



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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

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

Volume 19

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No. 3

Thanksgiving

by A. W. Tozer

Thanksgiving is an American institution. However deep into antiquity its roots may strike, as we know it in this country, Thanksgiving is as American as baseball, hominy grits, or the hot-dog stand. It comes as glorious climax to that melancholy time which begins deceptively enough with the first bright noddings of the golden-rod, and passes through progressive stages of degeneration where the leaves turn from green to red and gold, and on to a soiled and ugly brown.

As the mellow radiance fades out of the days, and the nights grow increasingly sharper, we Americans begin to feel a sentimental stirring within us. The farmer glances toward his flock, lets his eyes rest approvingly upon the proudest old gobbler, and smiles. The city wife pauses outside the neighborhood market, notes the prices chalked in large figures on the plate glass, and makes a few mental calculations. About this time, the churches become vocally grateful for a lot of things they had somehow overlooked the rest of the year. The Sunday morning prayer, which for months had patiently and faithfully expressed the worshippers' gratitude for "this beautiful Sabbath morning," now blossoms out into thanksgiving for "these rich harvests of good things which Thy bounty affords."

We're getting ready for Thanksgiving!

When the happy day arrives at last, we meet in noisy groups

around our tables, and proceed to eat everything in sight as an indisputable proof that we are not devoid of the grace of gratitude. This is our American institution of Thanksgiving — and long may it wave!

The basic idea behind Thanksgiving is good. Gratitude is a sweet-virtue, pleasing to God and pleasant to know among men. The saints have ever been thankful. The men of the Bible were filled with a deep spirit of thankfulness — sincere, tender, and touched with emotion. They thanked God frequently, volubly, and loudly. They would not be quiet. They would get God's ear, and they would make Him understand how thankful they were.

In the New Testament, St. Paul, more than all other writers, is possessed with this spirit of gratitude. His letters abound with expressions of thankfulness to the saint, and for the saints. No kindness, however small, shown him by any person, was overlooked. He took time out from his prodigious labors to keep caught up on his thanksgiving. He was not only thankful to the saints for their many acts of kindness to him, but also he was thankful to God for the saints themselves, and for all they were and are to each other, to God, and to the world.

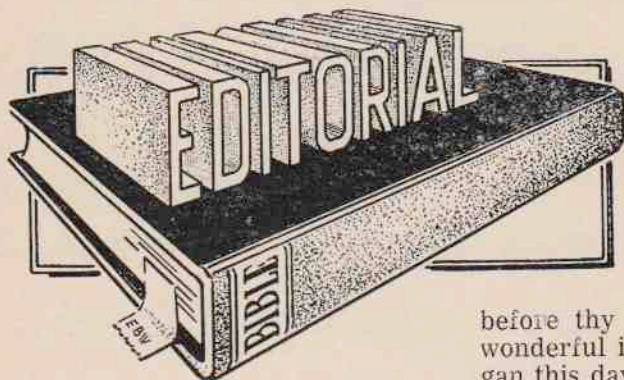
It is profitable to note the many facets in the shining jewel of his gratitude. He was thankful to God for the Romans, that their faiths was spoken of throughout the whole world. He thanked God for the Corinthians, that they were pos-

sessed of every gift. He was thankful for the fellowship and generosity of the Philippians for the great love "in the Spirit" that belonged to the Colossians, for the "work of faith, labor of love, and patience of hope" revealed by the Thessalonians. Indeed, his heart seemed literally to overflow with tender appreciation of the saints. He was a thankful man.

Let us allow the occasion of another Thanksgiving season to remind us to be thankful; and while the object of our gratitude always must be the all-gracious Father of lights, from Whom every good and perfect gift descends, it is well also, that we should learn to be thankful to Him for all of His believing children. Assuredly, they have faults — for perfection is not of this earth — but they are, for all that, His own dear children. In them His glory is bound up, and through them His glory is yet to be revealed to the universe.

Each of us owes a great deal to God's people, living and dead. To the gifted great of the Kingdom, we owe such a mighty burden of debt that we could not in a lifetime repay it, even were such an opportunity afforded us. How much do we owe to those "holy men of God" who spoke "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" And what is our debt to those bearded guardians of the sacred oracles, who, all through centuries of persecution, shielded with their lives the precious treasure committed to their charge? How much do we owe to those obscure and forgotten scholars whose patient toil kept pure the Sacred Text? Or to those meticulous word-masters whose translations brought the Word of God out of the cloisters and gave it to

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Giving of Thanks

I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks, be made for all men. I Tim. 2:1. The apostle includes within the realm of prayer the giving of thanks. I recently read that a major part of all our praying be the giving of thanks.

At this special time of year it would seem most appropriate that we give thanks. We are approaching the day of the year set aside by the Government for the giving of thanks and indeed this ought to be a special day of thanksgiving and tasting, but alas we have made it a day of feasting and gaiety. With all the anxiety about the traditional going out to Grandmas farm, let us not forget that God has kept us for another year and made this time of happiness possible.

It would be well indeed, if sometime in this day we would lay aside the many activities and find time to thank the Lord. Not another time of request, petitions etc. but just honestly express from our heart our sincere thanks to God who hath made all things possible; for the food, our nice homes, our friends and families, our health, even life itself and especially our spiritual life.

At this time it would be a good time to remember the great gift that God gave to us in the person of His Son. Too many times we think that folk take our appreciation for granted and I am afraid that many times we expect God to do the same, yet, He wants us to give Him thanks and offer the sacrifice of praise.

The song writer declares, "The pure delight of a single hour that

before thy throne I spend." How wonderful it would be if we all began this day with an hour of praise and sincere thanks to God. Our day would be more profitable, God would be pleased and we would be more blessed.

NOTICE

The following is printed by request of the Federal Government in compliance with our second class mailing permit.

The God's Missionary Standard is the official organ of the God's Missionary Church Inc. This church was founded in the year 1935 and has continued since that time as a non-profit organization incorporated in the State of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Paul Miller, Mahaffey, Penna. 15757 was duly elected editor of the Paper (God's Missionary Standard) at the annual conference of the God's Missionary Church. This conference convened at its head-quarters, Penns Creek, Penna. August 1 & 2, 1967.

At the same conference Rev. Allen Russell, Woodward, Penna. 16882, was elected Assistant Editor and Miss Carole Goodyear, Mahaffey, Penna. 15757 was elected Business Editor.

There are no stockholders or bondholders, it is a non-profit Corp.

At the present time we are mailing an average of 1450 copies monthly all in the U.S.A. except 8 copies. All copies are distributed by mail and is entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Mahaffey, Penna. 15757.

This life at best is just a twinkle of the light of time in the vast blaze of eternity.

Please Notice

Throughout the month of December, 1967 we are having a special subscription month. All new subscriptions for this month only will be one-half price or \$.50 a year in advance. This will be for the month of December only and pertains only to new subscriptions. Please do not send in renewals for this price. Let us try to raise the subscription list to 2,000 copies monthly, this conference year. It Can be done.

Folly would do but little mischief were it confined to fools.

The man who knows the most ought to do the most.

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Holiness Teachings

compiled by

Rev. Allen C. Russell

Topic "THE HIDDEN LIFE"

Text Col. 3:3 "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

This life of holiness is not based on external relations and religious forms. Nor is its essence any material substance, visible to the eye or sensible to the touch. It is a spiritual life: rooted and grounded in the love of God.

All real life is invisible; its product is manifest; but the thing itself--the essence--the principle of life, is unseen. It is an element too subtle, too tenuous, and in its highest form too divine, to be an object of vision.

Vegetable life, in its growth and bloom and fruitage, is very conspicuous; but in its essence it is totally unseen. The producing principle lies out of sight. No one can doubt its existence, and yet no one can behold it, or comprehend its mysterious force. It is a hidden omnipotence, a creative energy, a vitalizing potency, that speaks and shows itself in blade, trunk, branches, leaves, buds, flowers, and finally in rich harvest. So with animal life. It is hidden. We see the form and actions of animals. We know they are living creatures. But the principle of their life lies beyond our observation. It is out of sight, locked up in their organism. No man questions, no man can question, the reality of what is called life, in their organs and frame, and yet we behold nothing but its effects.

Human life, though of a higher order, is no less invisible. It articulates itself in speech and reason. It comes to the surface in warmth and blushes, in smiling lips and sparkling eyes. It reveals its reality in motions and force of will, and

more especially by its resistance of decay in the body. No skeptic is bold enough to raise a question, or project a doubt, respecting the reality of human life, and yet the principle itself is no more an object of vision to him than the electricity in the highest clouds and deepest seas.

The highest order of life is -- spiritual life -- divine life. Like the lower forms of life, it is not spectacular, it is not an object of vision. Its very spirituality forbids that it should be. Being divine and identical in nature with the invisible Spirit of God, it must be, like Him, unseen and undiscoverable by human penetration. It is therefore said in the passage above quoted, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Not that God arbitrarily concealed this treasure; but such was its divine and sublimated nature, that invisibility became a necessity.

Material things are visible to material eyes; but spiritual and divine things require a spiritual and divine lens to make them objects of sight. Divinity is invisible.

For the same reason one cannot see the life of the soul, for it is the spirituality of God, and essentially like Him. When God breathed the breath of life into man, he became a living soul. When man sinned, God went out of him, and he became a dead soul; but man did not lose his being nor his constitutional make-up. He retained these in their integrity, though in a shattered and polluted condition. When Christ came to rebuild, restore, and cleanse, He provided for, and promised to make us "partakers of the Divine nature."

Divine life is a rebreathing of God into man. A pure man is a shrine of Divinity. God is incarnated in him, God "lives and walks in him," while the man "lives, moves, and has his being in God."

There is an inter-communication and oneness with God. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." It is in this truth that we find the source of spiritual life. David said, "All my springs are in thee." Paul said, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." What a mystery--and yet what a reality. "Christ in you the Hope of Glory."

The life that is hidden with Christ in God is the life that reveals the character traits of the Master. A man therefore or Church organization without this hidden life is like a human body without a beating pulse, or like a girdled tree, through which vitalizing sap has ceased to flow. This marks the difference between a religion of dead forms and ceremonies and a religion of life and power.

The root principle of all true religion is unseen spirituality. This shoots up into symmetrical character, flowers into beauty of life, and grows, and ripens, and yields the rich harvests of practical beneficence and saving results. A conversion or sanctification that does not involve an indwelling Christ, is a cheat, a delusion. A baptism or other sacrament, which does not put Divine life and holiness into all your affections, tastes, appetites, thoughts, and tendencies, is a sham, a counterfeit, a base alloy. "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."

But this Christ-life is not invisible because it is a figment, but because of its resemblance to God. Like air and light, like angel spirit, like Divinity itself, it is too refined and divine to be an object of

(Continued on page 9)

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

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

CHURCH NEWS

Roaring Spring Church

A Fall revival was conducted at our church under the anointed ministry of Rev. and Mrs. William Tillis, Beavertown, as they brought messages from the Word and in song. The Holy Ghost ministered to us in a very special way during this meeting. The first night of revival which was September 21st began with a good spirit prevailing which followed throughout the entire meeting. The Lord moved in many ways, there was not a service that was alike. There were three nights which Bro. Tillis did not need to preach, the Lord had control. "And We Are His Witnesses Of These Things; And So Is Also The Holy Ghost, Whom God Hath Given To Them That Obey Him." Acts 5:32.

The last Sunday morning of the revival, after praying and under the direction of the Holy Spirit, and the mutual feeling of the people here at the church, the church was organized as another God's Missionary Church. Bro. Tillis, the evangelist, assisting the pastor received into membership eight members in accordance with the discipline of our church. A wonderful spirit prevailed in this service as well.

As pastor of this church I'm thrilled at what the Lord has done for us. I would like to borrow some words of the song writer to express my feeling. "Then God's fire upon the altar of my heart was set aflame. I shall never cease to praise Him. Glory! Glory to His name! I will praise Him! I will praise Him! Praise the Lamb for Sinners slain! Give Him glory, all ye people, For His blood can wash away each stain."

Truman E. Motter Pastor

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Missionary Crusaders Rally for the month of December will be the 15th, at the Milmont God's Missionary Church. Rev. George Straub, General Superintendent of the God's Missionary Church will be the speaker. The special music

and singing will be provided by the Penn View Bible Institute. This will be the special Christmas Rally and the final rally for 1967. Plan to attend this service.

The local rally of youth at Milesburg will be November the 17th. The Shamokin Church with Rev. Earl Deetz Jr. will provide the music and speaking. This church has at the present produced two good long play records and will present a very good program. We invite all to attend this local rally, time is 7:30.

The December rally in the Milesburg Church will be the 8, 9 and 10th. This is a local Church Youth Rally. The speaker will be the Rev. Harvey Dixon from Salisbury, Maryland. He is a pastor, has had his own broadcast for several years and has been very successful in youth work. The special music will be provided by the youth of the Milesburg Church. All are welcomed states Rev. Noll, the pastor.

Please Note. Rev. Earl Deetz Sr. has accepted the new pastorate at Salisbury, Maryland. Any correspondence should be directed to his new address:

Rev. Earl Deetz Sr.
321 Charles St.
Salisbury, Maryland
21801

Special Notice

Thanksgiving Night Service, November 23rd, 1967, 7:30 p.m., Rev. Hermon Noll, special speaker. Special singing. God's Missionary Church, Main St., Salunga, Pa.

EVANGELIST SLATE

Rev. William Tillis, Box 2, Beavertown, Penna. 17813.

Nov. 8-19, Chillicothe, Ohio P. H.

Nov. 23-Dec. 3, Oakland Mills, Penna. Evangelical Methodist.

Ministers who do not preach the Gospel as a matter of personal experience, have but little fruit.

PENN VIEWS

"THE NOW AGE"

Paul "the aged" in what was perhaps his last letter (II Timothy) before his death urges Timothy, the young preacher, to make haste to come to him. Then follows one of the saddest, most pathetic, and heart-touching texts in all Pauline Penmanship. Verse ten of Chapter four records - "Demas hath forsaken me having loved this present world." With no thought of criticism of the Authorized Version, I would suggest that the following translation keeps much closer to the Greek Text, and at the same time gives us a much better implied word picture of the sad situation. "Demas has left me down and out having loved the now age." The verb here is a peculiar triple compound so characteristic of the Pauline Pen. Simply to say that Demas had forsaken would certainly not convey all the sadness that must have filled Paul's soul as he penned the original text. The compound verb that he uses here is made up of two Greek prepositions en and kata, prefixed to the Greek verb leipo (leave) thus giving us a word that may well be paraphrased in the colloquial expressions—he has let me down (Kata), and he has left me in the lurch. The ear that is sensitized by the Spirit can almost catch a quiver in the old warrior's voice. "Just when I needed him most, right in the crisis hour, after our splendid fellowship, Demas has let me down." "I never thought that he'd do it."

Perhaps a careful and cogitative consideration of this text might suggest some implications leading to Demas' action. Demas is a prototype of many a young person in modern times who has fallen in love with the "now age." I would suggest three things that I feel may have contributed to the choice and subsequent action of this young man who was once evidently so highly favored.

First of all there was the attraction of the now age. This tenth verse goes on to say that after Demas forsook Paul he went into Thessalonica, the then most populous city of Macedonia. Why he went we are, of course, not able to say, and one cannot positively at-

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A PAGE FOR YOUTH

Crusaders Rally

The first General Missionary Crusaders rally was held September 22, 1967 at the God's Missionary Church in Salunga, Pa. We want to praise the Lord for this very wonderful first service. The attendance was good but best of all the presence of the Lord was felt. We appreciate the Lord being present in His third person, the Holy Ghost.

People in attendance were from Salunga, Lebanon, Shamokin, Hanger, Pillow, Nesbit, and six attended from our most recent Church in Salisbury, Maryland. God bless these folk who came so far. There were also several visiting from other denominations. It was a thrill to see so many folk from so many places attending this service.

The Shamokin Trio was present and rendered several inspiring numbers in song. As they were singing, "Jesus Use Me" the presence of the Lord came mightily upon the service. The Glory fell, the saints wept, shouted, laughed and walked the aisles in praises to God for His goodness.

Rev. Charles Haffling was the speaker for the service and did a tremendous job. Using the scripture account of the Prodigal Son, Luke 15, he spoke on the subject, "The Kind of thrills the youth are seeking". The prodigal expected to find thrills outside his home and into the world, but he only reaped a bitter end. The message was enjoyed by all present. It was the ultimate in enjoyment for this reporter to be there, enjoying the fellowship of the Spirit and God's people.

We wish to thank Rev. John White, local pastor for the privilege of having the rally in his church; Rev. Earl Deetz, Pastor at Shamokin; Rev. Marlin Stahl, Hanover and Rev. Thomas Weaver, student at Penn View Bible Institute, for their support in this rally.

Salunga is one of our new churches and we trust that they have been encouraged to press on this battle and that the Lord will use the church and pastor to the salvation of many souls. It was a

joy to meet all the old friends and make some new ones.

Please accept our expression of appreciation of the fine offering given on the newest project. Remember the new dish washer that is being purchased for the school and camp at Penns Creek. If you have any donations for this worthy cause please send them to the President, Rev. Herman Noll until the treasurer is moved to his new Church. We shall certainly appreciate any gift towards the project.

Rev. Herman Noll

Of Tears and Thunderbirds

By a Missionary On Furlough

After the service she clutched my hand warmly. I could tell that she had been moved by the message. "Oh you missionaries," she said, "you're doing such a wonderful work."

She choked a little, blinking back a tear. Another tear trickled slowly down her cheek. She caught it swiftly with the back of her hand.

Her husband, a tall, handsome man in a mauve tailored suit, moved toward me and pressed a bill into my hand. I glimpsed the bearded features of Lincoln—a five.

"We wish we could do more," he apologized. "This is just a little something. We hope it'll help."

I assured them it would, adding, "Do remember to pray for our work."

"Oh, we will; we will," they both responded eagerly. "We've thought about taking a share in you. You know, one of those five-dollar-a-month faith promises. But, well," she continued, groping for the right words, "we've talked it over, and we feel that, uh, with our present obligations . . ."

"I'm afraid we just can't swing it right now," he put in.

There was no doubt about it. I knew they'd have trouble "swinging" a faith promise. First, there was the car payment—a nagging \$87.50 a month. That's a lot, even for a \$12,000-a-year man. Transportation—that's one thing you just can't do without.

Perhaps, too, he was thinking of the new rug. His wife would have reminded him of that. Acrylon fabric. Only half paid for. She had grown so weary of the old beige one. Besides, it was wearing in spots.

He was thinking, too of the bookcase in the den. Custom made, he remembered with exasperation. It housed a set of spanking new encyclopedias, impressively bound in red and gold. "We owe it to the children," his wife had argued. But somehow Dave and Linda had found the Beatles and that fellow Presley more exciting.

She was still sniffing back a tear as they walked out through the carpeted foyer and climbed into a sleek tan Thunderbird.

* * *

My thoughts flitted back to an evening three years earlier. I had been with a group of missionaries as they discussed the task confronting them in their field—a teeming city in the Orient.

That day I had seen the refugees living like animals in makeshift stalls, thrown together in tangled colonies on the barren hillsides. Other shacks were sandwiched together along the clotted thoroughfares. I had seen the beggars, with faces gaunt from hunger.

"I think God wants us to open another gospel hall and relief center," one of the missionaries announced. She was a small woman with gray hair and a remarkably soft, even voice.

"But how?" her colleagues asked, looking at one another, puzzled. One of them expressed what all were thinking: "Our budget hardly meets our present expenses."

"I know that." The small lady was talking again. She paused as though uncertain how to continue. Then she said, "Perhaps we could raise the funds among ourselves."

There was a long moment of silence. I knew well enough what their allowances came to. I also knew that it cost about as much to live decently in that food-scarce city as in the U. S. metropolis.

"I think we can pledge \$10 a month," one of the group offered.

"We'll give the same," said another.

While the missionaries stated their pledges, the small woman with

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A Thanksgiving Meditation

All men should be grateful for the blessings of life. The United States is blessed in having a day in which her citizens are reminded of her past heritage, present benefits, and future aspirations. But this day can be lost when thanksgiving finds expression only in song and not in service, when it becomes a mere stray emotion and not a persistent attitude.

For the Christian there is a definite progressive movement in thanksgiving—that is, it has its beginning and continues through to a great climatic shout of victory.

The Christian has new horizons in Christ Jesus. Suffering takes on new meaning to the Christian whose heart has been lifted in song and praise to God. Jesus introduced this type of thanksgiving, for we understand that on the night in which He was betrayed He gave thanks.

Significant is the fact that every time we think of the suffering of Christ and partake of the Lord's Supper we are to give thanks. Not only does this call us to a sense of gratitude for our salvation, but it is also a reminder that Christ in giving His own life did so with thanksgiving.

Still further, Jesus and the disciples before leaving the upper room, sang a hymn and then went out to the Mount of Olives. Matthew briefly recorded the event, "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives." It was customary for the Jews to conclude the Passover Feast by singing Psalms 113 to 118. These Psalms together were called the Hallel Psalms or Hymns of Praise. Jesus, just before going to the garden and to the Cross, sang with His disciples a hymn of praise. Calvary, therefore, was rooted in thanksgiving and praise.

In this hymn the psalmist asked the question: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" He answered his question by stating: "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord" (116:12, 13). Herein lies one of the paradoxes of the Christian faith. The Christian begins his life, not by giving something, but by receiving something, the cup of salvation.

It is not surprising, therefore, to

find the heartbeat of thanksgiving right at the focal point of the Cross. Paul would put it this way: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift" (II Cor. 9:15). This becomes the real heart and motive of thanksgiving. The natural man says thanks for earthly bread while refusing that Bread that is come down out of heaven. Yet it is this Bread (Jesus Christ)—Who is both Giver and Gift—Who has created and inspired thanksgiving in the heart of the believer. The believer will find this true in his own life. His life becomes one of enduring gratitude even in the midst of adversity and trial.

Thus, the whole life of the Christian, since its impulse is Jesus Christ, is one which is submerged in thanksgiving, whether in time or in eternity, whether in prosperity or in adversity. In a personal way I would close with the psalmist's words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name" (103:1).

THIS IS THE WAY TO RUN THE CHURCH WITHOUT MONEY!

Each member will come to church warmly dressed to eliminate the necessity of heating the building. Members will bring their mops and brooms to keep the building clean, thus making a paid sexton unnecessary, and members will provide their own hymn books. When repairs on the building are needed, members can fetch materials and tools, thereby cutting out a big expense. All members spend a portion of time in the church office writing letters, cutting stencils and running off church bulletins, etc.

Better still, members can take their turn preaching, leading the services, conducting the funerals, performing weddings, and calling on the sick, prospective members, and the membership generally. This can cut out the need of a pastor and save a whopping sum!

What about missions? Ah! that can be handled, too. Just let every member take off a year at his own expense and work in some foreign field. Think of it! No missionary offering!

Well, what about it? Would you like to belong to such a church? No, and neither would I. Therefore, let us bring "all the tithe into the storehouse." — Selected.

What Only God Can Do

Longfellow could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth sixty-thousand dollars. That is talent.

Rockefeller could sign his name to a piece of paper and make it worth millions. That is capital.

Uncle Sam can take an ounce of gold and stamp an eagle on it and make it worth \$20. That is money.

A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into an article worth \$50. That is skill.

A merchant can buy an article for 80c, put it on his counter, and sell it for a dollar. That is business.

But God can take a worthless, sinful life, wash it, cleanse it, and make it a blessing to humanity. That is salvation.

HUMBLED AND EXALTED

The Maker of the Universe
As man, for man was made a curse.
The claims of law which He had made
Unto the uttermost He paid.

His holy fingers made the bough
Which grew the thorns that crown-
ed His brow.
The nails that pierced His hands
were mined
In secret places He designed.

He made the forest whence there
sprung
The tree on which His body hung;
He died upon a cross of wood
Yet made the hill on which it stood.

The sky that darkened o'er His
head
By Him above the earth was spread,
The sun that hid from Him its face
By His decree was poised in space.

The spear which spilled His preci-
ous blood
Was tempered in the fires of God;
The grave in which His form was laid
Was hewn from rocks His hands
had made.

The throne on which He now ap-
pears
Was His from everlasting years,
But a new glory crowns His brow
And every knee to Him shall bow.

Pilgrim Tract Soc.

Type of Carnality

By Dr. Warren C. McIntire

In this article Dr. McIntire presents an unusual approach to the doctrine of inbred sin, carnality, depravity. This article will be of benefit to both pastors and parishioners.

The argumentative type. This type is assertive and eager for contention; it is contrary and combative, always ready for battle. It argues against and votes against; its neck is stiff with resistance and its backbone is a streak of stubbornness. It never gives in, insists on its point and is persistent in having the last word.

When the issue comes up it is quick to take the opposite view, to oppose and talk against, especially when the issue is worldliness, or sin, or the doctrine and experience of holiness. In doing this it usually manifests a heated spirit, a combative attitude and unreasonable prejudice against the full provision of Calvary's redemptive sacrifice.

Usually it is simply a method of self-defense, a cover-up of conscious guilt and need of soul. It makes sinners mean and makes backsliders of believers in whose heart it finds a welcome to stay and do its sinful work. It is a trouble breeding type of carnality and grows worse with age.

—God's Revivalist.

KEEP AT IT

A man was at work. Mallet and chisel were engaged busily as the workman plied them.

"Still chiseling," said a passerby pleasantly.

"Yes! still chiseling," was the brief reply.

"To what part of the building does this stone belong?"

"I don't know, I haven't seen the plans"; and the workman continued his labor as chip after chip flew from the block.

Do we wonder at times what use our little life may be?

We have just to fill the niche assigned to us. God is the great Architect. He may give to us a place important or a place unimportant in the eyes of men.

Let us chisel our block and leave to Him the fitting in with His plans for the glory of His Son.

THE SECOND MILE

"Come here, you dog, and bear my pack a mile."

So spake a Roman soldier to a Jew; "The day is hot, and I would rest awhile."

Such heavy loads were made for such as you."

The Jew obeyed, and stooping in the path

He took the burden, though his back was tired;

For who would dare arouse a Roman's wrath.

Or scorn to do what Roman law required?

They walked the mile in silence; at its end

They paused, but there was not a soul in sight;

"I'll walk another mile with you, my friend,"

So spake the Jew. "This burden now seems light."

"Have you gone mad," the angry Roman cried,

"To mock me, when you know that but one mile

Can I compel such service? By his side

The Jew stood silent, but with kindly smile.

"I used to hate to bear a Roman's load

Before I met the lowly Nazarene, And walked with Him along the dusty road,

And saw Him make the hopeless lepers clean.

"I heard Him preach a sermon on the mount;

He taught that we should love our enemies;

He glorified the little things that count

So much in lessening life's miseries."

The soldier tried to speak; as he began,

His head was bowed, his eyes with tears were dim;

"For many years I've sought for such a man.

Pray tell me more; I, too, would follow Him."—Selected.

Faith is strengthened by the winds of opposition.

Following the Pattern

From Church Herald and

Holiness Banner

"Oh, how beautiful!" I said to my friend, as she held up a pretty red sweater. "Did you knit it?" I asked. The smile on her face and the look of satisfaction in her eyes gave me her answer. I picked up the sweater and admired it. "It's lovely, but I could never do anything like that," I said.

"Sure you can; it's easy," was her reply. She took me over to her knitting basket and showed me a sweater she was knitting for her husband. Parts of it were on holders and it looked so complicated I didn't see how it could ever turn into a sweater.

I asked her for the pattern of the first sweater and with great determination I sat down to make one. As I looked at the pattern there were so many words and phrases I did not understand! I read it over, but it still seemed foreign to me. I realized I needed help! I knew I needed someone who was experienced, who understood the instructions because she had used and applied them before.

At the knit shop the lady was patient and helpful. As she explained some of the instructions I had not understood, I realized how simple they really were. "How could I not see that before?" I wondered.

With great delight I started my sweater. It was not always easy, for I seemed to be blessed with more thumbs than necessary. I soon noticed that if I did not follow the instructions exactly, either through carelessness or because I thought some of them unnecessary, trouble followed. Even with the help I had received, I still made mistakes and I had to go back and correct them. But as I followed the instructions step by step, the places that had looked so hard seemed to fall in line as I could see ahead of me the goal — a sweater.

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Missionary Message

Dear Standard Family:

Greetings in our Saviors name from Miami, Florida. We are glad to report to you that we have recently moved into our new church building, that so many of our good friends and loyal supporters have helped make possible. We had our first preaching service Sat. night October 14th. There was a nice group in attendance among which was a Doctor and wife who came here recently from Cuba.

We wish to express our appreciation to Rev. Kenneth Walter pastor at Kissimmee and the boys from the Hobe Sound Bible College who came to help get the church ready for the meeting. We also wish to thank the Cuban women who came in to help clean the building. As the church had been used for Bingo etc. there was much debris that had to be removed, playing cards, cigarette ashes, candles and bingo cards besides many cases of empty pop bottles. The juke box is being removed also.

We are praising the Lord for giving to us this wonderful building. We now have adequate room for all departments. We used to have Sunday classes out on the lawns, often being chased in by sudden showers, but now we have sufficient rooms for every class. Most of the time we had two classes in the small main auditorium but this was so small that each class annoyed the other one. It's so different now since we have plenty of room.

Sister Shuey is slowly regaining her strength after her recent surgery. We covet your prayers for her complete recovery and for the missionary work here. Jean has been coming home nearly every week end from Hobe Sound Bible College to assist in the work and Bro. Shuey has been extremely busy cleaning, working with the shrubbery, making many repairs, etc. He is still keeping up with his mission work with the Cuban

people. May the Lord Bless you and write when you can.

Carl, Ernestine and Jean Shuey.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Is it nothing to you, if in far distant lands

A small child is crying for bread,
Or maybe a mother needs medical care

With no place to lay her poor head?

Is it nothing to you, if there's no water to drink,

Or shelter from wind or from rain,

Does it matter at all, if there's no one to help,

When there's sickness or want or pain?

Is it nothing to you, when enemy takes o'er

Every child from its poor mother's arm

And poisons, and blights, in the regions of night,

Does it cause no concern or alarm?

Is it nothing to you, if they cry for your help

When you have every thing that you need,

Do you reach out for more, to add to your store,

Do you love just in word, or in deed?

If it's nothing to you, I'm afraid my dear friend

Your heart has become like a stone,

When you lavish and squander everything on yourself,

Leaving others to die alone.

Will it be nothing to you, when you stand at the bar,

At the great judgment seat of our King?

You'll take nothing at all, of the things you've acquired,

You'll have nothing that's worthy to bring

To Jesus our Lord, as you kneel at His feet,

My friend, just what will you do,
Will it matter at all, when you stand before Him,

Dear soul, is it nothing to you?

How will it be then with all of your gain?

With sheaves, not even a few?

Can you lean on the things that have taken His place,

Is it, "really," nothing to you?

—Selected

Missionary on the Ash Heap

by a Young Missionary

Today I saw a missionary on the ash heap. Many years ago he left his homeland to come to this far-distant land. He had black, thick hair then; now it is streaked with grey. His face was once smooth and young; now it is lined from many toils and burdens. He came with a starry-eyed vision. Today he is on the ash heap.

He has seen many things through these years. He built a mission station with his own "sweat, blood, and tears" out in the far bush country. But today he is on the ash heap. Later he came to the city, and there also he started building the kingdom of God on earth. But today he is on the ash heap.

During the riots a few years ago, he risked his very life to preach the gospel to these people. He saw violence and death as angry mobs surged through the streets, but he stayed at his post. Today he is on the ash heap.

But on the ash heap with him are a seven-ton lorry and three Bible school students who are earning to pay for their schooling. You see, this is a real ash heap—an ash heap of cinders from the nearby light plant. From these cinders they are making building blocks. From these blocks, already there have been built thirty churches and parsonages—churches with newly

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Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 1)

the common man? How much do we owe to the great writers of other days for books that have blessed the ages — Augustine's "Confessions"; Taylor's "Holy Living"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Milton's "Paradise Lost" — to name only a few?

When we turn to the hymns of the Church, how can we sufficiently praise God and thank His servants? The St. Bernards, the Watts, the Newtons, the Wesleys, and such as they! They have given voice to the Church's jubilation; have caught and set to music her tears and triumphs and joys and longings; they have enabled her to sing, without which she must have suffocated, like Keats' tongueless nightingale, from the fullness of her unexpressed delights.

Then, there are the prophets and apostles, the martyrs and reformers, whose sacrificial toil has made us rich. As we muse on what they have done for us, thanksgiving rises naturally to our lips. We cannot thank them in person (we may be able to do so in the world to come), but we can thank God often for them and for all they have contributed to our eternal happiness.

Were any of us able to trace back the path by which the good Word of God and the blessings of the Gospel have come down to us, we should hardly be able to restrain our grateful tears. That humble and now forgotten pastor of a hundred years ago (to go back no farther) who prayed and struggled against indifference on the one hand and hostility on the other, till at last he won out, and a strong church was established; those deacons and elders and praying mothers who kept that church alive over the years; the plain, inarticulate members who had no public gifts, but who could and did work long hours in the cold and the heat to acquire means to support that church, the church where in later days we heard the saving Gospel — are not we heirs of such as these, and under everlasting obligation to be thankful for them?

How much do we owe to so many

for a thousand common things entirely overlooked, or taken as a matter of course, with scarcely a nod of gratitude!

I am grateful for a plain, hard-working father whose rough and calloused hands were the support of my childhood and youth. I am grateful, too (and I wish I had told her before she went away), for a small, sweet-faced and tired mother who counted no day too long to spend in willing toil for me, and no night too wearisome to sit by my bedside, when some childish illness made me fretful.

And grateful thanks, not unmixed with wondering incredulity, rises in my heart as the memory of those teachers in the public schools who labored, I sometimes fear, with but scant success, to beat into my unwilling head the rudiments of education, and to refine away the savage.

Though I cannot understand it, I am profoundly grateful to them for their patience. But far above this, I am grateful to that longsuffering God who endured from me more than they could have done, till in my young manhood the Shepherd found me, and brought me to His fold rejoicing.

To modify slightly a famous quotation: "He who is careful to be thankful for everything always has something for which to be thankful." It is a blessed habit to acquire, this habit of thankfulness. It will cure a host of injurious evils in our dispositions: self-pity, resentment, murmuring, and faultfinding. All these will wither and die of themselves; for how can they grow inside a heart overflowing with gratitude and praise?

The habit of being thankful, once it takes a firm hold on the life, will soon produce a multitude of other benefits as well. It will serve to turn our eyes outward instead of inward, and thus bring about a healthier state of soul; it will raise our joy-level far above anything we have ever known before; it will go far to cure pessimism, and encourage a happy outlook on life; it will help to keep us humble, and make us more winsome and easier to live with (for which blessing the other members of our families will be thankful in their turn). It bestows so much and

costs so little — strange that all of us have not made more of it!

Let us begin now to be thankful for each other. It will pay amazing dividends!

Holiness Teachings

(Continued from page 3)

vision. But it is not less a reality or a productive power on this account. The greatest forces in nature are the unseen. Who has seen the soul of steam or the spirit of lightning? And yet, what forces they are. They dominate nature. Who has seen an idea? And yet an idea is the most powerful thing in nature. It will break its way through armies, and navies, governments, and systems of philosophy, being quite irresistible. Forts and laws, gunpowder and steel are cobwebs before naked thought.

So with the Christ-life. It walks the earth unseen. And yet it holds in its grasp the institutions of men and the destiny of the world. In all the affairs of men; in every walk of life, thought is a powerful factor. And yet it is a hidden force, a current of invisible life; it dwells and spreads in the heart, like the concealed sap in growing leaves of trees. It is this that builds up the tree, and enables it to produce the fruit it is destined to bring forth. So with the Christ-life. It insinuates itself through our being. It builds character and gives beauty and usefulness to life. It makes the Christian like a "tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;" and whose "leaf also shall not wither."

Though the principle of Christian life in the abstract is so deeply hidden, yet in its practical working and sublime effects it is eminently visible. Though the vital force of life in the tree is unseen the result of this force is clearly manifest through the branches with their leaves, the fragrance of the blossoms and the luscious fruit. Herein is the secret of satisfaction: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." "Herein is my Father glorified." "that ye bear much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

PENN VIEWS

(Continued from page 4)

tach any epithet to his name on the basis of this text alone. In view of the fact that Paul a short while before this had called him a fellow-laborer, (Phil. 24) one would assume that he had been a close associate of the famous Apostle to the Gentiles. For a young man to forego such a fraternal privilege and to forsake a man of Paul's calibre seems almost inconceivable. Many another young fellow has, however, left the Light that shineth in a dark place for the lights of other Thessalonicas. Even though, as William Cowper once said, "God made the countryside, but man made the city," a great many young people have succumbed to the lure of the licentious lair. Its lights, its dreams, its hopes, its allurements, and its supposed advantages have obsessed the soul of many another Demas and too often the end has been tragic. The attraction of the "now age" is veritably a Satanic lodestone pulling many over into the abyss of a misspent life.

Not only is the "now age" an attractive more-or-less-intangible something but it is also an exceedingly solicitous age. The Devil, the press agent and chief promoter of this now age, is sparing no means or energy to entice folk into his Vanity Fair. "After all there is a better job in the great teeming metropolis. There are wider friendships, there are greater opportunities, there are easy and immediate promotions. Only a fool would spend his time and expend his energy and waste his talents on the age to come when the "now age" offers so many glowing possibilities. Why not enjoy life now?" Such is the pernicious propaganda that perpetually bombards the citadel of man's soul in this noisy "now age." How many have you, with tearful heart, observed falling in love with this now age? Surely the number is legion.

Infatuation almost invariably follows the solicitations unless one has acquired a fortitude of soul and has caught a vision of the age that is to come. The spirit of the now age seems to captivate the attention, clamor for the emotions, inflame

the passions, and finally possess the soul of its thoughtless victim. The tempo of its so-called music, the rhythm of its movements, the subtlety of its suggestiveness, and a thousand other sinister qualities seem to infect and infatuate so many individuals until, enmeshed in its intricate patterns, few are ever able to extricate themselves.

One mighty bulwark against this malignant infection that is prevailing about every stratum of society, especially that of youth, is, we feel, that bulwark of Bible Schools and Bible Colleges of our land—Schools that are still putting forth a Herculean effort to hold the line against all these attractions, solicitations, and infatuations. Such a school is Penn View Bible Institute. Although many may not realize it, it takes a sound sense, sincere spirituality, and sometimes a strong hand to restrain the Demases in this glaring blaring, sleazy easy, jingle jangle, 1967 now age. Unless God's people continue to pray earnestly and to support us in every other way possible there may be more than a faint possibility that some may slip through our fingers and go gallivanting off to some modern Thessalonica.

Fellow Christians, we at Penn View are depending on you!

Sincerely thy friend,
G. W. Stepp, President

Of Tears and Thunderbirds

(Continued from page 5)

gray hair sat quietly. She was smiling as if to herself. The others all had spoken when she began.

"I have no family now," she said. Her husband, a veteran missionary, had died ten years earlier. "I eat native food twice a day, and my needs are few. I have plenty of clothes (about four dresses, to be exact) and the mission provides me with a home." The home of which she spoke was two small rooms with bamboo furniture, located in a down-town building swarming with refugees.

"I have figured it out," she concluded. "I can afford to pledge \$40 to open a new hall."

"You mean \$40 a year, of course," we added.

"No, I mean \$40 a month."

"A month! But how can you live on what you'll have left?"

"I can do it," she said simply. And there was a finality in her voice that ruled out further discussion.

* * *

I stuffed the green bill bearing the image of Lincoln into my suit pocket and reached for my overcoat. I lost sight of the sleek tan Thunderbird as it swept around the corner. I kept thinking of the tear that crept out of the corner of the lady's eye and down her cheek.

—The Missionary Standard.

Missionary on the Ash Heap

(Continued from page 8)

built pulpits from which the gospel of Christ has been preached. In these churches there are cinder-block altars where the Christ of the gospel has been found, and from these churches have gone changed people to carry the gospel to their neighbors.

Today I saw a missionary on an ash heap. Someday he will be walking the streets of gold in heaven. Instead of the heap, there will be a crown awaiting him—a crown that is studded, not with cinders, but with precious jewels, representing the thousands who have been "bought with a price" because of a missionary who was willing to be found on the ash heap, working for God.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it lasts forever.

None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is no good to anybody until it is given away.

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give.

YOU BE THE JUDGE

The time was Wednesday. The place was My-town Wesleyan-Methodist Church. The hour was 7:30 p.m. The occasion was the Quarterly Conference. I was the clerk.

The members present were shocked into startled attention after hearing routine reports from various organizations. The thing that brought them up in their seats was what Brother Dewey Dependable said. He stood up and said, "Brother Pastor, I don't like to do what I am now doing. However, I feel it my duty. I am placing a charge against one of our members, Ben Loafin."

"And what is the charge?" asked the amazed pastor.

"I charge Ben Loafin with a deliberate attempt to destroy the fellowship of our church, the undermining of our Sunday School and betrayal of our mission program," said Brother Dependable.

The crowd sat in stunned silence for a moment. You could hear a pin drop. I knew that it could not last long. It didn't. Ben's sister, Ima Loafin, hit the floor, her eyes blazing and voice quivering. "Brother Pastor," she cried, "Brother Pastor, I object to any such charge being placed against my brother. It's outrageous, it's ridiculous. If anybody knows Ben Loafin, I do. Why Brother Ben hasn't done a thing!" And she sat down with an air of injured innocence as if the whole matter was ended.

"Brother Pastor," said Brother Dependable, quietly. "That proves my point! Sister Ima Loafin has confirmed all that I said. 'Ben hasn't done a thing!,' she said. That's my accusation. How can we have fellowship except in worship and service; and Ben has not had a part in either worship or service. How can we have a spiritual church unless we attend? Brother Ben has been here but a few times and when he did come for Sunday School he left before worship. He has consistently refused to join us in our financial program. He said he didn't want to tie himself down to an obligation. He has excused himself from our soul-winning program by saying he didn't have

time to visit. It seems to me that there is no more effective way of defeating the program of the church than that. I'll agree with Sister Ima Loafin. Ben hasn't done a thing!"

Sister Loafin deflated quickly. All the fight drained out of her system. She slumped in her seat. The congregation was silent for a time. Members looked at one another. Here and there heads nodded in agreement. A look of guilt began to spread over the faces of some.—Adapted.

Thanksgiving

M. Alice Keefer

Thank thee, Father, thank thee,
For thy constant care,
Every day new blessings
For us all to share;
Also every morning
Are thy mercies new,
Falling gently on us
Like refreshing dew.

Thank thee, Father, thank thee,
For thy kindness shown,
Want of food and raiment
We have never known,
Homes of peace and plenty,
Loved ones by our side,
All that heart can wish for
Thou hast well supplied.

Thank thee, Father, thank thee,
For the gracious showers,
And for pleasant sunshine
Growing food and flowers.
All year long thy goodness
Never was withdrawn.
We bow with thanksgiving
Before the heavenly throne.

Thank thee, Father, thank thee,
For thy gift of love,
Christ Jesus our Saviour,
All other gifts above,
Through His death and suffering
Sinners are made free,
Thank thee, Father, thank thee,
Through all eternity.

If you choose to bear the cross for Jesus' sake, the life of ease, selfishness and for personal gain will be a thing of the past.

When God sends a man anywhere, Satan does his best to keep him from going.

Following the Pattern

(Continued from page 7)

One day as I sat knitting I thought, How much like the pattern of the Christian's life! It is really simple. We have a Guide to help us, and we need to follow His instructions — a step at a time. Oh, yes, we will still make mistakes; but just as in the knitting, we go back and correct them.

How many times I've heard people who wanted to be Christians, but realizing what they would have to do, say, "I never could do anything like that. I don't understand the Bible and it seems so complicated!"

But when an individual determines to go with God, takes each step one at a time as it comes, always leaning upon his Instructor — then the pattern falls into place and he can see ahead of him his goal — eternal life!

As I write this article my sweater isn't quite finished yet — and I thought it best that way. But what looked so difficult and complicated has taken form and, by continuing to follow a step at a time, I can see ahead my goal — a sweater.

My life on earth isn't finished yet, but by following my Instructor a step at a time, I can see ahead my goal — eternal life!

The world is being rocked to sleep today with the lie, "There is no Hell" and the possibility of a second chance.

Every sinner and every backslider is on the way to the dead-line, or has crossed it.

It will not make your heart any whiter to try to blacken the character of someone else.

The preaching the world needs most are the sermons in shoes that are walking with Christ.

Consent to die poor and uncelebrated, but do not consent to die unsanctified.

The devil's favorite bait is "Time enough yet."

Be Ye Holy

by Raymond Pollard

"Be ye holy." This a command of God, and hence cannot be disregarded, but in order to obey the command we must understand the implications of it.

The command, "Be ye holy," is immediately preceded in the context by reference to those to whom it is given as being "obedient children," "begotten again unto a lively hope" and "as having an inheritance reserved in heaven" for them. Thus, this command is given to those who are already Christians.

The giving of this command is thus a revelation that something else was needed in the life of these Christians in order that they might come up to the standard of God's will.

The command, "Be ye holy," is a command that is just as valid today as it was in the day it was given. The holy life of a genuine Christian is the result of a radical change, or transformation, wrought in the heart and life by the power of God Himself. True holiness is inspired by the Holy Spirit, promoted by the laws of Christ, and based on the Word of God.

The word "holiness" frightens some people; but a clear understanding of what is meant when the term is used, will bring a proper appreciation of it. Holiness is used in the Scriptures with different meanings. Let me cite you to some of them so that you will not be confused in your thinking.

First, there is the holiness of God. This is "absolute holiness" that can never be improved upon. We may come unto the likeness of God in true holiness, but we can never be equal with God in His infinite holiness.

Second, there is "ceremonial holiness." When certain persons, places, or things are set apart for sacred use and thus dedicated to God, we speak of them as being holy. The word "holy" in these cases means that they are used for sacred purposes, as we speak of a church or an altar being "a holy place."

Then, there is what is known as "imputed holiness." The Bible says: "Christ Jesus . . . made of God unto us . . . sanctification." This means that a divine provision has been made to care for the ignorance, infirmities, and mistakes of every one of us as Christians in this life.

With our incapacitated bodies and impaired minds, it is not always possible to do and be all that God desires of us. Thus, where these failures are weaknesses, brought about by the ravages of the Fall and which cannot be corrected now, the blood of Jesus atones for them.

Finally, there is what is known as "imparted holiness." This is the holiness to which we are exhorted in the text. This "imparted holiness" is an actual experience received through faith in Christ, by which we are cleansed from the pollution of sin — or the carnal nature — and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Holiness of heart is a glorious transformation of human character by the grace and power of God into Christlikeness; and Christlikeness is true holiness. What one is within, he is going to be in his conduct, sooner or later. This is what we call "holiness of life."

In the text, we are exhorted to be holy "in all manner of conversation." The word "conversation" here actually means "conduct." Hence, Peter is actually saying, "Be ye holy in all manner of conduct, or living." He is telling us that one's conduct, actions, conversation, habits, and spirit all reflect the holiness or purity within.

It is at this point many make a sad mistake. They try to force holiness of life, before they urge holiness of heart. One state is virtually impossible without the other. Get a man pure in his heart, and you will have little trouble

with his being pure in life.

I want to impress upon you the truth that one is not holy within who is not holy without. The Apostle Paul described the outward manifestations of holiness in the "new man" by suggesting that the holy man is truthful in speech; has a fervent abhorrence toward all evil; gives no place to the devil; is honest, industrious, and generous; carries on conversation which edifies; is kind and tenderhearted, and has a forgiving spirit. Such a man lives his life carefully and conscientiously, so that he will not grieve the Holy Spirit. True holiness is maintained as the heart is kept in proper relationship with God, and as the spiritual life is nurtured.

One fact remains to be noted: in the verse following our text, we are given the reason for the command to be holy. Notice: "Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy." We are to heed the command of our text because it is founded upon the holiness of God. With all our praying, singing preaching, and working, we need to remember that we shall never be too holy. Purity of conduct motivated by holy desires is God's standard for His children.

Will you obey this command?

Do you want to experience holiness of heart and life?

Have you experienced the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit?

Would you like to be cleansed from the pollution of sin?

Would you like to experience holiness of heart and life?

If so, the words of the invitation will tell you how. Listen as the invitation is sung.

"I am coming to the Cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross —
I shall full salvation find.

"Long my heart has sighed for Thee;

Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,

"I will cleanse you from all sin."
"Here I give my all to Thee,

Friends, and time, and earthly store;

Soul and body Thine to be —
Wholly Thine for evermore."