



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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November, 1970

Thanksgiving

by A. W. Tozer

We're getting ready for Thanksgiving!

When the happy day arrives 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 saints, 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 in 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 faith was spoken of throughout the whole world. He thanked God for the Corinthians, that they were possessed 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 to 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 the common man? How much do we owe to the great writers of other days for books that have blessed 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 Wattses, 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 of 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 for-gotten pastor of a hundred years ago (to go back no farther) who prayed and struggled against indif-

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Christmas Is Coming - See Page 12



HOLINESS AND THANKSGIVING

"... unthankful, unholy." 2 Tim. 3:2

The Scripture before us comes from Paul's great dissertation to Timothy on the subject of the perilousness of the last days. In describing the men of that day, Paul declared that they would be unthankful and unholy. Whether the Apostle meant to establish a connection between the two conditions I do not know but it is there nevertheless. Nor does he reserve the connection to latter day sinners. In the first chapter of Romans he talks about certain men who did not glorify God as God, "neither were thankful." The results are enumerated for us: "God gave them up to uncleanness." "God gave them up unto vile affections." "God gave them over to a reprobate mind." They were first seen to be unthankful and then discovered to be unholy.

On the positive score the Psalmist seemed to be aware of the vital connection and thanksgiving when he wrote, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Again Paul seemed to sense this truth in writing to the Thessalonians in which writing he emphasized sanctification and holiness and also commanded, "Rejoice evermore." Peter talks about a people rejoicing "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," a people who received the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls. Holiness and thanksgiving cannot be separated.

The sanctified man has the most for which to be thankful. He knows that his sins are forgiven and forgotten by God. Some sins one cannot blot out of his own memory, let alone out of the record book of God. Yet when one bows at the foot of the Cross and lets the blood of the dying Lamb flow over his soul and lets the interceding Son present his case to God, God's record book and

one's soul are both cleansed in an instant of time. This is the beginning of thanksgiving.

As the Spirit leads a man on he begins to realize the need of a deeper work of grace. Broken vows and disappointments mar one's Christian experience. Hitherto unknown foes make their debut. In desperation the individual turns to the Word and reads, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and again, "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." What a cause for thanksgiving when the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. The conquering of all inward foes, the removal of all carnal tendencies, the expulsion of the old man and his deeds, and the gracious, abundant infilling and indwelling of the Holy Ghost give the sanctified man the most for which to be thankful of all men.

The sanctified man is most aware of the thanksgiving due to God. He has seen the worst of his condition. Conviction had faithfully depicted his sinful, depraved heart until he questioned the possibility of ever being holy in this life. But now he has experienced the cleansing cure. Doubt and disappointment have been replaced by a fullness of blessing and a fullness of joy. Once he was out but now he is in. Behind him are the question marks; all around him is blessed assurance. Such a one is most aware of the praise and thanksgiving due to God.

The sanctified man is most capable of offering genuine thanksgiving. His praise is untainted with selfish motives. He rightly attributes all successes to God and steals no portion of the glory. He readily acknowledges the insufficiency and inability of the human vessel. All that is accomplished must be credited to God's account. The sanctified man sees the hand of God where others look for a human cause. True holiness and genuine thanksgiving are inseparable.

Be Careful What You Read

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent. There are many serpents in the books nowadays; they nestle in the foliage of some of the most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. When the records of ruined souls are made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among the books!"— Sel.

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Holiness Teachings

Compiled by A. C. Russell

Topic — Holiness And Humility

Those who oppose holiness often say that we who profess it are proud, and that the doctrine tends to spiritual pride. But the truth is, that holiness goes down to the root of all pride, and digs it up utterly. A holy man is one who has found himself out, and pronounced judgment against himself, and came to Jesus to be made every whit whole. And so long as he keeps the blessing, he is deeply humble.

God said to Israel by the Prophet Ezekiel, "Then shall ye remember your evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations."

This is a certain effect of entire sanctification. The sinful heart apologizes for itself, excuses inbred sin, favors it, argues for it. A man who still has the carnal mind says, "I think one ought to have a little pride. I would not give a snap of my finger for a man who had not some temper. A man who will not stand up for his rights is weak." And so he excuses, and argues in favor of, the sin in his own heart.

Not so the man who is holy. He remembers his former pride, and loathes himself for it, and longs and prays to sink deeper and deeper into the infinite ocean of his Saviour's humility, until every trace and stain of pride are for ever washed away. He remembers his hasty temper, and hates it, and cries day and night for the perfect meekness of the Lamb of God, who, like a sheep dumb before her shearers, "opened not His mouth," while His enemies worked their fiendish will; and, so far from smiting back, would not even talk back, but prayed, "Father, forgive them."

He sees the beauty of God's holiness, and loves it. He sees the full extent of his former corruption, and acknowledges and loathes it. Before, he thought man had some natural goodness, but now he knows and confesses that "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." (Isaiah 1:5, 6)

He sees his own evil ways. At one

time he thought that there was not one holy man on earth, for he could see a mote in every man's eye; but now he discovers that there are many holy men, and the mote which he was sure he saw in his neighbor's eye, he now finds to have been the shadow of the beam that was in his own eye.

An earnest, sanctified man once said to me, "There are certain sins I once thought it was morally impossible for me to commit, but the Holy Spirit has shown me the awful deceitfulness of my heart, and I now see that before He cleansed me there were in me the seeds of all iniquity, and there is no sin I might not have committed, and no depth of moral degradation to which I might not have sunk, but for the restraining grace of God."

One who has thus seen the plague of his own heart may be cleansed in the precious Blood, and may have a holy heart, but he will never say to another, "Stand thou there, for I am holier than thou; but, remembering his own former condition, he will point him to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

True humility makes a person particularly attractive to God. Listen to what Isaiah says, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isaiah 57:15.

Jesus said, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." Matt. 23:12; and James said, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." (James 4:6)

"Do you wish to be great?" asks St. Augustine, "then begin by being little."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child," said Jesus, "the same is greatest" (not shall be, but is greatest) "in the kingdom of heaven."

Here are some of the marks of a truly humble person.

1. A truly humble soul does not take offense easily, but is "pure, then peaceful, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." (James 3:17)

2. He is not jealous of his position and dignity, or quick to resent

what seems to touch them. Before the disciples were sanctified, they found a man who was casting out devils in the name of Jesus, and they took offense because he did not follow them; and forbade him. Self is very sensitive. "But Jesus said, Forbid him not." Mark 9:39

One day the Spirit of the Lord rested on two men in the camp of Israel in the wilderness, and they prophesied. "And there ran a young man, and told Moses . . . and Joshua . . . the servant of Moses, said, My lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses' (the meekest of men) "said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!"

3. A truly humble person does not seek great things for himself, but agrees with Solomon when he says, "Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud." Prov. 16:19. He rejoices in lowly service, and is more anxious to be faithful to duty and loyal to principle than to be re-

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CHURCH NEWS

EVANGELISTS' SLATE

Rev. Donald Hughes
614 Daytonia Ave.
Fairborn, Ohio 45324

Rev. and Mrs. Marlin Moore
Evangelist and Singers
R. D. 1, Woodbury, Pa.
Nov. 1-15—Three Springs (Cedar Grove B. in C.)
Open Dates

Rev. and Mrs. William Tillis
Evangelist and singers with trailer
Box 2, Beavertown, Pa. 17813

Rev. Fred Watson
Box 41, Hartleton, Pa.
Nov. 13-22—West Home, Pa. (FM)
Nov. 23-29—Colombiana, Ohio (Ind.)
Dec 4-13—Midland, Mich. (Ind.)

Rev. and Mrs. John White
Evangelist and singers with several instruments and trailer
Box 6, Penns Creek, Pa.
Nov. 12-22—Muncy, Ind.
Nov. 26-Dec. 6

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hausman
Song Evangelists
921 E. Sycamore St.
Allentown, Pa. 18103

Mr. and Mrs. George Young
Song Evangelists
Silver Creek Road
Hellertown, Pa. 18055
Nov. 11-22—Richfield, Pa. (E.M.)

Rev. Edward A. Myers
R. D. 1, Avella, Pa. 15312

Rev. and Mrs. Fred A. Wagner
Evangelist and singers with several instruments
R. R. 2, Lexington, Ill. 61753
Nov. 5-15—Jamestown, Tenn. (Wes.)
Nov. 19-29—Portsmouth, Ohio
Dec. 3-13—Marion, Ohio (Hol Mis.)

Rev. and Mrs. Orlow Webb
Evangelist and singer with trailer
Box 261, Nevada, Ohio 44849

ANNOUNCEMENT

Rev. John White has an open weekend, Dec. 18-20. If any desires his services, please contact him at the above address.

Department of Home Missions

The Home Missionary Board was on the prowl and here is the report up to now.

First of all, we want to thank all the pastors that have responded to the call and you can rest assured that we are looking forward to coming your way. The first meeting was held at a Home Mission Church at White Haven. This reporter was not privileged to be there but from all the reports both from the Mission Board and the pastor, it was a service that will long be remembered as the presence of the Lord was tremendously felt and sensed. The speaker of the night, our Mission Superintendent, told me that it was a long time since he had been shouted down, so to say, while speaking. The shout of victory can really help any given situation. The next service was at Helfenstein. Bro. Cooley held this service and again I do not have this report but we do want to thank the Helfenstein church for allowing this service and I am sure that Bro. Cooley represented the cause well as he always had his heart in Home Missions. The next service was held at the Nisbet Church where a small happy, vibrant group of people along with their pastor Rev. Charles Haffling, met the men who came to conduct the service. Rev. Deetz was in charge of the service and the following happened: He opened with congregational singing led by Bro. John Bowman and it was good singing. Bro. Bowman is easy to follow in song service. Then prayer followed and included in the requests is a request for Sister Deetz who is in the Geisinger Medical Center in Danville, Pennsylvania. Cards and prayers are requested for her of all who read this. A trio sang "Glad Reunion Day" composed of Bros. Deetz, Bowman and this author. An organ solo was next and Bro. Deetz gave his report of all the Home Missionary endeavor. A brass duet as well as another organ solo was heard with the message following. We left Nisbet glad that we had all been there.

The Pillow Church with Bro. Ray-

mond Sassaman, the gracious host pastor, opened its doors to us on Saturday night, October 3rd. A fine spirit prevailed and again Bro. Deetz led the service. Bro. Bowman again opened the service with songs by the congregation followed by prayer. The Cooley family sang "Harvest Time" and all enjoyed this song. Also heard between reports by Bro. Deetz were a men's trio and also a brass trio followed by the message. The Home Missions Board thanks the above named Churches for their support and open doors and may the Lord bless them for their labors. Pray for Seffner and Orlando, Florida; Roaring Springs, Armaugh, White Haven, Lexington, York in Pennsylvania and for Revs. Collier, Cooper, Hicks, Stahl, Dubbeld and that the Lord will grant us other men who want to preach and live Bible Holiness. Thank the Lord for Victory.

Rev. Hermon Noll
Secretary

Visitation Evangelism

How often should you call on prospects or absentees?

A survey made by the National Retail Dry Goods Association shows:

- 48 percent of the salesmen make one call and quit.
- 25 percent of the salesmen make two calls and quit.
- 88 percent of the salesmen quit after one, two or three calls.
- 12 percent of the salesmen keep on calling.

The 12 percent who keep on calling do 80 percent of the business, and the 88 percent who quit by the third call do only 20 percent of the business.

Don't be a part of the problem — be a part of the solution!

—Oklahoma Free Methodist

WORLD TOUR

The IHC is sponsoring a SPECIAL MISSION TO KOREA as a special feature of the World Tour. This mission will include Tokyo, Seoul, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Thailand, India, Rome, London. Price: \$1,950. For full particulars write: H. E. Schmul, Salem, Ohio, or Dr. Dale Yocum, KCCBS, Overland Park, Kansas.

THANK GOD FOR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS!

by Alice H. Mortenson

Thank God for friends upon our earthy journey,
To travel with and make life's journey sweet;
For those who have "like precious faith" and gather
Together with us 'round the Master's feet.

Thank God for friends whose love exceeds our failures,
Whose understanding reaches past the blame;
Whose friendship thrives alike on sun and shadow
With golden glow and warmth — a steady flame.

Thank God for friends whose loving prayers uphold us
When trouble comes and we're too weak to cry.
How sweet it is to know when we're just clinging
To Him alone, our friends are standing by!

Thank God for friends whose faith in us surpasses
Each whispered doubt; whose kindness never ends.
Oh, may we each day prove more worthy of them,
This golden gift from God, our Christian friends!
—The Flaming Sword

THANKS — LIVING

Thanksgiving is of little avail without thanks-living. The man who is truly grateful to God should show it by his life. First, by performing all duties owed to God. "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people." This was the Psalmist's answer to his own question, "How?" "By paying my vows unto the Lord." We owe God reverence, devotion and service. Let us pay these debts, that we may express our gratitude unto Him. Second, by performing our duties toward our fellow men. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" James 1:27. God may be thanked by good deeds toward others in His Name. How could we better thank a father who had done us a favor, than by being helpful to his children in their day of need? The fatherless and widows and all other afflicted ones are the special objects of God's love and care, and we can thank Him by visiting them, with comfort and support. Being asked, "Where is Heaven?" a noted evangelist told the inquirer of a widow who was in great need of coal and provisions: "Go to her with these things and come back, and I will answer your question." The man who made the inquiry took his advice, and came back with his face aglow and the question answered. He found Heaven on earth by showing kindness toward God's needy ones. Nor can we doubt but that in such a way we can thank God for His blessings to us. Has He blessed us with health? Let us thank Him by comforting the sick in His Name. Has He blessed us with wealth? Let us thank Him by administering in His Name to the poor and needy. He will be pleased with this form of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving can only be shown to be sincere by thanks-living. Words to be effective must be accompanied by deeds. Let us not merely say: "Lord, I thank Thee"; but let us show our thankfulness by doing the will of our Father who is in Heaven.

—Presbyterian

WE GIVE THANKS TO THEE

We cannot count our blessings o'er,
Their number mounts up score by score;
We cannot name them one by one,
No tongue could tell what God hath done;
But for the blessings in disguise
Which we're too blind to recognize
And all the blessings we recall,
We give thanks for one and all.

—Author Unknown

THANKFULNESS

There was once a good king in Spain called Alfonso XII. When it came to the ears of the king that the pages of his court forgot to ask God's blessing on their daily meals, he determined to teach them a lesson. He invited them to a banquet. The table was spread with every kind of good thing, and the boys ate with evident relish; but not one of them remembered to ask God's blessing on the food.

During the feast a beggar entered, dirty and ill-clad. He seated himself at the royal table and ate and drank to his heart's content. At first the pages were amazed, and they expected that the king would order him away. But Alfonso said never a word.

When the beggar had finished, he rose and left without a word of thanks. Then the boys could keep silent no longer.

"What a miserable, despicably mean fellow!" they cried.

But the king silenced them, and in clear, calm tones he said, "Boys, bolder and more audacious than this beggar have you all been. Every day you sit down to a table supplied by the bounty of your heavenly Father, yet you ask not His blessing nor express to Him your gratitude."

—Junior Trails

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said old gentleman Gay on a Thanksgiving Day:
"If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!
With such a good dinner before me I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."
"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the sweet Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it how precious to me!
I'll give washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."
"And, oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queeno' all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."
Cried the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny and Hugh:
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."
"Oh, I thank you and thank you!" said little lame Jake;
"What a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And oh, such a big slice! I'll save all the crumbs,
And give them to each little sparrow hat comes."
And the sparrows, they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old gentlemen Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

—Selected

I GIVE THEE HUMBLE THANKS

For all the gifts that Thou dost send,
 For every kind and loyal friend,
 For prompt supply of all my need,
 For all that's good in word or deed,
 For gift of health along life's way,
 For strength to work from day to day,
 I give Thee humble thanks.

For ready hands to help and cheer,
 For list'ning ears Thy voice to hear,
 For yielded tongue Thy love to talk,
 For willing feet Thy paths to walk,
 For open eyes Thy Word to read,
 For loving heart Thy will to heed,
 I give Thee humble thanks.

—Author Unknown

THANKSGIVING

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

We walk on starry fields of white
 And do not see the daisies;
 For blessings common in our sight
 We rarely offer praises.
 We sigh for some supreme delight
 To crown our lives with splendor,
 And quite ignore our daily store
 Of pleasures sweet and tender.

Our cries are bold and push their way
 Upon our thought and feeling;
 They hang upon us all the day
 Our time from pleasure stealing.
 So, unobtrusive, many a joy
 We pass by and forget it;
 But worry strives to own our lives
 And conquer if we let it.

There's not a day in all the year
 But holds some hidden pleasure;
 And, looking back, joys oft appear
 To brim the past's wide measure.
 But blessings are like friends, I hold,
 Who love and labor near us;
 We ought to raise our notes of praise
 While living hearts can hear us.

Full many a blessing wears the guise
 Of worry or of trouble;
 Far-seeing is the soul, and wise,
 Who knows the mask is double.
 But he who has the faith and strength
 To thank God for his sorrow,
 Has found a joy without alloy
 To gladden every morrow.

We ought to make the minutes times
 Of happy, glad thanksgiving;
 The hours and days a silent phrase
 Of music we are living.
 And so the theme should swell and grow
 As weeks and months pass o'er us,
 And rise sublime at this good time,
 A grand thanksgiving chorus.

—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate

THANKSGIVING MEDITATION

by J. F. Simpson

The greatest legacy that mortal man has left to his children has accrued to be the greatest world power in our day — The United States of America. These fathers and mothers had a vision clear, a purpose firm, and a faith unfaltering when the acid test was applied. This legacy consisted of two parts; first, an undeveloped nation with treasures that yet in our day will take generations to tap the depths. Second, it consisted of moral and spiritual foundations upon which their children could build a great empire of God-fearing people. The cost and sacrifices were deep, but much prayer and tears sustained them as God and the church were given first place in their daily toil.

It might do all of us good if we could have them return for this Thanksgiving to tell us the full story. The greatest treasure that they left us was not the material, although this item is accruing to the figure of billions of dollars annually. Their greatest inheritance left to us can be listed as courage, faith, moral fiber, and the example of putting prayer, the church, and God in their lives and homes daily. They were not too busy to worship God on the Sabbath in the appointed places where parents and children assembled.

What legacy shall we, their children, leave to the next generation? In this our day the family altar is broken down and our beautiful churches with their spires pointing to heaven cry out because of neglect. We boast of being rich and modern, but Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who for over forty years has been trying to save us from ruin, says, that we are becoming reckless, lawless, delinquent, and violent. Shall we not pledge today to our founders a deeper dedication which will enable us to reach some of the goals they set for us? "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14:34).

—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

by Georgia B. Adams

O gracious Father, as we bow
 Before Thy throne today—
 We count the many blessings
 Thou hast shower'd upon our way.

The comfort of our humble homes,
 Our health and happiness,
 The strength provided for each day
 To meet the strain and stress.

We thank Thee for Thy precious Son
 Who brought salvation free,
 And for this mighty land of ours—
 A land of liberty!

So, Lord, help us to give Thee thanks
 For all that we hold dear—
 Not only on Thanksgiving Day
 But each day of the year!!

—The Church Herald

TRUE THANKSGIVING

by Helene Stewart Royster

How do I love Thee? Let me count the ways
In which Thy Grace flows forth upon my days;
Thy "love in action," poignant in its power,
Makes me aware of Thee each passing hour.

How do I love Thee? Is it for Thy gifts?
Reflecting on the daily wonders lifts
My soul! I cannot voice my praise
For loving-kindness shown in endless ways—
Life, friends, and freedom, health and song and trees—
I wonder . . . do I love Thee more than these?

How do I love Thee? Thou alone dost know
The depths from which my love for Thee doth flow!
But should these priceless treasures not be mine,
My perfect love and THANKS must still be thine.

—The Church Herald

TRUE THANKSGIVING

by E. M. B.

Though the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither fruit be in the vine;
Though the olive's labor fail me,
In the fields no grain I find;
Though the fold no flock may shelter,
Cattle cut off from the stall,
Yet in Christ I'll go rejoicing,
His salvation gives me all.

Thus had learned the Seer, Habakkuk—
True thanksgiving depends not
On abundance of possessions
As our special earthly lot;
Without wealth and without honor,
Without health or earthly store,
Naught of food and naught of raiment,
Yet with blessings running o'er.

We, who have this great salvation,
And our names inscribed above,
From our hearts springs of Thanksgiving
Bubble ceaselessly in love
To the Father, whose great blessings
Make us rich in wond'rous grace,
And He adds no sorrow with it
For faith sees His lovely face.

St. Paul gave the admonition
To give thanks in everything,
In the trials as in blessings
Gratefully our praise to bring;
For in Christ are all things centered,
And to those who own His sway,
He a table spreads before them,
Each day is Thanksgiving day.

—The Flaming Sword

THANKFULNESS

Thankfulness is our crowning glory. The soul untouched by this emotion is without the quickening power which marks the difference between life and death. We must bring the fruitage of a happy, grateful soul to the throne of God, or else we come before Him empty-handed. If we come not with smiles of grateful appreciation, we walk in darkness. If we carry no share of another's burden, we may still be weighted with a crushing load. If we lend no hand to a fellow wayfarer, we grope in vain for friendship. If we step not aside to give a firmer footing to a fallen brother, we fetter our own feet.

—Selected

THANKSGIVING

IN A MINOR KEY

by Donald S. Metz

In our materialistic and secularistic culture it is extremely easy to become utilitarian in our religion and thus regard God as primarily a Dispenser of things, objects, and comfortable stations in life. So we complacently thank God for fat turkeys, late model automobiles, and sleek-appearing furniture.

To be sure, one should be thankful for such material blessings. But if we thank God only for personal benefits derived from our religion or our nation, it is a far cry from the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers, who celebrated the first Thanksgiving in a minor key. For it was against a background of stark tragedy that the intrepid Pilgrims observed their day of Thanksgiving.

The bountiful harvest, as essential as it was to their continued existence, could not erase the memory of fifty new graves on the hillsides of Cape Cod. The rough new homes, as warm and snug as they were, could not shut out the haunting loneliness of the new land, so far from home. The friendship of the Indians, as welcome as it was, served as a poor substitute for the familiar faces three thousand miles away. Yet the Pilgrims celebrated the first Thanksgiving — even though in a minor key.

Only the courageous person can be truly thankful. The whimpering coward can know only a sense of relief or a sense of escape. The scheming opportunist can experience only a sense of selfish triumph. But the man of courage, who dares to risk his security, his ease, or his life, can express eloquently and devoutly his sense of thanksgiving.

In the middle years of the twentieth century there is a need for those with the dauntless courage to be thankful for struggles, for insecurity, for overpowering ideals, for tensions, for unpopularity, and for a cause worth one's life. For it is out of the lives of such sacrificial men and women that new kingdoms are hewn. And such stalwarts will eventually change their thanksgiving from the minor key to the major chord of endless thanksgiving before God.

—The Church Herald

THE HARVEST

by J. W. Chadwick

Now sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days;

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To deliver and husbandman yield;

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou Who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver Who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

—The Church Herald

FATHER, WE THANK THEE

by Mrs. John F. Underhill

We're thankful for the sunshine,
We're thankful for the rain,
We're thankful for the flowers
And harvest's golden grain.
We're thankful for our parents
And loving friends so dear,
We're thankful for Thy blessings
Through all the glorious year.
We're thankful for the mercies
That come from Heaven above,
But most of all we're thankful
For Jesus and His love.

—The Church Herald

THANKSGIVING

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings e'er marching the pathway of time.
We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased.
We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be,
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee,
That all our eternity may form through thy love,
Our Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above."

—Selected

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS

by Henry Ward Beecher

I thank God for two things — yea, for a thousand
— but especially for two among many. First, that I
was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave
me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never
can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were
to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven, it
would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which
I owe them for that which they unceasingly gave me
by the heritage of their bodies and the heritage of their
souls. And next to that I am thankful that I was
brought up in circumstances where I never became ac-
quainted with wickedness.

—The Highway and Hedge Evangel

PRAISE

by Jane Crewdson

O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give Thee thanks for every drop —
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace
Which nothing can destroy.

—Selected



Missionary Message

Those for Whom Jesus Died In Vain

by Bonnie Cleaver
on leave from Africa

"For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved and in that that perish: To the one we are a savour of death unto death; and to the other a savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?" II Cor. 2:15, 16. The above words are some of the most tragic found in the precious Word of God. There are two groups of people for whom the Lord Jesus has died in vain. The first group includes all those who have heard the wonderful words of life, but with the disciples in the gospel of John, they went back and walked no more with Him. Those whom God has called to proclaim His Word are always painfully aware of this group who hear and then decide that His sayings are too hard. This group will one day pass from this earthly life where they have roamed as dead men in trespasses and sins, into the realms of the wicked dead who inhabit the regions of the lost. Along with Saul of the Old Testament, Balaam, Achan, and others who once walked with the King but then returned to the "beggerly elements of the world," they will bemoan throughout eternity their foolishness and disobedience. For them Jesus died in vain because they heard but did not believe and obey.

But there is another group for whom Jesus has died in vain. They are the multitudes who have never heard of His love, and that God sent His Son that all the world may be saved. Let me describe some of these to whom the Bread of Life has never been given. In the dark African night a pretty young girl awakes in the stillness and feels the demons of hell grip her body and soul. She hurries out into the night in the thick jungle bush and literally attacks the sheep and the goats who belong to her father-in-law. As she

kills them she returns to her mat on the mud floor and falls into a fitful sleep. In the bright early dawn the household discovers the dead animals and cry out in despair, for these animals are used as legal tender in purchasing medicine from the witch doctor to keep the family well from the fatal curses of their foes. When investigation leads to the young woman she is carried to the Paramount chief and there she is punished, fined and placed in the village jail. They label her the "Leopard Woman" and people fear her and shun her. Deliverance for her will never come unless she hears of the One who sets the captives free, Who bled on Calvary and gained victory over the devil and death and hell. For her it is as though that victory had never been won so many years ago. She is among those for whom Jesus died in vain.

Out of the steaming jungles of Bolivia comes the sound of many primitive tools digging a grave. Nearby sits a sickly chief of the tribe patiently waiting while his friends dig his final resting place! He is not yet dead. They will bury him alive! Of course, would not your friends do for you this last rite so that you may escape the loneliness of dying alone perhaps on a jungle path and have the animals clean the flesh from your bones. There will be no cry of anguish on the lips of the man, no exclamation of protest as he is buried in this manner. Why? Because they who dig the grave and the one who shall be placed there do not know that at the end of death awaits a judgment from a God of wrath! An Almighty God who sent His Son so that all who die might be triumphant in passing from this world to the next because they have found Him. But they have no fear of a God they have never known. So the chief will follow in the long line of babies and others who were placed in shallow graves and felt the cold earth cover them as they suffocate and pass into a Christless eternity.

A newborn baby in New Guinea feels the clasp of its mother's hands,

not in love, but in desperate grasp as she strangles its life away. Thoughts run through her mind as she does so, things that tell her that there is not enough food for another one, or that she is killing only a girl and a boy is needed. Is it murder? To a heathen heart it may seem like mercy because the child will probably "go back" anyway because of severe malnutrition or other diseases that carry off hundreds of little ones in foreign lands. She is just a heathen mother who has never read that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not . . ." Yes, the child goes on to be with Him, having only known a few minutes of life, but what of the mother who will stand at the judgment with the blood of her child staining her hands because she never knew of the blood of Calvary that was shed that she too might be redeemed. For her Jesus has died in vain.

A young boy in heathenism eats his evening rice and ten minutes later falls to the ground never to rise again. When the rice is examined it is found to contain a deadly poison that has killed the child. His father was in "palaver" with another man and the enemy decided to punish him by killing his son. Now, the child will never learn to read and write, will never sing, "Jesus Loves Me," will never read the Bible. Neither will his father or his father's enemy. They live under the "rule of the jungle" and they are "swift to shed blood." They will never become doers of the word for they have never become hearers of the Word. No one came to tell them. For them Jesus has died in vain.

Strange isn't it? How can we who sing, shout, and get blessed here in the homeland fail and forget all of those other millions for whom He died? We sing, "He walks with me and He talks with me . . ." But for multitudes who have never walked or talked with Him, their first view of the Son of God will be at that Great Day of Judgment. Then He will not be their Saviour but their Judge.

(Continued on Page 10)

Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 1)

ference 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 the 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.

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.

School Principal

(Continued from Page 11)

in name only but in actuality, and it is our highest desire that our students be old-fashioned holiness young people, not in name only.

No school has any greater asset than the people who support it with their love and prayers. Without this we cannot maintain the purpose for which the school was founded. I trust that God will burden our hearts in prayer that we may see Him glorified through Penn View.

Holiness Teachings

(Continued from Page 2)

nowned among men.

The disciples were often disputing among themselves which should be the greatest, but Jesus washed their feet as an object lesson and commanded them to become servants of one another, if they would be great.

4. Humble people are modest in dress. They think more of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" than of the clothes they wear. They will endeavor always to be clean and neat, but never fine and showy.

5. They are also plain and simple in speech. They seek to speak the truth with clearness and accuracy and in the power of the Holy Spirit, but never with "great swelling words" and bombast, or with forced tears and pathos that will arouse admiration for themselves. They never try to show off. To them it is painful to have people say, "You are clever," "That was a fine speech." But they are full of humble, thankful joy, when they learn that through their words some sinful soul was saved, some erring son corrected, or some tempted one delivered. They speak not to please men, but their Heavenly Master; not to be applauded, but to feed hungry hearts; not to be admired of men, but to be approved of God.

And, on the other hand, their humility keeps them from criticising and judging those who have not these marks of humility. They pray for such people, and leave all judgment to God, who in His own time will try every man's work by fire. (1 Cor. 3:13)

"Be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." (1 Peter 5:5)

Anger and sloth, desire and pride.

This moment be subdued!

Be cast into the crimson tide

Of my Redeemer's blood!

—S. L. Brengle

Died in Vain

(Continued from Page 9)

What a terrifying experience! It is almost too frightening to speak of. To realize that they will see the books opened and discover that there is not inscribed there the names of those who have never heard, to be told that their final destiny is the lake of fire! For them to find out that He also died for them but they had never been told. Revelation 1:7 says that, "all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." No wonder, for they weep and wail because of Him, who was not willing that any should perish and yet they are lost. The blood was never applied to their hearts and for them Jesus died in vain!

Yes, the books shall be opened and we shall all be judged. And heathen hands may not be the only blood-stained ones seen there. In Eze. 3, we read that if we fail to warn the wicked, their blood will be required at our hands. How clean are your hands? Have you really prayed, given, and been willing to go if He ask you to? Will we be responsible for the multitudes who could have heard but because we have failed to tell them, they never did. For them He has died in vain! "And who is sufficient for these things?" "... And they were judged every man according to their works." Rev. 20:13b

Superintendent's

(Continued from Page 12)

they in proper order? Can we, without a guilt complex, do on the main road what we do on the back road. Would many evil thoughts and hideous crimes be brought to light if the back roads could talk? Have you been guilty of dumping refuse along the road? Remember we are exactly what we are on the back-roads.

GOLDEN GEMS

A timid minister had been told by one part of the congregation to preach the old-fashioned gospel and had been told by the other section to be broadminded. "Unless you repent," he said, "in a measure and you are converted, so to speak, you are, I am sorry to say, in danger of hell-fire and damnation to a certain extent."

Penn Views From the President

by Rev. Howard Frey, President

Penn View Bible Institute was born through faith and prayer. For a number of years holy men and women had carried the burden of the conviction that a Christian school be forthcoming in Central Pennsylvania. A school propounding the Wesleyan-Arminian doctrinal position with a conservative holiness emphasis. God has signally blessed Penn View during its five short years of history, and we wish to give Him all the praise.

On September a wonderful group of students entered the halls of Penn View in pursuit of a guarded Christian Education. The Lord has given us a student calibre that must be commended, also, we are favored with a faculty possessed with real spiritual sincerity and academic prowess. Our staff and workers are most excellent; each is endeavoring to do their part to make Penn View the school God is pleased for it to be.

The spiritual depth that pervades the chapel services as well as the recent revival is to be appreciated. God has laid His hand of approbation upon this school and desires it to accomplish His intended purpose.

At Penn View Bible Institute we attempt to have good discipline. There is a relationship between discipline in a school and the quality of education offered by that school. The christian home and the christian school must work and pray to develop disciplined children and young people. Students who do not obey people in authority over them, have trouble learning to obey God, who is a Spirit.

We feel that we are guilty before God if we permit students to go their own way and say that we can not do anything until God changes His heart. The Bible does not say that we should pray and adopt a "Hands-Off" approach to discipline. It is true, we must pray more than we do now but we must also reprove and punish. God uses reproof to the mind and the rod to the sense to reach the heart of the student. In this age of per-

missiveness this is most unpopular, however the Master teacher expects us to maintain good discipline. Both in the home and the christian school.

Penn View will only be the school it should be under God, with the co-operation and prayers of all concerned.

From the High School Principal

by Rev. Edwin P. Mayes
High School Principal

While discussing the purpose of our school with one of the teachers I emphasized the need of the students being trained academically as well as spiritually. School is a place where instruction is given and learning takes place. Penn View must not be a school in name only but in actuality. It is imperative that our students at Penn View receive an education compatible to their grades. Although academic training is important our main emphasis and purpose of existence is to train young people to find their place in God's will and learn how to live in that will.

The future of our world under God lies with us and the young people of our world but the future of our Church lies with us and the young people of our Church. We must maintain Penn View as an old-fashioned holiness school and that not

(Continued on Page 10)

Fragments By Frey

God has given us two ears, two eyes and only one tongue and it is surrounded by an ivory fortress. Therefore see and hear more than you speak.

If God has called you, don't spend time looking over your shoulder to see who is following you.

Mother asked her six-year-old what loving kindness meant. "Well," he said, "when I ask you for a piece of bread and butter and you give it to me, that's kindness, but when you put jam on it, that's loving-kindness."

What has become of the old-fashioned wood shed (or bock heisel) in back of the house, where a lot of what now passes for juvenile delinquency was settled out of court?

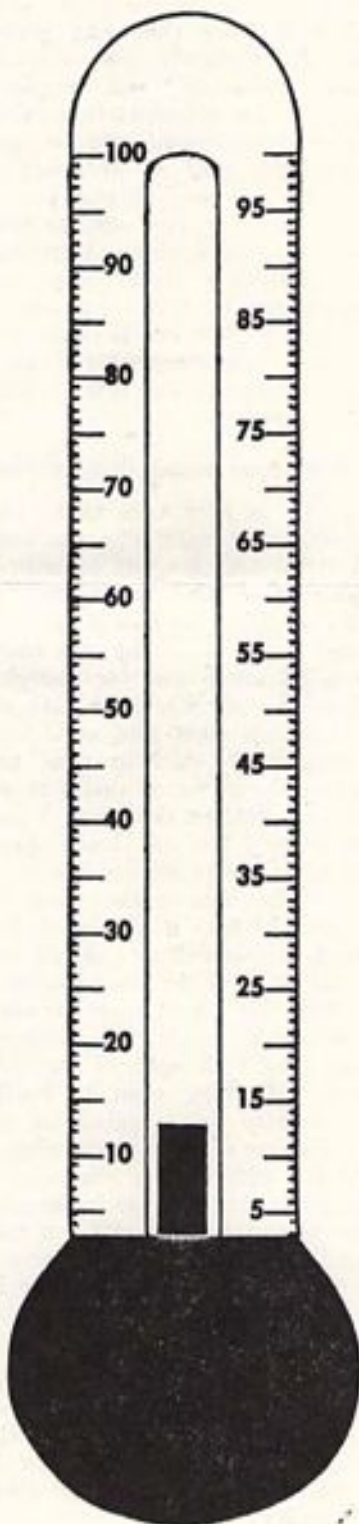
Have you ever tried to be what you think others should be?

Heavy loads seem lighter when you pull them on your knees.

If we desire an increase of faith, we must consent to its testing.

He who is not godly every day is not godly any day.

It is a great sin to love a small sin.



Superintendent's Message

by Rev. Paul Miller

Some time ago I traveled into some country where it became necessary for me to drive over a back-road. At first as I drove I saw only the unspoiled beauty of the country-side. But later God began to show me a truth with a spiritual application, this truth I wish to pass along to you.

I. Here was natural beauty

The ridges and valleys, the trees and the fragrance of the fresh mountain air helped me to see the beauty of this country-side untouched by human hand except for the gravel road I traveled. This was America as God made it, nothing superficial or destroyed, but natural and real. The parks, the playgrounds, and the places where tourists come are often changed and made over by man for show but not here, this is Pennsylvania, natural and beautiful.

Then God began to show me that man is really what he is in the back roads of his life. All too often what man sees is decorated especially for man to see and is not our real self at all. Our best manners, best behavior, etc. is on display many times for the public but is altogether different when on the back roads. This should not be the case but so very often is. Remember no one in God's sight is really any different than what he really is in the hidden self. How wonderful and relaxing it is to live every day as one should live. I visited a family some time ago, the wife told me some time later that her husband said, "I had to be so careful of my language while he was here." If one lives pure on the back roads he need not be so concerned lest he do something wrong when in public. It is true, however, many folk live two different lives. It is utter folly to live two separate lives, let us live everywhere what we really are and let this life be consistent with the will of God.

Occasionally one can see the true country even on the turnpikes. This is equally true in the spiritual life, for sometimes the mask is accidentally removed and we see men as they really are. As I traveled in a strange city some time ago I chanced to see one of my former church members waiting in a car. I didn't expect to

see her there and I can assure you that she didn't expect to see me. When I went up to the car to greet her and ask about the family her attire was altogether different than that which she wears to church and in her home town. You can imagine her embarrassment when she saw me but you know God sees always, even on our back-roads.

A farmer, who professed two works of grace, was trying to chase some hogs into a fence they had gotten out of. He certainly was unaware that his "preacher" was watching and after a few attempts that failed his anger was aroused and he used some language that no professor of religion should use. If one has in his heart what he professes to have he need never be anxious about such outward displays. That pastor was courteous when he said, "pardon the intrusion, but your life is showing." How is your back-road life? Does it correspond with that one that is usually on display?

II. Back-road cannot bear witness

Since this is very true many hideous crimes and dark sins are committed there that are not committed any where else. This truth came to me so forcefully, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The back roads of the mind are places for thoughts that perhaps may never go into action but brings guilt just as if they were committed. A long time ago and before I was saved dad put me to plowing a field on the farm. When he came home I had not done enough to please him so he scolded me quite severely. The next night when he came home the field was finished, but this time he scolded for doing too much and not resting the team as I should have. He didn't know for some time, but my anger was aroused and for days I thought of ways to get even with him, even to bodily harm, for, hate was brooding in my breast. I never did get to do what I thought but after I was converted I had to go to dad and seek forgiveness for this. "But why?" you ask, "You actually did no physical harm." All very true but I did have hate in my heart which in God's sight is murder.

There are many who will be found guilty in the judgment that never displayed there actual feelings in the back-roads of their minds. How is your thinking? The back road clear or is it guilty?

III. A dumping ground for refuse

Since no one can see and tell, the back road is often a dumping ground for refuse. I ask myself this question, "Have I made unpolluted ground a dumping place for my garbage?" Do we ever think of the harm in polluting an innocent mind with garbage? Oh! may we never be guilty of such garbage dumping. Before we begin to tell on a brother let us first ask, "Would Jesus do this?" "But," you say, "I saw this with my own eyes." Better still to talk to God about it than to tell another and pollute his innocent mind. A real christian brother and a gentleman will talk to the person involved first and try to convert a brother from the error of his ways, but, he never will tell the news around. Gossip and tale-bearing has become the crowning sin of the religious world. One man recently said, "If you want news to travel tell a church member." What a shame that the church must bear such reproach. Preachers are not excluded, we should be more quiet than any other on this matter.

Friend, it is neither ethical nor right to be a news agent in the religious world. If the news must be given be the last to give it not the first. Let the radio and the newspaper give the news, God did not call us to be reporters or news-boys. How much better to spend the time in prayer that we spend on investigating other lives and giving the news.

Often the news we give is not correct. Think of the influence killed by incorrect reporters. Politicians slander their opponents but we are not politicians that we should slander our fellow men, or are we? Reader, minister, are you a politician that would slander a fellowman to get his position, then you are not a christian. The ten commandments are relevant for our day including "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Let us recheck our back-roads. Are
(Continued on Page 11)

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

This year why not make your Christmas giving spiritual? Provide a year-long blessing for your friends and loved ones by subscribing to the **God's Missionary Standard** for them. They will receive an appropriate notification as to the gift and the giver. The price remains at \$1.00 a year — a bargain in anybody's book!