" deck to a large and most comfortable cabin on "A" deck, and also furnished this writer with a Dictaphone and writing belts without charge. In fact we were treated graciously all the way across. May God bless the good ship crew.

NO WE DIDN'T GET SEA-SICK, that is, well Leroy Adams lost one meal, but after that he made it like a good sailor. Brother Finch was a blessing in arranging things for the trip, and using his experience of travel, made the trip a very enjoyable one.

We landed January 9th at Cobh, Eire. The southern part of Ireland is about ninety-five per cent Roman Catholic, while the six northern countries are pre-dominantly Protestant, so the south is called Eire, and the North, Ireland. We made our way on a small Tender, called the "BLARNEY," and this little boat landed us safely in the harbor of Cork where we were met by a grand Salvation Army Soldier, by the name of, Sister Russell. She is an old faithful prayer warrior, and was a real help in getting us through the CUSTOMS without a bit of delay, and a fine Canadian brother by the name of Rice, who took us in his little Volkswagen into the great city of Cork, and to the Y. M. C. A. where we stayed while in Cork. We held services in the Y. M. C. A. and the Supt. of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bird, proved to be one of our greatest boosters, and this eighty year old veteran of many battles is a great leader in South Ireland of the Protestant Christians. Thank God for such staunch leaders.

We landed in Eire and Ireland in what developed into a cold and stormy beginning; it getting colder than it had been in forty or fifty years, and the roads became very icy, but the crowds came anyhow, and as the storm broke every hall was filled to capacity. The Lord gave us good victory, and some fine young men and women and some young couples were not only reached by the Lord and His grace, but two feel called to special service and are inquiring about our study course for licensed ministers. Then God gave us the hearts of the people of Ireland. We met and conversed and prayed over important things of the kingdom, with some of the finest Christian leaders, and leading preachers and business men, and I left Ireland with the deep consciousness of a profitable itinerary to the Emerald Isle of the Irish. Praise the Lord. I have never met a warmer hearted people than the Irish there, and there is one of the deepest undertone of real sincerity, and depth of spirit seldom found in these last days.

At Omagh, N. Ireland the storm broke on Friday, and the people packed the hall, until children sat on the platform the last service, and chairs were put close together and over three hundred crowded into the hall. At Enniskillen, the crowds were large from the beginning, but grew every night, until the same crowded hall, as at Omagh was again re-enacted, and over three hundred people helped us close a successful week of revival (The Irish call revivals "MISSIONS.") Then we preached the first Monday night at Ballymena, north of Belfast, and a large crowd met us there and boosted as we preached. Brother Finch preached at Lisburn that night, and he and Brother Adams will carry on there this week, and I will go on with Rev. Victor Glenn to Egypt, and Eritrea. We left Ireland a week sooner than at first planned, but felt that the get acquainted visit to Ireland was a success, and should hurry on to other mission fields and on to good old U. S. A. and help with the over ripened harvest there and school organization.

I shall never be the same again, and God led me into a deeper shadow, and another Olive Tree a little deeper in the Garden of Gethsemane. I have never seen the deep need of lost humanity, as plainly as today, and never have I seen my own lack of a deep enough concern as now.

You see, I have been walking where martyrs died for the Faith, once delivered unto the saints. I have walked into old castles where men fought for freedom in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I saw the dungeons, and crawled into them where men were chained and died. Where 'Oliver Cromwell' with his 'Round heads' liberated England, and where William of Orange liberated Ireland, and formed a place where free worship could be enjoyed. I found the same spirit of martyrdom there today, and men who pray two and three hours per day, for a genuine revival to

sweep their country and the world. It seemed I could feel the presence of John Knox, who saved Scotland for Protestantism, against Mary Queen of Scots, and who faced her in her own castle at her own call, and would not yield to her Roman Catholic faith or rule, but died faithful to his convictions. The spirit of the sainted McCheney, who wore grooves in his office, or study floor praying, and molded lives that: kept the faith a living force in Scotland and all England and Ireland, and I no doubt walked and rode on roads, where the little giant of Methodism -- John Wesley, and also Charles Wesley, and just across the narrow channel where the praying Welshman (Evans) and prayer groups shook all of Wales with a mighty revival.

It was in that atmosphere, and kept company (in the Spirit) with such a grand company of our forefathers, and I am frank to say, that nearly every night, though it was cold and no fire in the room: I couldn't sleep, but prayed most of the later part of the night, and though I had to put on heavy wool clothing from the body out -- I wanted to keep company with that wonderful crowd who helped to prepare me such a heritage, and to ask God to let the breath of McCheney, the impassioned intercessor, the faith and courage of Wesley, Knox, and the Covenantors create the atmosphere around me and all of our preachers and people who are called to "Stand in the gap, and make up the hedge" -- -in this LATE dark hour.

My co-laborers at home, those cold gray walls of ancient castles, with the marks still showing in the aged stone of the past, of bloody battles fought to preserve the faith of our fathers -- (Yes my faith), and the echoes of the suffering of the inquisition saints, who kept the light of Christian hope alive, has humbled me to seek a new place of intercession in secret prayer. Pray for me and let us all pray NOW.

Will write again soon on trip to Eritrea, and Egypt. I am well-preaching on average of once a day. Love and confidence to all at home fields. -- Unworthily, Glenn Griffith

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11

REPORT FROM THE LAND OF EMPERORS

From the May, 1958 Missionary Revivalist

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We closed a profitable series of "Missions" or Conventions we would call them, in the land of the Shamrock, a deeply religious and warm hearted people.

God gave us some wonderful victories in souls, and believe we made through the gospel some genuine friends, and discovered some burdened groups of holiness people who are carrying on in intercession for their people, and opened doors for the ministry of our church in evangelism. Praise God for open doors.

I felt under God to leave this isle of opportunity February 4th, and boarded a B. O. A. C. Plane for London, England, where I met Rev. Victor Glenn and his son Stanley with whom I

visited the "Faith Missions" Fields in Eritrea, East Africa, and Egypt. Both of our planes were late and we did not leave London until after five o'clock p.m. for Rome, Italy. Arriving at Rome in the night of the 4th. We spent the next day in Rome having our next connection in the night for Cairo, Egypt. We arose early in Rome and it would be impossible for me to describe my feelings, as the Lord permitted me to walk on ground where the sainted Paul walked, preached in chains, wrote some of his epistles and was led up the Appian Way to the Guillotine where he lost his head. We visited the Catacombs, where the Christians buried their martyrs. Some they slipped out in the night, took them down from their fiery poles where they had been burned after being dipped in pitch, and lighted the streets, and were mocked as they died for Jesus their Saviour. They buried them deep in the bowels of the earth in the Catacombs. Their tombs surrounded small chapels deep in the earth where Paul and Peter preached holiness by the light of little clay pitchers filled with Olive oil, into which a small wick was placed and lighted. My brethren, I cannot express how deeply my heart was moved, but though in a crowd--I prayed, and cried, and made covenants with Jesus that I would never live on the same level again. I am sure the priest thought I was a peculiar fellow, but I had a secret he did not know about. He was showing the historic, and claiming Peter as a Pope, but I had the Saviour that had constrained these two Apostles to suffer, while making history. To think God ever let me walk up the Appian way where Paul talked to Luke, and no doubt Luke had the letter to Timothy somewhere on his person that would declare the victorious ministry, and sent encouragement to the other Apostles in the fact he had not failed God in the crucible of his ministry. For he could have said, Oh brethren you don't know how much I have suffered, it looks like nobody cares, even if I have done my best. But he did not say that, Glory to God. He said tell Timothy--that my time has come to be "offered," but tell him also, "That 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 will give me in that day-But not to me only but to all those that love HIS APPEARING." I am sure the devil has never gotten over that testimony, Hallelujah! And to think poor unworthy me, walked on that hallowed ground where martyrs walked.

I don't need to tell you that my eyes are filled with tears of humility, and mingled with joy while I try to write this experience. I really felt His presence, and my heart is so blessed right now, that as I look through the tears the lines run together and every letter looks like two. Glory be to the matchless name of Jesus who called me unto holiness. May the blessed Holy Ghost that made Paul--make me over if He needs to, but let me stand in the gap NOW in this dark hour that is mine in which to live, and in which my soul is tried, along with every sanctified man or woman, or young person. When I walked up the Appian way, I wondered what kind of trail my last mile of the way would be. I only prayed that God would strengthen me to make it as courageous and as humble as this sainted martyr Paul. I seemed to hear the growl of the lions, and the shrieks of faithful martyrs for the gospel as I viewed the crumbling walls of the old coliseum, and theater where they threw Christians in the arena and where they fought with the beasts, while a Nero, Emperor played on his fiddle, and mocking, jeering crowds looked on while genuine Christians died. And in their death they lifted up Jesus Christ who planted them as seed which has sprung forth and has been multiplied over the known world. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. But IF it DIE it bringeth forth MUCH fruit." Oh may God help us to really die to everything, and everybody, and minister to this poor dying generation, until they can see in a little way, what the Romans saw in the Christians in that day of suffering for the saints, yet victory for all who received Him.

They who became alienated, and the priesthood corrupted according to Martin Luther, built a large and luxurious building called the Vatican, and named cathedrals after John, and Peter, and James, and made images of them and set them in an apostles room and I saw people go by and kiss the foot or toes of a bronze statute called Peter, and his right foot or toes were worn smooth where people hungry for peace kissed a cold toe, and an image which could never lift a sorrow or forgive a sin, but if they had only seen the one (Christ Jesus, that Peter lifted up) He could have given them peace. I stood in another cathedral and saw the stair case of 28 steps which was crowded with pilgrims climbing up these steps (many of them old women) on their knees doing penance they struggled to the top and dropped their money into an always ready receptacle but went away with the same burden apparently. These stairs were the same they said that Martin Luther climbed when God opened His eyes to the fact that the "Just shall live by faith." He turned from following Popes and images, and found a living Christ, and instituted the mighty Reformation.

The old city of Rome remains much the same and is in deep darkness spiritually though overshadowed with such a background of martyrdom, and faithful footprints of blood bought, and bloodwashed saints, which will one day rise up to condemn, while they see the mother of harlots drunk on the blood of these same martyrs. May God stir us up in America lest our country and churches get under the darkness of a curse that is felt as you walk the streets of that great city. --
(To be Continued)

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12

"VOICES FROM THE EAST -- WHERE WISE MEN TRAVELED"

From the June, 1958 Missionary Revivalist

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We left Rome, the city where so much history was made of the early Christian endeavors, early in the morning of the 7th of February. This city where Paul felt his heaviest burden, and endured the greatest hardships to get there of all of his missionary journeys, and where he eventually was martyred along with Simon Peter.

The beautiful TWA Constellation plane carried us rapidly and smoothly across the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, and we landed for fuel at the ancient city of Athens, Greece, where Paul climbed the hill to the Acropolis, and declared the revelation of the God whom he knew to the Grecians who were worshipping an unknown God. Then we flew across the terrible Sahara desert to Khartoum in the midst almost of the desert, where we changed to the Ethiopian Air Lines, and flew to Asmara, Eritrea where we were met by Rev. Hinds the director or Supt. of "Faith Missions" in Eritrea, and we were introduced to this wonderful area of northeastern Ethiopia and to a strange, but wonderful people, the Eritreans.

Brother Hinds took us in his little "Fiat" automobile from Asmara, the capitol of Eritrea to our main station, where the orphanage is, Decamere. This was our first real stop where we would

preach and meet the many people and leaders we had read about, but never seen, and truly it turned out to be a tremendous blessing and really opened my eyes to one of the greatest opportunities to reach lost pagan souls I believe any where on earth.

The natives themselves, though pagan, with a Moslem and Coptic background of religion, were a friendly people and hungry for the gospel. They live simple lives close to nature, and carry on their work and travel with the little donkeys, the beautiful desert animal the camel, and plow their fields along with the brahma oxen -- using ancient plows, that no doubt are copies of the same implement used thousands of years ago.

We stayed all night and rested a day at the orphanage at Decamere, and then we started on a long and exciting as well as interesting and fruitful journey to the Ducumbea Station where they are building a school building, and have a fine corps of workers there. This station is the farthest away, and reaches out into a Pagan area that reaches clear down to Samoliland, Ethiopia, and almost to the Kenya Colony. This is an unlimited opportunity, and all they need is at least two if not three couples who are really dedicated to God's will and purpose for these heathen fields. A straw hut is used until the brick school building can be finished, and it is packed with children and young folks. These people are hungry for the gospel. They make sterling Christians. One young man when only just in his early teens really got saved, and denounced the Moslem religion and was ostracized and was coerced in many ways to give up this heresy, but he changed his name from Abdul Nassar a Moslem name to Samuel a Bible name, and goes out into the villages and testifies to his people under much persecution. He testified the night I preached there and got so blessed in his tears he really blessed the meeting until we all cried and many amens were voiced. It wasn't hard to preach -- even through an "interrupter" (interpreter), and God gave souls in the fountain that night and our missionaries were much encouraged. To God be the glory. Rev. Fred Cromer and his good wife and Miss Boyer certainly are great missionaries. They are way out on the end of nowhere, and risking their lives nearly every day. Brother Cromer speaks in about five or six different languages, and they are performing a miracle among these people. The mayor called on us--really he wanted to see Rev. Victor Glenn so he could tell him to please send other missionaries to that dark land. He has a child or two in the school, and said he wanted his people to come up under the influence of our missions there.

Then we stayed one night with Rev. and Mrs. John Etzweiler and preached to another crowded building, and to hungry souls. They also have a school for the children there, and are doing a fine work. It was here where we went one night to see the large Hyenas which prowl at night and clean up the garbage the town throws away, and perhaps catch a goat or a donkey to eat once in awhile, and I would not want to venture very far myself on foot. But we were in Brother Hinds little car, and we chased two large Hyenas with the lights turned on them, but they ran into the brush. Here also can be found a little farther down country big game animals lions, elephants, etc. God is giving our missionaries there the hearts of the people. To Him be the glory.

When we arrived in Keren all the missionaries were looking for us and it was good to see them and meet the ones we had not known, and then to see Miss Norma Kennedy and Miss Zarilla McVay, it seemed like we were back home again in meetings. God really helped us here as we preached to the student body under the leader Brother Joseph Moutz and his good wife and assisted by Miss Pauline Keith, and Miss McVay and some native teachers. God gave us souls

every night we were there, and the quality of these native Christians is wonderful, and Brother Tekie Mebrato was a real interpreter, and a genuine Christian saved through Faith Missions work. The natives and missionaries appreciate the efficient medical attention and prayers of Miss Norma Kennedy who has been very sick with a strange type of Malaria Fever. Pray for all of the missionaries, for they need our faith and prayers in the battle being waged. We really enjoyed working with the Eritrea Missionaries at Keren and everywhere we went God was on the work of the mission stations.

When we started back to the orphanage station at Decamere we never knew what excitement awaited us. After we left Asmara the capital of Eritrea while driving through the rugged mountains and passed the curve at the top almost, we never dreamed we were in great danger of robbers, but they have robber bands over there called "Shiftas" and they are very fierce when attacking. The week before they robbed a bus load of people, and there were four policemen on the bus, and one policeman must have fired at them from the bus window, anyhow they fired on the bus and killed ten people including the policemen, but now as we passed over the pass or near it, we found later that we were the last car that passed before the robbers came and robbed every car traveling the road. Don't think we were not thankful to God for this deliverance. Brother Glenn said that more than once God had protected the missionaries as they traveled the roads, and never once had God failed nor had they been robbed or molested. To God be all the glory.

Then arriving at Decamere, the home station where Rev. and Mrs. Hinds, Miss Betty Etzweiler, Miss Zettie Finch, and little Michael, son of Brother and Sister Hinds live, we enjoyed the fellowship of all the missionaries who gathered in for the weekend. I was privileged to speak to the missionaries twice a day from Friday over Tuesday. What a time of genuine praying and waiting on God--It seemed the Lord just shut us in with Him, and pulled the supernatural cloud about us as He did the Children of Israel, and melted us up and molded us over and sent everyone back to their stations of duty with a new vision and courage to face this hour of tragic happenings over the world, and snatch as brands from the burnings the precious souls from pagan beliefs and see them receive the glorious light of the gospel, and be redeemed from all sin. Glory be to Jesus for His wonderful love.

Rev. Leonard Hinds is a man of genuine, and deep spiritual convictions, and is a leader who commands respect of all his workers as they labor together with Christ their real captain to rescue these needy people from their awful darkness of Mohammedanism, and other pagan worship. God is giving them souls, and there is no end to the opportunity in East Africa.

God strangely laid Asmara, Eritrea upon my heart, as I walked its streets and saw the many different nationalities of needy people, and looked at the large cathedral which occupied a whole block, and which was placed there by large amounts of money. This so-called church is bent on winning Eritrea to its idol worship, and this city of 80,000 souls has some of our students from the orphanage and other schools and they are preaching and teaching in a little tiny room, which is all they can get without buying ground and building. But if God could lay this vision on some real missionary hearted people, thousands could be won for Jesus and a city of souls for which Jesus died could be rescued before His glorious coming, would rise up and call their rescuers blessed when the saints go marching in. (\$2500.00) Twenty-five-hundred dollars could help start a building fund and purchase a lot for a compound and headquarters. This would

strengthen the mission work in Eritrea as nothing else would. Please pray about this and send your offerings to our General Treas. L. P. Roberts and be sure and label it Eritrea Missions -- Asmara Building Fund.

Thank God for ever allowing me to go to Eritrea. I shall never be the same. The fellowship, and entering into their clear vision, and seeing Christ through the eyes of a missionary has done much for my life and ministry. To God be the glory, and many thanks for your prayers that guided us and brought us safely home through our God who never faileth.

Sincerely yours for souls,
Glenn Griffith.

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13

CHRIST'S IMPASSIONED REASON FOR PENTECOST

From the March, 1959 Missionary Revivalist

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Text: (Acts 1:8) "Ye shall receive Power--, Ye shall be Witnesses unto me, -- Unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Several important reasons for Pentecost are given in the Word, and they are all needed in their respective arrangements in God's Redemptive scheme. There is the dispensational reason in the fulfilling the shadow with the real in the days of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt's bondage by the Passover, and fifty days later the writing of God's Law on tables of stone on the day of Pentecost. These were fulfilled on Calvary, and fifty days later God wrote by the Holy Ghost His law on the fleshly tables of obedient hearts of His converted disciples in the upper room. Then Pentecost was a fulfilling of Christ's promise to the disciples in the 16th chapter of John, when He said; "If I depart I will send Him unto you -- And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin --." He also, on this day universalized the atonement of Christ, so that souls anywhere could, without the assistance of any earthly priest, bow at an altar of prayer, and obedience to His will, and ask in the name of Jesus to be saved, or afterward sanctified and the blessed Holy Ghost would apply the Blood by faith to the heart of the obedient seeker, and he could be born again or sanctified holy instantaneously.

But now comes the important reason. More important than any of the preceding reasons which were more or less general, and man had nothing to say about the fulfilling of them, but this one is personal, individual, and it involves both Divinity and humanity directly. Not only revealing the power of God, but the need of the human heart. It was the thing that brought Jesus Christ into the world to -- "destroy the works of the devil" --. It urged Him to go outside the gate, -- "That he might sanctify the people with His own Blood." So important it was to both He, and His disciples, that it became His impassioned "Last Words" (Acts 1:9) before He left this earth to go to the right hand of the Father. Many important things happened during His stay on earth, but this seemed to

sum up His whole life, and entirely consumed Him. The personal need of the human heart. He knew He could not build His Kingdom on earth, nor could His disciples carry out the great commission "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," without being baptized with the Holy Ghost.

They were regenerated, and had pledged their loyalty, and devotion to Christ, but they did not realize the dark principle in their hearts that would, and still causes men to fail God right in the crucial hour and test. No one could make me believe that Peter was not sincere when he said, "I will follow thee to prison and to death if need be -- I will not forsake thee -- ." But Jesus knew the denying principle was there, and said, "Before the cock crows, thou wilt deny me thrice." So with this battle with subtle carnality Peter came to the testing place of his experience. We are not tested when we are in the midst of a great revival or camp meeting, when we are enjoying the fellowship of the saints, and everyone agreeing with the preaching of the evangelists and the tide of the spirit high, and the atmosphere charged with the presence of the Holy Ghost. But the test comes when we are out there where the atmosphere is not conducive to shout, but the pressure is on, and persecution comes, and the reproach of the cross comes to us. It is then and there where the carnal heart causes a Peter or any disciple to cower back in defeat, and shrink from his responsibility with holiness (Christ) on trial. It is then that He needs witnesses unto Him. It is in the high schools, and colleges where the pressure is on, and only a definite experience of heart holiness will hold souls steady. It is when the pressure against preaching both negative holiness and the positive and the lines are drawn against worldliness, and sin that the preacher is tested as to whether he will deny or preach without fear or favor with a broken heart, the whole gospel regardless of the reaction to him. It was here that Peter failed as he warmed his hands at the wrong fire, and compromised with strangers, and never awakened to his denial till the cock crew, then he discovered his need and went out and wept his way back to Christ, and led the way to the upper room to "tarry" till that sin principle or 'denier' was taken out. Then there was the covetousness of James and John seeking the place of prestige, and wanting to pray fire down upon another crowd that was having a revival, because they were not of their group. Then too there was poor old doubting Thomas who was just as sincere as any, but he could not get clear through, and Jesus invited him to thrust his hand in His side and put his fingers in the nail prints in His hands before he said, "my Lord and my God" -- A denying, a place seeking, a doubting witness could not do Jesus any good to plant the cross in every man's heart. He must have disciples who would dare to do and die if need be, and who would not sell out for any price at any time regardless of the cost. Of course, there was Judas, but he never got to Pentecost, for he betrayed. He would never meet conditions, and was so shallow and selfish to have his way, that when Jesus stopped him on the threshold of the last supper, and said; "That, that thou doest do now -- bringing him to a decision," he went out and it was night -- forever, for he died a spiritual suicide.

Jesus is pleading for souls to tarry today, that He may have witnesses, true holy witnesses in this tragic hour, who will not deny Him, doubt Him, nor betray Him. The blessed Holy Ghost still sanctifies, and purifies the heart from inbred sin, and empowers for witnessing to the end of the world, and will keep throughout eternity if souls walk in the light.

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REVIVAL

From the April and May, 1959 Missionary Revivalists

This message was preached at The Bible Missionary Institute Chapel service.

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"And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's east, and kneeled down, and prayed, Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." (Luke 22:41-42)

I have mentioned to you that revival is the vision of our people and our preaching -- Revival, Revival. We have heard it all of our lives. We have listened to it in prayer meeting. We have heard! them pray about it in the prayer services. We have heard preachers announce it time after time. Most of us here have heard it many times. But beloved, it has been a long, long time since we have really had an old fashioned revival. There seems to be in the consciousness of this generation of leaders and church people that God would overlook a lot of things that He has set as a standard of His victory and unity. They seem to think that we can overrun, and blur those lines that God preaches until God overlooks them. We can just pray, "Oh God, give us an old fashioned revival," and think He will overlook things like humanity overlooks them and come down and give us an old fashioned miraculous revival, like He did back then. God doesn't do that. The thing that bothers me is the statement He made in II Chronicles: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." That statement is just as definite now for us as it ever was. If God could get His people to humble themselves. There has never been a revival but what somebody died within himself. He paid the price. This is the picture and the revelation of the first revival, the beginning of the cause of the first revival we ever had.

Jesus, the Son of God, and yet the Son of Man made Himself the pattern that a revival would cost. We know that the blood of Jesus Christ is divine. Our blood would never serve for that purpose, but the intercession part of it -- the human channel part of it. Somebody has got to take somebody else's place. Somebody has to take upon themselves somebody else's sickness if they are healed. Somebody is going to have to suffer with the sinner if he is forgiven. I have never gotten such a picture of intercession as I have just lately. If there is no intercessor, there is no revival. If there is no travail of soul, there is no new birth. It doesn't make any difference what else we do, talent, organization -- that is all cast aside; but somebody must walk a little further. Somebody must go further than the ordinary crowd. We were not called out just to change geographical location. We were not called out to what name we are, the name doesn't mean a thing in the world. But God has called some folks out not just to have a change and rejoice. We rejoiced a long time because we were out. It is time now to rejoice about something else. We are going to have to do some digging to get to that place of rejoicing.

If Zion doesn't travail, there isn't any revival. I can look back over 15 or 20 years, speaking generally. I haven't seen an old fashioned revival except where people went in the valley of the shadow of death and carried the load and brought forth around an altar of prayer. That means humiliation of self. There must be a self crucifixion.

I have been reading so much on characters lately, but these must be, not collectively alone to go down, but individually. There is Isaiah. You can look upon him as an aristocrat, but Isaiah had to die. You can get his picture in the 6th chapter of Isaiah. The aristocrat had to go almost naked and barefooted for 3 years before the crowd of Israel to humble them down. And Hosea, that prophet that I love to study, married a harlot that he could prove that the: Heavenly husband would take back his adulterous bride if she would return. Jeremiah was never allowed to get married that he might teach the people the danger of those years of captivity. Moses who was educated in Egypt, Moses had to take a sheep herder's place, stagger out in the wilderness of the desert and forget all about those things that God could have a mouthpiece to tell the story and the fate of Pharaoh. It doesn't take so much brain, it takes a big heart. It doesn't take so much phrasing, but it takes a life to be given.

He makes the statement, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." We may talk about the doctrine, we may tell about great crowds that we; have had, but it still remains the same, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it just 'abideth alone.'" There is no fruitage. That is the way it is with our lives.

I thought about that little path between that stone cast, what took place in the Saviour's heart as He walked that last 50 or 60 yards, possibly 90 yards away. That is a good throw. It takes a good ball thrower to throw a ball 100 yards. I presume it was about 80 yards, but what were the emotions in His heart and the burden that was crushing. He hadn't gotten to the cross yet. In that garden He was cutting out a path that you and I must walk if we expect a revival.

I am not talking about just a religious stir, I am talking about a revival of getting back to repentance where Holy Ghost conviction will come and convict folks with such desperation that they will be afraid not to pay the price, they will confess things out that they never did confess, straighten out and make restitution they never would unless God scared the life out of them. That will never come unless it comes with the solitary walk. What He saw in that walk is what I have been praying about. I have never reached that point yet. I am still digging to get there.

He saw a man go out that He had entrusted with an inner office, He had given him the treasureship. He saw him standing there knowing in His heart, the Son of God, that he was going out to sell Him. But you know, up to the last moment when he stood on the threshold, this broken hearted Son of God carrying the burden, never accused him of the thing. It seemed He protected Judas until he stood there on the threshold and said, "That thou doest, do quickly." That broke His heart. You know, beloved, we are living in a time when it is so easy to sell Jesus. You don't have to say a word. Living in a time that if we could just vary a little the Sabbath question, we could bring in a lot of things. Just like the Japanese persecutors said to those boys that refused to bow, "You don't have to put your faces clear to the ground to let us know what you mean, just nod your head a little." But that spoils the victory, that closes the hands of God, that breaks the heart of the Son of God. Beloved, God is holy, and every part of His program is holy, and His blood makes men holy, and His Holy Spirit lives in the holy heart and that temple is holy and God expects us to keep it that way regardless of coming or going or what suffers. But He realized there was a man that had walked with Him 3 1/2 years that was going out there for a price of 30 pieces of silver and sell Him down the river as it were.

It wasn't the 30 pieces of silver, it wasn't how much he sold Him for. That wasn't it. The thing that broke the heart of the Son of God as He carried the load on that stone's throw visit. It was the fact that he had any price at all. That he would settle for any cost. You young folks are going to be tempted to sell Him. Somebody may look holy, may look wise, may look awful good, may look like they know more than you do. You stick with this old Book. Don't you sell God down the river. If you are on the pinnacle of success and you make the decision between taking the log cabin, or taking the lower seat, you take the low seat and keep God. This thing is not settled in legislative halls. We are going to settle up at the judgment seat. We are going to make our decision and we are going to answer for every decision we have made. There is no doubt in my mind, if Judas could call back that hour--imagine as he passes the roads of damnation today, he is doing it right now--he would give 10 million worlds if he hadn't sold Jesus; if he could give back those 30 pieces of silver that have pricked him like barbs; if he could throw them out and embrace the foot of the cross and say, "Jesus, I wouldn't sell You for anything in the world." He will never do it.

But you know, it is not the big blunders that men make that robs them of the victory, that makes a difference between an answer and soul winning. It is the little things we think don't amount to anything and the first thing you know the devil has cheated us out of a thing until we are empty handed and empty hearted. We may preach, we may sing, but it will never generate a revival. I have never seen one come yet but what men and women tarried out there in the place of prayer. They went clear to the limit until there wasn't a speck they could find between them and God, until they could put their feet on the promise and claim it and say, "Oh, God," and hold on until morning, and hold on. I tell you, communities Were stirred. I can tell you a revival that stands out so vividly in my mind. That revival has been since 1912 and there are still results over there. They will never get away from that revival, but it was purchased because men and women had no price. They laughed at that bunch of Methodists, they mocked at them when they prayed all night and fasted two or three days at a time. They won the town, the souls and families.

Beloved, we need a revival now. We need it in our family. I want to pay the price. I want to go through whatever it costs. You can just imagine when you start on that round of intercession; the thing that struck me, that sunk me almost, it came just as vividly to me, as plain as it could be This illustration will tell you what I mean.

I know a man that prayed. He got a burden for a woman with consumption-tuberculosis. He prayed for her until God, the Holy Ghost, spoke to him and said, "Would you die for her, would you enter into the death road for her?" She was given up by doctors, there was no hope. And all of a sudden as I thought about that -- the intercessor loved that person so much, he had to be so interested in the one he was praying for until in his own soul he suffers just what that soul is suffering. He takes that burden until, whether disease or the awful result of sin, he will suffer in his own soul and holds on and there in that gap, as he stands in the gap, gets hold of God's hand and the promise and a hold of that poor lost soul. Somehow he becomes the intercessor and brings the two together. It costs something.

There is not a child in this building, not a person in this house that is really saved and sanctified but somebody went into the death road of prayer to bring them forth. There are a lot of folks that profess. There is not any Christian but what somebody had to walk that stone's throw and

carry that travailing soul. God said so. And when Jesus walked that road, He saw Glen Griffith and everybody else with all the sin. Imagine you and me now in this modern day out there in the garden praying, "Oh, God, give us a revival," and here's this delinquency problem. They were beating him to death -- 3 boys, one 10, 12, 14 -- beating an old man to death and got \$13 from him. The little boy, 8 years old, stood out there watching while the others beat him to death. Here I am, here you are. That is the crowd you are going to have to save, to preach to, to have to carry a burden for. There he is out there walking, in that awful picture of lost faith in God. Families that are broken and always they are wrecked by loose living and liquor and no conscience about cigarettes or anything else. But there is the crowd God has called this wonderful group of young people to preach to. We have got to have a revival.

How much would you give of yourself? What soul do you love well enough that you would enter the death walk with Jesus? Of course, that is pretty close, but we are living pretty close to the end of time. My little star is going to soon be set. It appears I haven't loafed on the job, but I am afraid I have. I promised God I would go double time back there. I'll tell you, we are facing things, children, that no generation faced in all history. We must have God in a different manner, more than ordinary. You hear this, preachers, I am not talking to you as an old minister. But I am not an amateur at this job. I am an amateur at some things I would like to reach and get hold of. God is expecting us to have an old fashioned revival now, and if you are going to go all the way, they are going to laugh at you. Some of your close friends are going to laugh at you. Some of those you think have old fashioned religion are going to scoff and tell you you have gone too far. I am not pleading for fanaticism, but pleading for somebody that will die, say yes to the whole will of Jesus.

We talk about standards, we talk about hair, all of that. God knows, if you go where I am telling you, everything else will line up. I am not worried about that thing, but I am worried about broken hearted preachers; talking about a concern, that will pull them out on the solitary walk until He will let those burdens pile in on him and say, "All right, if I can carry it." He fell under the cross. This was His cross. These were the things that were His cross. These are the things that He recognizes.

There were His preachers out there asleep. There was the crowd He left outside the gate. They were not concerned about what He was doing. There was one carrying the burden. He was the Son of Man. He brought the revival. That is the only pattern I know where we can claim a revival. Let them laugh. Let them do what they please but I am going to go with God.

We are going to have to live clean. If we get rid of sin ourselves and humble ourselves, God will help us to get somebody free. You just mark the trail of revivals the last few years and you will see maybe 50 or 100 at the altar, but really how many, really, of them stay with it? I am not a fatalist and not a Calvinist by any means, but I tell you, there are very few people that really get through and get genuinely sanctified, that die to the world and die to their family and die to their friends today and die to their plans and ambitions, to everything until God resurrects them to newness of life; there are very few of them that wither on the vine. I believe that with all of my heart. The trouble is, somewhere back there, they didn't see what they ought to see when Jesus walked, when they were under conviction. They just didn't go all the way through and repent until when it came to the same walk down there in life and God had laid the responsibility on them, they are going to come up to that point and that is as far as they are going to go.

Consequently, we are preaching to a generation that a lot of folks went before us and smoothed over until the Sabbath doesn't mean a thing on earth. They just say, "Well, work if you want to, that has to be done." But God said, "Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy." If we don't keep it, God won't answer our prayers. According to His word! As He walked, He saw all those things -- a burdenless church. How could a church that is asleep carry a burden. You can't carry a burden when you are asleep. You can't have a vision when you are asleep. I believe it is the burden of this faculty. Everyone of you have gone deeper, the problems have caused you to go deep, the dark nights and the things that you have faced have either done one thing or the other. It has either driven you to the Bible or your knees, or else it has cooled you off and you have taken the wrong attitude. We are living in that hour of decision when we are going to do one thing or do the other. We are going all the way or fizzle out.

Right now in the church that I love they are having square dances. Whoever could have told me that 25 years ago. I would have looked at them and said, "You are crazy, it can't happen." It is happening fast now. You would be surprised at the carelessness that we find over this country where we are beginning to neglect some things and we think, "Well, well, well." We will emphasize hair, and emphasize a lot of things. I don't want our people to be known as a bunch of Pharisees, a bunch of compromisers. I want our group to be known as a group of broken-hearted preachers and people -- burden bearers. I would rather die than compromise. You know that. But this world is dying for a little bit of compassion -- genuine compassion, to see somebody out there carrying the load, not saying much about it but praying for that lost crowd and for that one they know is not measuring up, to pray until God can put them under such conviction they will get down on their knees and pray through. You would be surprised how much is buried way back on that shelf behind the door. They have been consoled by this, "You are good folks and have talent," and a lot of things. You would be surprised how far and how long God's arm is when He reaches way back there and gets hold of something. That is when the proposition is going to pay. "Will I pay the price or will I dodge it and profess until everybody thinks I am all right." Oh, we need a revival, beloved, we need a revival.

We need a revival right there in the gate. The test of discipleship is not in talent. The test of discipleship is not in preaching, nor in oratory, nor in singing and all that. They all fit in. But the test of discipleship is in the gate of travail. If we miss it there, we have missed it everywhere. In that place a church is born. In that place a soul is born. As we enter in, it does two things. It not only gets conviction on that crowd out there, but it helps me, it deepens me, gives me a clearer conception of the eternal city, gives me a firmer footing on the Rock of Ages, gives me a little firmer grasp on the promises, until we can get to the place where we say, "I just know, I feel like God wants to melt us up and give us the victory;" until we can take the atmosphere like a fan and fan away the chaff. Lord, I don't know what somebody else is going to do, but I know what I am going to do. God can give us a revival. I believe He is incarnate.

The final thing. I don't believe there is going to be a world-wide revival. Maybe that is a poor prophecy. I don't believe it. I don't believe in the Latter Day Rain people. I don't believe in their doctrines. I just believe it is going to get worse and worse, wicked men deceiving themselves and being deceived. I believe wherever we are we can generate a revival if we will pay the price. We can't stand in the gap or in the judgment for some other group, some other man, some other

woman, some other boy or girl. We can stand there clean. We can do our best to generate a revival. God is going to save the folks we pray for and will heal the people we have prayed for. Everybody is not going this way. Holiness is not any more popular now than it was then on the cross. They are not going to receive it like they are receiving it now days. They must go through that same old fashioned channel just like they did back there when the thing started.

I am going from Dan to Beersheba, unburdening my heart. You can say what you please. God is expecting us to have a revival. The Blood has never lost its power, and the Holy Ghost is just as faithful and I have just as much sense as I ever had. I trust I have a little more. I don't care what condition the world is in. I want God to get me to the place where I can really believe Him and pay the price. He is the answer to this mixed up generation right today. I believe God can do something for this generation as He did for any other generation. The only thing is He needs some folks that will humble themselves.

We are going to have to humble ourselves a little more than any other generation because we are more prosperous, we are farther down the line of Jesus' day, we have reached the acme as far as science is concerned. We are built upon a superficial proposition and for God to find men and women to take the way with the Holy Ghost, it is going to be hard on you. I don't mean we are traveling any other route, but we are living in a realm where we are naturally proud. If we are going to have a revival like we ought to have and must have, we are going to have to become as near like the early church as we can.

I am just opening up, but you take the Scripture in the Acts of the Apostles where it says folks brought their sick and laid them in the street and prayed that the shadow might fall upon them. What could your shadow do? Then Paul said, I think it is in the 4th chapter, 2nd Corinthians, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ that I may manifest his life in my mortal flesh." That doesn't sound like chaff does it? That doesn't sound like malting excuses for a lot of things. It was the reason why they had revivals like that. Here was this fellow, I read it the other day, where Peter went in where Talitha was dead. She was dead. Peter put them all out and shut the door and went in and called on God, and he opened the door in a little bit and said, Come in, folks. When they came back, Talitha arose. He presented her to them alive. Does that sound like a fairy tale to you folks? Those are the things that make the difference between old fashioned second blessing burden and just the way we are traveling now.

A fellow told me the other day they had a revival in a certain place and 10 days after revival (Over 10,000 were saved in this revival), he and 600 preachers made a canvass with their group over town. They could not find one out of that group that had said they were saved that ever made themselves known to any church, ever joined any society. They couldn't find a one. Now beloved, here is what I am trying to say. Those 10,000 are going to be harder to fool the next time, and when old fashioned preachers, like I believe you boys and girls are going to be that are called to preach; when you go out to win that soul, it will be harder than if nobody ever preached to them. We ought to cut our swath clean while we are cutting and have one or two get through than have 500 cry a little. It will cost prayer, it will cost us something.

I thought I would tell you something this morning. I know that I am a long way from success in my life, but I know some things across the church that taught me God in the degree that I do,

when problems came. I know that little church where I was pastor, they said nobody could ever have a revival, nobody could ever take anybody into the church. I was too ignorant. I didn't even hardly know the relation between the Old and New Testament. I never had read the Bible through, yet. But I knew this--that prayer and fasting could bring things to pass. That was my plan. That was my outline. I suppose for the seven years I have been pastor, 2 days every week, sometimes 3, I spent without food and water that I might get God. It wasn't a sad life. God said, Get up in Street Meeting. They told me I would go to jail. No, I didn't go to jail. There are a lot of things the devil will tell you to scare you. If God could get some folks determined they are going to have a revival. I'll tell you if God could get folks that determined -- God can help you to have it. I don't know how many meals you have missed. You can't pray unless you fast. I don't mean leave off the donut, leave off the dessert. You are going to have to do without your meals, not because somebody else is doing it. Make up your mind you are going to take that solitary walk.

Those things that you see, you will find, are the things that will make you holy. Get to the place where you touch a Holy God. A lot of things when you go without food, God takes you there and you walk in a strange land where most folks don't go, people never understand, where you drink of a spring that has never been drunk from before. God reveals Himself to the ones that want His will.

You have read that Scripture-Not everyone that says Lord, Lord shall enter into heaven. Why, Lord, haven't we had great revivals? Haven't we done this? He will say, I never knew you. You weren't doing my work. You just got them into the church, the physical church.

I tell you, God is looking for some folks to live in that undercurrent place where the tree has been planted, the roots are in the water, where you can give your life for somebody else's life. I know as well as I am standing here this morning that it never fails. Never. Never. You tell God something and keep your word with Him and God will never fail you. He will never do it. I am so sick and tired of commonplace religion I don't know what to do. I am ashamed of myself. I tell you, folks, there is so much sham and so much lightness. We can't do it unless we do it the hard way and if you are not willing to go God's way in there, then get out of the picture because this is going to be terrific. It is not going to get any easier to preach old fashioned holiness. It is going to get harder. You are going to have more persecution than Glenn Griffith had. God called you for this hour. He knew He could mold you and you could stand the test. You are going to suffer. We may suffer physically. I don't know. What are we going to do? Are we going to fizzle out and be as other institutions are or is this little group one that God can count on.

There is one sad thing I left out. Jesus went back the third time and never woke them up again. He went that third time and said, "Sleep on Now." To me that would be the awfulest words He ever pronounced. "Go ahead, now. I take my hands off. Do what you want to do. Run your program. Go ahead." He said, "The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

Have you been praying, children, secretly? God knows when you have been praying and fasting in the public. But that is not where He makes the soul; not where He brings revivals. He brings revivals in that intercessory crowd out in the secret place where God can shape you up and sift you over, cull this out and mark that out. Lot of times it will be when you won't know it, God

gets the glory, but the multitudes will be fed from your life and you didn't think you had anything to offer. God will bless you.

I don't know if something is bothering you--the general situation of this world. There is only one thing to do. Go to God. There is only One way I know we can mount the storm and bridge the gap and keep the glory down and that is if God can find enough of His people that will really pray and fast and mind God and walk in the light. He can solve a lot of things, give us the victory. The flags will still be waving when the sun goes down. We can't solve things by legislation. You can't have revivals that way. You can get on your knees before God and let Him go through your heart--all doors are open to every room of your soul--and God will come. I wonder out in this group if somebody would like to come, not just raising the hands, God wants you to be an intercessor.

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15

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTATES

By Glenn Griffith

(From the Northwest News, reprinted in the August, 1983 Missionary Revivalist)

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Hear ye, holiness people, what I have to say unto you, and hearken unto my voice before it is too late.

For it came to pass that there was a campmeeting in progress on the grounds of a certain holiness campground. And, lo, a multitude of people went to this camp meeting, many of whom professed to be saints. Their saintliness was manifested in many ways, especially by the saying of "Amen," by enthusiastic singing and by liberal giving. Also, many of them testified at length as to their love for God and His cause.

And it came to pass, in process of time, that an altar call was given and a good number of needy people went forward to pray. The Holy Ghost was faithful and many tears were shed and much weeping was heard.

Then, as was the custom, the preacher urged the saints to rush forward and help the seeking hearts to find what the saints professed to have.

Nevertheless, a spirit spake to many of the saints and said, "Behold, the hour is late and the lunch stand will soon be closed. Thou hast borne the heat of the day and thy body is weary, and ye have had nothing to eat since supper time. Haste ye to the lunch stand and for the sake of thy stomach imbibe an over-supply of such goodies as may be offered there." Whereupon, heeding the voice of the spirit, without inquiring as to what spirit it was, the majority of the saints rushed out of the tabernacle and left but a mere handful to help the seekers pray. "For," said they, "there are plenty of others here who can pray with the seekers."

And it came to pass, in process of time, that one of the seekers died without having gotten through to God and in hell, he lifted up his eyes being in torments. And seeing the lunch stand afar off and the saints boisterously consuming its offerings, he screamed above the crackle of the flames, "If they had loved me as much as they do their stomachs, I might be in heaven today."

And behold, the angels, looking upon that scene, bowed their heads and folded their wings, and Heaven was silent during the remainder of the camp. The singers sang, but no one was blessed. The preachers hurled their messages against a stone wall. The praying saints found the avenues of prayer harder and harder to traverse. And the seekers fought a more bitter battle in their efforts to come through to a clear and definite experience.

But the visiting and gossiping and playing and eating went on without ceasing. And lo, the religious papers reported that they had a great camp meeting with wonderful results, but the Recording Angel in Heaven tearfully turned a page and left it blank.

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16

FOUNDER OF BIBLE MISSIONARY CHURCH DIES

A Tribute to Glenn Griffith Published in the February, 1976 Missionary Revivalist

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Rev. Glenn Griffith, a great preacher and beloved of many in all the Holiness groups of today, passed to his eternal reward on January 12, 1976.

It was Bro. Griffith who stepped out under the stars and initiated the first move on September 8, 1955, that resulted in the Bible Missionary Church.

Following is a statement that was printed on the front page of the first Missionary Revivalist ever to be printed. (June 1956).

It was in the month of September and the eighth day, that a crowd gathered under a large sixty by ninety tent about seven forty-five in the evening. The tent was located about five miles west of Nampa, Idaho and four miles east of Caldwell, Idaho on Highway thirty.

This crowd came in response to invitations from a group of God's burdened people, who after much prayer had decided to start the meeting. Of course the meeting really started earlier in the hearts of many of God's people who felt that something must be done to preserve the rich heritage of "old fashioned scriptural holiness" as they knew it in the beginning of the modern holiness movement, and that its freedom and liberty of worship would be handed down to this generation as they had received it.

For two years previous to the gathering under the tent God had been talking to my heart about my responsibility to God and this generation, to preach the rugged gospel, and maintain its standards of holiness of heart and life, as I received it from the old fashioned preachers and leaders when I came into the movement in 1926. I felt in my own heart, and also from the testimonies of many other preachers and people, that I could not go along with the drift that I could see in the program of the church of which I was a member. So as the pressure grew both from the condition I felt in the church, and also the constant urge from the Holy Spirit to faithfully contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and make full proof of my ministry to this generation, I finally came to the place where I had to make a choice. Three alternatives confronted me. I could have gone along with the present program or I could stay in the church and fight for the things that marked the identity of the early holiness movement, and run the risk of getting bitter in the fight and lose my soul or I could walk out under the stars and continue to preach as when I started out in the beginning. After weighing these attitudes in my heart I decided while in prayer as I walked the road under this pressure, that I would choose to step out, without rancor, or much thought for the tomorrows, but only that I might please God and finish my course with victory.

It was while I was fighting this battle to know the will of God as to my future ministry, that I received a letter from one, later connected with the band that erected the tent between Caldwell and Nampa, Idaho. Finding this crowd of the same mind I made the decision to come to Idaho and start the meeting and trust God for the future. On September 7th, I mailed in my Elders Orders to the proper authorities, and boarded the train for Idaho arriving about four thirty in the evening. I went out to the tent and at eight o'clock started the meeting with about one hundred and fifty present the first night, and thus beginning our present group. The meeting ran in the tent and in the present tabernacle for five weeks and in the early days of November we organized what is now "The Bible Missionary Union" with about one hundred and twenty-six members. God has so marvelously overshadowed until it reminds one of the way the Lord shielded His people with the cloud by day and the fire by night, and has supplied every need just as it was presented.

May God bless the memory of Bro. Glenn Griffith and comfort the hearts of his loved ones in this hour of loss. -- Editor.

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THE END