

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

The Official Organ of God's Missionary Church, Inc.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings... that publisheth salvation." Isaiah 52:7.

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Feb
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The Cure For Spiritual Barrenness

Rev. Joseph Hoffman

II Peter 1:8. "For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful."

In order to fully understand the meaning of these words, we must read the context preceding this statement. The writer of course is the Apostle Peter, and the address following is to the brethren. The first epistle tells us they were saved, sanctified, persecuted, and were enduring severe trials. To this class of people this second epistle was written. We have the following exhortation to successful Christian living.

The introduction was in the form of commendation in regards to their "FAITH" which they possessed. Then there follows an exhortation to diligence. This word implies carefulness and taking heed. Its equivalent is found in the Epistle to the Hebrews where we read these words, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." There is no place for careless and reckless living in the Christian's life. Men and women in bygone ages who possessed a deep spirit of piety, were usually noted for their earnestness and Christian sincerity, much of which has vanished from Christendom in these last days.

"VIRTUE"—This word implies moral goodness and strength. What a challenge is set before this church and the church of our day. Anything, therefore, which would rob them of the purity which they possessed since they were sanctified must at once be eliminated from their life. The thought life must be carefully guarded, for it is here that most sinning begins. The best way to think rightly is to follow Paul's suggestion to the Philippians in Chapter 4, Verse 8, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, ...just, ...pure, ...lovely, ...of good report, ...think on these things." Then, too, there must be the guarding of our motives. For instance, a person prays for the salvation of another, and eventually that person becomes a Christian. Immediately, the one who prayed gloats with a spirit of egotism that disgusts both God and men. What is the

difficulty here? The motive is self-seeking rather than God-glorifying. Perhaps that's the reason we have so many barren altars and fruitless services. The ministers or laity who labor for any other purpose, save to glorify God are impure in their motives and therefore hinder their own ability to win souls.

"KNOWLEDGE"—There are three sources from which we learn. First, we learn by study. II Tim. 2:15. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Then, again, we learn by observation. Proverbs 6:6. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." A third way we acquire knowledge is by experience. Therefore we have the three sources from which to obtain knowledge. It is not sinful to grow in knowledge, but let us ever remember that Jesus grew both in "WISDOM AND STATURE." One has said the tree of statlier stalk must have the deeper roots. To grow in knowledge and not in Grace we become a fanatic. Let us acquire the knowledge that will enable us to become wise in winning souls for Jesus.

"TEMPERANCE"—This word follows the word knowledge, which adds to its meaning and position or place in holy Writ. Temperance is a balance wheel that moderates our lives. It is the happy medium which should be sought after by all true Christians. Israel was commanded to turn neither to the right or left, but to stay on the way mapped out by God. Temperance needs to be practised in our eating and drinking. Excessive eating and drinking leads to many hazardous paths. Consider this truth in regards to our brethren. Paul said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." I Cor. 8:13. It is better to practise self-control than to offend another. Temperance needs to be practised in our religious endeavors, as we have many today who have gone to the extreme on the less important essentials of Christianity. Modesty is plainly commanded in regards to all Christians, yet there are multitudes who have gone to seed on dress. It's the

EDITORIALS Thomas E. Frantz

"Behold, I will lift up mine hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people: . . ."
Isaiah 49:22

Stimulating The Spiritual Appetite

Rev. Marlin E. Moore, Associate Editor

Matthew 5:6 and I Tim. 4:7. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." (With righteousness) "And exercise thyself . . . unto Godliness."

Our spiritual well-being, like our physical fitness, depends largely upon three major things, namely, (1) ABSTINENCE, (2) REST, and (3) NOURISHMENT. Those who enter training for the so-called modern sports such as running, wrestling, pugilism, football, etc., are warned concerning the use of alcoholic beverages, tobacco, and other harmful narcotics and drugs. They are also urged to have regular hours of rest, and to partake of a carefully balanced and nutritious diet.

Dealing with the topic at hand, let us first suggest that we feel that we, as well as many other Christian workers, have used the above Scripture out of its rightful setting. Jesus here was dealing with His disciples and not with seekers (or dead in sin). Only those who are alive can HUNGER AND THIRST, thus it is a technical impossibility for any unsaved individual to be a recipient of this promised blessing. There are numerous factors, major and minor, which could be given, some contributing to the stimulating

of the appetite, and some decidedly preventive. Hospital scenes, sudden illness, death in the family, and so on, are among some causes of loss of appetite, of perfectly normal persons, and may even make them feel very sick at the sight or smell of good food. Thus, spiritually, we feel that to have the saints HUNGERING AND THIRSTING (Let the dead bury their dead), we will have to present comforting and pleasant tables (SITTING TOGETHER IN HEAVENLY PLACES). Perhaps discussing the ill of the church has robbed many an otherwise healthy saint, until they have become a spiritual dyspeptic. The sight of a well-laden table, and the aroma of well-prepared food, in a well-kept home, in the midst of old friends, creates an eagerness on the part of the hungry to take part.

Lack of exercise plays a great part in our lack of HUNGERING AND THIRSTING after RIGHTEOUSNESS AND RIGHTEOUS PRACTISES in the churches of today. Just as our modern breakfasts of cereals, and our lunches of soups would have been insufficient nourishment for our forefathers in their days of hard, manual labor, so has our stream-lined, program-filled age produced many sickly (?) saints, who can no longer "ENDURE SOUND DOCTRINE" (good solid food). Perhaps you will find one of the best ways to enjoy good food is to spend some time on the end of a cross-cut saw, or with an ax handle in your hands, before the meal time arrives, then all would have no trouble doing their part at the table. We have found it more warming, while the fire splutters fitfully, to proceed to the woodshed and spend some time splitting knots. Likewise, we feel that the meal (sermon) would be much more appreciated, if those that expect to partake would do some good spiritual exercise before going. The Church would be a warmer place, if all concerned would do some knot-splitting in their secret closets.

We say we hunger for the old ways, but let us really HUNGER and THIRST to the extent we will do something about it, and help bring it to pass. It is a pleasure to partake of that which we have helped to produce. Let us exercise ourselves at our Sunday School work, at our Foreign and Home Mission efforts, at our Revivals, until the table is loaded, and we are all gathered around to partake of the FRUITS OF OUR LABORS.

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official organ of God's Missionary Church, Inc.

"A Messenger of Full Salvation."

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We earnestly desire thru the "Standard" to uphold the Scriptural doctrines of: The Conversion of Sinners (John 3:7); The Sanctification of Believers (Hebrews 12:14); The Healing of the Afflicted (James 5:14, 15); The Edification of Believers (Jude 20:21); and the Second, Premature Coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ (Acts 1:11).

THE STANDARD PULPIT

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Timothy 2:15.

THE CURE FOR SPIRITUAL BARRENNESS

Continued from Page 1

gist of their message from beginning to end. Then there are those who have gone to the extreme on healing. They neglect the salvation of souls to invest their entire ministry to the preaching of healing. Many are the extremists on prophecy and theories, but we fear all too many are neglecting the weightier matters of the Law.

"PATIENCE"—A good definition is, "Calmly enduring." Be patient, wait on the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass."

"GODLINESS"—Ephesians 5:1. "Be ye therefore followers (Imitators) of God." Moses prayed in the Pentateuch, "Lord, shew me thy way." In the task of soul-saving we need to ask the Lord to shew us how He would do the job. Then we are commanded to imitate the Lord.

"BROTHERLY KINDNESS"—"By this shall all men know that ye are my Disciples, if ye love one another."

"CHARITY"—The disposition to think well of others. This certainly needs cultivation among the religionists of our day. The text says, "If these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful." Kindly step on the scale, dear reader, and see whether you can tip it in favour of the text. If so, "An entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

They've Gone Away

It seems but just a little while,
We heard you laugh and saw your smile.
The little feet that ran at play,
Have ceased to run: they've gone away.

They've gone to that celestial shore.
Shall death come there? No, nevermore.
There all is joy and peace and bliss,
Lord, grant that we all may come to this.

You cannot come to us, again
But we can go to you,
If we obey God's word so true,
He said He'd take us thro'.

And when the pearly gates unfold,
We'll re-united be.
We'll see each other over there,
Upon the glassy sea.

We'll gaze upon the Saviour's face,
And shout His praises o'er.
When we are gathered home at last,
Upon the other shore.

Lord, grant that those of us who wait,
May very patient be,
Until we hear the summons,
From the Christ of Galilee.

Earl Fegley

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE

1. Keep skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice. How you say it, often counts more than what you say.
2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you.
3. Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. Praise good work done regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully.
4. Be interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. Make merry with those that rejoice; with those who weep, mourn. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as one of importance.
5. Be cheerful; keep the corners of your mouth turned up. Hide your pains, worries, and disappointments under a smile. Laugh at good stories, and learn to tell them.
6. Preserve an open mind to all debatable questions. Discuss but not argue. It is a mark of superior minds to disagree and yet be friendly.
7. Let your virtues, if you have any, speak for themselves, and refuse to talk of another's vices. Discourage gossip. Make it a rule to say nothing of another, unless it is something good.
8. Be careful of another's feelings. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort, and may hurt where least expected.
9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about you. Simply live that nobody will believe them. Disordered nerves and a bad digestion are a common cause of backbiting.
10. Don't be anxious about your dues. Do your work, be patient and keep your disposition sweet, forget self, and you will be rewarded.

Selected

THE MISSIONARY MESSAGE

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

Incorporated Missionary work on the Island of Cuba. Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. Eversole (Central Santa Lucia, Oriente, Cuba), Missionaries on the field. Rev. Joseph Hoffman (Elizabethville, Pa.) Missions Treasurer.

A Missionary Travelogue

Central Santa Lucia
Oriente, Cuba
November 29, 1949

Dear Christian Friends:

Grace, Mercy, and Peace from God be yours.

After three weeks in Bejucal near Habana in the home of Rev. Manuel Soriano, (One of the native preachers of GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH in Cuba.—Ed.), we were able to start to Eastern Cuba. There was a great deal of delay and difficulty in getting all of our papers fixed up. I finally took my driver's test and passed. The next day was spent in packing and loading the truck. We were not able to bring everything, so left some things in Bejucal.

We were advised to get a letter from the police at Bejucal to be used in case we were stopped. We were stopped twice by soldiers: the first time we didn't need the letter, but the next time I got out the letter and the soldiers read it. They were very nice and let us go our way. Without the letter we might have been detained or have had to unload and open up our things for inspection. We thank God for the letter.

We left Bejucal at 11:10 p. m. and drove all night and until about 4:30 p. m. when we reached Holgium, Oriente. I slept about two and one half hours on the way. The truck was so full that we couldn't shut the back door, so we couldn't stop over night. In Holgium we ate supper with Cuban friends and after unloading part of our things, started on to Santa Lucia. It had started to rain, and a few miles out of Holgium we ran into muddy roads. There were no ruts, but the soap-like mud was cut up in every direction by the car tracks.

We drove for quite a while in this way and finally met a car and were told that we were near Gebaro, on the North coast of Cuba, and shortly after came into the town. It was now about 12:15 a. m. and I was very tired. We stopped beside a hotel and almost immediately I fell asleep. When I awoke there were three policemen asking questions. I explained to them and asked them where a certain Cuban pastor lived. They took us to his home where we spent the night. The next day we were advised not to try to take the truck on to Santa Lucia, so we left it in Gibaro. We took a few things with us and came on by bus, arriving in Santa Lucia about 4:45 p. m. We passed through Potrerillo, where we saw some old



Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. Eversole

friends as we passed. Also we saw friends in Frey Benito and Dos Rios. Soon the news had gone around that we had arrived. The rains have stopped now and the roads will soon be dry. Rain was greatly needed in these parts. Tomorrow we plan to go to Potrerillo for a service, and then the next day on to Holgium. We are greatly in need of a location for headquarters and a place to live. At present we are in the home of our old friends in Santa Lucia, Senor Antonio Carillo. They have been very good to us. Yesterday, when we returned from Gibaro we found that they had moved a partition to make more room in our room. We are sure God will not forget to bless them for their kindness to us.

We found the work in good condition here in Eastern Cuba. We haven't been to the other preaching points, but we are told that in Lindero there is good interest and in another place they are asking for us to come.

Now, with the work to take care of and the need of a Missionary home pressing upon us, we must depend on our native workers to a great extent. They need your prayers. Marta Carillo, a girl of sixteen years, and her mother have been in charge of the work here and have done very well. We also want to see revivals this winter. Please pray for us.

Your Missionaries,

Paul and Ruth Eversole

EVANGELISTIC PULPIT

"Do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." 2 Timothy 4:5.

Isaiah's Portrait Of The Prince Of Peace!!

Rev. Gladstone Woodhouse

Isa. 32:1-4; 15:18. This Messianic Prophetic vision of Isaiah deals with the Coming of Christ's Reign of Peace, what shall happen and has happened regarding Jerusalem and the Jews, and then foretells the return of Prosperity under the outpouring of the Spirit, in verses 15-18. Although this chapter refers to Israel, there are some vital truths realized in the text, that may be applied to us. Christ is likened unto four things: (1) A *Hiding Place* from the wind (2) A *Covert* from the Tempest. (3) *Rivers of Waters* in a Dry Place. (4) The *Shadow* of a *Great Rock* in a Weary Land. Only Christ was capable of fulfilling all that was promised here. Two other writers mention something similar in connection with a coming King and His reign of Peace. Jer. 23:5; Zech. 9:9.

This truth proclaims the Messiah in His Mediatorial or Peace Making character. The Prince of Peace will not bring future peace to the World, but He brings peace to us, and peace through us, helping us to create peace in our homes, with our friends, and as much as possible, with our enemies, as well. Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and the man that sows discord and ill will among or about his brethren is not and cannot be related in any way to the Prince of Peace.

The WEARY LAND symbolizes the WORLD, while the DRY PLACE represents the STONY HEARTS of men. The WIND and TEMPEST is likened unto the storms of life that beat down upon the souls of men. Truly, the world is a weary land. Men are mere travelers across its waste. Life brings sunshine and shadows, valley and mountains, deserts and oases; but man cannot stop very long at any given place. The march from cradle to the grave must continue and man plods on unto the end. Christ an or non Christian finds that sickness, pain, heartache, sorrow and death walk hand and hand with them and none escape their torments. To many, life means very little, because there is seemingly nothing to live for, and nothing to die for. Men are weary of the battle for existence. Weary of the heavy load of sin imposed on them by Adam's fall. How else can man feel when he is void of the LOVE of CHRIST. How *empty* life must be without HIM.

We see the drunkard and the harlot and many professed Christians laugh and smile and pass on. IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU—WITHOUT CHRIST! The only comfort they have is their sin, and that

is no comfort. They do not know of one who can give them peace. NO WONDER MANY TURN TO SUICIDE AS A RELIEF.

There are many professed Christians eking out a miserable existence because they lack the warmth of Christ in their life. Does not the Story of Gethsemane or Calvary move you?? Does the Weeping Prophet standing over Jerusalem disturb your innermost soul?? IF NOT, you are COLD, and need to renew your FIRST LOVE.

(1) Christ is the *SHADOW* of a Great Rock in a Weary Land. This Eastern picture relates to us the people crossing the desert, burning sands scorching their feet, blinding hot sun on their heads. To stay out there in it, they would perish. They come to the mountains and are instantly refreshed with the shade. The sun has its penalties as well as blessings God provides shady places to protect and strengthen us. (Read the song, "In Shady Green Pastures God Leads Us Along").

(2) Notice that Christ is the Shadow of a *GREAT ROCK* in the Weary Land. Matt 16:18. Christ is a *GREAT ROCK* that is secure and unmovable. Paul said, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Who?? Why, no one but ourselves. Anchored in the Rock of Christ Jesus!!

(3) Christ is our *HIDING PLACE!!* Listen to the Psalmist as he speaks of God's goodness. "Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings." Ps. 17:8. Also, see, Ps. 27:5; 31:20; 32:7; 64:2; 119:114; 143:9. Read these for yourself).

(4) Christ is a *COVERT*. This symbolizes a covering for our sin—an Atonement. I John 2:2... "And He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

(5) Christ is as *RIVERS OF WATERS*. There is no need for dryness when we are in Christ. No room for it. WATER is the solution to a dry and parched land. The same is true with our hearts. CHRIST IMPARTS TO US LIVING WATER. Out of our belly shall flow rivers of living water. A well of water springing up into everlasting life. HOW IS YOUR WELL??? Full—dry—running low?? Do you have to prime for water??? Have you never struck water? Dig a little deeper. You can have an artesian well if you desire. EXAMINE YOUR-

Continued on Page 11

YOUTH'S MESSAGE

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Ecclesiastes 12:1.

The Lord's Prayer In A Snowstorm

Miss Ellen Bressler

(Continued from last month.)

He cast about in his mind. What did people do when lost in a snowstorm on the mountains? Freeze, of course, his better sense told him.

He looked down at his feet. There were his own tracks! He must be walking in circles.

Hadn't someone told him there was always moss on the north side of a tree? Eagerly he brushed the snow away from the trunk of a huge tree near by. He found the moss just as another sickening thought struck him. He didn't even know which way he had come. North, south, east or west, it was all alike to him. He didn't remember which way he had turned. He had only followed the trail and then had cut directly across to the huge tree on the edge of the canyon. If only it were not snowing! It would be easy then.

What had the girl in the terminal said? "The way out is up. Look to Jesus." He dropped to his knees. How did one ever pray in a snowstorm? He had never tried to pray; only his childhood's bedtime prayer and the Lord's Prayer.

Thinking it was the more suitable for a time like this he began—"Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name." It sounded queer there in the dark with only the snow around him. "Give us this day our daily bread." He continued louder and louder, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Tears were running down his face. "Oh, Lord," he added mentally, "I do forgive, even Det. Please hear me now." Tears fell in the snow unheeded. Shouting, praising God he ended, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen. Praise the Lord!" He jumped to his feet. Joy flooded his soul. He had even forgotten he was lost! Somewhere a voice echoed. "What do you want? Where are you?"

Wondering, he called out, "Here, at the big oak."

A hunter covered with snow carrying a large flashlight came toward him out of the swirling snow and bitter cold. He said, "What on earth! Are you lost?" Phil said, "Oh, I was lost, but Jesus found me. I'm just so happy!"

The hunter looked at him and thought, "Poor boy, I guess he's half frozen." Aloud he said, "Come, let's go to my cabin."

Together they went a short distance though it seemed miles to Phil for the exposure was beginning to tell on him. They came to a small cabin and the

hunter called "Molly, open the door. This lad is about gone."

Phil fell on the threshold, strong arms lifted him and he slept. During the night he talked "Lost—was found. Jesus, He forgave."

Silently the couple watched and listened while the blizzard raged outside. She remembered childhood scenes. They talked of them together, as they hovered over Phil.

Finally, days later, when Phil opened his eyes and asked for food he found the old hunter and his wife down upon their knees by his bedside, praying and praising God for their new-found joy and Phil's recovery. He joined them and God came down and blessed them together there.

THE END

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN COMRADE

Life has its bitter and its sweet,
We all alike must share,
But the burdens seem much lighter,
When our cross we humbly bear.

The songs we sing, the tears we shed,
Our every hope and fear,
Will vanish as the darkest night,
When sunrise draweth near.

Behold the vision of the cross,
And Jesus, crucified,
The nail-pierced hands, the crown of thorns,
The wounded, bleeding side.

Oh, thanks to Christ, who bore it all,
The agony and the strife,
For in the shedding of His blood,
There flows that stream of life.

So onward, Christian Comrade,
Be faithful, kind, and true
For up in God's blue Heaven,
A rainbow shines for you.

—Galloway

"He who hath not made a mistake, hath not made ANYTHING."

If you have received a copy of GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD this month as a sample, or have been handed one by a friend, please consider it an invitation from the editorial staff to subscribe.

Hints And Helps For Preachers

Continued from December Issue.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Tim. 2:15.

Rev. Geo. I. Straub

Paul in writing to young Timothy took every precaution to help promote the young evangelist, and prepare him for his life's work. Knowing the erroneous doctrines and teachings of false prophets, Timothy is commanded to apply himself to the studying of God's Word. There is a great difference between reading and studying the Word. Too many times we hurry through the Scriptures and fail to absorb the rich, wholesome truths. Webster's definition for "study" is: (1) To apply the mind to; to read and examine for the purpose of learning and understanding; (2) A setting the mind or thoughts upon a subject for the purpose of learning what is not before known. The preacher who fails to carry out this command, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God" limits himself and many times becomes what the writer calls a repeater, or one who stutters and stammers for words. This accounts for the saying of Hallelujah, Glory to God, Praise the Lord, and numerous other words or statements which are repeated time and again during the message, until they make the message boring to the listener. The purpose in studying is plainly stated in the above text: that we might show ourselves "approved unto God."

It appears to me that something more is required to convince men that a minister has the smile of God than his own belief. The text implies that by his work a minister must show that God is with him. The text implies that very strongly. Jesus, while trying to prove His Divinity and Sonship said, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake" John 14:11. God vindicates His true servants by answering their prayers, unctifying their messages, and making their ministry fruitful. The self-called preacher, or the man who enters the ministry merely for a job or because he feels it to be a life of ease, will find his

ministry to be unfruitful and barrenness will be his lot. God never called a man to the ministry to be a failure. Seminaries can (and do) do much in helping to prepare men for the ministry but cannot make a prophet out of a self-called man. Thousands of pulpits are occupied by self-called modernistic preachers. This accounts for the spiritual decline and the lack of revivals in churches where old-fashioned meetings were once enjoyed. Every God-called minister is commanded to study doctrine and become so well-established in true Holiness until we will not swerve from the narrow path or compromise God's Word and standards. "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear" I Pet. 3:15. On this message, Adam Clarke says: "Endeavor to so cultivate and improve thy heart and mind that thou mayest not be ashamed (a reproach) to Him from whom thou professest to receive thy commission." The Word of God is likened unto a sword, and is not meant to be played with. It is to be handled with caution and preached without fear or favour.

Mr. John Shephard was greatly distinguished for his success in the pulpit. On his death bed he said to some young ministers who were present: "The secret of my success is in three things: (1) the studying of my sermons very frequently cost me tears. (2) Before I preached a sermon I derived good from it myself. (3) I have always gone into the pulpit as if I were immediately after to render an account to my Master." Let every minister take heed how and what he preaches. Hell fire preaching is not confined to the poor and poverty stricken, and the pleasant sayings of Jesus to the cultured and refined. Be careful not to streamline truth for those who have their thousands.

(To be continued)

Evangelists' Slates

Confer, Dean

(Home Address, Beech Creek, Pa.)

Gospel Musical Caravan—

(Rev. Paul Light and Rev. Norman Jacobs)

(Home Address, R. D., Palmer-ton, Pa.)

February, March—Home Mission-

ary Work.

Herr, Russell T.

(Home Address, Richfield, Pa.)

Straub, George I.

(Home Address, Penns Creek, Pa.)

Schuylkill Haven, Pa. (Naz.) Jan. 28, 29.

Cuba Missionary Tour—February

Muncy, Pa. (P. H. Ch.) March 1-

12.

Frackville, Pa. (Ch. of God) Mar. 17-Apr. 2.

Frantz, Thomas E.

(Home Address, 635 Susquehanna Ave., Sunbury, Pa.)

Lafayette, Ind.—Feb. 1-12.

Camden, N. J.—Feb. 15-26.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Feb. 27-Mar. 5.

Pottstown, Pa.—Mar. 7-19.

My Expedition To Mount Ararat In Search Of Noah's Ark

By A. J. Smith, Ph. D., D. D., Director
The Oriental Archaeological Research Expedition

Editor's Note: We present this article by special permission of the Author, who has given us the privilege of abridging his material originally published in *Bible News Flashes*.



Mt. Ararat in the distance. Mt. Biehreh at right, tops of tents and horses. 10,000 feet of elevation. Here we suffered for lack of food and water. This is as far as we could go with animals. From here to the foot of Mt. Ararat it was still one-half day's travel on foot over mountain ranges. —Author

According to the opinions expressed by some, our expedition has been pronounced a failure, but any such statement is decidedly unfair. It is quite impossible, in a brief article, to give all the points that would refute such an unjust judgment.

In the first place, we did not have sufficient time to do a thorough job in completing our search for the object of our quest. We actually only spent about fifteen days in the area about the higher and lower mountains of Ararat. Strictly speaking, we should have had from four to six weeks to do the work.

A Modern Miracle

We spent almost eight weeks in Turkey before we got our permit to travel in the restricted area east of the Euphrates River and principally around the Ararats. It was a modern miracle that we got the permit. Many expressed doubt. Even some of our own expeditionary group members thought the Turks were fooling us by having us wait until it would be too late to do anything. But my faith was in God, and I also believed what the Turkish officials told us. Every Turk I talked to about the permit said, "You will get it." This always encouraged me, even in the darkest hours of our waiting.

Turkish People's Courtesy

I cannot tell you in words the wonderful treatment we received from the Turkish people, from the military officers and civilian officials, down to the

humblest peasant. We were given everything we asked for, and more too. I have been in different countries of the world, but have never been extended such courtesies as we received from the Turks.

After we got our permit, we lost no time in starting for Ararat. Mr. Wood and our interpreter, whom we called Freddie, travelled by jeep eleven hundred miles from Istanbul to Bayazit; Mr. Ogg and Newton by train, and I part way by train and part way by plane. From Erzurum we took a bus for the last lap of our journey of one hundred fifty miles to our base at Bayazit, which is a military stronghold.

A Party of Thirty-Eight

There were thirty-eight of us going up the mountains—five Americans, three Turkish interpreters, two Turkish reporters, a doctor, two military officers, and the other soldiers, guides, and caretakers for the animals. The first night we camped in a little vale in the shadow of a high mountain. We found a little pool of stagnant water, but not sufficient for all the animals. We moved on the second day higher up, going through a deep gorge and up around a high rugged mountain. When shouts came for us to stop, we did; but a little later, another shout told us to go back, so we retraced our way for only about two hundred yards and camped for the night. The guide went to the place where he had seen plenty of water in previous years, but found no water there now, this having been the driest year in eighty seasons. We didn't know what to do. We were all terrible thirsty. Some of the donkeys collapsed on the way and only with great difficulty could the men force them to get up and go on—all the donkeys had been without a drop of water for thirty-six hours. Most of the water we had brought with us had leaked out of the kegs and gasoline cans the day before.

Water Scarcity A Problem

It was at dusk of the second day when the report came that water had been found. There was a stampede of men and horses with canteens, kegs, and cans, to the place. There were snakes, bugs, dirt, and mud; but it was water. They drank and dipped and filled their canteen and cans, then the water was exhausted. I had retired when they finally returned with the dirty water. I had been thirsty all day, so had others. During the night I awoke. My thirst was in-

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THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO

Julia A. Shelhamer

I looked over life's great harvest field,
And thought, "What can I do?"

The needs are great, the fields white,
But laborers are few.

If I could preach like sainted Paul,
Or write up something new,
I'd only be too glad, but oh,
There's nothing I can do.

If I could start in life anew,
And have a higher aim,
I might accomplish more and reach
Some pinnacle of fame.

But time is short, my means are small
And talents very few;

So in despair I sit and say,
"There's nothing I can do."

But, hark! I hear from out the gloom,
"What'er is done by thee
To one of those, My little ones,
Is done as unto Me."

The little things shall be my work,
His praise alone I'll view,
Nor will I ever sadly say,
"There's nothing I can do."

(Sel. Gospel Herald)

BLESSED BE HIS NAME

I have a Friend, whose faithful love
Is more than all the world to me,
'Tis higher than the heights above,
And deeper than the boundless sea:
So old, so new, so strong, so true;
Ere the earth received its frame
He loved me—blessed be His Name!

He held the highest place above,
Adored by all the sons of flame,
Yet, such His self-denying love,
He laid aside His crown and came
To seek the lost, and, as the cost
Of Heavenly rank and earthly fame,
He sought me—blessed be His Name!

It was a lonely path He trod,
From every human soul apart,
Known only to Himself and God
Was all the grief that filled His heart;
Yet from the track, He turned not back

'Til where I lay in want and shame,
He found me—blessed be His Name!

Then dawned at last that day of dread

When, desolate, yet undismayed,

With wearied frame and thorn-crowned head

He, now forsaken and betrayed,
Went up for me—to Calvary,
And, dying there in grief and shame,

He saved me—blessed be His Name!

Long as I live, my song shall tell
The wonders of His matchless love;

And, when at last I rise to dwell
In the bright Home prepared above,

My joy shall be His face to see,
And, bowing then with loud acclaim,

I'll praise Him—blessed be His Name!

(Sel. Gospel Herald)

—IN MEMORIAM—

A beautiful life was brought to a swift and unexpected close, when the grim reaper took from our midst Joseph Henry Hartley of Centre Hall, Pa., December 1, 1949, at the age of fifty-four years, five months, and twenty-six days. He is survived by his father, Levi Hartley of Centre Hall, also his wife, Mary Snavley Hartley of Centre Hall, and the following children: Lawrence, of Danville, Pa., Mrs. Eugene Klinefelter, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Theodore, of Centre Hall, Pa., Mrs. Kenneth Brooks, Centre Hall, Pa., and Eugene, at home.

Brother Hartley has been faithfully attending and enjoying our services at Zerby, and was an inspiration to the church. Funeral services were conducted from Jeffries Funeral Home in Centre Hall with Rev. Marlin Hryn and Rev. and Mrs. M. F. Moore assisting. Interment was made in the Centre Hall Cemetery.

WEDDING

(Report delayed)

A very plain and informal, yet beautiful, wedding was performed in God's Missionary Church at Zerby, Sunday evening, October 9, 1949, at 7:00 p. m., when Miss Mary Maeda Musser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Musser of Spring Mills R. D., Pa., became the bride of Alton D. Kessinger of Woodward, Pa. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Marlin E. Moore, and Mrs. Moore played the wedding music. The church was filled for the occasion, and many stayed for the regular evening services.

CHURCH COWS

As I drive along the road, many things I see,
Yonder are a dozen cows 'neath a maple tree,
While the fiery sun above glows in burning heat,
There they lie, and chew their cud in contentment sweet.

As I sit in church sometimes, something there I see,
That reminds me of the cows 'neath the maple tree,
Men and women, boys and girls, people here and there,
Jaws a-moving just like cows, no difference I declare.

There's no sin in chewing gum, guess it isn't wrong,
But there are some places where it surely don't belong,
Chew it here; chew it there, any place you roam,
But when you go to church my friends, leave your gum at home.

Just imagine how we'd look in the world to come,
Talking to our blessed Lord, mouths all full of gum,
Guess it's just a habit here, but it's out of place,—
Say! let's stop a-chewing gum, in God's House of Grace.

From, "The Banner"
by E. R. Storms
Kitchener, Ontario.

**SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY
FOR SOMEONE**

Two of the first built cottages located on Penns Creek Camp Grounds are being offered for sale, at the low price of only \$350.00 per cottage. Those interested may contact the President, Rev. Truman G. Wise, Herndon, Pennsylvania.

Rev. A. A. Passmore,
Camp Treasurer

**CALLING ALL PASTORS AND
WORKERS**

PLEASE, PLEASE. Try to send in some more subscriptions to the STANDARD this month. Pass out the samples reaching you, use them to introduce your church when you visit. God will bless what you do.

—Editor

A Page From A Preacher's Diary

December 14, Forenoon

A pastor friend called and requested me to visit with him in some of the nearby villages and cities. Our first visit was to a local hospital, where we saw many suffering cases and examples of afflictions, and our hearts were made to say, "Thank you, Lord, that we have a measure of health and are not required to be in this place of mercy." The nurses of the ward as well as the doctors were hustling and bustling around helping the patients. A colored stretcher bearer wheeled up the operating room "special," and some one went to undergo the "knife," no doubt. The lady we had come to see had just gone through a very serious operation, and was all but exhausted with all the burdens she had to bear as a mother, besides her afflictions. She told of being confident of the prayers of God's people and said, "I've just rested on the prayers of God's people and have found that this is no place to pray." The writer was impressed by that statement, "Resting on the prayers of the Christians," and felt that the man in the Scriptures had it right when he said, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The next stop was at the home of a dear mother, nearly ninety years of age, whose vision, hearing, and powers of locomotion were seriously impaired, but whose faith in the God of her salvation had never swerved. She stated that she was very happy for the Lord's presence and told us that she could not bear her burdens alone. We sang the chorus, "I do not mind the journey, tho' toilsome it may seem, for beyond life's somber shadows, I can see the home lights gleam. At the ending of life's journey what a welcome there will be. So I do not mind the journey, since my Father waits for me." The dear old mother told us that she was the last of ten children, and that she knew that all the rest of her family had safely made it to heaven. She bade us to return to her home saying, "This is the Lord's home; it is humble, but the Lord is here." As we bowed in prayer we remembered this humble saint's words, "I have so much pain that it would bring me no more pain were someone to drive nails through my hands." Still she held tight to the Saviour's hand.

Another home beckoned, and this time it was the home of some one who had been "turned out of the way" because of the inconsistent lives of others, but soon the Lord met with us, and melted our hearts as we prayed and sang together, and left shortly afterward with a promise that they would soon be in the services again.

As we write these lines we are thinking of our visit to the home of a dear saint of God, whose sister lay between life and death with a serious affliction.

A companion worker joined in as we sang the old songs of Zion together. How the tears of joy did flow from every eye as God manifested Himself in that home. The afflicted one said, "I pray every night for the Father to take me home. I'm so anxious to go." Our hearts bathed in God's love, and our faces wet with tears, we left the home determined to be a better servant of the Cross, guiding souls to Jesus, and into Eternal Bliss.

—Selected.

—READER—

If you do not receive your copy of the **STANDARD** for any reason please notify the mailing editor by postcard at once, address: Rev. Russell T. Herr, Richfield, Pa. We are making every effort to assure delivery of your paper each month. Thank You.

—Editor

MY EXPEDITION TO MOUNT ARARAT IN SEARCH OF NOAH'S ARK

Continued from Page 8

tensified. I got a canteen, put a handkerchief over the hole and drank the dirty water; but felt no ill effects afterwards. The next day the boys cleaned the hole, dug the mud out and a fresh supply of water seeped in during the night.

Research Parties Explore Ararat Area

Three parties made explorations on the south and east sides of higher Ararat and on the plateau of the saddle. A party also made an exploration trip to the base of higher Ararat on the east, to the snow line. We made three research trips in the jeep to the west, where the prophet Jacob's tomb is supposed to be, but personally I think it should be Japhet's tomb, Noah's son. We made a second trip to the north side and later another to the extreme northeast side; but we did not have time to climb near to the base of the mountain. We also sent out three national scouts who hunted for two days. Mr. Ogg, with soldiers, made a trip on the west side up to an elevation of thirteen feet and found a little lake up there, a splendid camping place for a future expedition—for this was merely the inception of the work that needs to be done.

Food Very Poor

The mountains are rugged, rocky, and steep—the gorges and crevices deep and perilous. Anyone who thinks we had a vacation had better change his mind. We ran out of food and shared some of ours with the soldiers. All we had, finally, was sardines and eastern Turkish bread, which is a very poor grade of dark whole wheat bread mixed with straw, hair, dirt, and sand. How we longed for some of our good

American food.

Valuable Information Catalogued

We got a lot of helpful information. The area has been visited frequently by terrific earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. An earthquake in and near Erzurum did great damage while I was in that city.

There was a radical change in the weather around Ararat the last days of our stay. It started raining and this doubtless turned to snow after we left. On some mountains snow had fallen. We could see the mountains on the Russian and Iranian borders. Eastern Turkey has tremendous natural fortifications—the mountains, which not only serve as a dividing line but stand there as a mighty bulwark of defense against any attempted invasion of the foe.

Turkey At the Crossroads

Life in the villages and country of Turkey is unchanged. People live, work, and farm as they did four thousand years ago. But in the large cities, such as Istanbul and Ankara, there have been marvelous changes as a result of the radical reformation under that great emancipator, the late President Ataturk. We trust a new day is dawning for Turkey. The youth of Turkey is at the Crossroads—it will be Christianity or Communism. Mohammedanism is a dead religion. Very few young people go to the mosques.

THE AUTHOR FURTHER STATES (In writing the Editor)

"You could add, that God enabled me to start a Bible School in Turkey and a real revival, thank God. Oh, how hungry the people were for the truth. My new book will be out about February first, God bless you.

Yours in Him,
A. J. Smith

ISAIAH'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE!!

Continued from Page 5

SELF. Do you have the Joy? Israel received a glorious rest in Verses 15-18, and Hebrews 4:9, 11 says, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."

Editor's Note: Rev. Gladstone Woodhouse is an ordained elder in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and is a very capable singer, musician, and preacher. He and Mrs. Woodhouse are well qualified to direct an entire revival, including leading the singing, presenting special selections, and preaching the Word. Pastors interested may address Rev. Mr. Woodhouse at: R. D. Tipp City, Ohio.

A Lad and His Dog

A boy and his dog are a sight to behold,
Their friendship is true, more precious than gold.
If the boy is chastised or suffers rebuke,
The dog suffers too, though he stands quite mute.

The boy is tender, patient, and kind,
No better friend could a little dog find.
Should the dog become hungry, tired, or ill,
To see the boy tend to him is quite a thrill.

The dog is loyal, and meets every test,
He'll search for his master from the east to the west.
When he has found him, he barks with delight,
And tugs at his pant-leg with all of his might.

When day is ended, and night's shadows fall,
And the boy and his dog have both ceased to run,
In their dreams they are playing, the dog and the boy,
For there's naught in each heart, but sunshine and joy.

Oh, that we grownups could be like those two,
And not fuss around, and make a big ado,
But love one another, be faithful and kind,
Then joy, peace, and happiness in Christ we'll find.

Earl Fegley

READER: Will you not pray for our missionaries, and especially ask the Lord to open up the way to purchase a headquarters. If God would lead you to give an offering toward this need, address your gift to: The Missionary Treasurer, Rev. Joseph Hoffman, Elizabethtown, Pa., designating it to be for the Missionary Headquarters Building.

—Editor

Continued from page 12.

However, God kept me sweet, led me out, and supplied my needs until one night in a cottage prayer meeting He unmistakably called me to preach the gospel. After pastoring a rescue mission work for a number of years and doing home missionary work for a holiness denomination, I felt the call of foreign missions. It was soon made plain to me, by the Holy Spirit, that my work was to be among the Spanish speaking people. For the last four years I have prepared myself with the study of the language, etc. At the Penns Creek camp last year I became affiliated with God's Missionary Church. At that time I made application and was accepted as an out-going missionary to Cuba.

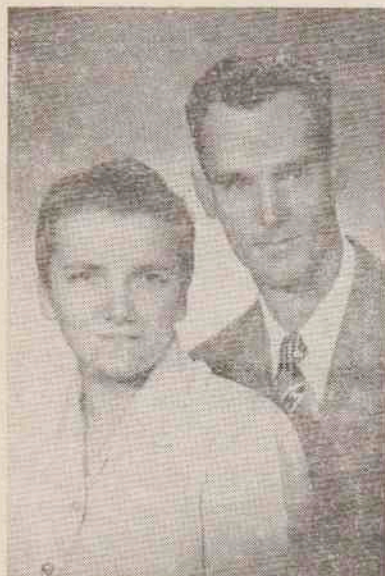
I remain happy in the Lord as I wait upon Him for His continual leading.

Yours for lost souls,
Rev. William Sullivan

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Rev. and Mrs. William Sullivan, Out-going Missionaries to Cuba. Address them: 2300 Lincoln Ave., Pt. Pleasant, W. Va.

IN ANSWER TO PRAYER GOD CALLS MORE WORKERS TO WORK IN THE WHITE HARVEST FIELDS. Read their testimonies. Pray for them. Pray for the funds to come in that they may soon be on the field to join Rev. and Mrs. Eversole in the work in Cuba. Direct your offerings for the Sullivans to Rev. Joseph Hoffman, Foreign Missionary Treasurer, R. D. Elizabethtown Pa. A receipt will

be returned to you at once. Thank you for all you have done, and may God bless your efforts as you read these lines.

—Editor

Sister Mac Kuhns Sullivan Testifies

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ:

I'm glad to report good victory in my soul just now. It isn't what I had fourteen years ago but present day victory. So many times we hear someone testify and say what the Lord did for them twenty years ago but don't say much of what He is doing for them now. Perhaps if they would be walking as close to the Lord as they should, He would do greater things for them today than He did in the past.

I'm glad that I can say He is doing more for me in the present than He has ever done in the past. Why? Because I dared to step out on His promises and take Him at His word. When I think back over my life and begin counting the many blessings He bestowed upon me, it makes me weep for joy. I don't feel worthy of the things He has done for me. "How can I ever repay Him?" the thought so often flashes across my mind. Then I think of how Christ gave His life for me, so what more could I do but turn around and give my life wholly consecrated to Him.

I can remember the time when the Lord first called me to be a missionary when I was but a child. At that time I never thought I would get to be one. As I grew older I often said I was going to be a farmer but buried deep in my heart was also the thought of being a missionary. You might say "What did you then do?" Well, I committed it to His hands and said, "Lord, if you want me to be a missionary you will have to open the door, otherwise I will stay on the farm." A few years later He opened up the way for me to go to Bible School where He gave me a greater vision of the heathen souls crying out, "Come over and help us." Then He led me here to the Point Pleasant Orphanage, Point Pleasant, West Virginia, where I am laboring until He opens up the way for me to go to Cuba. I felt as if this was just one step further out in the work whereunto He had called me. Many times I think of that song, "God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." It is wonderful how the Lord will work if we will only let Him.

I'm glad I can say that I know I'm saved and sanctified wholly, ready to go where He says. Pray for me that I will always stay at the place where He can receive the most honor and glory from my life.

Your Missionary for Cuba,
Mae Kuhns, (Sullivan)

Rev. William Sullivan Testifies

As a boy I do not remember much about church attendance as both my father and mother were unsaved. It was said of my father that in his boyhood he once knew the Lord and was called of God to preach. However, demon drink had taken possession and as the result I never knew what the word "LOVE" meant until I met Jesus on December 3, 1935. The first time the Holy Spirit spoke to me in a revival meeting I gave my heart to Him. Immediately I wanted to tell every one, because I was so happy. After walking in all of God's light, on February 5, 1935, God gloriously sanctified me. This experience met with much opposition from my father. I was called a fanatic, told I was crazy on religion, and ordered to leave with an automatic pistol to back it up. Obeying Father's command I found refuge in a miners' shanty, with coats for a pillow and coats for a covering, but in which were cracks large enough to throw out a cat.

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