



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 Personal Presence of Jesus"

Rev. Victor Glenn

"And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And, behold, there was a man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him: for he was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house."

I would like to stress especially the words, "and when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him." As we read this passage of scripture we find Zaccheus, the tax collector with Christ. Being a tax collector, he was looked down upon by the Jews. Those gathering taxes for the Romans were considered to be traitors. They looked down upon him and sometimes some suggested the thought that he was a dog. When Jesus passed by that day, he saw a man with tremendous possibilities. He saw a man that might be the devil's cast off but through the marvelous grace of God he could be a partaker of the divine nature of God and could have a place in the heavenly Kingdom. Yes I am glad that Jesus Christ can look beneath the exterior. He can look beyond the appraisal that man may place upon another man. He can look beneath the surface and see what actually exists in the heart and life of man, for He knows us even better than we know ourselves. I'm glad He breaks the power of sin and sets

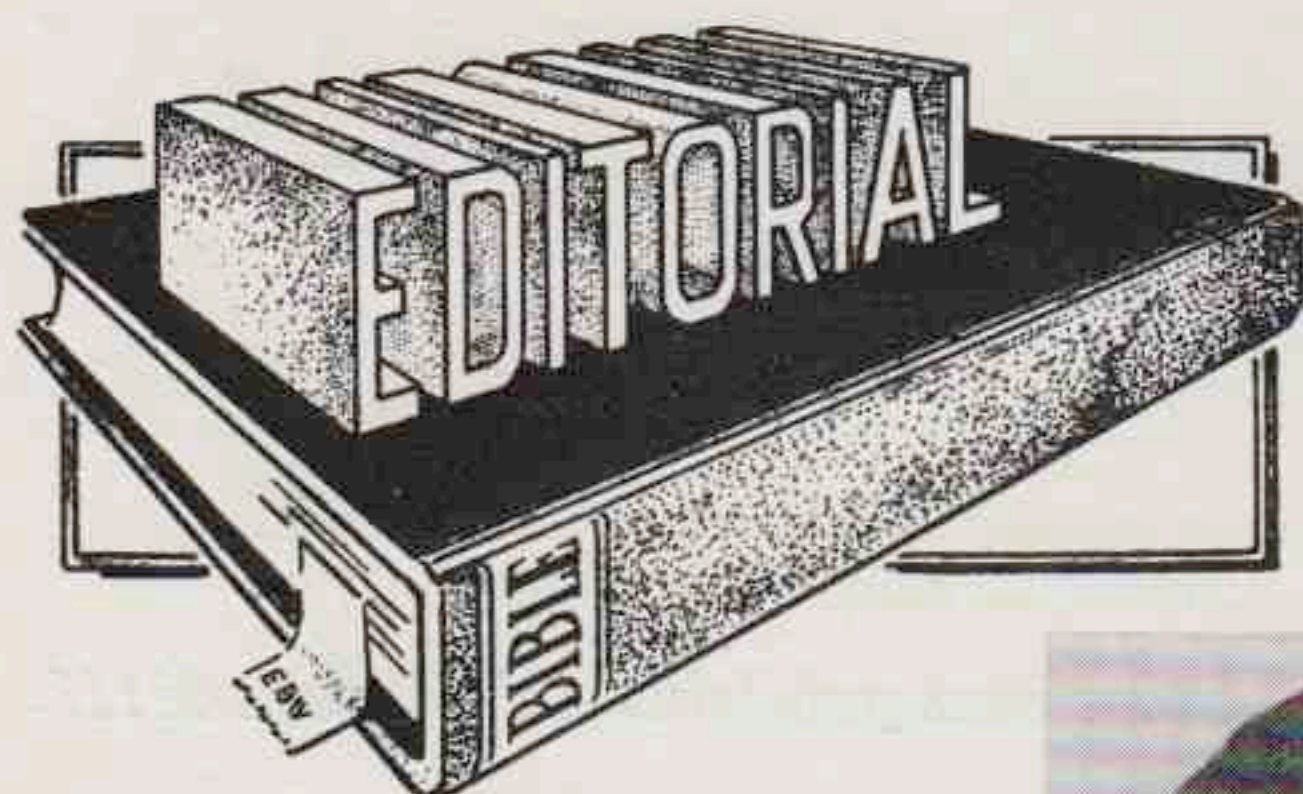
the prisoners free. His blood avails for me.

Let us notice what Christ sees when He looks at man. When He looked at Zaccheus, He saw that he had a needy heart. He had an anxiety and a vacuum in his heart that the things he possessed had not satisfied. That was the reason he was desirous of meeting Christ. The song writer says, "Down in the human heart crushed by the tempter, feelings lay buried that grace can restore." Yes, within man is that cry after God. The things will not satisfy, the material possessions will not fill this vacuum. Sometimes this need is awakened within the man by a gentle influence of a mother. Sometimes it is awakened by a song. Sometimes it may be awakened by an invitation to Christ. Sometimes it may be awakened by a message that is preached. Here is a man that Christ sees within him a need that all of his possessions has failed to satisfy. The Christ and Christ alone, could fill that need in his heart. My friend, I am undoubtedly writing to many now that have tried so many things and they have failed to accomplish the thing that you have desired. Jesus Christ and He alone can satisfy. Then when Jesus looked at man, He saw he had a deathless soul, man has an eternal soul. This soul is worth more than all things in this world. The devil, is bidding after the souls of so many and they are selling out so cheap.

Think of Judas selling out for thirty pieces of silver, and others for public opinion and the good will of the crowd. We feel they

have sold out so cheaply. May I ask you my friend, have you sold out for less? Undoubtedly, some who are reading this just now have not received that much to sell Jesus Christ. He saw a person with a deathless soul. Beloved, that is what we need to be conscious of as we minister the words of God, as we labor on radio broadcasts, in services and on the mission fields. We are dealing with deathless souls, souls that throughout all eternity will live forever somewhere when the stars become dim, when this world ceases to exist. Regardless of whether it shall be a soul of a rich individual or some hottentot in Africa. Jesus Christ realizes that every man possesses a deathless soul.

He saw also a man that had a life to save. Many wait until the closing moments of their life span to seek God. All they have to offer Him is the burnt out ashes of a mis-spent life. How wonderful it is to give our soul to Him but also a life of useful service to the Master. Many have the wrong perspective in this matter, they feel they want to enjoy themselves and they couldn't possibly enjoy themselves except to live in sin. The devil has blinded their understanding until they feel there is absolutely no real satisfaction in being a Christian. I want to say, my friend, that is not true. To give yourself completely, whole-heartily and fully to Christ, you will find such a sense of contentment and satisfaction as you did not realize existed. You will really begin to live when you live for Jesus Christ—when you turn yourself over to His hands. I wonder, my friend, if you have done this yet. If not, why not?



The Marvelous Miracle, A Mystery

St. John 3:1-21

How can a man be born when he is old? This was the mystery which Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, was unable to understand. He had apparently been observing, from a distance, the marvelous works of Christ as He moved about from the wedding in Cana of Galilee, to Capernaum, and then to Jerusalem for the Passover. The miracles which he performed convinced many that He had truly come from God. Among them was Nicodemus, who was not content to believe on Him and let Him pass by, he wanted to get acquainted with Him. It seems that He arranged for a private interview with Jesus and that night was the mystery of a marvelous miracle revealed.

Nicodemus knew that there was something unusual about this man Jesus but he was unable to grasp what really made the difference, by merely observing the miracles which He did. Now he is standing face to face with Jesus, not seeking for physical healing for he was a master of Israel, apparently well and strong, but I believe he was seeking to satisfy a secret inner yearning. It was a very simple matter to follow the reasoning of Jesus when He stated, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh" but it seemed so very difficult for him to grasp the truth and follow the reasoning of His next statement, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

This is the point where Jesus has drawn an unmistakable line of demarcation between the life of the flesh and the life of the Spirit. I am not referring to the nature of humanity, but rather to the nature of sin in fallen man. I recall dealing



The Editor

with a man about his spiritual life when in the course of reasoning I quoted from II Corinthians 5:17 "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." In reply he sarcastically asked if I couldn't drink water or eat the same foods which I had previously eaten. It is human nature to hunger and thirst for that which will nourish the physical body. On the other hand, it is the nature of sin to hunger and thirst for that which is harmful to the physical body and non-conforming to the Spirit.

It isn't hard to live in the Spirit if you are born of the Spirit, for that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other:" (Galatians 5:16 & 17) This is why it is so important for you to be born of the Spirit. They that live in the flesh and mind the things of the flesh, cannot please God. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of

the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (I John 2:16)

The nature of sin is manifested in the works of the flesh such as adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, robbery, and pride, or anything else that falls into this category. Paul states in his Epistle to the Galatians that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. This should give you a clearer understanding of what Jesus meant when He said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You should be able to readily recognize how very contrary these are the one to the other

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Honest Jonah

Jonah 1:12.

Jonah has a World wide reputation for being a slacker, both among the Saints and sinners.

To some degree this text rolls away, a goodly part at least, the reproach from His name, and gives Him credit for possessing a brand of Transparent Honesty that is rarely found in this world.

This lesson also teaches the impossibility of fleeing from God, so give up your vain attempt now!

I FIRST: The Troubled Sea.

A. The sky was black; the lightning flashing, the wind blowing; the Ship rocking.

a. Disobedience always leads into troubled waters.

b. Jonah knew what the trouble was, He could quickly tell them why the sea was troubled, but He is under no obligation to reveal the secret to the crew.

c. He could have kept it a secret as Achan, Ananias and Sapphira, but His honesty would not permit Him to cover up.

d. Every saved person in the Kingdom of God, like Samson, knows full well, what is required of them to stand.

e. We do not kid ourself, and I know we do not lead God on as if He is not alert, and awake to our spiritual standing with Him, and you, that are dwarfing in your soul, drifting from your spiritual condition, hindered in your progress. You do not need anyone to tell you what it is; you already know.

This is one of the many reasons people become stirred when the preacher declares where people need to live to stand, and why so many are not spiritual. They already know before He makes His declaration of the "Holy Truth."

II. SECOND. The Toiling Sailors.

A. He knew he Himself was the Achan, but he was too conscientious to offer a prayer for others, when he was out of Harmony with God.

b. Sin in the soul is like Jonah in the Ship. It turns the smoothest water into a tempestuous sea.

c. He was also too Honest to blame anyone else for His own transgression, but spoke in plain words, "I know for my sake this great evil is upon you." Jonah 1:12 He was like the Prodigal Son, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Luke 15:21.

This is rarely found among fallen Humanity, they are about all guilty of putting the blame on everyone else, but confession usually brings it Home where it belongs, "I" am to blame, "I" have sinned."

d. And here is another truth which cannot be over looked God spares the prayerful penitent, a truth which is illustrated in this lesson.

III. LAST: The Tempest Stilled

A. Another commendable feature in Jonah's conduct. He did not become offended when He was brought face to face with the Issue.

a. How often people when brought to face the Troubled Seas, leave the Toilers to toil on, instead of staying with the ship and finding the Jonah, and stilling the Tempest.

b. He confessed and made things right and was privileged to conduct the greatest three days revival in the History of the church world, where 120 thousand turned to God, from the King's Throne down to the beggar in the streets. What would have been the results if Jonah had failed to be Honest

with the toiling Sailors, and His own Soul?

1. The Sailors would have made Shipwreck, in a troubled sea, the Cargo, (wares) had already been thrown overboard.

2. He would have had to face 120 thousand Ninevites at the Judgment, which He would have failed to warn.

In Conclusion:

It will always pay to be Honest with God, and your own soul for after all His Disobedience, and Delay, Jonah had to go back to where He had left and start all over. Are you running from God? If you are you can plan on running into a troubled sea.

—Roy Bellomy, Evangelist

"The Truth Slipped Out"

A small boy was on the witness stand in an important lawsuit. The prosecuting attorney cross-examined him, then delivered, he thought, a crushing blow to the testimony.

"Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," the lad didn't hesitate with the answer.

"Now," said the lawyer triumphantly, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," the boy said modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful to tell the truth, I could repeat the same thing every time." —Sel.



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"Live Up to Your Calling: To Love"

A message delivered at the Seminary Chapel by Dr. Charles D. Stokes Visiting Professor of Missions at Asbury Theological Seminary, Fall Quarter, 1964

"...as God has called you, live up to your calling."

—Ephesians 4:1b (NEB)

Through the years Christian perfection has represented man's highest aspiration, but also his greatest frustration. In our time, I think it may be said that it is failure at this point which does more than all else to discredit the teaching concerning holiness and to arouse opposition to it. The obligation is upon us, therefore, not only to teach and preach, but even more to live and practice these truths.

John Wesley, whom we look to as the spiritual Father of Methodism and of the Holiness Movement, stated that what he meant by Christian perfection was perfection in love—love to God and love to man. The demand upon us, therefore, is to live up to the calling of love.

Let me share with you some convictions concerning the practical aspects of love.

First of all we must know that LOVE IS OF GOD. This means that God is the source of all love. Love cannot be achieved by any boot strap operation. Just as one cannot reach down and lift himself up by his boot straps, neither can one simply decide that he is going to love and then compel himself to do it. No, love is initially from God, and without receiving from Him we are helpless to love.

But it is further true that love is of God not only initially, but also continuously. Love is not like some gift which I may have received and can claim as my own. It is always God's love channeled through me. So long as the channel remains clear and unblocked, His love can and will flow into my life and overflow to others. Love is a fruit of the Holy Spirit; it springs from the Spirit's unhindered working in my life, and therefore it is God's love and not merely mine.

A second great fact about love is that IT ALWAYS FINDS EXPRESSION. By very definition, by its very nature, love must give ex-

pression to itself. Oscar Hammerstein's words, taken from "The Sound of Music," are to the point here:

A bell's not a bell 'til you ring it;

A song's not a song 'til you sing it.

And love in the heart wasn't put there to stay;

Love isn't love 'til you give it away.

Love simply cannot exist in a vacuum. It must find some means of giving itself away.

God's love for man would have been a contradiction if He had never given expression to it. From the very beginning He demonstrated His love, as is clearly shown in the whole history of His self-revelation, but more definitely in the old familiar words, "God so loved...that He gave..." And make no mistake about it—He gave His only begotten Son long before Jesus ever came into the world!

God's love in man expresses itself first of all God-ward. This it does by our obedience to all the revelation of God. Jesus set the pattern for us here. He said, "I always do what is pleasing to Him," that is, the Father (John 8:29b). The principle involved is stated by Jesus, "If you love me, you will keep my commandments" (John 14:15). We could easily spend all of our time in consideration of this point, but I want us, rather, to center our attention upon the expression of love to one another, to our fellow men.

Our love for others then, to be love at all, must express itself—it must be more than profession. There is real danger of our being self-deceived at this point. In Korea we lived next door to an older missionary colleague and his wife—wonderful people! We shared not only many happy experiences, but also some rather routine and less pleasant ones. One of the latter was the task of closing and locking the gate at night. The two doors of the gate must be swung shut, an iron bar must be slid into place and then padlocked so that it couldn't be moved. It really wasn't quite as easy as it sounds, because the bar was rusty and had to be forced, and one of the gate-doors sagged, so that it had to be lifted as the bar was slid home. We took turns at clos-

ing the gate at night—one month I was responsible, the next month my missionary colleague, and so forth. My friend's work often kept him out at night, so during the month that I had to close the gate I would have to wait until late, when I was sure he was in, to go out to close the gate. In winter, when it was cold, I'd get thoroughly chilled, and well, I don't know when it started, but I began to experience a bit of resentment. "He comes right by the gate each night," I thought, "why couldn't he just close it for me?" (How often our problems start from foolish, little things!)

Now, I believed and professed that I loved him, but the Lord showed me that this wasn't love. After I saw and accepted this, my whole attitude changed. There wasn't a trace of resentment. Why, I didn't want my friend to close that gate. He was an older man, and I really wanted him to save his strength and energy. Not only did I gladly close the gate when it was my month to do so, but I'd watch for opportunities to close it for him during his month! It was a joy to do so. When love is genuine, not only is it uncomplaining, but it is also positively out-going in search of ways to express itself in action.

My third point is that LOVE IS GOD-LIKE in the manner of its expression. Jesus tells us that God Himself is the model: "You therefore must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. 5:48). It is God-given, God-owned love, so of course it will be God-like—or, to make it more concrete for us—Christ-like love. Let us consider this truth under several sub-heads.

A. God-like love is more than justice.

There is always the temptation to equate justice with righteousness, to think that if we have been just in our personal relationships with others we have fulfilled the Christian ideal. Far from it! Helmut Thielicke in his sermon on "The Parable of the Wicked Vine-dressers" says, "Justice does far more harm in our life than injustice." He is speaking of the attitude that looks upon justice in personal relationships as the goal, when it ought to be love.

We are in trouble when our stan-

dard of conduct is based upon our "rights." Mabel Williamson tells of a China missionary who said that the most difficult thing for him in his work in China was not suffering hardship—there was even something of a thrill to that. But the hardest pill to swallow was having to give up his rights, to find that he couldn't even have any rights.

Do we have no rights, then? Yes, of course we have rights, but when we are motivated by God-like love, we surrender them. Did Jesus have no rights? Was He not the Son of God? Why should He give up position and authority in heaven to come to earth, stripped to the limitations of humanity? The answer is LOVE.

Does God have no rights? By rights He should have blotted us all off the face of the earth long ago. But God is motivated by love rather than His rights—and so must it be with us!

B. God-like love is inclusive rather than exclusive.

We who stand in the conservative tradition are likely to be at fault here. Quite rightly we have a concern to champion the truth and to preserve the purity of the church. But how quick we are sometimes in our zeal to cut ourselves off from those who disagree with us.

Years ago I read Edwin Markham's four-line poem entitled "Outwitted," and I have never been able to get away from it.

He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:

We drew a circle that took him in!

The Pharisees in their zeal drew circles which shut out the publicans and those whom they broadly termed "sinners." Jesus, with certainly no less zeal than theirs, drew a circle which included them. That is what love does—it draws a wider circle to take in the deluded, misguided person, and somehow seeks to woo and win him.

C. God-like love reveals itself as sacrificial love.

We know this because we have the example of Jesus Christ. But let us note that sacrificial love can only be expressed in our relationships with our fellowmen. In I John 4:10-11 the Apostle says, "In this is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his

Son to be the expiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love..." Whom? God? Is that what the account says? No, it reads, "we also ought to love one another." The point is that our love for God cannot be sacrificial—we have every reason to love Him. God-like love is love "in spite of"—just as God loved us in spite of our rebellion and sin.

It was the vision of the sacrificial love of Jesus which sent that great Japanese Christian, Toyohiko Kagawa, to the slums of Kobe (Shinkawa), and it was the reality of that love flooding his own life that kept him there, sharing with the people his own poverty, but also his hope and joy in Jesus Christ.

Whatever else it does, the love of God, when it flows through us, will find expression by placing us in self-sacrificial relationship to those about us—our family, our classmates, our colleagues, our church members, even our enemies or at least those who seem to irritate us or try our patience. For, as Oswald Chambers has so clearly expressed it, "Love is the sovereign preference of one person for another..."

Finally, LOVE IS THE GREATEST FORCE IN THE WORLD which can be released through us. I think we all know this, and yet we need to remind ourselves of it again and again, because we do not always act as though we believed it. How often do we resort to human means and methods to accomplish what needs to be done, when it is really love which ought to be brought to bear upon the situation! And when this is true we always get those imperfect results which come from the employment of imperfect means.

There are many examples of the power of love working amid almost insuperable circumstances, but I wonder if you have read the account of it given by Ernest Gordon in his book *Through the Valley of the Kwai*. Mostly it is the story of life in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in Thailand, where British prisoners from Southeast Asia were concentrated. The author was one of them. The men were forced to work at top speed in the steaming jungles and in the Kwai River to erect a railroad bridge and to lay a new railway. Weakened by disease and malnutrition, subjected

to scorn and indignity, and brutally and relentlessly pressured into working to the limits of human endurance—the struggle became one of survival, and in the process men became like animals. "We lived," said Gordon, "by the rule of the jungle, 'red in tooth and claw'... When a man lay dying we had no word of mercy. When he cried for our help, we averted our heads. Men cursed the Japanese, their neighbors, themselves, and God." And still they died—the strong, the weak, the wily and the self-sufficient.

Just when life at the camp had reached its lowest point of degradation, a miracle occurred. One of the Scottish prisoners became very ill. It seemed obvious to others that he would die, but Angus McGillivray, his pal, was determined that he should not die. Someone had stolen the sick man's blanket. Angus gave him his own. At mealtime Angus drew his ration of food, but instead of eating it he brought it to his sick pal, and stood over him, making him eat. Under his long continued solicitous care the sick man recovered. Then Angus collapsed—he just slumped down and died. The cause of death?—starvation and exhaustion. He gave his friend all he had—even his life.

The word of this sacrifice of love got around the camp and sparked a miracle. Men were shamed out of their animal instincts to new acts of unselfishness, of courage and love. And as love came to be exerted, there began to dawn a new consciousness of God, and of meaning in life.

The climax came when prisoners were being moved by train to another camp. At one point, while they were shoved off to a siding, they found themselves beside a trainload of wounded Japanese troops. The wounded men were in shameful condition. They were filthy, and their wounds were full of pus and crawling with maggots. The men from Gordon's camp looked at them a moment in shocked disbelief, then without a word they drew food from their rations, took rags and water canteens in their hands and went over to the wounded men. They gave them food and water, and then set to work cleaning their wounds.

An allied officer who was not

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Missionary Message

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Gen. 4:9b

With these words, Cain sought to answer God's question as to the whereabouts of his brother, Abel. Was it the cold indifference of one who did not care or the rebellious attitude of one whose sin had found him out, that caused him to answer thus?

We can hardly excuse him as one who merely did not care, for he had already become deeply involved in the case. No doubt he was really trying to shift the blame from his own guilty conscience and even lay it upon God, Himself, as to say, "He was your child and your responsibility; why did you not take care of him?"

It is with this same attitude that many people today shirk their responsibility to others and pass the blame on to someone else or even to God. Far-fetched? Unbelievable? Not at all when you notice the indifference of professing Christians to the soul needs of people all around them and then see the resistance begin to increase when some servant of God deals with their inactivity for God and the lack of love for the souls of men and women.

Pause just a moment right here and let me ask you, "What have you done to win someone for Jesus in the last year? Have you sacrificed meals? Money? time? Pleasures? health? plans? vacations? friends? Have you suffered, not for your own mistakes or poor judgment, but because you put Him and His kingdom first? And did you do it cheerfully? If these or similar questions irk you, you may be feeling as Cain did when he answered God as he did.

We are living in a day when there is a tremendous tendency toward comfort and ease in the Church. It is easy to shy away from hardship or even discomfort in working for the Lord. So often

things must be made quite easy if we expect many Christians to respond. It must not infringe too much on our plans, and if it is very difficult, we are not willing to try unless we have the help of "many hands to make Light work." Co-operation and help are wonderful, but the job of bringing souls to Jesus must be done even if there is no one to help. He promises His help, Hallelujah! We must labor on for souls even when the task is hard and there seems to be little or nothing to encourage us. He Hath said, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee".

Let me suggest to your thinking some attitudes that sadly enough find their way into hearts of some Christians. Carefully consider them, I pray, and compare them to your own thoughts.

1. I have my own life to live. You must not expect me to do too much for the Lord.

2. There are others who are in a better position than I am to carry the load and sacrifice for the sake of souls.

3. Sinners have the same chance that I have to go to church and get saved.

4. I can't save them anyway. God has to do that. So let Him do it.

5. I go to church, live a clean, Christian life, read my Bible, and Pray. What more do you expect?

6. I'm just not cut out for that kind of work. I have no talents along that line.

These are just a few, but do they not carry the thought that Cain spoke when he asked, "Am I my brother's Keeper?" O, My Christian brother and sister, do you seek a way to slip out of your responsibility to the souls of those around you? Are you busy and concerned about things that do not advantage the souls of men? Do you feel it is the pastor's job? the evangelist's? O, I pray that you will see the need as you have

never seen it before and then pray, fast, work, sacrifice, and trust God diligently, earnestly, consistently till His kingdom shall come on earth.

There are many types of work to be done for the Master and in many places, as well as through many channels. The Department of Home Missions is just one of the ways in which you can enlarge your own field of activity for God. But we do need your help. We want you to pray earnestly for God to guide us in every endeavor, and to fire our souls with His great love and compassion. We are but human beings in a great conflict with little resources of our own. We must have His divine aid. If this need of prayer is met, I am sure that God can lead us to respond to the other needs that will arise along the way.

I want to take this opportunity to express my deepest heartfelt gratitude as well as my wife's and family's, for the wonderful Christian way in which so many people responded to our needs during the illness of my wife. The prayers, the lovely cards, the food, and the marvelous financial help all combined to bless, thrill, and encourage us beyond our poor power to tell. We thank God that Sister Cooley seems well on the way to recovery.

We praise God for this Victory. Now, on to the next battle, and to the next, and still onward. With Christ as our Captain, with the same enthusiasm and willingness, the same faith in God as we have had in this battle, we can go forward, meeting by God's grace, our brother's need until many souls are brought to Jesus, sanctified by His mighty power, and gathered around His throne in glory.

—LaDette W. Cooley
Dept. of Home Missions Treasurer

Revival Report from Clay City, Kentucky

Praise God for Victory! It pleased the Lord to bless the faithful labours of the pastor, Bro. Wayne Sowers, and the Evangelist, Bro. Fred Watson, in a revival at Clay City, Kentucky, January 2nd. to the 16th. 1966. Much prayer and visitation resulted in the biggest crowds in several years, attending that church. 107 persons knelt at the altar to seek help from the Lord, 30 of which were new seekers. Some of them were adults, living in deep sin, but not too deep for the Lord to lift them out and save them from their sin. To God be all the glory and praise.

Pray for these people that they will walk in the light, grow in grace, and be ready when the Lord comes for His Bride.

Seed thoughts for here and there:

"Want is a growing giant that satisfaction has never been able to make a cloak big enough to cover." (selected)

"They that stand for nothing will sooner or later fall for anything." (Sel.)

"The printed word is more reliable than the spoken word and it cannot be refuted because it is easily available for re-checking. More accurate information is obtained by reading than listening". (Sel.)

"Weaving"

Yes, I'm a weaver, and each day
The thread of life I spin,
And be the colors what they may,
I still must weave them in.
With morning light there comes
the thought

As I my task begin,
My Lord to me new threads has
brought

And bids me "weave them in."
Sometimes He gives me threads of
gold

To brighten up the day,
Then somber tints, so bleak and
cold,

That change the gold to gray,
And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
With threads both gold and gray
And on I toil till daylight dies
And fades in night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,
And I shall cease to spin,
He'll open wide my Father's door,
And bid me rest within.
When safe at Home in heavenly
light,

How clearly I shall see
That every thread—the dark, the
bright—
Each one had need to be!
—Sel.

"Why I Do Not Attend The Movies"

1. The manager of the theater never called on me.

2. I did go a few times, but no one spoke to me. Those who go there aren't very friendly.

3. Everytime I go they ask me for money.

4. Not all folks live up to the high moral standards of the films.

5. I went so much as a child I've decided I've had all the entertainment I need.

6. The performance lasts too long. I can't sit still for an hour and three-quarters.

7. I don't care for some of the people I see and meet at the theater.

8. I don't always agree with what I see and hear.

9. I don't think they have very good music in the theater.

10. The shows are held in the evening, and that's the only time I am able to be at home with the family.

—Rev. Grant H. Elford
Reprinted in Moravian Messenger

"The Strange Post Card"

By Rev. E. Wayne Stahl

I received a postcard the color of the sky on a sunny day in June. To the left and slightly above the name and address of the person receiving it were printed these words:

"A Secret Message for—."

I turned the card over and found just a blue blank! "Only that, nothing more!"

But wait a minute. I now turned the card over again, address side uppermost, and read in smaller type, below what I have detailed above, the additional words:

"The Important Message
Herein Concealed

When dipped in water is revealed.
When this card dries, redip
again."

Since typing that last sentence I dipped the card into a bowl of water. And on the message side of it I read in clear, white letters, contrasting pleasingly with the deep blue background, the words:

"Special Checking Accounts. No Monthly Service Charge. No Minimum Balance Required. Fifteen checks for \$1.50. Initial Deposit May Be Any Amount. Ask for 'Special Checking' Folder at—."

Then followed the name of one of the leading banks of the city. Pretty clever advertising, don't you think?

But from it a real lesson came to me. There was a time in my life when the Bible was as blank, as meaningless, as the reverse side of the bank's post card. I found no message there because my mind was blinded by the god of this world. The message was waiting for me in that divine writing. But I had refused to let the eyes of my understanding be enlightened.

Thank God, there came a change! I experienced the "washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Then the Scriptures became for me the most precious volume in all the world. With what delight did I pore over its pages! What loveliness and glory I found in them! I had been made acquainted with the greatest Lover, and His Book was His letter to my heart, a spiritual valentine forever precious and forever new.

It brings to mind something told me by a matron some years ago. In the days when she was being wooed by the young man who became her husband, and they were living at a distance from each other, she received through the post-office of the little village a few miles from her father's farm numerous postal cards. A young man working in that office was mystified by noting that the message side of them was blank. He inquired of that young woman's sister, "Why is it that Joanna gets so many cards with no writing on them?"

In a spirit of mischief that sister said, "Hold one of those cards near the heat." He did so with the next

(Continued on page 9)

Your Hour of Decision

"This is your hour of decision," this statement is being proclaimed throughout the world by one of the leading evangelists today. Six hundred years before the birth of Christ a statement of like quality was made by the prophet Jeremiah. Chapter six and verse sixteen reads, "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths and ye shall find rest for your souls."

In the original Hebrew rendering, this literally means "to stand in the dividing of the ways and consider." We get a mental picture of one standing at a crossroads in life somewhat uncertain of his directions. In this age of complexities one is constantly faced with decisions in life that will greatly effect not only our earthly lives, but our eternal destiny.

I. The Courses in Life are not to Be Determined by Impulse or Our Blind Desire.

We appear to be living at a time when, according to modern psychology, the proper thing to do is what comes naturally, or simply follow our inner desires and impulses. We can easily and quickly see the trouble and problems that will arise from such a faulty philosophy. All natural and spiritual laws that control the lives of men would be broken down and discarded under such behavior. Broken spiritual and moral laws demand a prompt payment of the penalty for the same. A good example could be here given. A young man marries, buys the necessary furnishings for the home and with a meager income tries to maintain a home with some measure of success. One day he is walking downtown and in a show window sees a beautiful new automobile. Upon impulse he goes in, just to admire its lines and styling, but as he stands looking at it a strong desire to get that car overwhelms him. He knows that his limited income will not allow him to afford it, but blind desire overrules his better judgment and he, for a small down payment and easy monthly installments drives the car home. Six months later after sacrificing many things that were necessary for a happy homelife, the finance company take not only his car, but most of his furniture,

thus he pays the penalty for adherence to passion instead of judgment.

This is also the sad truth in many other cases and choices in life and some people will be all eternity paying the terrible cost of decisions that were made, because I felt like doing it or I wanted it, without reasoning it through. We can only do what we want or feel, when these wants and feelings are in accordance with good judgment and the will of God.

II. The Courses in Life Should Follow Thoughtful Deliberate Debate

This is true of the decision that effect our lives in relation to time only. A careful debate, with ourselves, will oftentimes alter decisions that if made would be the source of trouble and heartache later in life.

Much more serious thought should be given to those things that are of eternal value. Jesus said, "that no man will build a tower, unless he first sits down and counts the cost, lest when he has it only half completed he finds that he has not enough funds to finish it." Again "Come let us reason together saith the Lord, tho your sins be as scarlet I will make them white as snow." Any choice we are forced to make, that will effect our spiritual self, should only be made after a time of reasoning with God and ourself.

We should ask ourselves such questions as, What will it cost me to go with God and what will it cost me not to? The cost not to, will be much greater than the cost to go with God. Is this what I need and will it meet my needs? Definitely Yes. Is there any other way? If we are honest and sincere, in the light of God's word, we will find there is no other way than God's way, and that it is the best way.

III. The Courses in Life Should be Determined by Strong Personal Conviction

This is more than a mere mental conception of right and wrong. Nearly all people have a mental concept of right, but this means a strong inner persuasion of right and wrong, which many do not have. Unless I do what I am doing, because of a strong conviction that it is either morally, Scripturally

or ethically right I will be easily persuaded and will not be able to stand when the pressure is on. Hardly any one today does what he does because of conviction, this is something of a by-gone age. Either the teacher says it, or dad says I can or the crowd is doing it, but not a conviction that I should. God give us youth as well as adults that have some convictions about a number of important things.

We should have a conviction that God Is, and He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. That he is Just but also merciful, He is supreme and sovereign. About the Bible; it is the word of God, it is right and good, it will give life to all who read, believe, and practice it, but it will condemn all who will trifle with its sacred contents. We need convictions about our personal conduct, our conversation and actions. About our dress; We are not of the world, therefore we do not act, talk or dress like Paris or Hollywood. One cannot be spiritual and follow any worldly trend. Not only gold etc., but short hair and short, tight skirts on girls and long hair and tight levis (Pants) on boys, or any other sexy dress of the modern age along with the modern dance craze. These are some of the many things that we need some personal convictions against; of course if our parents, pastors, wives and teachers do not have some strong convictions against these things, and by their lives set a good example we can hardly expect the youth to have such convictions.

If one is fully persuaded in his heart, he will live right regardless of what the church hand book says, and will not be persuaded by atheistic teachers, backslidden parents and compromising preachers, or be shaken by every wind of doctrine. Those who are easily persuaded, were probably never fully persuaded.

We are now standing at the dividing of the ways, we now must make a decision, let us ask for the old paths, the good way. We might be the subjects of ridicule and persecution, but we will find rest for our souls. A-men.

—Paul Miller

President of the Missionary Crusaders Youth Council

The Marvelous Miracle, A Mystery

(Continued from page 2)

if you refer to the works of the flesh, mentioned above, and compare them to the fruit of the Spirit which is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance.

Herein is the marvelous miracle, that man can not only be forgiven of sins committed, but delivered from the very nature of sin which enslaves his life, and would eventually damn his soul. A miracle that can only be wrought by the power of God, through Jesus Christ, in an experience known to man as the **New Birth**. This involves more than mental assent of belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. Nicodemus believed in Jesus in fact he said, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God," but Jesus did not accept him on that confession of faith. He said, "Ye Must Be Born Again."

Much ado is being made today over the miracles of Divine Healing of the physical bodies, and I believe in Divine Healing, but I am afraid some have misplaced the emphasis. People can see the kingdom of God in spite of broken and afflicted bodies, but they cannot see the kingdom of God without being Born Again. There is much emphasis put on **Believing** but little emphasis put on **Repentance** and **Restitution**. There are compulsory classes for **Catechism**, but little sound teaching on **Conversion**. **Water Baptism** is accepted by many as the means of cleansing for salvation while the Blood of Jesus Christ and its power to cleanse from all sin is not only rejected but virtually mocked, scoffed and ridiculed.

It is hard for me to understand why almost everyone with any religious background whatever considers John 3:16 the golden text of the Bible, and can usually quote it from memory, yet so many of them will look at you bewildered as Nicodemus was, if you ask them if they have been Born Again. If you accept John 3:16 you had better read and accept the fifteen verses preceeding that one, for they are all part of the same instruction which Jesus gave to Nicodemus.

To be Born Again you must repent of your sin, sin that you

have personally committed. You should kneel in humility and pray for mercy and pardon. Ask Jesus Christ to come into your heart and take dominion over your life. He will then subdue the works of the flesh and you can live a life of complete victory over sin. The change is radical and unmistakable. You are no longer conformed to the world, but you are transformed and your mind is renewed. The things which the nature of sin caused you to lust after, no longer have any attraction to you. "For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit." (Romans 8:5) "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." (Galatians 5:24) The things which the nature of sin caused you to despise and reject, you now love and cherish. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (I Corinthians 2:14)

This I say is **The Marvelous Miracle**. It is no longer a mystery because the Spirit of Christ beareth witness with your Spirit that you are a child of God.

—The Editor



"The Strange Post Card"

(Continued from page 7)

one that arrived, and soon saw on it a fervent love letter. It had been indited with a certain kind of "invisible ink."

If you can truly sing, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," then His letter to you (we call it the Bible, as I have said) will, from the heat of your heart burning with love for Him, glow with rich and glorious messages which worldlings will never see there.

"Wonderful things in the Bible I see;

This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

"The Auction Sale"

(Continued from page 12)

The sheriff and the auctioneer gathered in the money, had a few minutes' talk with Mr. Donnelly, and started down the lane. They were smiling, and I thought right then that Dad must be right about people. These men had just sold a man's farm and all he owned to greedy neighbors who'd hardly bid anything, and they could still smile. It was a hard world.

"Sam," Mr. Donnelly called, "Sam, bring your Mrs. and come over here."

Dad left the old grindstone whirling away and slowly walked to the spot where everyone was standing. He watched glumly as Mr. Donnelly pushed a paper toward him.

"Here you go, Sam." The squeaky voice somehow sounded pleasant. "We bought all your stuff back for you. Every one of the neighbors bought something. In that way it wasn't too hard on any of us. Now this is a list of the names, and the prices paid. It all comes to \$87."

The crowd around clapped. Then all was still. Mr. Donnelly continued—

"We didn't want to lose you folk as neighbors. You can pay us as you're able. Or you can work it out a day here and there when you have time."

Somebody started singing, "For they are mighty good neighbors," and everyone joined in.

For the first time in my twelve years of living my Dad didn't seem like a big man to me. He seemed shaky, and pale. I looked at Mom. For just a moment her eyes closed. She wasn't listening to the singing. She was thanking God that she hadn't doubted that the day was working out for our good.

Dad's changed a lot lately. He went to church with us the Sunday after the sale, and he's gradually getting light on religious things.

And just yesterday, when Mr. Donnelly dropped in and said, "Sam, my grain is off, so I think I'll cut that back field of yours," Dad grinned, and said, "Sounds fine to me. I'll help you with your corn later."

Yes sir! My big Dad is getting to be a "believing" sort of a man—and it's all because of Mom's faith and our auction sale.

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"My Prayer"

God fill my heart with peace and joy

When youthful days are done,
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Tho heartaches come and days
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Along Life's thorny highway.
 Let me be patient—not contrary,
 Always wanting my way.

Lord You came to earth and took
 abuse

Without one time complaining.
 May I display that kind of love
 Throughout my days remaining.

Keep me from bitterness and hate,
 Let me no grudges hold.
 God keep me always loving,
 While I am growing old.

Author — Alfred M. Young

"Tragedy—1946 Variety"

His name must forever remain a secret. An army chaplain who was with him up to the hour of death told his story.

The man won acclaim as a football star. He graduated with honors from a leading American university. He married happily and

had two lovely children. In the army he quickly rose to the rank of major. He was decorated several times for distinguished service. Then in France he got to drinking heavily. One night in a fit of drunken rage he killed a fellow officer.

His wife and girls never learned where he was or what had happened. One hour and a half before the time for his execution by hanging there was a knock at the door. The commanding officer called the chaplain aside and told him, "There are here three letters from his wife that have finally caught up with him. Shall we give them to him or not?" The chaplain took them. "If I were that man I would want them," he said. The man read them, burned them, and then went his last walk to the gallows. On the way his last words to his chaplain were, "Chaplain, tell the truth. Tell every minister and leader of religion and education the awful truth about liquor. I started with polite cocktails; I end up here. I am not conscious of ever having killed the man. Liquor and neglect of religion brought me to this."

—Jesse F. Perrin

"Live Up to Your Calling: To Love"

(Continued from page 5)

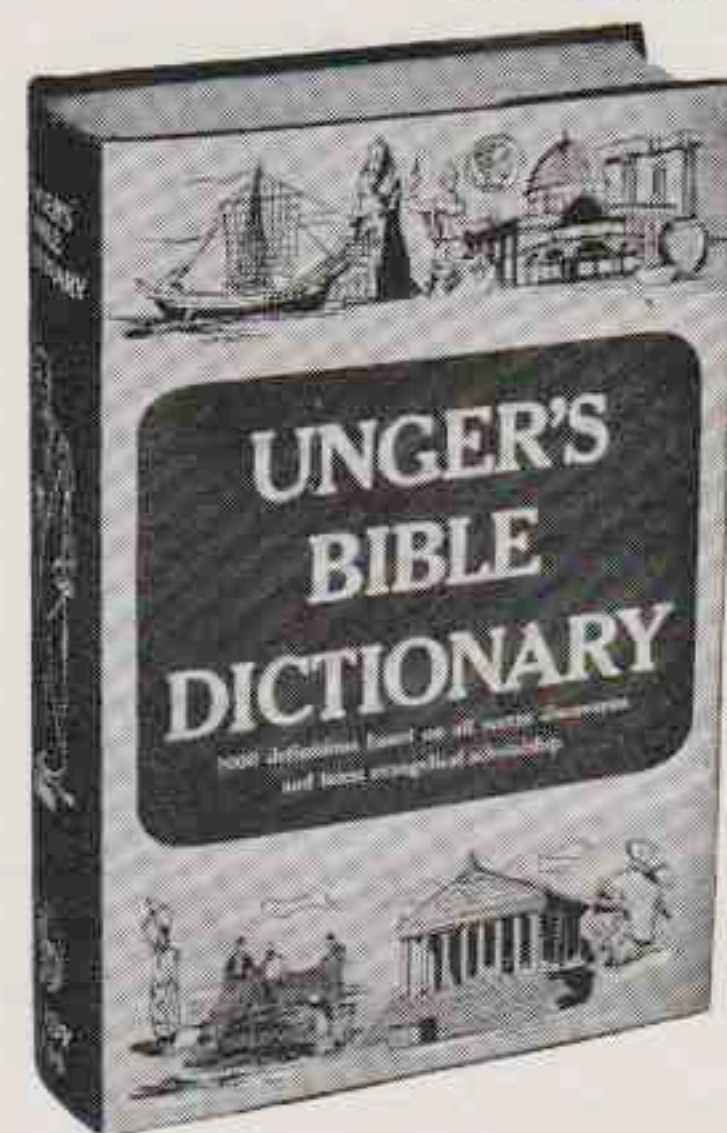
from their camp cursed them for fools. "These are the swine who have starved us and beaten us. These are our enemies," he exclaimed. "Who is mine enemy?" came back the reply. "Isn't he my neighbor?"

And in conclusion Ernest Gordon said, "God in finding us had enabled us to find our brother." Love had truly sparked a miracle and wrought a transformation!

It is this power of love which God is waiting to pour into the Congo situation, if He can only find sufficient channels for it. It is this power which He seeks to release in Viet Nam and in troubled spots around the world. But more particularly, I want to say that it is right where we are now that God wants to release the power of His love. It must begin in our relationship with our Christian brothers and sisters. And unless it does begin here, it will be difficult for us to be channels of God's love as we move out to other areas of witness and service.

Time may be short. An urgency is upon us. But the calling of God is perfectly clear. With God, let us move out into this adventure of love.

—The Herald



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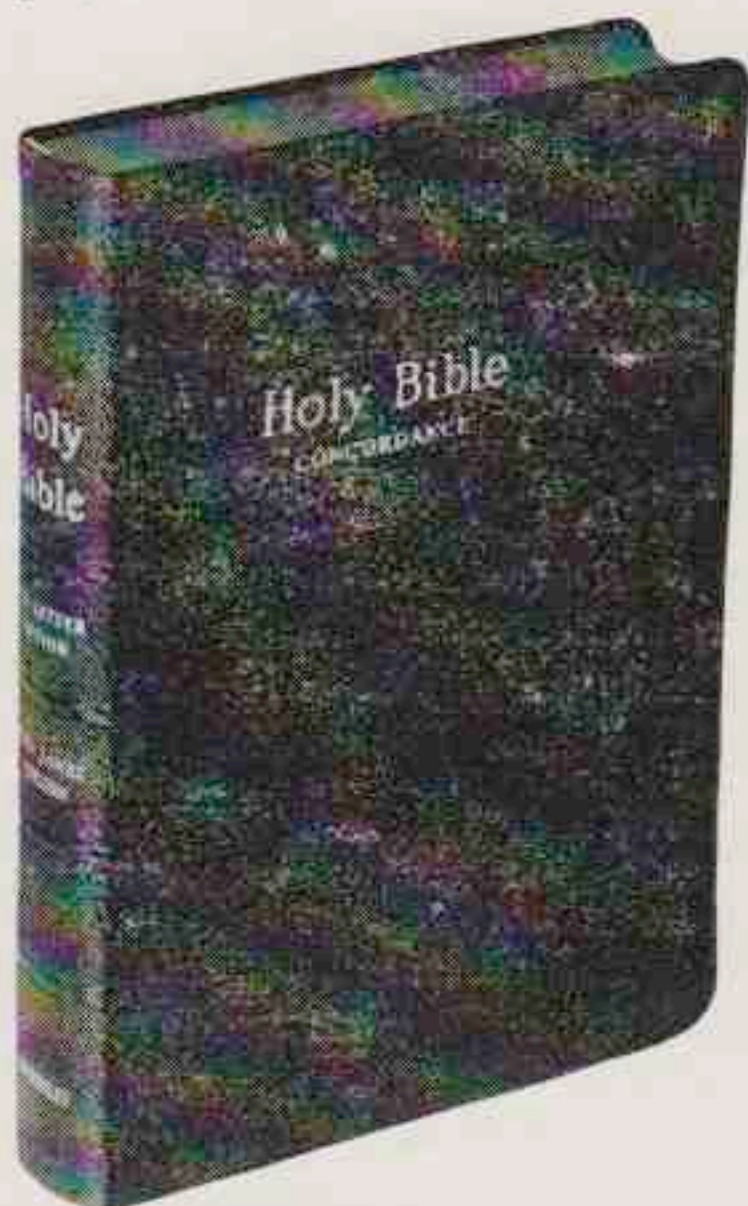
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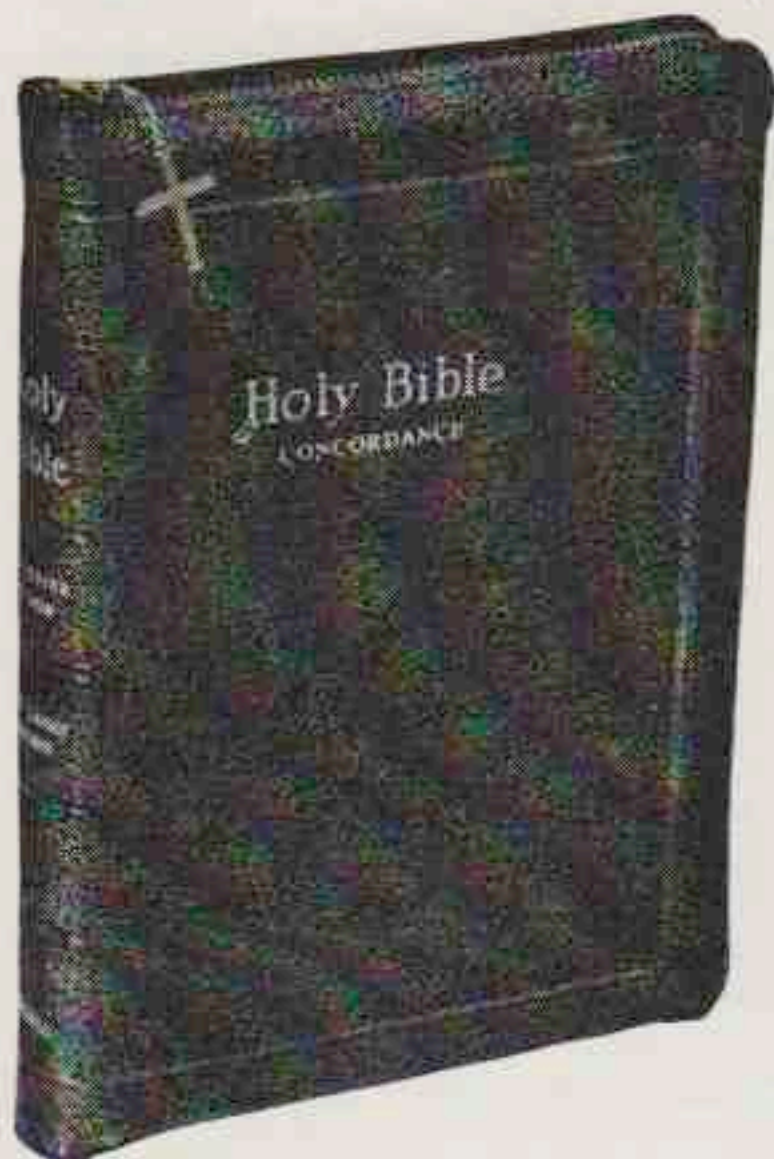
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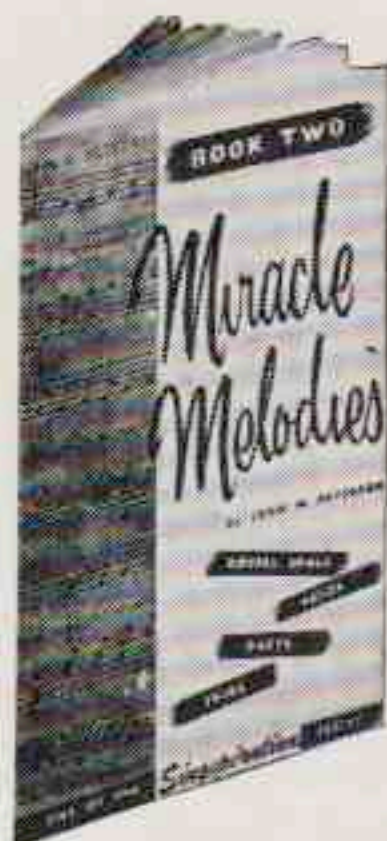
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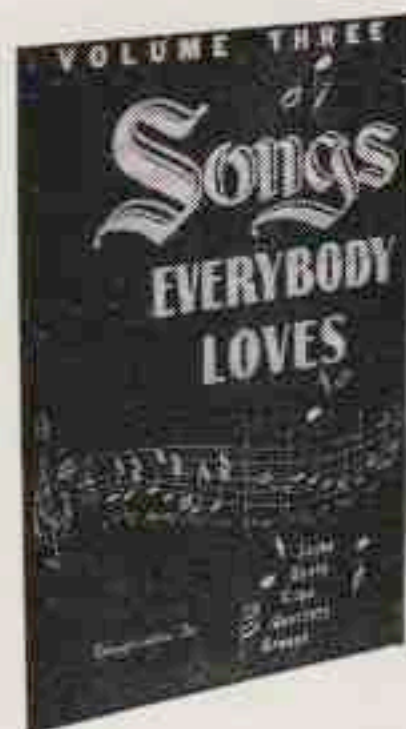
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"The Auction Sale"

By Hannah Moor
(From the "War Cry")

My dad had never been a "believing" sort of a man. He was big. In fact, he was so big that everyone seemed to feel that he was able to fight his own battles. And he had confidence in himself, too.

I was surprised, then, when I wakened one night to hear voices downstairs. It must have been midnight, and we farm folk usually go to bed with the chickens. So I quietly crept out of bed and listened at the stovepipe hole.

Mom was speaking.

"But Sam," she said, "the Bible says that everything will work together for our good. I just know that the farm won't be sold."

"Stick to your religion if it makes you feel better, Hattie," Dad returned, "but I can't believe all that kind of stuff. Do you really mean to tell me that my being sick a whole year, and two years of crop failure is working for our good? I know there's still a hundred dollars in the bank, but it won't go far on the taxes that are owing."

"Sam, oh, Sam," Mom's words were firm. "If only you would trust in God. And if only you would trust in people. Things could be so..."

"Trust in people," Dad interrupted. "Hattie, you know as well as I do that people just aren't trustworthy. Take the neighbors here, for instance. They'd gladly skin a man out of every cent he had, and then talk about community spirit."

"Your're judging harshly, Sam," Mom's voice trailed away as I slid back under the patchwork quilt and closed my eyes to sleep. But, try as I would, sleep just wouldn't come. Surely our farm wouldn't be sold. The last three years had been bad, but this old brick house with its big attic, and the barn and implement shed, to be sold? And the stock, and the fields? Why, this was our home. Then I remembered Mom's words about God working things out for our good. Mom's faith had brought us through tough places before. I went to sleep.

Three weeks later, my eight-year-old brother Tim, and six-year-old Mary Lou, sat with me by the wood shed and watched as the

sheriff and the auctioneer came to look over the implements and furniture scattered all over our front yard. Mr. Donnelly, from the next farm down the line, stood out by the gate to let cars come in. He really didn't need to be there, and we watched and wondered why he stopped every car and talked for a moment to the people in it.

"I guess he's just passing the time of day," I said to Tim and Mary Lou. "The neighbors here are a friendly lot, even if Dad does always keep away from them."

It wasn't long until Mr. McArthur, the auctioneer, started speaking. I'd never been at an auction sale before but, having the curiosity of most twelve-year-olds, I squirmed my way to the front of the crowd.

"How much am I bid for this hay loader?" Mr. McArthur's voice boomed.

"Two dollars." It was Mr. Donnelly's squeaky voice.

"I'm bid two dollars," Mr. McArthur was shouting. "Two dollars, two dollars. Who'll make it three? Does anyone offer three? Do I hear three dollars? Going to Mr. Donnelly for the sum of two dollars."

Somehow, as I watched, I knew that things weren't fair. That hay loader was our best piece of machinery. And it sold for just two dollars! I listened as other articles were sold and figured Dad was right—some men would skin a fellow out of every cent he had. I couldn't believe it of these farm folk.

Tim had been sitting beside me, saying over and over, "I know what I'm going to be when I grow up—an auctioneer, that's what. I'd like to shout, 'Two dollars, two dollars. Do I hear three? Does anyone bid three dollars?'" I didn't listen very much to Tim, though, because I was watching Dad. My big father was pacing back and forth. His face, and even his neck, was red. Sweat stood out on his forehead, and his huge hands were clenched until his knuckles were white. Poor Dad. He'd worked hard on this farm. He had a family to look after. And all his possessions were going for almost nothing. And, most of them would still give years of service. Even Old Doll, the best workhorse in the country, went for three dollars. I didn't understand a lot of things, but I was sure that every-

thing here was wrong.

When the old sewing machine brought just seventy-five cents, I saw Mom slip away toward the house. I followed. I tapped on the bedroom door and opened it. Mom was on her knees, as I knew she'd be.

"Can I join you, Mom?" I asked.

She reached up and put her hand gently on my shoulder. "Sure, son. You know, Pete, it looks now as though everything is wrong. But that's not so. We have God's promises." She spoke slowly, firmly, reassuring herself that all would be well because she had committed it to a loving Father.

"Pete," she continued, "the Scripture says 'for good,' and this day, dark as it may seem, is working some way for our good."

"Sure, Mom." I tried to smile, then knelt beside her for a couple of minutes and told God that Mom was trusting awfully hard and that I knew He wouldn't let her down.

Then I went to look for Tim. In and out among the people I searched. Dad was still pacing back and forth, his face and neck redder than ever. And those hands! I couldn't help but feel that he'd be a lot better if he'd go in and kneel by Mom for a few minutes.

Finally I found Tim. He was behind the hen house crying his eyes out.

"We haven't any more home, Pete," he sobbed. "Without a home what will we ever do?"

"We're still a family, Tim," I tried to make him stop blubbering. "And God will find us a home." Maybe I sounded like kind of a preacher. I'd never talked that way before, but Mom was praying. And I knew that God listened to Mom's prayers.

"But Dad says..." Tim started a sentence, but I hurried back to the crowd to see how Dad was making out.

As I stood near him, I heard him mutter, "Neighbors, selfish, bargain-hunting neighbors." He walked over and sat down on the seat of the grindstone. He pedaled, and the great stone turned around. Faster and faster it went as Dad pushed the words through his set teeth—"selfish, selfish neighbors."

"I think he's sharpening his temper," Tim whimpered at my elbow. "And it's already sharp enough."

(Continued on page 9)