



# GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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*"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.*

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## *The Great Need—a Revival of Religion*

G. W. RIDOUT

In Isa. 59:19 we read: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The flood is upon us. We are flooded with unbelief and skepticism, with the new theology and old carnality, with worldliness, religious apathy and indifference. In many places the flood has put out revival fires; the gymnasium takes the place of the prayer meeting; the supper room the place of the upper room, and the church is a social club instead of a communion of saints and a body of saved believers.

Heterodoxy will never be put down and out by mere orthodoxy. Error and false doctrine will not be conquered by arguments and learned treatises. In the history of the church, time and again, she has come up to a crisis like the one that is now on us; but the thing that has brought about a change has been, no learning, nor money, nor music, nor oratory, but the power of God, and the arm of the Lord revealed in a mighty on-sweeping tidal wave of religious revival. This is the supreme need of our age and hour.

"A revival of religion," says Finney, "is a purely philosophical result of the right use of constituted means. A revival consists in the return of the church from her backslidings, and in the conversion of sinners. A revival always includes conviction of sin on the part of the church. It is nothing else than a new beginning of obedience to God. Christians will be filled with a tender and burn-

ing love for souls. A revival breaks the power of the world and of sin over Christians. When the churches are thus awakened and reformed, the salvation of sinners will follow; they will go through the same stages of conviction, repentance and reformation.

"If Christians are full of the Spirit of God, sinners read it. An individual once went into a manufactory to see the machinery. His mind was solemn, as he had been where there was a revival. The people who labored there all knew him by sight, and knew who he was. A young lady who was at work saw him, and whispered some foolish remark to her companion, and laughed. The person stopped, and looked at her with a feeling of grief. She stopped, her thread broke, and she was so agitated that she could not join it. At length she sat down, overcome with her feelings. The person then approached and spoke with her; and she soon manifested a deep sense of sin.

"The feeling spread through the establishment like fire, and in a few hours almost every person employed there was under conviction; so much so that the owners, though worldly men, were astounded, and requested to have the works stopped and have a prayer meeting. They said it was a great deal more important to have these people converted than to have the works go on. In a few days, the owners and nearly every person employed in the establishment were hopefully converted. If

Christians themselves have deep feelings on the subject of religion, they will produce deep feeling wherever they go. And if they are cold, or light and trifling, they will inevitably destroy all deep feeling."

A revival of religion is needed all through the country and all through the churches:

1. To restore some long-lost and long-neglected doctrines of grace.
2. To bring back again the age of faith.
3. To restore the Bible to its proper place.
4. To exalt the supernatural.
5. To emphasize the Cross and the precious Blood.
6. To honor the Holy Spirit.

In a theological seminary one of the professors said, "The wane in the revival spirit is a development, not a decay, in religion. It is because of its inherent weakness. The function of crowd action in revivals is to re-enforce the authority of dogma and keep toleration alive. The individual feels himself burst into a realm of joy, not by solving the problems of life discriminately, but by forgetting them."

These words are well worthy of some pagan writer, not a theological teacher. They reflect the modern attitude on revivals; but on the other hand, as we read church history, and especially the history of Methodism, we find that the church prospered to the greatest degree in periods of revivals.

I was reading of the remarkable revival career of Thomas Harrison, so long known as the "Boy Preacher." The story of how

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# EDITORIAL

Thomas E. Frantz...

## When Trouble Comes

*"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, YET TROUBLE CAME."* Job 3:26.

The man of the text was well-acquainted with TROUBLE, having just lost his family, his flocks and herds, and the confidence and affection of his wife. For seven days and seven nights three of his "friends" sat, *"For they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him."* (Job 2:11). *"And none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."* (Chapter 2, Verse 13). Job then entered into a great period of lamentation of the time he was born, and in the midst of this complaint, we find the words of the text, which contain a message for us in their era, we do believe.

*Job Was Pure . . .*

*"YET TROUBLE CAME"*

The strongest witness to the purity and holiness of this old patriarch was God Himself, who testified to the devil: *"And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant, Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?"* (Job 1:11). God had put Job into the "Divine Windowcase" and asked the whole world to look upon him as a servant of Jehovah. Down through the periods of time in the dealings of the Almighty with man, the Creator has done just this millions of times. He saves, sanctifies, and empowers a lost soul: and, presto-chango, there they are: in the "Divine Windowcase"!

God set Joseph down into the slime and sin of ancient Egypt,

but brought him out as pure as he entered. Daniel and his companions were "on view" in Babylon, and kept the victory in that strange land. Esther, God's handmaiden in Persia, overthrew the power of the devil, and — together with her uncle — had people beating a path to her door to "become Jews." Reader, let God put you "into the window" where passersby in this age may see the grace of God in your life. Yes, Job was pure and holy, *"YET TROUBLE CAME!"*

*Job Was Prayerful,*

*"YET TROUBLE CAME"*

*"And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually."* Job 1:5.

This troubled man realized his children were vulnerable to the tests of the flesh, and the temptation of the devil. He was not so naive to think that since they had been "raised right" they would "do right" at all times. He knew they were human, and that it was possible for them to do wrong. Many a spiritual parent has had the sky crash down on them upon learning that their son or daughter has been involved in some sordid affair. Somehow they thought their children were so different. Satan's victims come from all ranks, and all would do well to pray as did Job.

This father entertained a love for the kingdom of God, and wished no blight should be entered thereupon by members of his household. No sadder picture is seen in the Old Testament than that of Eli, who failed God until *"His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."* Eli's sons carried on open immorality

right within the walls of the temple! Job never would have stood for this, and he prayed continually that such would not happen! What father is there

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**Editor** Rev. Thomas E. Frantz  
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**Associate Editor** Rev. Marlin E. Moore  
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### Business Manager

Eva Bailey, Centre Hall, Pa.

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# Missionary Crusader's Page

## Reaching Youth for the Saviour

### Western Zone Rally

Rev. Arthur Thomas, Millmont pastor, spoke to more than 95 Missionary Crusaders on the theme, "How To Be Great in the Sight of the Lord" from Luke 1:5, on April 19 at Mahaffey Church.

Some folks drove more than 100 miles to attend this good service, for the Mahaffey Church is located more than 70 miles from the nearest other Church in the Zone. In spite of this, and the fact that two of the Western Zone Churches were in revival meetings, there were seven different congregations represented.

Special music at the rally included the singing of the Kuhns family and Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Walter.

—Alvin Shaffer, Reporter

### Endued! Empowered! Infilled!

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL  
KNOW THEM"

By Stephen Merritt

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure negro; when I first knew him he was probably about twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far west to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost and, of course, was full of Him.

I talked from the abundance of my heart to her of Him. I told her if she would receive Him she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick, nor lonesome nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in that dark continent. She hearkened — desired — consented — asked, and He came — an abiding presence. She departed, filled with the Spirit. Her companion missionaries thought she would be a failure, as she kept herself aloof and would sit alone and talk and cry and laugh; they thought she had left a lover behind, and therefore her actions. She had her Lover with her; hence her peculiarities. She had reached her station, sat down to her work — contented, blessed and happy.

This Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel.

He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme; when she wearied with a constant repetition, said: "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost." "I am going — Where is he!" She laughingly answered: "In New York." She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traversed before reaching the ocean.

As he arrived on the shore a sailing vessel dropped her anchor in the offing, and a small boat put ashore; Samuel stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, "Oh, yes, you will." He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused; the next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request again the third time, and was asked by the captain, "What can you do?" and he answered, "Anything." Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted, and he was short-handed, he asked, "What do you want?" meaning pay. Samuel said: "I want to see Stephen Merritt." He said to the man in the boat, "Take this boy aboard."

"I will teach thee—  
the way."—Psa. 32:8

He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up — and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, the songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

They landed in New York and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls, with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and stepping up to the first man he met, said: "Where's Stephen Merritt?" It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I would be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that; one of the Travelers' Club was the man accosted, and he said: "I know him; he lives on Eighth Avenue, on the other side of town. I'll take you to him for a dollar." "All right," said Samuel, though he had not one cent.

"They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer-meeting, and the

tramp said: "There he is!" Samuel stepped up and said: "Stephen Merritt?" "Yes!" "I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk to you about the Holy Ghost." Have you any letters of introduction?" "No — had no time to wait." "Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer meeting. Will you go into the mission next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment." "All right." "Say, young fellow," said the tramp, "where is my dollar?" "Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now," said Samuel. "Oh, certainly," said I, as I passed the dollar over.

I went to the prayer-meeting — he to the mission. I forgot him until as I put my key in the door, about 10:30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. I had never seen such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surroundings, was indeed a picture.

### Manifest Power Of The Holy Spirit

Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America winning souls for Emmanuel — nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday, I said, "Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday school. I am the Superintendent, and may ask you to speak." He answered, "I never was in Sunday school, but all right." I smilingly introduced him as one Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to their Superintendent about the Holy Spirit.

I know not what he said. The school laughed, and as he commenced, my attention was called, and I turned aside for a few moments, when I looked, and lo, the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifested power of the Holy Spirit was so sensible that the entire place was filled with His glory.

The days that followed were wonderful days.

I took him in a coach, with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said, "Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park." He had never been behind horses nor in a coach, and the effect was laughable to me. I said, "Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House," and began to explain, when he said, "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered, "Oh, yes, I very frequently have very blessed times while riding about." He placed his great black hand

(Continued on page 5)



## The King Who Could Not Sleep

FRED T. FUGE

All the wealth that the Persian king had ever accumulated, all the armies that he had ever commanded, and all the people in the fifty nations over which he ruled, could not bring rest to his troubled soul, nor sleep to his blood-shot eyes. A man may just as well seek rest and quiet on the blistering pavements of hell as to expect rest in spirit from the sting of a burning conscience.

A little while ago I read of an old man who walked into a Detroit Police Office, and gave himself up for murder. He said, "Twenty-five years ago I shot a man by the name of Howard Carpenter. The murderer was never found, but I am the murderer. I am an old man now, and I shall soon have to meet my Maker, and I want to go with a clear conscience."

What a wretched hell that man must have been living in for the last twenty-five years, with the murdered Carpenter tearing at his conscience both day and night.

How could the king of ancient Persia sleep, or rest his troubled soul for a single minute? The memory of his awful past came crowding in upon him. He saw the uncounted multitudes that he had sent to their death in the deep, dark waters of the sea. The dead and bleaching bones of vast armies murdered by his command on many a battle field; widowed wives and orphans, children weeping and mourning in a million homes; slaves and captured thousands grinding in chains. Tyranny and oppression everywhere in his trial, and innocent blood like the dashing waves of the sea beating about his guilty soul. How could such a monster sleep?

His traders in the desert, pilgrims on the plains, and people in a thousand villages might lift their voices and cry aloud to Baal, the sun-god, for the protection and the happiness of such a bloodthirsty tyrant, but their prayers brought no relief to his troubled soul, nor sleep to his weary eyes.

**That night the king could not sleep.** Yet, I do not believe that it was all due to crimes committed on battle fields that he was wakeful that night. His last red-handed crime was perhaps the worst of all — the signing of that document which gave the wicked Haman permission to murder all the Jews in his kingdom. That was his greatest insult to God, and Xerxes had to come to time.

A volume of prayer had been going up to Heaven. Tens of thousands of innocent lives were at stake, the king had signed their death warrant, and sealed it with his ring, and had given Haman full power to execute the crime.

Strange to say, the only thing that could quiet his burning nerves even for a minute was a passage from the book that contained the secret of the Jews' deliverance from death. As his reading scribe turned the page he came upon the passage that told of Mordecai who saved the king's life when his wicked

men planned to kill him. Mordecai, the Jew that sat covered with sackcloth in the gate, was he who saved his life. A sudden change came over the tired and restless monarch, and for a moment he seemed to forget the agonies of the long, dreadful night through which he had passed. A strange restfulness settled down upon him. Mordecai is my deliverer, the only man in all the world that saved my life. Every letter in the name of that wonderful Jew seemed to stand out like burnished gold. Mordecai, my savior, the man who foiled the plot when enemies planned to kill me. There was a charm in his name; yet Mordecai was one of the Jews whose death warrant he had just sealed.

The grey dawn was streaking the eastern sky, the sun was just returning to usher in another glorious day, when a sound of approaching footsteps was heard on the marble pavement in the great Hall of State. "Who comes there so early?" inquired the king.

"Haman, your prime minister," replied the man on guard. "He has built a gallows seventy-five feet high on which to hang Mordecai the Jew, and he has now come to acquaint you of what he intends to do."

Haman the Agagite, the enemy of God, and the would-be butcher of all His people, was ushered into the presence of Xerxes, the greatest king in all the world. Fair the morn, and bright the prospects when Haman said goodbye to Zeresh, his wife, for an early and important audience with the king. But blasted hopes, disappointed ambitions and shattered prospects, like midnight clouds, were soon to veil the face of the golden sun and usher the scheming murderer into the pitch blackness of a night more awful than that in which the king could find no sleep.

"Haman, great and mighty prince and prime minister of the kingdom of Persia! Tell me, what shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Oh, what a thrill! Haman's soul, with exultant joy, almost leaped out of his body. Morn of morns the fairest, day of all days the gladdest, hope of all hopes the brightest. The honors and glories he had so long coveted were now about to be showered upon him. For where could there be found in all the 127 states of the king's domain a man on whom his Majesty could possibly think of bestowing greater honor than upon him?

But Haman's advice aroused the suspicions of the king. He saw through the plot, and realized that his prime minister was seeking the glory for himself.

"Haman," said the king, "bring forth my state wardrobe, my mantle of royal purple from Ethiopia, and my state-robe set with precious stones, and embroidered with chains of gold. Bring also the ornaments that I wore on the day of coronation, my diadem of Ethiopian-make, and my royal toga studded with pearls from Africa. Then go to the royal stables and take from there the best horse, the one that I ride on state occasions. Then go out to Mordecai, the little Jew that is crouched outside of the king's gate, and do for him

all that thou hast asked for the man whom the king delighteth to honor. Shave him, dress him in royal apparel, place him on my horse, then take the bridle thyself and lead him through the principal street of Shushan. And as you go, sound a trumpet, and say to all the people, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

Poor Haman! His sun suddenly went down. "O king," said the cunning prince, "there are many Jews in the kingdom by the name of Mordecai, and how can I tell which one is to have this honor?"

"I mean the Mordecai who sits in the gate, the shriveled-up little old man covered with sackcloth, who will not bow to you. Or, to make it plainer, it is the Jew whom you have come this morning to take away and hang till he is dead. You cannot possibly mistake him for another Mordecai. His name is recorded in the chronicles of the kingdom, and Shimshi the scribe has just read to me the passage that tells of his saving my life when Bigthana and Teresh were plotting to kill me."

When Haman heard this, the blood seemed to congeal in his veins, as he stammeringly offered the king ten thousand talents of silver to cancel his order. But his Majesty was adamant, and the disappointed murderer of all Jews, with the royal apparel, the State-crown, the throne jewels, and the richly caparisoned horses, marched out to Mordecai in the gate.

"Arise, O Mordecai, thou righteous seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Thy ashes have prevailed more than all my gold and silver. Arise! Throw off thy sackcloth, and don these royal robes."

"O wicked Haman," returned the strange old man, "the time cometh when thou shalt drink wormwood and gall, thou corrupt son of Amalek."

"Come, come," said Haman. "Arise and dress thyself, and mount the royal steed, for the king's orders are urgent, and must be obeyed at once."

The royal city of Xerxes rang with shouts that day. A hundred thousand lives were saved by the sleepless night of the king.

Mordecai, cleansed, purified, perfumed, and robed in all the glory of the gorgeous East, was paraded in triumph through the streets. Seventeen thousand of the king's soldiers, mounted and on foot, formed a bodyguard about the promoted man of the gate. People climbed to every advantageous point, and madly returned the shouts of the soldiers.

Cheer up, you tried and tempted child of God, you will not always sit in the gate, wrapped in sackcloth and ashes. Some day, by order of the great King, you will arise, dress in royal robes, and march through the streets in triumph. Haman will not always curl the lip, toss his head, and flout the venom of hell across your path. Some day may the King delight to honor you, then your triumph will have come!

Special prices on Loose Leaf Bibles to Ministers. Write the Editor.



## The Story Hour

### A Page For Our Children

#### Maybe You Feel Like Johnny

HELEN E. TURNBULL

Johnny sat on the lowest porch step sniffing. Wet teardrops clung to his lashes, and his little face was streaked where grimy hands brushed away the tell-tale tears.

All the evidences of a world waking into Spring were lost on him. The warm April sun failed to impress him. The singing of the birds failed to cheer him—'cause Mother had just given him an "old-fashioned whipping," and it still hurt!

All kinds of dark thoughts marched through his mind. It was awful to be just six years old. And parents! They were such problems. Why do they have to be so strict? If they really loved him, they wouldn't punish him. It was awful being bossed around and not be able to do as you liked.

Like yesterday. He had stayed and played at Joey's place after school instead of going straight home. After all, Joey just lived next to the school, and it seemed silly to walk all the way home, then all the way back to Joey's.

But Mother scolded and laid down a rule. "Report home first. Then you may go, when Mother knows where you'll be."

Why did Mother always want to know who he was playing with and all about it? And this whipping! It was just because he didn't come home for lunch till half past one.

Johnny sniffled some more, then got slowly to his feet, and started out of the yard. Then he remembered. He returned to the door. "Mother," he called loudly, "I'm going over to the park."

"All right, dear," floated back.

He seemed all out of tune with the world. There were so many things he didn't understand — most of all, his parents' demands. Why did they hold him down so? It would be such fun to do as he liked.

Mr. Tuffey, the park caretaker, was raking up trash from the grey-brown grass that hadn't started greening up yet. Johnny spied him, and ran down the cinder path toward him.

"Hello, Johnny, my boy," Mr. Tuffey greeted with a crinkly smile and a twinkle in his quiet blue eyes. "Are you looking for a job?"

Without a word, Johnny squatted down, and started scooping up piles of twigs and soggy paper that had accumulated during the winter, putting them in an old hamper, till Mr. Tuffey said, "There. That's done."

He followed Mr. Tuffey to the tool shed hid in a grove of cedars, where he loaded the wheelbarrow with an assortment of stakes and a mallot. "Ride?" he asked Johnny, who silently climbed in. Mr. Tuffey pushed his load along a cinder path.

"What are you going to do now?" Johnny wanted to know.

"You watch and see."

He picked up some stakes and a mallot, and walked over toward a row of saplings that were planted last fall. He drove one stake in the ground with the mallot close to the little tree which was growing crooked.

Then Mr. Tuffey, taking some strips of rag from his pocket, knelt and tied one from the base of the little tree to the stake. Drawing the little tree gently upright, he tied another about half-way up, holding it firmly upright. A third tie was made just below where the whip-like branches joined the trunk. The little tree stood straight and tall.

"Little trees are like little boys — and girls, too," Mr. Tuffey added. "They have to be trained to grow up right and true."

At the next tree, and the next, and the next, the same thing was done.

"I love these little trees," the elderly caretaker said. "I want every one of them to grow tall and reach toward Heaven."

"Do you suppose they like to be staked up?" Johnny asked.

"No. Don't suppose they do.

Anything we do that goes against our natural inclinations is usually disliked. Just like a little boy taking his own way, then getting a whipping for it," Mr. Tuffey said winking.

"You see," he went on to explain, "if these saplings are trained to grow straight when they're young, they'll be straight when they're old. Sort of like the Bible says about boys and girls. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!'"

"Is that why parents make you do things you don't want to do sometimes?"

"Yes, Johnny, my boy. It's all part of your training to grow straight and tall in character."

"Even whippings?"

"Yes, whippings too. They're like the little strips I tie around the tree to keep it from growing crooked."

"I got a whipping today. Guess Mother wants me to grow straight and true. Maybe I had better help her by doing what she says," Johnny concluded.

—Gospel Banner

## Endued! Empowered! Infilled!

(Continued from page 3)

on mine, and turning me around on my knees, said, "we will pray," and for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray.

He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about Him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him; and he asked Him if He would not take out of my heart things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never speak or write or preach or talk only of Him. There were three of us in that coach that day. Never have I known such a day — we were filled with the Holy Ghost; and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then endued as never before.

Bishops have placed their hands on my head, once and again, and joined with elders of the church in ordaining services but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his holy hands on my head and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon the Elishas — and the fire fell and the power came, but the abiding of the Comforter was received in the coach with Samuel Morris — for since then I have not written a line, or spoken a word or preached a sermon only for or in the Holy Ghost.

From a Tract, "Sammy Morris." Obtained from Free Tract Society, 746 Crocker St., Los Angeles 21, Calif.



## David Is Eleven The Doctor Is 66

LOUIS PAUL LEHMAN

This is a true story. It was told by the Doctor's wife.

The Doctor in a small town stands as the community's lone symbol of defense against disease and death. He sees patients all day, often works all night, and has built a small hospital, the only hospital for miles around, yet he tries to live like normal people. There are two paramount rules: First, the Doctor is home for dinner in the evening. (Rarely at breakfast, never at noon.) Second, he does not bring the hospital and his patients home with him. He comes home to be husband and father.

At the dinner table one evening the Doctor was unusually quiet; his face wore an unfamiliar frown and strain of anxiety. Said Mrs. Doctor, "Come on, dear, let's get it out in the open."

"No, no — this is professional. I don't want to worry you with it, I'm just concerned about a boy."

"Well, what about the boy? Can I help?"

"No, I'm afraid not, he's going to die. No one can help. And if I ever wanted to save a boy, I want to save this boy. His name is David."

It took a few minutes to repeat Rule Number Two, and then came the story: "His name is David, and he's a remarkable little chap. And he's going to die — pernicious anemia. I got him much too late. But he's quite a boy. I usually stop in his room in the mornings to talk to him. Bright, cheerful boy, with a nice personality. This morning he caught me off guard."

"Say, Doc," he asked, "would you change places with me if you could?"

"No," I said quickly without thinking, and then tried to cover it up. "David," I said, "how old are you?"

"Eleven."

"Well, David, I'm sixty-six: six times older than you, and if I had to go back and be eleven all over again, I don't think I could stand it. Youth is beautiful, but a little trying on us older folks."

David smiled: "That's O. K., Doc, but you're not fooling me. I know I'm not going to get well, but I'll tell you something — I wouldn't trade places with you either."

That surprised me. "Well, why not, David?"

"Doc, I'm eleven years old, and I've got eleven souls to bring to Jesus, one for every year I've lived, and I suppose you haven't got that."

The Doctor sat down by the boy's bedside. "Tell me about it, David."

"Well, you see, it's like this," and David turned to look right at the Doctor. "Nobody in our house was a Christian, but we got to listening to a Gospel radio broadcast and liked it. I was the first one saved in our house. Then I got my mother, then my brother, my dad, my sister, and some of the kids in the neighborhood. Well, when I came to the hospital I had won ten souls for Jesus. So I said, 'Now, Lord, You know I probably won't get out of this place,

and I have ten souls, but I'd like one more so that it could be eleven — one soul for every year I've lived.' And Doc, last night I got the night nurse — so that makes eleven — one for every year. That's why I wouldn't trade places with you — guess you would have to go some to make it one soul for every year you've lived."

"Yes, David, I would have to go some," said the Doctor, "but I surely wish that I could say that too — one soul for every year."

The shrill, insistent bell of the telephone cut across the quiet. The Doctor arose. "I'll get it, it might be about David."

He returned to the table slowly, his head bowed, but after seating himself, suddenly sat erect. "Well, David's gone, but what a reward for a little boy. One soul for every year! I wish I could say that."

The next Sunday was the Doctor's birthday, and his wife noticed that when they passed the offering plate in church the Doctor gave an unusually large roll of bills. He was always generous, but this was a trifle above and beyond the ordinary. On the way home Mrs. Doctor inquired, "I'm not at all disapproving, dear, just curious. How much was in that roll of bills?"

"Sixty-six dollars," said the Doctor tenderly, "a dollar for every year, but what a shallow kind of substitute for David's gift: a soul for every year. Surely wish I could say that."

If every Christian were like David, it would not take long to reap the field for God. "He that winneth souls is wise,"—Prov. 11:30. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. 12:3.

—Tract



## "Examine Me, O Lord, and Prove Me; Try My Reins and My Heart"

Psalms 26:2

Aletta N. Jacobsz

- Is another's reputation safe in my hands?
- Does my will clash with God's? Am I willing for His will, or delighted without it?
- Do I have an unbroken record of . . . "Yes, Lord," given gladly?
- Can God write, "Victory" over my life (a) where other eyes see? (b) in secret when I am alone?
- Do souls come to find help? Am I willing to locate the hindrance?
- Do I have a tender conscience? Reporting the very motives for a look, an expression in the face, a tone of the voice, and a word, a deed?

- Am I crucified to the world? Its passions? Outward adornment?
- What about innocent things, such as newspapers, and the amount of time spent on them.
- Am I watchful to redeem the minutes?
- What about Quiet Times that mean sacrifice?
- Do I practice self-denial daily? In my friendships, my emotions, my money?
- Are my tears ever sanctified? Are they merely for myself, or are they given for His cause and for souls?
- Do I ever receive opposition? Do I grin and bear it, or count it pure joy? Do I speak kindly to my opposers?
- Am I more keen to share His suffering than His joy?
- When others do wrong, do I feel loveless to them? (a) or does it not even hurt me? (b) do I criticise them in my heart? (c) do I ever tell another? In what spirit? (d) do I fulfill my duty of Lev. 19:17 in rebuking him? (e) is it hard to hurt him by speaking openly, or do I enjoy belittling him? (f) have I been at some time or another guilty of the same sin?
- Have I resigned forever my rightful rights for the sake of Calvary? (comfort, respect, friendships, enjoyable, innocent pastimes, getting married, the special place in someone's affections, self-defense, to sleep, to be ministered unto).
- Can I say, "Be ye followers of me in all things?"
- Do I forgive readily, even if it is the one from whom I expect most, and they are not sorry for what they have done, and even feel I am to blame?
- Do I treat the outsider with more consideration, respect and victory in my spirit than those I live with?
- Regarding those whom I love most dearly, (a) Am I over-exacting, adopting the wrong attitude for the slightest offense? (b) Am I less careful about details: politeness, keeping my testimony true, etc.?
- How much tenderness goes out to my defeated neighbor? How much prayer have I spent on him without telling my best friends about his defeats?
- "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." 1 Cor. 11:28.

## National Holiness Association Report

(Continued from page 11)

This year's convention was graced by the presence of one of its honorary vice-presidents, Dr. John Paul. His presence and prayers were a benediction to the convention.

### 1964 Convention

The 96th National Holiness Association Convention will be held April 1-3, 1964, at a place to be determined by the Executive Committee.



## Names of the Twelve Patriarchs

### Part I

G. D. Watson

There is an inexhaustible wealth of truth and beauty in the Bible which bewilders us more and more as we advance in the knowledge of it. We shall find out but a tithe of its full meaning till we study it through a glorified vision. I believe that every noun and verb and person and place and incident mentioned in the Word of God has an ocean depth of meaning which to us in this life is fathomless. And then the blending and inter-blendings of persons and places were divinely arranged, so as to set forth a universe of fascinating truth which was utterly unknown to the persons while acting their part, just as God uses millions of raindrops in an afternoon shower to be so shone upon by the sunlight as to form the magnificent rainbow, and each drop unconscious of the part it plays in that entrancing picture. Abraham is God's photograph of faith, and Isaac of ideal sonship, and Jacob is a picture of religious experience. Thus faith begets sonship, and out of sonship comes religious experience, with its struggles and victories. And as from Jacob come the twelve patriarchs, so out of religious experience come the manifold forms of virtues and graces, and this corresponds with what the Holy Ghost says, that "the tree of life," that is Christ living within us, bears twelve manner of fruit.

This twelve manner of fruit was prophetically set forth in the names of the twelve sons of Jacob. St. John describes the city of God built of transparent gold, and tells us that this same city is the Bride of the Lamb, composed of the sanctified believers in all the ages, and typified by the hundred forty-four thousand. He tells us that the twelve gates bear the twelve names of Israel's sons, and that the twelve foundations are the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. With God, a name always represents character. The "gate" is the covenant through which we enter into the Bridehood of the Lamb, and that covenant is an absolute consecration made to God, and the covenants were made with the patriarchs. The

"foundations" are the doctrines of God's Word. These doctrines were set forth in their ultimate and perfect form by the twelve apostles of Jesus, and upon these doctrines the sanctified soul is to stand firmer than the mountains stand on the earth. Hence in the names of the twelve patriarchs we have a list of experiences through which the perfect believer is to pass, to qualify him for a place in the Bridehood of Jesus. For, be it remembered, the Scriptures do not teach that all who are saved compose the Bride of the Lamb, but only those who have the three qualities of being converted, sanctified, and tried in this present life; and John tells us that the nations of those who are saved will walk in the light of that city, and that that city is the Lamb's Bride. Now look at the panorama of graces set forth in the names of the twelve patriarchs.

**Reuben** signifies "behold a son." "Reu" means "to see," and "ben" means "a son." From this we learn that the first step to being a member of the city of God is the new birth. We are to become sons of God by repentance and faith in Jesus, and this sonship is to be so distinct that we can see it, and that others can see it. The new birth lies at the basis of all spiritual experiences. It will be intensely interesting to notice that these twelve names describe a spiritual biography, not only of the elect saints, but of our Lord Jesus as well. Thus when Jesus was born, the proclamation went forth in all worlds, "Behold my Son, and let all the angels of God worship him."—Heb. 1:4-6. And in like manner, something analogous to the birth of Jesus takes place when we are born of the Spirit, and the melodious news circulates in Heaven, "Behold, another son is born." This is our entrance through the Reuben gate into the city.

**Simeon** means "hearing;" that is, God will hear and answer prayer. To get the beautiful shades of meaning of these different names, we must not only consult a good Hebrew lexicon,

but carefully read the account of the births and naming of the children, in which we will find special providential reasons for each name. This gives us an insight into the motives of the parents in giving the names, which open a spiritual vision to us, even much larger than the literal meaning of a Hebrew root. Hence Simeon typifies a life of prayer, which we begin to live immediately after we become sons of God. In our natural birth the first thing we do is to breathe in the vital air, and the next act is to cry. So in the new birth, we first receive the Spirit, the vital breath of God; and the next act is we cry, "Abba, Father," and begin to pray as a child and to receive answers from a Father. The child having been born, the Father hears His child and the child hears his Father. So we pass through the gate of hearing and answering prayer.

**Levi** signifies "joined," united as in marriage. Leah knew that Jacob loved Rachel the best, and she prayed that by giving Jacob a third son, she would win his heart to love her as he loved Rachel; hence she named the child Levi. This name had, in her mind, the significance of the union of hearts. This typifies the complete sanctification of the believer, by which the heart becomes the spouse of the Lord Jesus. Thus we see the fruit of prayer is to bring us into holiness or perfect heart union with God's will. In all the typology of Scripture which sets forth the steps in grace, the work of sanctification is always made to come soon after the new birth. Now to prove that this third name represents the believer finding the experience of holiness and heart union with Christ, we find that Moses, in pronouncing the blessing on the twelve tribes, follows the same spiritual order, though not the same literal order, for he says that Levi was God's holy one, who was to bear the Thummin and Urim. The word Thummin means perfection in the plural number, and the word Urim means light in the plural number; that is, Levi typified holiness with multiplied perfection and multiplied light. (Deut. 33:8.) Thus when we get to be Levi, we pass through the sanctification gate.

(To be continued)





## Missionaries Forced To Return to United States



Bonnie and Barbara

Saturday afternoon, April 27, 1963, a great silver bird came to a stop at the Greater Pittsburgh, Pa., Airport, and Bonnie and Barbara were back in their own land, after 2½ years of labor in dark Africa. To be sure the hearts of the welcoming committee, including relatives and friends, were touched when they saw the illness and weakness of Sister Cleaver, who had to be helped from the plane, and seemed in a semi-conscious condition. At this writing (early May) she is in the Centre County Hospital, at Bellefonte, and has had a series of X-rays and tests. Further treatment in another hospital has been indicated. It seems her strength was completely gone. The heat and humidity of that tropical climate proved too much for her. Pray for the recovery of strength of this servant of the Lord! She may be addressed at Milesburg, Pa., for the present.

—Editor

Stadium Park, Lot 173  
Key West, Florida  
March 29, 1963

Dear Standard family:

Greetings to all of you in the precious name of Jesus from the Sunny Island of Key West! We are thinking of the scripture verse, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold . . ." as we

labor among these Cuban people. Satan has blinded the spiritual eyesight of these people until it is impossible for them to see any wrong in sin. It takes much prayer and patience to help souls to turn from their darkness and idol worship to God's true light.

We praise the Lord for our first contact we made here in Key West with a Cuban family, which has proved fruitful and we know our labors have not been in vain. We are sending you the testimonies of these two converts, also their pictures with the Shueys.

Edward writes: I was born in Havana, Cuba in 1947. I came to Key West in 1957. I had never attended a church service before, however, I had a longing in my heart to serve the Lord. One day, after being invited by some good Christian friends, I attended a church service. Soon after this I found what I was longing for. I am thankful for His sacrifice for me on the cross. My determination is to serve the Lord until the end. Praise the Lord!

Edward Del Valle

His sister Herminia (Erminia) writes: Every day I thank the Lord for His infinite mercy through Jesus Christ my Saviour. He brought the light and truth to my life in such a way that He took all the darkness, doubt and confusion out of my heart. I lived a long time without Christ and was far away from God, trusting that my good works would take me to Heaven while putting my faith in a God (image) that doesn't save. I was far from the way of Salvation, until one night I heard a missionary explain the gospel. My heart was full of anguish and I felt an emptiness but I didn't know why. Then I cried unto God for His help after I awakened to my situation and I asked Him to show me the true way. Some days later the answer came to me through a gospel tract where Jesus Himself said: "I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." I am now rejoicing in the Lord even though I don't have gold or silver but I have a greater treasure, the Blood of Jesus. May the Lord bless you and pray much for the missionary



Shueys and Cuban Converts



work here in Key West. Pray also for my family so that they may also receive this treasure.

Herminia Perez

We praise the Lord for this Brother and Sister (Cubans) who are a blessing in the work here. They often accompany us in our visitation work here, also pass out gospel tracts. We sincerely covet your prayers as we labor among these dear people.

Yours for the Cubans,

Brother and Sr. Carl Shuey,  
Jean and Larry

## The Great Need - a Revival of Religion

(Continued from page 1)

the Lord started him out in a most remarkable revival career is told as follows:

"Mr. Harrison had returned home from his ministerial studies and went to spend Sunday with a brother minister. On reaching his destination, his friend told him that anticipating his coming he had announced, for eight miles around, that tomorrow afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, and at night, Mr. Harrison would hold revival meetings here. Said Mr. Harrison to him, 'My dear friend, what possesses you? We are as cold as death in our church and have had no revival for years. I was not converted at their altar, but in a snowbank; you have made a sad mistake, for I know nothing whatever about revivals only what I enjoy in my own heart.'

"But the meetings were already announced. They went out through the snow into the woods, and there poured out their souls to God in earnest prayer for preparation and the success of the meeting. As they arose, their faces shone with exultant victory, as tears of joy rolled down their cheeks. Assured of their success, his friend said, 'We are going to have a great revival here tonight, for I have asked God and I believe Him.' Mr. Harrison stood gazing at him a moment then said, 'My friend, what is the matter with you? Talking about revivals, what makes you think that?' At that moment the light illuminated his soul. The power of the Holy Ghost came upon him.

"When he entered the pulpit that night, the church was crowded. Curiosity was great to see and hear what such a boy would say. He opened the hymn book and said, 'I will sing the hymn for you, as all may not have books. I want you all to sing. We will sing a hymn expressive of my feelings. "O for a thousand—"' He stopped, looked around, too full to utter another word. Then he said, 'I will read the hymn. "O for a thousand—"' he stopped. There was some little noise in the audience. He was very nervous.

"Again he tried, 'O for a—' and without saying a word to the minister, he went right down over the altar rail to a young man who was crying as if his heart would break, and whispered in his ear, 'My friend, if you must cry, please cry to yourself; cry so that I will not hear you, for I would like to read my hymn.' But he cried all the more.

"Mr. Harrison went back, and commenced to read, but had not uttered two words till he heard a strange noise. He said to himself, 'I must see to that, sure.' He went back and found a large stout man crying like a baby, and said to him, 'My friend, I would like to be able to read my hymn; if you have to cry, please cry quietly.' But he cried all the more.

"Again he got back as far as the altar rail, when he heard a young lady crying and sobbing, but he said, 'I will not go to her; I will let her cry.' He then went into the pulpit saying, 'This is a pretty situation, to be sure. I haven't got a chance to make any exhortation or read my hymn, or even take up a collection — how strange. What shall I do? Why are all these people sobbing and crying?'

"Again he went to the first man,

and said, 'What are you crying for? Nothing has been said to cause you to cry.' The man answered, 'Oh, I wish I were saved.' He then asked the lady why she was crying. She said, 'Oh, I do need salvation.' He then went to the large man, who said, 'I wish I were saved.' He then went back into the pulpit and asked his minister what he should do. Said he, 'I don't know, but pray do something quick.'

"He looked at the four or five front seats alongside the pulpit, and said, 'These will be vacated, and I am going to have a word of prayer with those who wish to seek God.' In an instant, from the first pew to the door, people bowed their heads, and sobs and groans almost shook the church. He then said, 'If any here desire to be helped by faith or prayer, come and kneel,' and every front seat was packed in two minutes. Then he said, 'If others want to be saved, kneel right where you are,' and they fell to the floor all over the church; and that night until nearly midnight God shook that place."

### The How and When of the Revival

Mr. Finney's "Revival Lectures" have perhaps been more extensively used to promote revivals than any other book published in a hundred years. He says a revival of religion may be expected:

"When the wickedness of the wicked grieves, humbles and distresses Christians.

"When Christians have a spirit of prayer for a revival.

"When ministers direct their preaching and other efforts to the conversion of sinners.

"When Christians begin to confess their sins to one another.

When Christians are found willing to make the sacrifice necessary to carry it on. They must be willing to sacrifice their feeling, their business, their time, to help forward the work. Ministers must be willing to lay out their strength, and to jeopardize their health and life.

"A revival may be expected when ministers and Christians are willing to have God promote it by what instruments He pleases. 'Do you want a revival?' 'When shall it begin?' Let it begin today — let it begin here — let it begin in my heart now."





## When Trouble Comes

(Continued from page 2)

that can say to an erring son, "John, you may not sing in the Young People's Service as long as you use 'the weed,' or attend the dances at the Youth Center." Show me the mother who has the grace to say, "Ruth, until you stop keeping company with that unsaved boyfriend, you may not play the organ in Sunday School."

The tested man dearly loved his children, and wanted them to make it through to the skies, so he worshipped "Continually" that it might come to pass. Little did Job know that his children were just a few steps from Eternity, and when they were gone, he could be comforted that he had been faithful and prayed for them.

A father leaned over the dead form of his son at the funeral, and said, "Son, I know you're lost, but it's not my fault. I prayed daily for you, but you refused to set out for God." How different from the young man who cursed his father on his deathbed, saying, "I'm going to Hell, Dad, and it's all your fault. If you would have lived your religion at home, I would not be in this sad state!"

*Job Was Patient —*

**"YET TROUBLE CAME"**

When family and friends and flocks were gone, he said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." (Job 1:21, 22.)

When his wife said, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die," (2:9), he said: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" (2:10)

As the "Miserable Comforters" reproved him, he turned and said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." (13:15.) Again, he said, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go: my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." (Job 27:6)

In a great declaration of faith we hear the troubled saint say at another time: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he

*shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." (Margin — "Not as a stranger.") Job 19:25-27*

In this last great effort of Patience of Hope, Job testified that he believed in the Eternal Pre-Existence of Jesus. "Liveth" is the term he used. This was long before Bethlehem's Manger!

Further, Job saw the Redemptive Work of Christ — "My Redeemer . . . stand upon the earth." The earthly sojourn of Jesus is pictured, and the patriarch sees that he needs a personal Saviour as the rest of the world, "MY Redeemer."

Again, this Old Testament saint saw the great truth of the Resurrection and Immortality — "Destroy this body . . . yet in my flesh shall I see God." His faith and patience included the Resurrection and the Glorified Body!

Lastly, Brother Job believed in Salvation's Heritage, "Not as a stranger" (Marginal Rendering). He felt that God knew him as a redeemed soul and would not forget him in the vast Eternity out ahead.

Such Purity! Such Prayerfulness! Such Patience! "YET TROUBLE CAME." We may expect it, too, though our lives are as Job's!

—Thomas E. Frantz

## "Boldness"

By J. HAROLD GLEENLEE

Professor of New Testament Greek,  
Asbury Theological Seminary

"Boldness" is sometimes associated with arrogance, pride, or self-will. Again, it may have the meaning of "daring," referring to one who is rash or who takes unnecessary risks. There is, however, another meaning for "boldness" which is a commendable meaning. "Boldness" in the Bible generally has this "good" meaning.

The idea of "boldness" comes from three words in the Greek New Testament. The first of these means "to dare" or "to presume to do." It is this word which is used in such passages as Mark 15:43, "Joseph of Arimathea . . . went in boldly unto Pilate"; Romans 5:7, "for a good man some would even dare to die"; Philippians 1:14, "most of the brethren . . . are much more bold to speak the word of God without fear"; and Romans 10:20, "Isaiah is so bold as to say, . . ."

The second of these Greek words

means to be courageous or confident. It is this word which is used in 2 Corinthians 10:1, "I who am humble when face to face with you, but bold to you when I am away"; Acts 23:11, "Take courage" (KJV, "Be of good cheer"); 2 Corinthians 5:8, "We are of good courage" (KJV, "We are confident"); and Hebrews 13:6, "So that we may boldly say" (RSV, "confidently").

The third of these Greek words is especially interesting. It is made of three parts which might be translated "every-word-ness." It seems to say that the person is ready to say "every word." Most of us have been in company, or even with one person, with whom we felt we must be very cautious in what we said, weighing each sentence, taking care not to say the wrong thing or being careful to say the correct thing. In other company we have felt relaxed and free to speak without fear or reservation, unafraid to "speak our mind" or to unburden our heart — in other words, free to say "every word" we wished to say. This is the meaning of this latter Greek word. It carries the idea of frankness, plainness of speech, openness which conceals nothing and makes no pretense.

There are two words of this family; they are translated in the KJV by such words as "boldness," "confidence," "openly," and "speak freely," "speak boldly," "were bold."

Remembering the central thought of speaking freely in confidence that there is no need for fear or reservation, many passages in the New Testament which contain this word take on an added depth of meaning.

Observe these in Hebrews, for example: "Let us therefore come boldly (confidently, with openness) to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy . . ." (4:16); and "since we have boldness (openness, confidence) to enter the sanctuary by the blood of Jesus . . ." (10:19).

Notice these in 1 John: "abide in him, so that when he appears we may have boldness (openness, confidence) and not be shamed from him at his coming" (2:28); "if our hearts do not condemn us, we have confidence (openness, frankness) before God" (3:21); "Herein love stands perfected in us, in order that we may have confidence in the day of judgment" (4:17); and "this is the confidence which we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will he hears us" (5:14).

Other passages, too, are meaningful. Acts 4:13, "when they saw the boldness (openness, frankness) of Peter and John . . . they recognized that they had been with Jesus"; Acts 28:31, " . . . teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all openness, unhindered"; Philemon 8, "though I have much boldness (frankness, openness, confidence) in Christ to command you . . ."; and other passages as well.

The New Testament, then, teaches a "confident boldness" which is truly Christian: courage or daring when these are called for, and an attitude of openness of speech in which the believer feels free to talk with his Lord, and to his fellow-Christians, and to say what he wants to say without fear, embarrassment, or reservation.



## A Modern Miracle

ROBERT E. SCHOLL

It was on February 1, 1963, that I was admitted to the Veterans' Hospital at Wilkes Barre, Pa., for surgery to remove a tumor of my neck and face. After approximately two weeks of tests, the doctors said it would be "radical surgery," and refused to operate. I was then transferred to the Veterans' Hospital at Philadelphia.

Again, after a series of tests, the doctors gave the same report and said the radical surgery could mean my life; however, the doctor assigned to my case was willing to operate, but at no risk to himself, and no guarantee to me.

While the tests were being made, I was visited by Rev. Fred Watson of Coopersburg, Pa. He had been requested to visit me by some of my close relatives. At that time my faith in God was not up to standard, but with the visits of Rev. Watson, before and after the operation, together with his knowledge of the Scriptures, his ability to preach and pray, he was able to bring me closer to God. That day, there in my hospital bed, God forgave my sins and I was saved.

On March 29, I underwent surgery. I entered the operating room with peace of mind, because I knew whatever took place would be God's will. The following day I was able to get out of bed, and move about. The doctors were amazed, and still are at my recovery. They told me they had expected certain problems during my operation, but encountered none whatsoever. In my mind this was surely the work of God. It is my firm belief that due to the preaching and praying of Brother Watson, and his ability in pointing me to God, I am alive today, and able to write this testimony.

Signed,

Robert E. Scholl

*Editor's Note:* This young man is the nephew of the late Brother Herb Scholl, and our readers are urged to pray for him, that he may become rooted and grounded in the love of Christ.

## The Preachers' Coronary Club

By GEORGE W. MILLER  
Chaplain, Western Baptist  
Hospital, Paducah, Kentucky

With more and more preachers becoming victims of heart attacks, the Coronary Club is extending membership to those who only a few years ago were considered much too young to be admitted. No doubt many preachers, young and old, are seeking membership but have lacked information on how to become members. The following rules, if followed, will assure speedy action toward membership.

1. Never say "No."
2. Insist on being liked by everyone and try to please everyone.
3. Never delegate responsibility. If you must appoint a committee, do all the work yourself.
4. Never plan a day off, but if you are forced to take one, visit a preacher friend and spend the day talking about church problems — yours and his.
5. Never plan for a night at home, but if it happens that you have no meetings or call, be sure to accept an outside speaking engagement.
6. Take all the revivals your church will tolerate, then book more for your vacations. (Place all honorariums in a separate account earmarked "Heart Fund." This will help pay medical expenses when your coronary comes.)
7. Never allow enough time to drive comfortably to an appointment. (This will do two things: It will show people how busy you are, and will protect the reputation preachers have as fast drivers.)
8. When your doctor advises you to slow down, ignore him and brag about the fact that you would rather wear out than rust out.
9. Take the burdens of your people to the Lord, but don't leave them there. Play God and feel that the Kingdom depends on you.
10. Watch attendance records, especially the Sunday school. If it lags a bit, decide it's time to move and always wonder what caused people to dislike you.
11. Be sure to beat the record of the former pastor and try hard to beat your own each year.

12. Lead your church into a building program, whether they need it or not, and consider yourself better qualified than the architect and give it your personal supervision.

13. Consider it your civic duty to be a member of every club in town and become president of as many as you can.

14. If, having done all these, you don't succeed, accept the largest church you can find and work very tirelessly and you should have a coronary within six months.

—From the "Western Recorder"

## National Holiness Association Report

The 95th Annual Convention of the National Holiness Association, recently held at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, was generally conceded to be the busiest, biggest, and best in recent years. Over 400 persons registered for the convention. There were more general officials of the affiliate organizations present than at any previous convention. All the religious services were marked by a definite sense of God's presence. Some were characterized by shouts of praise to God, and there were happy finders of the experience of heart holiness. Special emphasis was put on developing the spiritual life and intensifying the spirit of intercession for a world-wide revival.

The convention theme was "Charged to Communicate"; and from the opening key note address on Tuesday morning to the closing message, speaker after speaker emphasized the person and work of the Holy Spirit and the mission of the church in relation to holiness evangelism at home and around the world. Special music by groups from several holiness colleges was featured each day of the convention. The seminar attendance exceeded that of previous years. Plans were laid to continue the Seminars on Holiness Doctrine through 1963 and to promote a study conference in the fall of 1964 to consider current questions on which many are looking to the N.H.A. for definitive direction and counsel.

Dr. Kenneth E. Geiger was re-elected president; Drs. Myron F. Boyd and Paul L. Kindschi were re-elected first and second vice-presidents; and Lt.-Colonel Bramwell H. Tripp was elected third vice-president to succeed the Rev. Morton W. Dorsey who declined re-election owing to his duties at Circle-ville Bible College. Dr. Roy S. Nicholson and the Rev. John E. Zercher were re-elected recording secretary and treasurer. Two new auxiliaries were received into membership: The Ministerial Conference of the Holiness Methodist Church and the Student Council of Asbury Theological Seminary.

(Continued on page 6)



## IT'S CAMP MEETING TIME

## PENNS CREEK CAMP

Rt. 104 - Midway Between Middleburg and Mifflinburg, Pa.

JULY 17-28, 1963



REV. WILLIS MILLER  
Bible Teacher  
Greenville, Pa.



REV. AND MRS. EUGENE GRAY  
will furnish special music for the camp.



REV. H. E. SCHMUL  
Evangelist  
Salem, Ohio

Soul-Stirring Messages - Anointed Singing - Good Meals

Please Bring Your Musical Instruments to Camp with You.

## BOARD AND LODGING

(Rates based on two persons to a room)

Lodging for entire camp	\$ 6.00
Rental of tent for camp	3.00
Cottage	10.00
Large room; 2 beds (4 persons)	10.00
For use of hot plate (flat rate)	1.00
For use of Current (Trailer)	1.50

(Each camper must bring bedding)

Ministers and their families entertained at half rates. Children 6 to 12 years, half price. Dining hall will be operated on a free-will offering basis.

## ORDER OF SERVICE

7:00 a.m.—Rising bell
7:30 a.m.—Breakfast
8:30 a.m.—Prayer Meeting
10:00 a.m.—Preaching
12:00 Noon—Dinner
2:30 p.m.—Bible Study
5:30 p.m.—Supper
6:30 p.m.—Children and Young People's service
7:30 p.m.—Preaching Service
(This schedule subject to change)

Camp Is Sponsored by  
GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH, Inc.

Mailing Address:  
Penns Creek Camp, Penns Creek, Pa.

The camp has a pure water system that is tested and approved by the health department. A large cafeteria and dormitory are ready to serve campers. A large auditorium.

For further information write the secretary

Rev. Fred Cain,  
R. 3,  
Bellefonte, Pa.