

Cliff P 5

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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.

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No. 9

Mother's Bible

By Julius Fike

While cleaning out the closet the other day, I ran across Mother's Bible. What sweet memories it brought to me as I thumbed through its worn pages so thin and frail with age! Here was pressed a flower from Mary's grave, a faded blue ribbon from Sunday school, and a telegram from the War Department: "We regret to inform you that your son William was slain in action." Her whole life was in that Bible, and it revealed the years of use she had given it.

Just sitting there holding it, took me back to when, as a small child, she would open the Book and read to us as we sat on her lap. How we loved the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Many times as she knelt in prayer beside her bed, I would silently snuggle up beside her, and she would put her arm around me and pray, "Dear Lord, watch over my babies." Though I was only a small child, I could feel the peace and security that was there as she poured out her heartaches and griefs to her Master.

I noticed the many verses she had underlined in her Bible. They told a story of her trials and rejoicings, also the many testings she had gone through; and the consolation she had found was shown in them. Those lines under the verse showed the progress of her life with that Book. There, with a bold steady hand, is John 3:16, when she was first converted at the old camp meeting. And as age crept upon her, no longer are

the lines straight and steady, but they show the tremor that old age brings to the once-steady hand. The page with the Twenty-third Psalm was about worn out. So many times when storm clouds would threaten our home, she would gather us together and read: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Just how many hours of consolation and how many times that Book brought her comfort, we will never know.

Last spring when she left us, I remember her sitting out in the warm sun asleep with her Bible open on her lap. She had been reading in the fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." She loved that chapter, for it was one of her favorites.



As I sat there with her Bible, alone in my memories of days forever gone, she seemed so close. I could almost hear her footsteps on the front porch, and her saying, "My! It's late, and Daddy will soon be home for supper. I must hurry." In the silence, she seemed to tell

me, "Yes, that Bible meant so much to me, for it guided me through many a rough time in my life, comforted me when all else was gone, and gave me hope to keep on trying. When you children grew and had families of your own, you didn't come around as often as you used to. Then that night when Daddy slipped away, the old house became pretty lonesome except for an occasional visit from the grandchildren now and then. Yet my Bible was there. It was my companion, counselor and friend; it never failed me. So I have left it for you, as I no longer need it now. You see, I am with the Author of the Book, and everything is just like He said it would be."

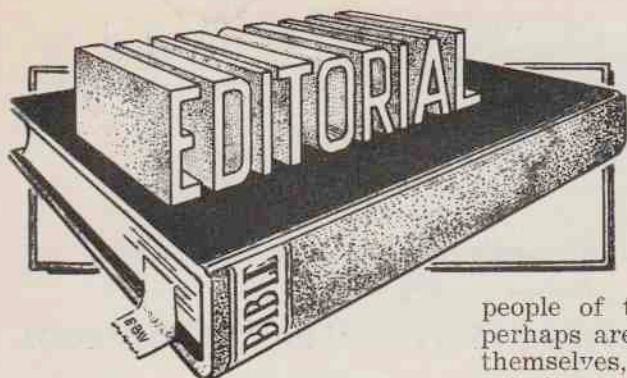
Yes, Mother left a great legacy in that Bible of hers—a testimony of a life of faith in her God. "Dear God, let me also leave a worn Bible for my children to find some day after I have gone," I prayed. "And, please, O Lord, let them find the power and love of a mother's Bible as I did." Even though she is gone, her Bible spoke to me in a message of comfort and hope that no human reason or voice could. It seemed that she was sitting in her chair reading her Bible to me. I know that "God is love," for it's in my mother's Bible.

—Julius Fike, in *The Vanguard*
Reprinted in "The Church Herald
and Holiness Banner"



"What sunshine is to a flower, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but scattered along life's way, the good they do is inconceivable."

—Joseph Addison



Let's Get Our Values Adjusted!

The key word in the Epistle to the Hebrews is BETTER. In reading this epistle our attention is consistently directed to that which is BETTER. I am convinced that many people are living beneath their privileges in the spiritual realm because they are content to settle for the good rather than diligently seek God's best.

The writer of this epistle to the Hebrews stated that he could remember when they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. Heb. 10:34.

The church has suffered a great loss because of misplaced affection. Misplaced affection is the direct result of an improper estimate of value. We are vexed with an obsession of superficiality whereby many are being deceived. Anything that looks good, or appears to have a little religion connected with it is readily accepted. There are few who will try the spirits in diligent search for deep spirituality.

Paul warned Timothy that in the last days men would be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Truly this very condition exists today, but how few there are who are willing to admit it and stir himself to seek after the fullness of God. Present, earthly, material values has perverted man's perception of spiritual, heavenly, eternal values until "he is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins." Thus a light estimate of sin hath subverted the soul.

Many of the things in which

people of this day see no harm perhaps are not outright sinful in themselves, but they have taken priority, yea, may I say, dominion, of many professors' lives until the earthly has supplanted the heavenly. Many will contend to appease their own fleshly lusts to the point of splitting a church rather than contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints. The church is all wrapped up in the pride of her programs, education, entertainment and material prosperity until there is no burden for souls, no freedom of the Spirit, hence, no demonstration or power of the Holy Ghost in her midst. How powerless the church is to invade this world of unbelief and win souls for Jesus Christ without the power of the Holy Ghost.

I am alarmed at the number of ministers who are questioning the value of Revivals. I admit that some of the so-called revivals which are so programmed that the Holy Ghost has no liberty to work are worthless to the cause of Christ, but a real Holy Ghost revival in America today would be worth more than mortal man could ever enumerate.

The tremendous unconcern for, and inconsistency in attending the prayer meeting and Sunday evening service proves to me that we need a readjustment of values. Many seem to find it more profitable to visit some friend or relative, or watch a TV program, than to attend a good spiritual service. Our love and devotion should first be to Christ and the Church. God honored and blessed this nation because it was built by men who feared and honored Him. On the other hand the Bible declares that the nation that forgets God shall be damned, and America is no exception to God's rule.

Noah being warned of God of things not seen as yet, realized the value of opportunity and heeded God's warning. He built the ark in the midst of a laughing, sneer-

ing, God rejecting mob and saved himself and his family.

Lot looked upon the well watered plains of Jordan, heeded the deceitful allurements of prosperity and got himself into a mess of trouble. He finally lost all possessions including his wife, as he fled from fire and brimstone.

Moses stood on his own two feet when he came to the age of accountability and "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." He compared the value of the two ways and "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." We might

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MEMORIAL PAGE

Margaret Elizabeth Derk

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Derk, 51, of Dalmatia star route, passed from this life at the Geisinger Medical Center, Danville, Pa., at 8:45 A.M. Saturday March 26th., 1966. Death came after an illness of about three years. Sister Derk was born at Millerstown, R. D. Pa., December 20th., 1914, the daughter of Daniel and Carrie Strohecker, who survive and reside at Herndon R.D. Sis. Derk was a member of the Pillow God's Missionary Church for many years. Since 1938, she was a member of the Central Pennsylvania Gospel Band and played the clarinet.

She was united in marriage to Clarence P. Derk on December 20th., 1941 who survives. Other survivors are two sons, Ronald of Lewisburg, Pa., and Dennis at home; one grandson, Gregg, four sisters and one brother, Miss. Mary Strohecker, Herndon, R.D., Mrs. Mae Erdman, Millersburg, R.D., Mrs. Martha Bohner, Herndon, R. D., Mrs. Helen Sholey, Lewisburg, and Walter Strohecker, Herndon, R.D. and a number of nieces and nephews.

Viewing was held in the Pillow God's Missionary Church on Monday night March 28th. It would be difficult to estimate the number of friends and relatives that came to view Sis. Derk. It was one of the largest viewings this pastor has witnessed. This was a beautiful testimony to the wonderful Christian life of this saint of God.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon March 29th., at 2: o'clock from the Pillow God's Missionary Church, with her pastor Rev. C. William Rachau officiating, assisted by two of her

former pastors, Rev. Truman Wise and Rev. Thomas E. Frantz. The church was filled with friends and relatives.

Fitting scriptures and remarks by Rev. Wise were followed by equally fitting remarks and prayer by Rev. Frantz. The message, brought by her pastor, Rev. Rachau, was based on the text of scripture found in Psalms 116:15. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The mighty presence of God could be felt in the entire service. Internment was made in the pillow church cemetery. The Gospel band formed two rows at the cemetery and played, "That Will Be Glory", and "Face To Face" while the procession came between them from the hearse to the grave and the casket was placed. Scripture and committal By Rev. Rachau, followed by Prayer by Rev. Wise and benediction by Rev. Frantz closed the service. At the close of the Graveside service, the Gospel Band members filed by the Casket and each one placed a red rose on the casket after the family members had placed theirs.

Sister Derk was a faithful saint of God, a good wife and mother and neighbor. Her fine Christian life, her suffering with patience is a real challenge to everyone. Our loss is heaven's gain. Sister Margaret has finally won the battle and is safe at home in heaven.

—Rev. C. William Rachau, Pastor



It has been aptly said: "Either you win your neighborhood's children for the Lord, or they will win yours for the devil."

—Child Evangelism Fellowship

Mom's Translation

There is a story about four clergymen who were discussing the merits of the various translations of the Bible. One liked the King James Version best because of its simple, beautiful English.

Another liked the American Revised Version best because it is more literal and comes nearer the original Hebrew and Greek.

Still another liked Moffatt's translation best because of its up-to-date vocabulary.

The fourth minister was silent. When asked to express his opinion, he replied, "I like my mother's translation best."

The other three expressed surprise. They did not know that his mother had translated the Bible. "Yes, she did," he replied. "She translated it into life, and it was the most convincing translation I ever saw."

—Christian Digest

A Virtuous Woman

by Virginia Gilmore

A virtuous woman
The Bible doth say,
Is far above riches,
In price and in pay.

She blesses her household
And guideth her brood,
In ways that are pleasant
Honorable and good.

Her husband can trust her
She doeth him good
In love and devotion
She submits to his will.

Blessed they name her,
The children she bears,
And her kind deeds of mercy
So many can share.

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

Essential Qualities for A Christian Worker

Leslie D. Wilcox

(Taken from God's Revivalist
March 1, 1962)

Scripture Lesson Phil. 3:17-21

There are many wonderful truths set forth in our Scripture lesson, but the line of thought that we shall pursue is the matter of essential qualities for a Christian worker.

We are not concerned today about what you may need along certain other lines. It is good to have a fine library. It is good to have certain abilities and certain skills. But I am not talking about that. That is not to decry those, nor to underrate them, but it is just simply to say that no matter what we may have in the line of tools or skills or abilities, unless we have certain attitudes as Christian workers we will miss the mark in the service of the Lord. There are three essential qualities that I want to call to your attention.

An effective Christian worker must have a freedom from the prevalent earth-bound and earth-centered philosophy of life. If there is anything that can cripple our ministry, it is to get taken up with the things of life. Do not walk like those who mind the things of this world. This very closely parallels what John says in the second chapter of his first epistle. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." In the passage before us the Apostle speaks of "those who mind earthly things," i.e., the things upon the earth. Evidently Paul was talking about some people whose affections and interests had become centered in earthly things and they lost the heavenly vision. It is very easy to do that.

The people to whom Paul referred had come to live only for the satisfaction of earthly appetites. They made physical appetites and physical capacities their god. However, it is possible for one to become earthly minded and earth-centered without becoming actually sensual or immoral as he seems to describe these people here. It is possible for you to become earth-minded just simply by getting taken up with some of the secular phases of life. You could

become so taken up with the chores of a pastorate, that you become earth-minded. One of the things that is apt to undermine the work of Christ today is that the pastor degenerates into a mere errand boy. If you allow the secular affairs, even though they are connected with church life, to take up all your time, you will miss being what God wants you to be.

It is possible for you to get out there in the pastorate and get your attention centered on comfort, a fine parsonage, and the latest model car. It is wrong to get your affections all taken up with possessions. You can become totally and entirely earth-minded.

You can even allow some hobby to bind you to this earth. Perhaps you need a hobby for a little relaxation at times, but you can come to the place where all you pursue is your hobby. The people of a certain holiness church raised this objection about the pastor, "He spends a fourth of his time up at Lake Erie. Why, he is not a pastor; all he does is fish."

"Of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." Here was Paul's attitude concerning those people who were earth-minded and sensual. They evidently had sunk to the very depths of sensuality and immorality, and yet Paul does not take a harsh, denunciatory attitude toward them. He says, "It hurts me to heart. I tell you and I tell you weeping."

A second quality for a Christian worker is compassion. I am very much afraid that we have lost the sob. Some say, "Well, the thing the holiness movement needs most is a return to standards." I will grant you standards have been lost, but it is a greater tragedy to have lost the sob. We have many folks who stick to standards, but they have no compassion, no sorrow over the lost around about them. There is something that I have heard in holiness meetings that I do not like, and that is people shouting when preachers preach on standards. That is no time to get blessed. That does not fit in. Now they may not have thought about it in this light, but the impression they give is, "Oh, I am so glad they are getting hit." When you act like that, you have lost the sob out of your heart. You have missed the

true spirit of Christ. Can you imagine His coming down from the mount saying, "Well, I told them. They have sure had it while I have been here"? We need to keep the sob in our hearts.

Let me call your attention to just a few examples. There is a sobbing intercessor. (See Exod. 32:32) The people had committed sin while Moses was upon the mountain—they had turned to idolatry and immorality. I suppose if some of us had been Moses we would have come down, slapped right and left, and said, "Well, I took my stand." Moses took his stand, but notice the way he acted. He went back to the mountain, and he said, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—" Notice that in your King James version there is a dash, the sentence is broken off. Dr. Jessop says that dash indicates a sob, and you cannot print a sob. Moses' voice broke. He could not continue the sentence. "If thou wilt forgive their sin—" and then he recovers himself, "and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." That is an attitude which is almost lost these days. We pride ourselves on our high standard, but if we miss the sob we are not impressing people. And they look at us and they say, "That is cold and harsh, and I am not interested in that kind of religion."

Another example is Jeremiah, who is known as the "Weeping prophet." He cried out, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" Again I say, there is an attitude that is almost lost.

Or take the example of the sobbing Saviour, as He stood there on the mountain. He beheld the city and wept over it and said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." We need to get something of the spirit of those passages of Scripture. You can preach a strict Gospel if you will keep sob in your voice. If you get a harsh, cutting attitude you will drive people away instead of attracting them. It is not so much the preaching of high standards that will repulse people as

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Joyfulness and Usefulness

George Muller

Above all things, see to it that your souls are happy in the Lord. Other things may press upon you; the Lord's work even may have urgent claims upon your attention; but I deliberately repeat, it is of supreme paramount importance that you should seek, above all other things, to have your souls truly happy in God Himself. Day by day seek to make this the most important business of your life. This has been my firm and settled conviction for the last five-and-thirty years. For the first four years after my conversion, I knew not its vast importance; but now, after much experience, I especially commend this point to the notice of my younger brothers and sisters in Christ. The secret of all true and effectual service is joy in God, and having experimental acquaintance and fellowship with God Himself.

But in what way shall we attain to this settled happiness of soul? How shall we learn to enjoy God? How obtain such an all-sufficient, soul-satisfying portion of Him as shall enable us to let go the things of this world, as vain and worthless in comparison? I answer, this happiness is to be obtained through the study of the Holy Scriptures. God has therein revealed Himself unto us in the face of Jesus Christ. In the Scriptures, by the power of the Holy Ghost, He makes Himself known unto our souls. Remember, it is not a God of our own thoughts, or our own imaginations, that we need to be acquainted with; but the God of the Bible, our Father, who has given the blessed Jesus to die for us. Him should we seek intimately to know, according to the revelation He has made of Himself in His own precious Word.

—The Alliance Weekly

If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in things that are small. —S. F. Smith.



His Offering

'Twas a common congregation,
Not many rich or poor,
And they settled back in their places
When the sermon at length was o'er

'Twas a missionary sermon,
And the pastor tried, indeed,
To touch the hearts of his people
For India's great need.

He asked for a large collection
To send the precious Word,
And He raised the mute petition,
"Touch their pocketbooks, O Lord!"

But "'Twas only a begging sermon
One hears of many now!
And a look of saddened patience
Stole o'er the preacher's brow,

As they gave their dimes and nickels
With a have-to-do-it-air,
Instead of the look of helpful joy
God's people ought to wear.

Way down in front, on a side seat,
Sat a shabby little boy,
No mother's pet and plaything,
No father's pride and joy.

Poor child! He had no mother,
And he was a drunkard's son,
Known to the congregation
As "drunken Lacy's John."

Of course, he had no offering,
So the deacon passed him by.
"Let us ask a blessing on it,"
Said the pastor with a sigh.

"Oh wait," said the bare foot laddie,
As he started to his feet,
"And ask one on my offering, too!"
"The deacon passed my seat."

So back went the good old deacon,
And his face wore a friendly smile,
As he passed the box to the little lad.

Who was standing all the while.

"I haven't much to give," he said,

"But I'll give Him all I can
And I'll go out to India
And Preach when I'm a man."

And from his ragged pocket
He drew his treasured pence,
And carefully he counted them
Just twenty-seven cents!

"There, that is every bit I have!"
Said the shabby little lad.
"But I know that God'll bless it!"
Cause I gave Him all I had!"

"Here, deacon, pass that box again!"

Called honest Farmer Door.

"We haven't done the best we could,

We want to give some more!"

And so the contribution box
Went round the church once more,
And dollars now went dropping in,
Where nickels dropped before.

Men, all unused to giving
Gave now, and softly smiled,
For now they gave to Jesus
Led by a little Child.

And the pastor asked a blessing
On a sum that made him glad
And all because one little boy
Gave Jesus all he had!

Elizabeth F. Guptill
God's Revivalist
January 11, 1962



ANNUAL YOUTH CONVENTION

Sponsored by the Missionary Crusaders Youth Society

June 4, 1966

Penns Creek Camp Grounds, Penns Creek, Pa.

Schedule of services

10:30 A.M. – 2:00 P.M. – 7:30 P.M.

Special Speaker – Rev. Barry Arnold

Please note: No meals will be served in the dining hall.

"A Great Woman"

By the late A. L. Luttrull

Our Scripture lesson is found in II Kings 4:8-17. Please read this beautiful lesson. There are very few things or people that the Lord calls great, but here is a woman of Shunem, not an Israelite, that God calls great. It is only where the blessed story of the cross has been told, has womanhood and motherhood been honored or appreciated as they should be. When God wanted to make man a "Help meet" he did not take a bone out of his foot, but out of his side. The wife and mother of the home is neither to be the head of the home nor to be trodden under foot, but to go hand in hand and side by side with her husband, hence long before man set aside a day in which to honour and to remember with loving care our mothers, God said, "Honour thy father and thy mother" Ex. 20:12. Here the mother is to be equally honoured with the father.

Let us take a look at this Sunammite woman and see if we can find out why God would call her great, and we will see if these qualities are not found in most mothers.

First, we will see that she had Spiritual perception. As she watched the prophet of God pass by her home continually, she perceived that he was a holy man. Women as a rule have a greater understanding of human nature than men. Not only does the mother understand her own son and daughter better than the father does, but she understands other sons and daughters better also.

Secondly, we see that this woman was kind and hospitable. It was the woman, not the man, that suggested that they build a little chamber on the wall of their home, and furnish it. (This was perhaps the first "Prophets Chamber".) Then they would ask that the next time he came by, to turn in and rest. Kind heartedness and hospitality are graces that are almost extinct today, except in the heart of some old fashioned Christian mothers. Some of us can remember the horse and buggy days, when the preacher traveled many miles to his appointment, often making it necessary to stop along the road somewhere for a night's lodging. At such times he would be wholly at the mercy of the kind people

along the way. Many times after the Sunday evening services, again he must stay overnight somewhere before starting back to his home, and again such preachers were at the mercy of the kind hearted mothers to speak to their husbands about sheltering and feeding God's servant. How my own heart swells with gratitude as I recall such acts of kindness of His unworthy servant. One of the first questions they would ask, would be, "Have you had your dinner or supper?" and if not, things soon got to moving in that direction. Thank God for our kind hearted mothers.

Thirdly, we see that she was a humble woman. Humility among mothers today is by far too rare. Instead of our mothers being humble home keepers, they work in factories like men, having their own income, making them more or less independent. Many dress in men's clothing or in similar fashion, which according to the Scriptures is an abomination in the sight of God. Deut. 22:5. Instead of being humble, and move about with a feminine air, they smoke and behave like men. But how beautiful is the grace of humility among our women and mothers. This Sunammite woman when asked what reward she should be given for her hospitality, should she be spoken of to the king, or to the captain of the host, answered, "I dwell among mine own people." She did not do this kindness for reward, and certainly not to be honoured by the king.

Fourthly, we see that she was a mother of great faith. Here again is where our good mothers excel. Many a man has become great and climbed high because back of him was a mother or wife of great faith. Let us take Moses's mother, or Samuel's mother, or that of John Wesley as an example of what I am trying to say. Perhaps there have been many a preacher that would have gotten discouraged and have given up the fight had it not been for a faithful wife and mother that held up his hands. This mother, when her child had died, laid him out and went for the man of God, whom she believed would be able through God to raise him back to life again, and it was so when she had found the man of God, and he had come to her home and had prayer for the child, the child was restored as she had believed. I think Jesus could have

said of her faith, "I have not found so great faith, no not in all Israel."

Last, but not least, as with all good mothers, she was graciously rewarded. This has been true of all good mothers down through Bible history. We see how Moses' mother was rewarded, also that of Samuel's mother, and as Hebrews eleven says, "Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection" Heb. 11:35.

This woman who was barren the first we were introduced to her, became a happy mother, and was greatly rewarded for her faith when the child died, by having him given back to her again.

May the dear Lord give us more old fashioned mothers, who will be kind, hospitable, humble and full of faith and the Holy Ghost, to raise and train boys and girls for the work of the Lord. We need more men and women like Timothy, who had not only a wonderful mother, but also a wonderful grandmother who loved God. If we are to have great men in our pulpits, on the mission field and in our churches, then we must have great mothers in the home. God bless our good mothers.

—Evangelical Methodist
Gospel Rays

What Is The Answer?

J. Edgar Hoover

Throughout the entire earth today, powerful atheistic forces are striving to destroy every form of worship of God. In the Western world, these forces seek to substitute materialism for Christianity and the extent of their progress can be measured in terms of crime and communism — the twin offspring of materialism.

"Do men imbued with spiritual values betray their country? We know they do not, just as we know that children reared in morally sound homes rarely become delinquent.

"What, then, is the answer?"

"I believe that the answer lies in a spiritual renaissance—a vigorous, new look at the age-old principles which are the foundation of our civilization and which alone guarantee the dignity of man. The key to such a renaissance is the Bible."

—God's Revivalist

A PAGE FOR YOUTH

Mother's Prayers and Apron Strings

Paul Martin

I was always relieved when Mother began to pray. You see, it worked life this. Mother's regular routine in punishment was to spank and pray. It was always in that order. You know then why I liked to hear her pray. But the prayer hurt worse than the whipping. For Mother would humbly ask God to examine her heart, to see if there was any bitterness, carnal anger, or revengeful spirit there.

I have been tempted to wonder why she did not ask that before she began the correction—but then, I decided it was best just the way she did it, for her "lashes" might have been harder if the Lord had assured her first that her spirit was right. But that was Mother. **Prayer was her greatest tool.** She prayed when it was dark and when it was bright. She prayed in sorrow, in serious illness, and in glowing health. **Prayer was her only aid when we were too big to spank, and too stubborn to yield.** **There was little difference between her life on her knees and on her feet.**

I remember three helpful guides to prayer, and to life, I learned over and over at my mother's knee. One is that you can pray in just your own words and your own expression and not be irreverent. Mother prayed like she preached, shouted, and talked on the telephone, in the same language and spirit. If she had a "preacher's tone" it was the same tone she used for every purpose. She had not learned to drift off suddenly into some ecclesiastical dialect. **I felt when I heard her pray that it was my mother praying.** And I knew her heartache, her burdens for the lost, her hindrances; and I wondered why I had to be a thorn in the flesh.

I found too, that nothing was too small to pray about. **If it seemed important to you, it was important to God.** I've tried to remember this, and have found a great blessing in praying over little things, in my own way, my own words, telling the Lord some of the

oddest things, as if He never knew. I think that is why a good prayer closet should be called the secret place, where God and I can talk little things through.

And when Mother prayed, she got up and did what she thought was the best thing to do. She was not one to wait long for the moving of the Spirit. She felt that she should do what seemed right to her, until the Lord told her different. **Prayer was never intended to be the substitute for action—for Mother it was the spring-board.**

For instance:

Ted was a little difficult on a certain morning in his youth. Mother remonstrated with him patiently. Finally, after a light touch and prayer, it seemed to come to her that unless this lad would kindly behave she would have to tie him to her apron strings. The thought of missing school, and the novelty of being tied to his energetic mother appealed to our adventurous hero; so his rascality continued. But by the noon prayer and fasting meeting—tied to his mother's apron, to the store shopping, to several homes to visit, purposely by the schoolyard (Mother's sense of humor), the boy was saintly and silent. 'Twas Mother's prayers and apron strings that brought him through that day. And it couldn't have happened to a sweeter woman!



Mother's Day, 1966

In tribute to Mother's Day, 1966, we submit the following:

When President McKinley heard that his mother was dying, he wired home saying, "Tell Mother I'll be there." The message was headlined by the American newspapers, and Charles M. Fillmore was moved to compose a hymn that has moved the hearts of millions. Charles M. Alexander, the great gospel singer, sang it round the

world on his evangelistic tour with Dr. R. A. Torrey. No other gospel song ever written, said Alexander, brought so many men to conviction and decision for Jesus Christ. It has been sung with convicting power in more than a score of languages. Following are the words of this famous, soul-stirring song:

When I was but a little child how well I recollect

*How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect;
But now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her tender care:*

O Savior, tell my mother, I'll be there!

CHORUS:

Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r,

This message, blessed Savior, to her bear!

Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share,

Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good;

So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude;

My childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share:

O Savior, tell my mother, I'll be there!

When I became a prodigal and left the old rooftree,

She almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me;

And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care:

O Savior, tell my mother, I'll be there!

One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come

If I would see my mother ere the Savior took her home;

I promised her, before she died, for heaven to prepare;

O Savior, tell my mother, I'll be there!

—Gospel Herald



PENNS CREEK CAMP

July 21 to July 31, 1966

Look for complete details in the next issue.



Missionary Message

From My Heart to Your Heart

"Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and LOOK ON THE FIELDS: for they are white already to harvest." St. John 4:35.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the LABOURERS are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth LABOURERS into His harvest." Mathew 9:37 & 38.

Having laboured in close association with Home-Missionary work for several years, there are a few things on my heart that I would like to share with you in this writing.

One of the most distressing things upon my heart is the number of men who claim they are called of God to preach the Gospel, but are forever sitting on the shelf waiting for an opportunity. O that these Brethren would feel the conviction, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." What more opportunity do we need than to see that the fields are white unto harvest and the LABOURERS are so few?

The command of the Lord is to LOOK ON THE FIELDS. Most preachers these days LOOK on the size and location of the church while his wife LOOKS into the parsonage and of-course the salary is of much concern to both. May I add here that I never heard so much talk about preachers security and old age benefits as I have recently. Brethren, has God ever failed to care for His own? Is LIVING BY FAITH too great a risk in this day of MATERIALISM?

The burden of this truth becomes heavier on my heart when I realize that in many cases, if the FIELD is looked on at all it is just to see what calibre of people are living there. Can it be that we have become so cultured that we no

longer have compassion for souls that are lost in the depths of sin? I fear we have lost the consciousness of the real purpose for the call to the ministry. There are plenty of preachers, but few LABOURERS. Real soul winning is hard work, for souls are only brought to Christ through diligent labour and fervent soul travail.

I am convinced that there are many precious souls, right here in America, who are lost in spiritual darkness, but their hearts are not hardened and bitter toward the Gospel. These souls can be reached, yea, they must be reached with the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. The question is, Whom shall we send and how shall we send them?

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth LABOURERS into His harvest." I firmly believe, that if each one reading this humble burden of my heart will take a good LOOK at the whitened harvest fields, **you will PRAY.** I further believe, that if you will PRAY there will be some who will GO, and other who will GIVE.

The Dept. of Home Missions needs your help. We are helpless without you. We cannot answer the cry of hungry hearts unless there are those who will EARNESTLY PRAY, FREELY GIVE, AND GLADLY GO.

—The Editor

Report from Seven Stars

We are praising God for His goodness to us here at Seven Stars. A young mother of four children prayed through in Sunday School on February 13th. She has been growing in grace and often has a spontaneous testimony which blesses our hearts.

Amid the joy there has been tears of sorrow with the sudden home going of our friend and brother, Melvin Lehman.

An oil furnace has recently been

installed in the church so we can now assure you of a warmer reception when you come to worship with us.

—Rev. Edgar C. Moore, Pastor



Missionary Mothers

I never see God's called ones set their faces
For foreign land, and dim, far-reaching shore,
But that I think: "Once more, some mother,
Hannah-like, hath given, from her store,
Her heart's most precious gift, that over there
Some other lives might be more fair."

Some mother, in years now gone,
Was faithful to the mother's many tasks:
Leading, setting pace for little feet,
Teaching, answering questions childhood asks.
And so, through years, she laboured on, unknowing
That in her care God's missionary was growing.

And when, in distant land, they seek and win
Dear heathen souls, with darkest sin bowed down,
I think of her, who mothered God's own servant,
And see—another star in mother's crown!
So, while you praise our missionaries, and others,
We honor, too, with all, the missionary mothers.

—Gladys Cook

Let's Get Our Values Adjusted!

(Continued from page 2)

say that he looked forward to God's pay day.

Pay-day is an inspiration to many of you when the alarm rings in the morning. You may turn the alarm off and feel like taking a day off from work, but then you think of pay-day and you bound out of bed. You will drive through miles of inclement weather to get to work so that you won't come up short on pay-day. This was exactly how Moses felt about serving God. "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." May God give us this kind of a conception of values.

Abraham heard the call of God and went out not knowing whither he went, "for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

These all died in the faith not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. 11:10 & 13.

What a glorious hope! You too can have this hope abiding within, if you will forsake the world of sin.

Essential Qualities for A Christian Worker

(Continued from page 4)

it is a wrong attitudes that we take in proclaiming them. I would have you hold high standards, but hold them with a sob in your heart.

Then the third thing that is essential is that we must keep the heavenly uplook. You will find a great many things around you to discourage you, to make life look gloomy and dark. Many of the things you will have to face will not be easy things. Encouragement will many times be a rare article. But, after all, we must keep the heavenly uplook. "Our conversation (in the Greek it is our citizenship) is in heaven." We are here on a visit. We are pilgrims. We are tourists.

I have taken many trips and have had to stop overnight along the way. Now I never was greatly interested in the owners, business, or guests of that motel. I wanted a

good bed and a comfortable place. That is all I was interested in. I didn't expect to stay there more than one short night, and be on the road again early the next morning. Now a person whose citizenship is in Heaven is not building all his castles down here, he is not investing all of his possessions here—he is only a tourist, he is passing through.

Our citizenship is in Heaven, "from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." Notice the parts that are included in this heavenly uplook. First of all, the realization that our citizenship is not here. We are citizens of another country and, therefore, we are not at home down here. Beware of getting too comfortable here. Lot had been a man who lived in tents and moved from place to place. He got closer and closer to Sodom, and soon that is where he lived. You can do the same thing. Though you are supposed to be a pilgrim, though you are supposed to be always on the march toward the heavenly city, you can pitch your tent closer and closer to the world until finally you end up living there. Your citizenship is in Heaven.

Notice also that "we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." It is so easy to begin to look at other things. The news reports have much to say about the danger of war, of atomic bombs, and of Communist infiltration. I would not deny the reality of those threats: but, listen, we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. The moment you lose that upward look, you start on the road downward where you will become earthbound and earth-centered.

He also adds, "Who shall change our vile body." We look for a transformation when He comes. Some folks like to seize on that expression, "vile body," and say, "That means that our bodies are always filled with sin." But the Greek is "The body of our humiliation." It does not even suggest that there is any sin connected with the physical body. It does recognize that it is under the curse, that it is frail, and that it may get sick. Your memory might slip now and then. All this is part of the body of humiliation, but that does not indicate that sin is necessary in the body. He shall change the body of our humiliation, "that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." Remember, no matter how congenial a place you find, or how comfortable it may be, or how much you like the people there, after all, it is only temporary. You are working in the interest of another Kingdom—a Kingdom toward which you are headed, and upon which your eyes are constantly fixed.

These three attitudes are absolutely essential. If we miss one of them we will spoil the effectiveness of our service. If we become too much like the world around us, we have nothing to which we can lift people. If you do not keep the upward vision, some the discouraging, disheartening, dark, cloudy things you may meet in this life will just be too much for you.

Paul says, "Follow the example I am setting before you." Do not do like the world, keep the sob in your heart; keep a clear vision of the heavenly goal.

(Note: Bro. Wilcox delivered this message to the students in a regular daily chapel service, when he served as school pastor of God's Bible School)

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Special Speaker – Rev. Herman Noll

Unheeded Trumpets

R. A. KERBY

The most paradoxical and portentous fact of this present vexed hour is, though a veritable Niagara of warnings is being poured out upon the public by troubled watchmen, few are moved as this terrible destruction continues to come on our world apace. Every form of mass-media is being used by alarmed watchmen in the effort to alert all classes of people to the dire dangers which surround us. Radio, television, the printing press, the public platform and pulpit, to say nothing of personal conversation, abound with such phrases as "Two minutes until midnight," "Do-it-yourself-apocalypse," "Over-kill," "City-busters," and such like. But, in spite of all these warnings, most people are going their daily materialistic, domestic, and social rounds as though all were well, and as though no hostile armies surround the city of man's life.

This sad state of affairs is but the fulfillment of the Word which declares, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—Psa. 127:1. Many faithful watchmen are restlessly pacing the walls and blowing blast after blast upon the trumpet, but only a few are taking heed. What has caused such a perilous situation?

The hard fact is that only a few today are willing to meet the conditions of godly repentance, sincere consecration, and hearty obedience demanded by the Lord before He will assume responsibility for the defense of the soul. He is not pledged to keep any city which is not fully devoted to His glory. How slow we have been to realize that because the glory of God is the ground of our being it is by the same token the standard of holy living.

Shortly before His death Jesus declared, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." Only the presence of this stainless Christ within is sufficient protection when the assaults of hell buffet the soul without. "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world."

Life has a way of becoming more complex, demanding and perilous as the years advance. In view of

this fact how important it is to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Unless He rules within and keeps the city of the soul, it soon falls prey to destructive forces of one sort or another. The watchman blows peal after peal, but it proves to be in vain.

Nothing short of a Heaven-sent revival can meet the need of this hour—be it personal, domestic, national, denominational, or international. Some way or other modern man has been tricked into believing that merely breathing the name of Jesus will bring deliverance. The truth of the matter is that if we only name His name without doing His will, mischief is sure to come upon us. Drawing nigh to God with the lips while the heart is far from Him brought destruction to the Israelites of Isaiah's day, and will do no less at this late hour.

The world is presently rife with religious and political "isms" of all sorts, and only the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost can protect the soul from their deadly ravages. Mere formal religion has been weighed in the balances of spiritual conflict and has been found wanting. It is only as Christ is crowned within that the soul can indulge a legitimate "hope of glory." Unless the Victor is within, the enemies without soon storm and then pillage the city of the soul, and the sad cry goes up, "The city is taken."

It should be observed that it is the responsibility of the watchman not only to warn of approaching danger but also to declare the conditions of salvation from this danger. It would seem that the church itself, in many instances, is falling into the error of exalting numbers, wealth, grand buildings, intellectual prowess, and operatic singing above the spirituality that only the indwelling Christ can bring. What hardy watchman is consecrated to mount the wall and set the trumpet to his mouth concerning this?

If unblown trumpets mean blood on the souls of unfaithful watchmen, will unheeded trumpets mean less for the people? May God help all of us in this late hour to heed the sound of the trumpet and thus save our souls!

My Prayer

Lead me, good Lord, in pastures green

And by the waters still,
And keep my soul from growing lean

And poor and weak and ill;
But let me feed on truth and grace
And quench my thirst with love;
And let me wear a pleasant face
Like saints who look above.

But if, good Lord, the path I trod
Sometimes is rough and steep,
O may I know it leads to God
Who never fails to keep
His children here who trust and pray,

Because He loves us so,
Although sometimes we have to stay

Where there's a lot of woe!

Help me, good Lord, while here on earth

Do all the good I can;
And may my life be one of worth
Like some great, godly man;
And grant that I shall leave behind
Some blessing when I'm gone
To make men noble, good and kind,
And cheer them on and on.

Keep me, good Lord, from evil things

And ev'ry blighting sin;
Give me a will that ever clings
To right until I win
A crown of life on yonder shore
'Mid saints and angels fair,
Where life is sweet forevermore
And glory fills the air.

Grant me, good Lord, an humble walk

With Jesus Christ Thy Son,
And keep my tongue that I may talk

Of what Thy grace has done;
And let me praise Thy name o'er all

In earth and Heav'n above,
With men like Peter, John and Paul

Whose souls o'erflowed with love.

Rev. Walter E. Isenhour

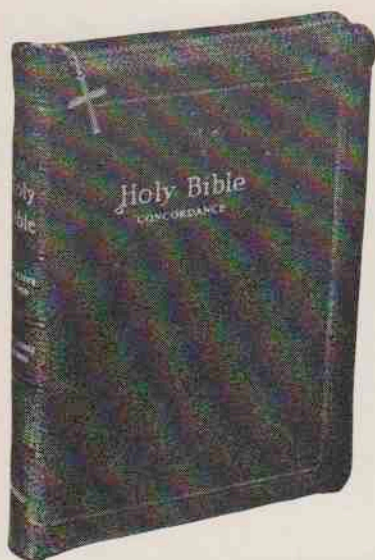
*Now faith is the
substance of things
hoped for, the evidence
of things not seen.*

Hebrews 11:1

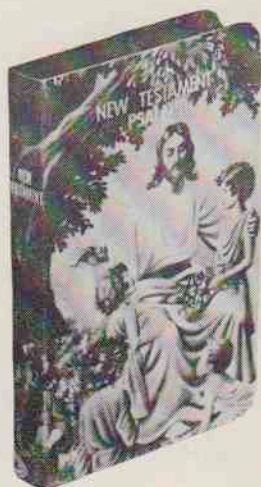


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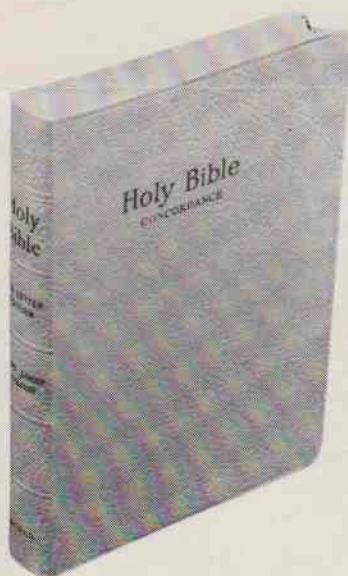
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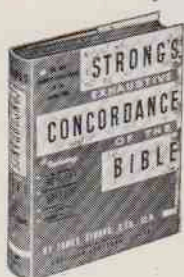
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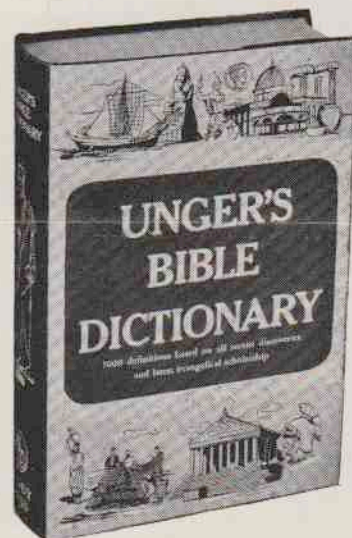
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