

*Paul Smith*  
*55 Deer Drive*  
*Lewisburg, Pa.*



# GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.  
Penns Creek, Pa.

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

Volume 17

(Issued Monthly at \$1.00 per year)

September 1965

No. 12

## What of America's Future

By Rev. J. C. McPheeter  
Editor of THE HERALD

America is confronted with increasing involvements, holding potentials of danger which baffle even our wisest statesmen.

Economically, both public and private debt mount at an unprecedented rate. The public debt stand at \$418 billion and private at \$882 billion, making a colossal total of \$1.3 trillion. The June 14 issue of *U. S. News & World Report* states that in the last twenty years public debt has increased 42 per cent and private debt 530 per cent, for a total debt increase of 199 per cent.

Politically, we are engaged in an undeclared, but nonetheless real war in South Viet Nam, where our involvements escalate daily, with increasing danger of precipitating a universal war.

It is no secret that America has been losing face with many of her historic allies to a degree that is embarrassing. Confronted with our greatest need for strength, we find ourselves in a period of moral and spiritual decline expressed in the mounting crime wave, youth delinquency, and sexual immorality. The downfall of all civilizations of the past has come through internal moral and spiritual decay rather than external assault. America's destiny is contingent upon her moral and spiritual health.

### TREASURES ON EARTH

Jesus said in His memorable Sermon on the Mount: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth...but lay up for yourselves

treasures in heaven...for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:19-21). Jesus did not forbid nor condemn earthly treasures, but He did condemn "laying them up." The purpose of God for earthly treasures is that they be spent for the advancement of His Kingdom.

America has the resources with which to evangelize the world. The greatest defense which we have against the evils that threaten our nation is the Gospel of Christ. Redemptive love is the answer to the race problem, the communist problem, and all other problems.

### GOD HAS THE ANSWER

A classic story went the rounds of pulpits and lecture platforms a generation ago. It concerned a great ship which had been built to make a record number of knots per hour. Her maiden voyage was to be a gala day of triumph, with bands playing and flags unfurled, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd. But the hour for the demonstration brought only chagrin and disappointment, for the proud mistress of the sea utterly failed to attain the speed for which she had been designed.

Engineers searched without success to locate the cause of failure. Finally, in desperation, they sent the blueprints to a man regarded as the dean of ship building engineers. Shortly he wired back, "Add two feet to her propellor. She needs a greater grip on the ocean." And

in the next trial run the proud ship surpassed all expectations.

The proud ship, America, is in difficulty at home and abroad. There is but one answer to her difficulties—a greater grip on God.

"Ugly Americans" abroad, without the redeeming love of the Gospel, have downgraded America in many lands. "Ugly Americans" at home, without the redeeming love of the Gospel, are the greatest liability for America's future.

## Watering the Seed

A guest in the home of A. B. Simpson rose early one morning to take a walk. As he passed the open door of his host's study he saw him seated at his desk. He noticed Dr. Simpson had finished reading his Bible and had begun to pray. However, he did not drop to his knees beside the desk, nor did he bow his head and close his eyes. Instead, he reached out and pulled toward him a small globe. Turning it slowly, he prayed aloud for all the lost multitudes as the various countries passed beneath his fingers.

Suddenly, unmindful of the guest who was watching, Dr. Simpson put his arms around the globe and hugged it to him. He bent over the globe and wept so that his tears struck the top of the globe, divided, and ran down over each side—until the whole world was wet with his tears of compassion!

Missionaries whom he had trained and sent forth had planted the seed of the Word of God in hearts around the globe—now the elderly mission leader sought to "water" that seed with tears of compassion. God still seeks intercessors who will pray with that kind of spirit.





## The Command Appearance

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 Cor. 5:10.

The thought of judgment that is coming upon the earth ought to make sober the hearts of every soul whether we profess religion or not, and we continually should examine our hearts to see if we are ready for this great event when we are given the **COMMAND APPEARANCE**. Paul included himself in that disposition when he wrote, in verse 9, "Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him."

It is plain that God has ordained the judgement for a number of reasons, a few of which we believe to be:

(a) **To Show Forth His Justice**—Man has oft times accused God of being unjust to the lives of some, though no man could make this plea and get by with it, for we deal with a **FAITHFUL GOD**. David said it this way, "Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." (Psalms 16:11). God is determined to show every man what it takes to find the gate of life eternal, for He hath put within all of us a conscience to prick us into obeying God. The blindness of sin, and its slavery, allows few to break through to God, but some have made it! Thank God!

(b) **To Lift Up The Blood Atonement of Calvary**: "Remember me," cried the penitent thief, and "Remember me," cried the Son—in spirit at least—when he groaned,

"My God, My God, Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The penitent sinner and the Man of propitiation both wanted remembrance. Men have scoffed at the Blood Route, but the Judgment will show that all men who have been converted have come in through Calvary's Fount: Looking forward thru blood sacrifices by shadows and types; Looking Up at Christ at the Cross; and looking back by faith on this side of Calvary. Any way we look at Calvary, it is the focal point of the world's history. One very prominent preacher was asked for his opinion on Calvary and its efficacy and he said: "Of course I do not believe in that old-fashioned doctrine of the substitutionary death of Jesus Christ. His blood is no more valuable than the blood of any other man who ever lived." The United Nations sought to set aside a prayer room in their building at Lake Success, New York, we are told, and lest they offend any of the various religions, they decided that no religious books, or symbols should be placed in the room. The only item was a block of granite, which should represent "the blood of all the soldiers who died in wars since time began." Folks could enter and pray in their own way with this symbol before them. Everyone reading these lines appreciates the soldiers who have died for peace efforts, as does your humble servant writing these lines, but when the blood of soldiers is elevated above the atoning blood of Jesus, it is time to cry against such error! The judgement will lift up Calvary!

(c) **To Honor His Children's Faith And Good Works**—In the Gospel pictures of the Judgment, it appears to give the Father great pleasure to appoint His children a place of blessing in Eternity, "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the founda-

tion of the world." Matthew 25:34.

(d) **To Settle Accounts With All Mankind**—and with those who have spurned His love, crucified His Christ, and mocked His Holy name! Payday from God does not come at the end of the week, always, but there is surely a payday coming when men will collect their wages. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is life eternal." Saints are on the "Free Gift" basis, while the sinner will receive **WAGES**! "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Judgment Day will be Harvest Time for the lost!

In regards to the **COMMAND APPEARANCE**, we freely wish you to also note:

"For we **MUST** all appear..."

(Continued on page 10)

Internal Revenue Service Identification Number for **GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH**, a Pennsylvania Non-Profit Corporation, is as follows: 236296855

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

General Supt. — Rev. G. I. Straub.  
Penns Creek, Pa.

Assistant Supt. — Rev. Truman G. Wise  
2127 Hill Street  
Lebanon, Penn.

General Secretary  
Rev. Arthur Thomas  
RD 1  
Millmont, Pennsylvania

General Treas. — Rev. Paul Miller  
R. D. 1  
Mahaffey, Pa.

Foreign Missionary Superintendent  
Rev. Truman G. Wise  
2127 Hill Street  
Lebanon, Pa.

Home Missionary Superintendent  
Rev. Earl Deetz, Jr.  
342 S. Diamond Street  
Shamokin, Pa.

Foreign Missions Treas. —  
Rev. Marlin Crock,  
300 S. Brown St. Lewistwon, Pa.

Home Missionary Treasurer  
Rev. Kenneth Walter  
RD 1  
Allenwood, Pa.

Penns Creek Camp Secetary  
Rev. Marlin E. Moore  
1022 Bloomfield Street  
Roaring Spring, Pa.

Penns Creek Camp Treasurer  
Rev. John F. White, Jr.  
Beavertown, Pa.

Editor  
Rev. Kenneth Walter  
Allenwood, Pennsylvania

Associate Editor  
Rev. William Tillis  
RD 3  
Williamsport, Pa.

(All reservations and camp business to be sent to the Camp Secretary)



## Sons of God

By Rev. John F. White, Jr.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." I John 3:1.

Few Christians today realize the honor God has given them through the blood of Jesus Christ. So many say they are "saved and sanctified," with so little thought to what this wonderful relationship really means. John, in this first general epistle, tries to point out the importance and the benefits of being a true Christian.

### The Cry For Attention

The Apostle begins this scriptural verse by saying, "BEHOLD." This means, "take notice; give special attention to; heed this statement; it is very important." To announce to the world you no longer are a sinner on the way to destruction, but a saint on your way to great blessing and reward is a very important announcement. When we testify in church, or if we witness on the street, to the fact that Jesus' blood has saved us, and the Holy Spirit dwells within us, we should talk, walk, and act with due consideration. We are inviting the world to examine us, and to see the fruit of the Spirit, the compassion of Christ, and the love of God in our life. If the world cannot find the evidences of this fruit in our daily life, then we have brought a reproach on the Cause of Christ.

### ALL Is Ours Through Love

He continues to state that the great benefits we receive from God through Christ is a gift of love. The word, "Bestow," means: "To freely give without personal merit." We cannot earn God's gift of salvation, for we have no merit, but because of God's great love

for fallen mankind, through the great plan of redemption which Christ purchased on the Cross, we who are fallen in sin can be lifted to son-ship in God. God's love toward man is given in many forms and means. Conviction to the sinner is an act of God's love. Forgiveness to a heart confession is divine love. Justification and sanctification are acts of the love of God. The keeping power of the Holy Spirit, and the final Resurrection of the body unto perfection are all evidences of the Love of God. Whatever we may be, we are not by our own merits. Take God's love away from the most precious saints, and they become vile sinners.

### Sons of God—What A Privilege!

John said that we should be "called" the sons of God. Here we understand the word, "Called" to mean recognized or acknowledged. That God should own us as His own... what a privilege. The world may not give us the recognition we think it should, but when we pray, God receives our prayer and blesses us with an answer, He has acknowledged our sonship. You and I should feel blessed and privileged to be called the sons of God. The term, "Sons," is used to include those who have the inheritance, and of course does not refer to gender, but takes in all of the Children of God. The Apostle is pointing out that we are heirs to the riches of God through Christ. All the glory of heaven, the benefits of eternal life, the fullness of the Spirit, our name written in heaven—all ours in Christ. We now have access to the power of the Trinity, the reward of faith, and the fruits of righteousness. What more could any mortal want?

### What We May Freely Declare

Putting the message of this scripture in simple terms, we can

declare unto a sin-cursed world that because of God's gift of love to us through Christ, though we did not deserve it ourselves, we are acknowledged as heirs of the kingdom of God, not as servants or slaves, but as offspring of God through faith in Christ. The next time you witness to the world that you are saved and filled with the Spirit, remember that you are announcing to the world that you bear the name of God, His reputation, His benefits, and His honor being at stake. When you say to the world, "LOOK AT ME! I am related to God through Christ," make sure the world will see all of God's work in you. Let everyone who hears you recognize the Love of God in your life, the joy of God in your attitude, and the holiness of God in your actions.

John concludes by stating that if we can have all of this in this present world if we are true to the end, it has not been revealed by God what we shall be. The songwriter said, "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told." The best is still ahead. The joy we feel, the peace we have, the love we enjoy, are not the height of this Christian experience, but there is coming a time when Christ shall return when we shall be like Him. Mortal man cannot feel, explain, or contain in his present state, the Glory God has reserved for His own. Keep on, Oh Man of God, the Lord shall soon return. The road is brighter ahead, the song is sweeter, the cup is fuller, and the inheritance of the blest is without end.

### PLEASE NOTICE DIRECTORY CHANGES

All information for publication and all items to be published should be sent to the New Editor, The Reverend Kenneth Walter Allenwood, Pa.

Editor Rev. Kenneth Walter  
Allenwood, Pennsylvania  
Associate Editor Rev. Wm. Tillis  
R. 3  
Williamsport, Pa.

Business Manager  
Eva Bailey, Centre Hall, Pa.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per year in advance, in the United States. For foreign countries, add 50 cents for postage.

Remittance and subscriptions should be sent to Eva Bailey, Centre Hall, Pa.

## God's Missionary Standard

Official organ of God's Missionary Church, Inc.

"A Messenger of Full Salvation."

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Milesburg, Pennsylvania. Published monthly by God's Missionary Church, and mailed at Milesburg, Pennsylvania.

All items for publication must be in the editor's office not later than the first of each month, so as to be eligible for publication in the following month's edition.

All items for publication should be sent directly to the editor. We advise that all articles be typewritten, double spaced, and typed on standard typewriter paper.

We are strictly "WESLEYAN" in doctrine and it is our aim to uphold the teaching of the infallible Word of God.





A Baptismal Service

## Tent Meeting

The fourth annual tent meeting held by the Church in the Valley of Shamokin was held in its usual location two miles south of Stonington on Rt. 61.

The services began on June 16th and concluded on June 27th. The evangelist for the tent services was the Rev. Fred Watson of Westfield, Ind. Rev. Watson preached each service with a deep burden for the lost. Several young people who have never before been to the altar came and found the Lord Jesus Christ as their satisfying portion. The Beavertown Trio presented special selection on the first weekend while the Harold Kuhns family of Millmont provided the special music and singing for the last two days of the tent services.

Miss Helen Miller presided at the

organ. The Mark Wiest Family were featured along with their missionary work on Missionary Night. Slides of the work among the Indians were shown at the conclusion of the service. An offering was lifted for the work of the Indians in Mexico where Brother and Sister Weist will be stationed. Thirteen people, both young and old were baptised in the lake next to the tent on the Lester Kerstetter farm during the afternoon service on the closing day of service. We want to express our appreciation to pastors and people for their cooperation during our tent meeting. Especially do we thank Rev. Marlin Hain, pastor of The Pilgrim Holiness Church of Stonington and the congregation for their cooperation during the services, even to the closing down of their prayer services to unite with the interests of the tent meeting.

—Shamokin reporter

## Shamokin Church Make Long Play Recording



### ROOMFUL OF EQUIPMENT

Lynn F. Hoffmeier of Century Custom Recording Service sits surrounded by recording equipment while making a tape of the Rev. Deetz's and Miss Miller's performance. A survey by the recording company showed that the acoustics in the church make it ideal for recording.



### ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

Miss Helen Miller and the Rev. Earl Deetz, pastor of the Church in the Valley, team up on the piano and organ for Century Records. The album, entitled "Especially For You", was released in July and features "A Crown of Thorns", "In His Presence", "Constantly Abiding", "Dwelling in Beulah Land", "Pearly White City" and other hymns, as played by Miss Miller and Rev. Deetz.



### PLAY IT PRETTY

Rev. Deetz plays one of the religious songs which will be included in the album "Especially For You."

### "Especially For You"

33 Longplay Record of Organ and Piano Melodies, described in this issue may be purchased direct from Rev. Earl Deetz, 342 South Diamond Street, Shamokin, Pa., or from: PUBLISHING DIVISION, Route 220 N. E., Milesburg, Pa. \$3.98 is the price. Pa. Readers add 5 per cent sales tax.

## God's Grace Comes Flowing In

*Many things may try your patience  
On your journey to the goal  
As you stand for all that's noble  
And essential for your soul;  
But when evil forces rally  
To entice you into sin,  
O how blessed and uplifting  
When God's grace comes flowing in!*

*Little home-tests meet you often,  
For it's here you gain or lose,  
In your heart-life and your spirit  
By the way you act and choose;  
Yet if you are set for heaven  
And you truly mean to win,  
Somehow in your sorest trials  
God's sweet grace comes flowing in.*

*As you earn your daily living  
In a good and honest way,  
You may find that you're  
surrounded  
By some folks who do not pray;  
And sometimes they tempt you  
strongly  
To pursue their ways of sin,  
But by prayer and faith and  
patience  
God's sustaining grace flows in.*





# Missionary Message

Killingsworth Misson  
P. O. Box 750  
Monrovia, Liberia  
West Africa

Dear Prayer Warriors:

"As for God, His way is perfect..." Ps. 18:30a. His ways are past finding out. It has been He who has led the mission work these past six months, as in previous times, by the skillfulness of His hands. We praise Him for His faithfulness, His protection from dangers seen and unseen and for the comfort of His precious promises to His servants.

## The New Road

How marvelous to see the Lord bring His promises to fruition. How we do wish that you could be here to see the road which He in His providence has brought to pass. This is the first time in the history of Liberia that a motor road has extended this far in the Todee District. We feel privileged to be present to see the "bush" open up and begin to bloom like a rose. Taxies frequently come from Monrovia to Kungstown, a market place is being prepared and a military academy is to be constructed about four miles beyond the mission.

On March 11 we drove the jeep to the mission door for the very first time. This means that we will no longer be isolated and often times yearning for the fellowship of other missionaries. Now we are only two and one-half hours from Monrovia. Before the road was built, it took us from four to four and one-half hours in preparation and travel time to reach the city.

As you know, our beloved Mother Mae Davis has retired from Suehn, after 43 years of missionary service in Liberia. On April 23 she came to spend a week-end with us before she returns to the States for furlough in June. Dr. William Harvey III, Secretary of National Baptist Foreign Mission Board and Pastor Howard O. Jones and his wife, Wanda, also visited with us recently.

## Increased Activity

The opening of the road has increased the activity on the mission considerably. Our records indicated that over 600 sick folks, not counting children, had received medical help from January to March of this year. We had several emergencies since our last letter to you. The native people usually perform the circumcision of the young boys and afterwards bring them to the clinic for care. In this instance the father requested that he bring the man on the mission to do the circumcision of his two little boys. Permission was granted. One of the little boys began to bleed profusely. We knew that we were doing all within our power to save the little boy's life. We kept him on the mission all night to care for him, but it was only after special intercessory prayer that God was pleased to touch his body and the bleeding ceased. The parents of the child were not Christians, but gladly received the testimony of what God had done during the night.

Another time we were aroused quite early with the "bak bak" at our window. We have learned to recognize the anxiety in the knock when an emergency is at hand. Soon it was learned that man, possibly possessed by demons, had locked himself in the top of a cook kitchen and cut his throat from ear to ear. The natives were requesting medical care for the man. When we arrived at the village, we saw that the wound was so severe that liquids taken in the mouth could be seen coming out of the opening. We dressed the wound and made arrangements to take the man to the hospital in Monrovia. Upon our return we were told that "the dwarfs" had driven the man into the bush. Later we learned of his death. We had spoken to the man of the Saviour, but to no avail.

We have had a couple of minor automobile accidents patients and a leper patient along with our regular complaints. We have almost

exhausted our supply of medicines, which were donated to us from our physicians at home. Won't you please start a new drive for our clinic needs. (Contact our Mission Board for information.)

## Large School Enrollment

School had the largest enrollment ever. We closed registration at 74 this year. It is unusual for the people to send their girls to school "to learn books," but this year we have over 15 enrolled. This year in the school we have organized a safety patrol, choir, arts and crafts and Bible groups.

May we extend our belated condolences to the families who have lost loved ones this past six months. We here on the mission were bereaved the first part of the year. One of our oldest church members, Mr. Kennedy, died. We have certainly missed his presence in our services.

We have many children attending school and church services who come from homes where the parents worship Mohammedan; but we hardly ever have a Mohammedan adult frequent the church services. This year, Mr. Rainey, a Mohammedan has been coming to church regularly, listening and praying. Please include him on your prayer list.

## Some New Converts

On March 21 after the morning message, we had the altar call as usual. To our surprise our workman, Zaza, his wife, his daughter and her new baby all came forth. They wanted to bring the new baby before the Lord and dedicate her to Him. How precious are such moments as these, when we see the Holy Spirit speaking to hearts and drawing our dear ones unto Himself.

Our Evangelist, James Anderson, who is responsible for our church work deeper in the interior, beyond the mission station, was ordained in an impressive service on March 14. Mr. Anderson, an Americo-Liberian has been a faithful steward of the gospel for these past ten years.

(Continued on page 10)



# A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS

## The Book of all Nations

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;  
 In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land;  
 Leviticus contains the law, holy, just and good,  
 Numbers records the tribes enrolled all sons of Abraham's blood.  
 Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds;  
 Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the most of Israel leads.  
 In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;  
 But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.  
 In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read.  
 Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.  
 The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made,  
 But Ezra leads a remnant back, by princely Cyrus' aid.  
 The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again.  
 While Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.  
 In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;  
 And David's Psalms are precious song to every child of God.  
 The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;  
 Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.  
 The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;  
 While Christ, the Saviour and the King, the "rapt Isaiah" shows.  
 The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns;  
 His plaintive Lamentations then their awful downfall mourns.  
 Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;  
 While kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.  
 Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;  
 Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.  
 Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;  
 While Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.  
 Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord;  
 Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.  
 Nahum declares on Ninevah just judgment shall be poured.  
 A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give.  
 Next, Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.  
 Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again.  
 And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.

Malachi was the last who touched the high, prophetic chord;  
 It's final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.  
 Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John the Holy Gospel wrote.  
 Describing how the Saviour died—His life and all He taught.  
 Acts proves how God the apostles owned with signs in every place.  
 St. Paul in Romans teaches how man is saved by grace.  
 The apostle, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves.  
 Galatians show that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.  
 Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be.  
 Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.  
 In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.  
 In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given.  
 Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.  
 Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law.  
 James teaches, without holiness, faith is but vain and dead.  
 St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saint are led.  
 John, in his three epistle, on love delights to dwell.  
 St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.  
 The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day  
 When Christ—and Christ alone—shall be the trembling sinner's stay.  
 —Interior



## Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman

was one day riding along a country road with his little boy. Soon the father noticed that every time he spoke to one of his friends, his little boy spoke to the friend in the same way. A man said to Dr. Chapman, "It is amusing, isn't it, the way your little boy does everything just as you do?" Dr. Chapman said, "If my boy is going to speak as I speak, and walk as I walk, then God help me to walk as a Christian." Young folks, some of your friends are going to follow you. They are going to speak as you speak and walk as you walk. Pray that God will help you to be good, and lead them in the right way. May you never be a stumbling block in anyone's way. May you never cause anyone to go into the ways of sin.  
 —The Evangelist

## Lincoln and the Harsh Letter

Few people have the tact that President Lincoln had, when dealing with a situation that tempts one to use harsh measures.

When the darkest clouds of the Civil War were hovering over the Capital, many things done by the generals were not approved by either Lincoln or Secretary Stanton. Lincoln would take a long time to ponder over situations, but Stanton would, at times lose his temper and explode. One day Stanton came to see Lincoln about the doings of a certain general. Listening quietly, Lincoln let Stanton show his anger, and when the latter exclaimed, "I would like to write him a letter and tell him what I think of him!" Lincoln remarked quietly, "Well, why not do so? Sit down and write him a letter, saying all that you have said to me."

Stanton was surprised, for he thought that President Lincoln would object to this. He declared that he would take the President at his word.

Two days later he brought Lincoln the letter he had written, and read it to him. When Stanton had finished, Lincoln smiled and remarked, "That is all right. You have said all you told me you would. Now, what are you going to do with this letter?"

"Why, I am going to send it to him, of course."

"I wouldn't," replied the President quietly. "Throw it in the waste basket."

"What, after spending two days on it!" exclaimed Stanton.

"Yes, It took you two days to write it, and it did you a lot of good. You feel a great deal better now, and that is all that is necessary."

The letter went to the waste basket, and Stanton learned an important lesson.

—Young People



## I Can't Stop Here

During the frontier days, the driver of a covered wagon stopped his horses on the street of a young town and called to a passing man: "Hey! Any saloons in this place?"

"Sure, we've got four!" boastfully replied the man.

"Giddap!" the driver shouted, urging his horses on.

"Stop!" called the man.

"I can't stop here," replied the stranger. "I've got four boys in this wagon."

"Why, what's your business?" the man asked.

"My business is to raise these boys for God, and I can't do that in a town with four saloons." And soon the covered wagon was out of sight.

Surely we today should be as careful of the environments of our children.

—Sel.



## A MESSAGE FOR YOUNG MEN

### Be Strong

LISTEN FELLOWS! Take care of your bodies. Your body is a magnificent thing. It is a temple in which may be the sweet fragrance of incense, the melody of music, and the fervor of prayer. If you would enjoy life you must take proper care of your body. And remember that the deeds of your body are not scrapped and thrown on the junkpile when your body rests for awhile from its earthly toil,—they follow into the other life.

Young Barton Baynes was a friend of Silas Wright, one of America's great men. One day Silas Wright gave Barton a sealed envelope with instructions to open it only on the day he entered college. When that day arrived, Barton opened the envelope to see what was in it. He found a piece of paper, and on it these words, "His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust."

Baynes was mystified by the words. After reading them over and over he went to a college professor and asked him what they meant. The professor read them over and said, "Barton, that is a quotation from the Bible, and it is true. Your body is like a sponge,—it takes in things and holds them. A part of everything you eat goes into your blood and your bones, and you can't get it out. It is the same way with the books you read and the thoughts you think. A man's bones are full of the sins of his youth, which lie down with him in the dust."

Need I tell you that millions of lives are weakened and wrecked by evil habits and wrong appetites? Wrong habits will sap your vitality, poison your blood, and destroy your health. Many a man has died in middle life who might have lived to a good old age. There are some men who are burned out at forty, and spend another five or ten years hunting scandal before their neighbors are glad to tuck their rotten bodies in a two-by-six container.

If you have sense and backbone

you will not think it necessary to do what the crowd is doing. For instance, you don't have to smoke cigarettes because the other fellows are doing it. No one ever died or went crazy from the lack of tobacco. Don't let a puny piece of paper with some tobacco inside it push you around and shorten your life. Why allow yourself to be enslaved by a dirty habit?

Let me tell you the story of the Bedouin chief who told the young men of his tribe: "There are three good reasons for smoking: First, if you smoke enough tobacco, you will smell so strong the dogs will never bite you. Second, if you smoke long enough, you will develop a lung trouble which will make you cough even when you sleep. Robbers hearing you cough will think you are awake and so will not try to steal your belongings.



Third, if you smoke as much as you can, you will have many diseases and will die young."

I warn you to beware of any form of dope! Don't fool with it! You may be tempted to flirt with a weed called "Marihuana." It is a narcotic more dangerous than a coiled rattlesnake. Just a few puffs of this weed in a cigarette and you imagine you can commit any crime and escape detection. Murder, arson, rape, robbery,—they all go hand in hand with this

dope. Its roots reach down into hell.

Dope destroys the main nerve centers, wrecks the tissues, crushes the will, and drags its victim down into the twilight hollow of depravity. Within a few months the user is hooked and another slave is added to the thousands of dope addicts. What a tragedy!

If you would be strong you must observe the laws of purity. There is a tendency today to make light of some things that were taboo among decent people of former generations. But no one can make right the thing that is wrong.

Moral purity in the sex life is a supreme importance because it is intimately connected with human life. Every young man who is living a pure life is fighting a battle to safe-guard the future of our race. You carry in your bodies the germ of human life. Every young man is a potential father, and every young woman is a potential mother. Through all the years before marriage that germ of life must be protected and safeguarded so that after marriage a child may be born into the world. That child must not be disabled before birth by the wolves of sex.

Because of this fact you must remain free from moral filth. If you allow the beast of lust to reign in your body, you will damn your soul and body beyond the possibility of redemption. One of the biggest lies ever told is the lie of the wild oats. You don't have to sow wild oats. Keep wild oats out of your mind and you will avoid sowing them in your body. Pay no attention to the devil who offers to show you an easier way, a dishonest short cut, which is the way of the human rat who tries to tunnel in his way under the foundations.

Thousands of young fellows in our land have violated the laws of purity and are now paying the penalty. Over four million of them are tainted with social diseases. When you are tempted to indulge in wrong sexual intimacies say to yourself, "This is nothing but beastly lust! It is nakedly nasty! If I indulge in it I am rotten!" Remember you are not a sissy when you do the thing that is right and clean. —From "Listen Fellows"



## A YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY

### The Praying Stewardess

Forrest J. Boyd

The night was cloudy and the weather was bad for a flight across the Allegheny mountains with a load of passengers, and especially with that praying stewardess abroad, Al thought. Al Wright was a pilot of one of the large transport planes flying for the "A B C" Airlines. The praying stewardess that he referred to, Mabel Kay, received her nickname from Al when he saw her praying before that first flight that she had taken as air hostess on Al's plane. Then after the flight he had seen her thanking God for the safe journey. And to think that he, of all persons, supposedly the toughest pilot on the run, had to have her as stewardess. Well, he had set her back a peg or two when she tried to hand him some of those tracts or whatever she called them. "They'll help you lead a better life," she had said. He had told her a plenty and she had retreated with her hands over her ears so she would not hear his awful words.

This was to be the third flight since the arrival of Mabel as his stewardess, and it would be a tough one. Al was sitting in the little office letting these thoughts play in his mind when Flash, his mechanic, entered.

"Ready to go, Al?"

"Everything O. K.?" Al asked.

"Yes sir; I have checked everything from the tail skid to the propeller."

Al spoke half to himself and half to Flash; "I could make this flight all right if it were not for the crazy praying stewardess. I think she's bad luck. That last time we would have crashed when the wind changed on that landing if it had not been for my superb flying."

Flash agreed with a sardonic smile, "Yeah, it sure is unfortunate that you got her as stewardess."

"The trouble of it is," said Al, "that the boss won't fire her. He says all the passengers like her. Well, come on Flash, let's go."

They went out of the warm little office into the cold night air. There was a stiff wind blowing, almost

too stiff. As they passed the last hangar, Flash stopped, and said, "Listen!"—It was Mabel praying, praying for the Lord to give them a safe journey.

"Say, Al," said Flash, "We might have some use for those prayers before we get to Newark."

They came to the large, beautiful ship standing on the runway. With the large twin motors slowly ticking over, every line of it spelled speed and safety. Al climbed into the cabin and reviewed the engines several times to check his instruments. Everything seemed perfect. Then the passengers and Mabel went aboard. Flash sat in the cockpit with Al, as mechanic and copilot.

Al picked up the small microphone, switched on the radio, and called the field radio station. "Wright in plane 17, to WCKS. It is O.K. to take off? Give me weather report. Go ahead Cleveland."

"O. K. 17, sky overcast, visibility poor, barometer twenty-nine. Icing conditions will be encountered in flight. Report every fifteen minutes. WCKS Cleveland."

Al answered, "O.K. Cleveland." Immediately he taxied into the wind and opened the throttle. They were soon off and climbed until they reached 3000 feet. They could go no higher on account of the low ceiling. Al leveled the plane off and headed for Newark. They flew in silence for several minutes, then Flash spoke a bit anxiously, "I hope the ceiling's higher over the mountains. We won't have any altitude to spare with this ceiling."

Al laughed. "Maybe you'd better start praying, Flash."

They reported to the radio station every fifteen minutes as ordered. The last time they reported, everything was all right. The first half of the journey was safely behind them. It was time to report again, but something seemed to be wrong. They received no reply from Cleveland. There was only one answer—their radio had gone dead. Maybe they could get through without it, but they still had those mountains to go over. About five minutes after time to report, Flash suggested, "Why not climb and see

if we can find the top? The mountains must be close."

"Good idea, Flash." Al brought the nose of the ship up and climbed to about six-thousand feet with still no break in the ceiling. "I'm afraid there's no use, Flash. The plane seems to be getting sluggish. There must be ice forming on the control surfaces. That means trouble." And indeed it did. The big ship nosed over and started down, faster and faster. Al was powerless to get the ship under control. The stick just would not move.

Back at the station, Pinkie, the radio operator said to the boss, "The report from 'seventeen' is overdue five minutes. They ought to be over the mountains about now. You don't suppose—"

"Don't suppose anything," cut in Parks, the boss. "Call and see if you can't get an answer."

"Yes, sir. Cleveland to seventeen, Cleveland to seventeen. You should be over the mountains now. Please answer. We haven't heard from you for twenty minutes. WCKS, Cleveland." A silence of several minutes ensued. "To answer, chief."

Meanwhile let us pick up again the unusual maneuvers of the "A BC" transport.

As the plane nosed over and started to dive, Flash let out a yell, "Pull up, Al, pull up. If we don't come out of this dive, we'll crash into the mountains down below."

Although they could not see because of the clouds and fog, Flash probably was right; they were doubtless over the mountains. As Al realized this horrible truth, the color drained from his face, leaving it a deathly white. All his efforts to bring the ship out of the dive were in vain, for all the ailerons and tail surfaces were iced over and would not move.

Al spoke quickly and seriously, for this was no laughing matter, "Flash if you can, pray for all you're worth. I can't pray a bit." (Al afterwards explained that every time he tried to pray, every sin that he had committed came up before him and he could not pray no matter how hard he tried.)

Flash immediately started praying. All he could say was, "God give us a safe journey,"—the words he had heard Mabel saying before

(Continued on page 11)



## How the Lawyer Was Conquered

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his home. But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose likely the fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so, he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"And he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough and I knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting room, and there, on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth."

"Well, I was on the point of knocking when she said, 'Come, Father, now begin; I'm all ready.' And down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge, and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. When he began first, he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and her, and, no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they would not rebel at His will. Of course, 'twas going to be very, very hard for them to go homeless and destitute in

their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless, and oh, how different it all might have been if only one of the boys had been spared!

"Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless Mother and he should be separated. But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that Mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will."

"And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself tonight than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you could not defeat it!" said the latter. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God, but he claimed that we were told to make known our desire unto God; but, of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell about it. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said,

"you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'Mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.

—Boston Globe



## Saved By A Horseshoe

Many years ago there lived in Scotland a man whose name was Ormiston. He was a lover of the Lord Jesus, and belonged to the people of God who were called Covenanters. There were a great many of them, but they were not allowed to meet together for the worship of God. If they did, they were in danger of having their service broken up by the troop of horsemen who hunted them upon the mountains.

One day Ormiston had been to a little gathering of Christians. He believed that Christians ought to obey God and assemble themselves together, even if men forbade. He was very happy, thinking about the Lord he loved. As he was returning across a field he saw a horseshoe, and as it was nearly new he picked it up. A simple thing to do, and yet sometimes great things depend upon simple acts.

For a time he carried the horseshoe in his hand, then he put it in his pocket, then he changed it to another pocket; but it seemed to get heavier and heavier.

At last Ormiston thought of his Scotch cap, or bonnet. The horseshoe would lie in it quiet comfortably, so in his cap he tucked it away. He had hardly done so when some troopers rode up. "Have you been to hear a sermon?" said the leader.

"Yes," replied the honest Covenanter.

Without waiting for anything more, the soldier raised his sword

(Continued on page 10)



## The Command Appearance

(Continued from page 2)

### THE IMPERATIVE

Death follows Life, and Judgement follows Death. "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment..." (Hebrews 9:27). Christ spoke to Nicodemus of the Imperative of the New Birth, when He said, "Ye MUST be born again." David discovered that he could not hide from God. He said he found no place to conceal himself, for if he rose into the heavens, God was there; if he descended into hell, God was there; if he tried to wrap the darkness about him as a cloak, the night was illumined by the Presence of God. "There's no hiding place down here," said the old Negro spiritual song.

A Christian King of Hungary, being very sad and pensive, had a brother who was just the opposite. "O brother," said the king, "I have been a great sinner before God, and know not how to die, or how to appear before God in Judgment." His brother, making a jest of it, said, "These are but Melancholy thoughts." The king made no reply. But it was the custom of that country, that, if he executioner sounded a trumpet before any man's door, he was presently led to execution. The king, in the dead of night, sent the executioner to sound the trumpet before his brother's door. who, hearing it, and seeing the messenger of death, sprang into the King's presence, beseeching to know in what he had offended. "Alas, brother!" said the king, "You have never offended me. And is the sight of my executioner so dreadful, and shall not I, who have greatly offended, fear to be brought before the judgment seat of Christ?" The lesson was learned, and the judgment became real to the King's brother.

Jerome, an early Church father, said that it seemed to him as if the trumpet of the last day was always sounding in his ear, saying, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." Would to God that more would hear this trumpet calling them to repentance, for in that day it will be too late, for both small and great shall arise and appear before the judgment seat of Christ!

### The Inclusiveness

"All appear." There will be no exceptions, no excuses, no absences. In the great War Between The States, if one was drafted into the Service, he could pay some one to

take his place. Thus, many a rich man, or a rich man's son, missed conflict and sent a substitute to bleed and die for him. But, at the Judgment there will be no substitutes!

What will the appearance we are all to make be like? St. John photographed it in a word picture, and here is what he said it would be like:

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God... and the sea gave up the dead which were in them, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man, according to their works." Rev. 20:11-13.

Christ's look of Compassion, His look of Mercy, His look of Forgiveness—all forgotten now. The stern impassioned, fiery appearance of the Son of Man will drive souls to despair. They thought He would really forget their wickedness, and that they would have still another opportunity to pray, but not so! As they have lived, so have they died; and as they have died, so will they be in the awful Judgment!

The Roman Magistrates, when they gave sentence upon any one to be scourged, had a bundle of rods, tied hard with many knots laid before them. The reason was this: while the beater was untying the many knots, which he was to do by order, and not in any other hasty or sudden way, the magistrate might see the deportment of the delinquent, whether he was sorry for his fault, and showed any hope of amendment, that then he might recall his sentence, or mitigate his punishment; otherwise, he was corrected to much the more severely. This is a beautiful story of how Christ looks at us when the day of Grace is upon us, BUT WHEN JUDGMENT COMES, THERE WILL BE THE FULL SENTENCE.

### The Indictment

"Give account of the deeds done in his body." John tells us in Revelation, Chapter 20, "And the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." The Bible. The Book of Records. The Book of Retributive Justice. God keep good records,

and He will pay in full on that day! Are you ready for the Command Appearance? It may dawn on your soul today! —T. E. F.

## Missionary Letter

(Continued from page 5)

### The Devil is stirred

During the first four months of the year the devil bush society was in session. It is by this means that the tribal customs and practices are kept alive and embedded in the hearts of the people. Our hearts were moved as never before, as we saw the bonds of evil at work and the fear in the eyes of the people. Especially in times like these we are so happy that God, through you, have made it possible for the mission station to be here, "to declare that there is a Balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole." We realize that it is impossible to tell you of the hundreds of ways in which the Lord has helped and blessed here, but we do pray that somehow you may know how much we do appreciate your faithfulness to the work here both in praying and giving. Storm clouds are shadowing over Africa today, and we must work before it is night.

In service for the King,  
Frances and Barbara

### PRAYER LETTER FROM AFRICA

**Correcion:** Sister Bonnie Cleaver did not get to sail until early in August, although her passage was booked for July. This was due to the dock strike in New York City. Her father tells of the wonderful service they had as they bid farewell, at Pier Nine in Brooklyn, as the freighter prepared to leave. The blessing of the Lord attended their way, as hymns of praise, and prayers of intercession were lifted heavenward. Many of the sailors and workers heard them, and were touched by the events. Pray for Sister Cleaver as she arrives in Africa. Her address will be the same as the one on the top of the prayer letter.

—T. E. F.

## Saved By A Horseshoe

(Continued from page 9)

and, striking the man upon the head, felled him to the earth. Then, thinking he was dead, they rode off.

Coming to his senses, the Christian found he was not hurt; a deep rent was seen in the horseshoe, but it had saved his head.

—The Flame



## IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

THARP, Morgan (Born, Jan. 11, 1873) of Nady, Arkansas, passed into God's Presence at the age of 92 years. Final services were held from God's Missionary Church of Nady, on April 18, 1965, with his pastor, Rev. Henry Tharp in charge as was the deceased's request. Burial was made in the Hocking Berry Cemetery.

"Uncle" Morgan was a blessing to all that heard his testimony, and he was faithful to the end. May souls be revived through his earthly labors.

—Rev. Henry Tharp

PETHANOS, William Nicholas (Born, August 16, 1892 and died July 21, 1965) was a native of Corinth, Greece, and made his home in State College, Pennsylvania, at the time of his homegoing. He leaves to mourn his passing, his wife, Freda, and one son, in the U. S. Army.

Services were held from the Koch Funeral Home at State College, Pa., with the Reverend Marshall McCleery and Allen C. Russell, sharing the services. Favorite songs were sung by Tom and Marlene Frantz. Interment was made in the Centre County Memorial Park, Benner Pike, State College, Pennsylvania.

Brother Pethanos had fought a long battle with illness, having undergone surgery and having spent weeks in the Centre County Hospital at Bellefonte. However, it seemed not God's will to spare him, and he was sent home to spend his last days with his family. Keeping his faith in Christ firm to the end, he shouted the victory and wept with God's blessings when the saints came to pray and visit.

Brother "Bill," as his friends all knew him, lived a Christian life before his neighbors, and, although a man of very firm convictions, he was tender and humble in God's Presence, and would often break into tears as he witnessed to God's power.

His devoted wife spent many hours by his side in his illness, and was faithful to visit him when he lay in pain and suffering in the hospital. The wheel chair was often loaded into the car, and to camp meetings and revivals he went,

when strength permitted him to go.

His final services were attended by a great host of his friends, and they readily gave assent to his godly life.

May God bless his memory!

—Thomas Frantz

## A LONELY CHURCH ON A HILL

There is a lonely church in Nady that stands beside the road; Not many go there, because of its standards and its gold; But they go to the worldly churches, and to the worldly scenes. They pillow their heads in their pillows, and dream worldly dreams; But Judgment Day is coming, and God only knows, But they will stand before the Judgment bars of God, And answer to the "yes" and "nos".

They will be cast into outer darkness, where they will listen to the wails and the woes; And they will wish ten thousand times, That they had visited the lonely church beside the road.

—Henry Tharp  
Nady, Arkansas

## The Praying Stewardess

(Continued from page 8)

the take-off. But the words were coming from the bottom of his heart.

For what seemed like an eternity, they plunged downward. Then without a warning, they saw a rift in the clouds and directly in their path were the mountain peaks and gulleys.

As they came in sight of the mountains, the passengers, who had not known anything was wrong, (except that they were going down) started screaming and some who knew how, mumbled prayers. But it began to look like it was too late to pray, for the mountains were getting closer and closer. Mabel sat in a seat, calm and collected. Her eyes were closed. The movement of her lips were almost indiscernable, but they were moving, yes, and her shapely, white hands gripped the arms of the seat. She was asking God's mercy on these poor souls.

Back in the cabin of the plane something else was taking place. Flash, sitting straight up in his seat, with the tears streaming down his face was praying harder

than ever. Al was tugging at the control stick with renewed vigor. Had it moved a little, or was it his imagination? There, it moved again! No mistake now, the plane had pulled up a mere trifle. Al kept pulling back on the stick, and the ship was pulling up slowly, but surely. Would they miss that first peak—yes, they were going to miss it. It would be close, though. The big ship leveled off with a mighty roar. It was going to hit that big rock—no, the nose came up just in time and the land gear missed by about two feet!

The ridge, which was a little higher, loomed very near. Al worked frantically over the stick. The ship was not quite itself yet. Up, up—just a little higher—the ship cleared by inches, and they were safe!

Sometime later, Al brought the big metal bird down in a shaky, unsteady landing and taxied up to the ramp. The passengers scrambled out anxious to set their feet on good old terra firma again. Flash got out and began inspecting the ship, and to help refuel. Al went straight to Mabel. He saw her just as she was getting out of the plane.

"Say, Mabel, I'd like to talk to you."

"All right," Mabel quietly replied.

"Well, before this trip, I thought that your praying was silly and a lot of nonsense. I really didn't think there was such a person as God, but that trip proved that there is. Only by a miracle would that ship come out of a dive with the controls iced over. I—I want you to forgive me for calling you the "praying stewardess."

"Why, that's perfectly all right. I consider it a compliment."

"Yes, but I didn't mean it as a compliment. And, say, ah—have you any more of those—ah—tracts?" —The Olive Branch.

*Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

*Hebrews 11:1*





## Items Now in Stock at the Publishing Division

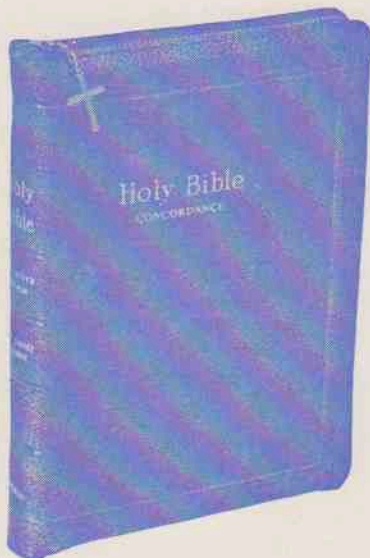
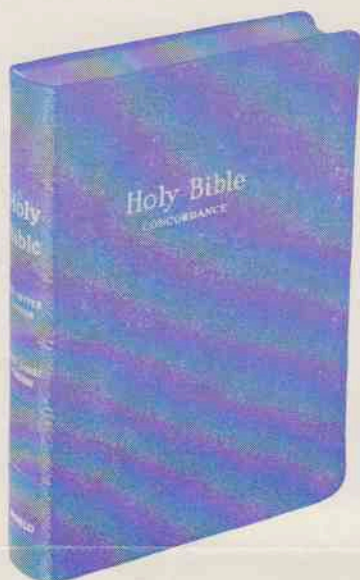
CHILDREN'S TESTAMENTS & PSALMS  
King James Version

### GIFT AND AWARD BIBLES

King James Version

To fit Modest Budgets — Excellent for Home & Sunday School

An extraordinary value! Imagine a Bible with a Concordance, reader helps, full-color features, and beautiful imitation leather binding... at such very low prices!



No. 222CZ Black  
No. 222CZR Red  
No. 222CZW White  
Zipper Closing Otherwise, same \$2.95

#### Special Features:

- \*128-Page Concordance
- \*Calendar for daily reading
- \*Periods of Bible History
- \*Weights, Money, Measures
- \*Summary of Books of the Bible
- \*Languages of the Bible
- \*Full-color Presentation Page, maps, and the Beatitudes.
- \*Clear, self-pronouncing text.
- \*Fine, lightweight Bible paper

#### WORDS OF CHRIST IN RED

No. 221C Black  
No. 221CR Red  
No. 221CW White  
Imitation Leather, Limp Binding \$1.95

Order from:

God's Missionary Church  
Publishing Division  
Route 220 N. E.  
Milesburg, Pa. 16853

No. 223C Black  
No. 223CR Red  
No. 223CW White  
Imitation Leather, Limp Binding, Gold Edges \$2.95

### THE LATEST GOSPEL SONG SHEETS

By Mosie Lister. 75 cents per copy. Clip out this advertisement, and mark the songs you desire.

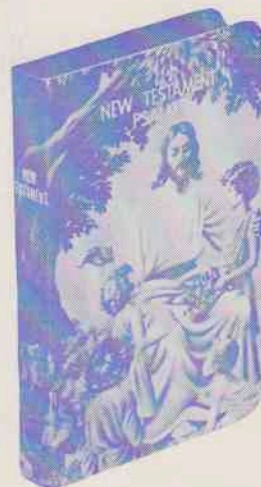
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?  
THE KING AND I WALK HAND IN HAND  
SUNDOWN  
THEN I MET THE MASTER  
WHERE NO ONE STANDS ALONE

LED BY THE MASTER'S HAND  
SAVIOUR, GENTLY TAKE ME HOME  
THE GENTLE STRANGER  
TILL THE STORM PASSES BY

SONGS BY OTHER AUTHORS  
WITHOUT HIM  
THAT GLAD REUNION DAY  
IT'S DIFFERENT NOW  
I'VE BEEN TO CALVARY  
I'M BOUND FOR THAT CITY

DEAR JESUS, ABIDE WITH ME  
I NEED NO MANSION HERE BELOW  
WHERE WILL I SHELTER MY SHEEP?

Song Books By Mosie Lister, R. E. Winsett, John T. Benson, Norman Clayton—Trios, Quartettes, Low Voice, Duets. Write: God's Missionary Church Publishing Division Route 220 N. E., Milesburg, Pa. 16853



#### Special Features:

- \*7 full-color illustrations
- \*Presentation Page
- \*Neat, self-pronouncing Nonpareil type
- \*Printed on World INDO-TEXT

Excellent for Awards or Special Gifts  
No. 46W \$1.50 — White, Imitation Leather, Limp Binding, Gold Edges  
No. 46P \$1.50 — Pink, otherwise same as above.

No. 46B \$1.50 — BLUE, Otherwise same as above.

No. 46 \$1.50 — BLACK, otherwise same as above.

No. 43N \$1.00 — THE RAINBOW TESTAMENT, Full-color pictorial cloth cover, blue edges.

