

We Need a Fresh Meeting With God

by Vance Havner

I have no fancy name for it, but the one thing needful is a brand-new experience of God among His people. I do not care what your favorite name for it may be. We have named it aplenty, but most of us have never known it. The infilling of the Spirit, full surrender, consecration, the victorious life, perfect love, revival — whatever you call it — most of us don't have it!

Too much of our orthodoxy is correct and sound, but it is like words without tune. It does not stir the wells of the heart. It has lost its hallelujah; it is too much like a catechism, not enough like a camp meeting. We may smile at our forbears, call some of them primitive and antiquated, but they had a vividness and vitality, a fervor and fire, that makes us look like fireflies beside their flaming torches.

We need a heart warming like Wesley knew that evening on Aldersgate Street. We need to find what Fletcher reached when, after wearying all hours of the night seeking peace, his eyes fell upon the verse of scripture reading: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" (Ps. 55:22). We may have it in a motto on the wall; but the Word hung up in the house is one thing, the Word hidden in the heart is another.

We need to learn with Frances Ridley Havergal, worn out with heart searching and wrestling with sin, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" (I John 1:7) is the key that unlocks the gate of bondage and sets the spirit free.

I do not mean that we are to copy their experiences. For one it may be as cyclonic and tempestuous as Finney's dramatic meeting with the Lord. For another it may be as serene as an autumn sunset, as with A. B. Earle when a sweet heavenly peace filled his soul and a calm, childlike trust took possession of his whole being.

We may rise from our knees singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" like a camp meeting Methodist; or we may feel so subdued that we can only whisper "Abide With Me." But whatever form it takes, we all need a fresh meeting with God!

For one it may mean nights of prayer, not because God is slow but because we are stubborn. It may mean tears of repentance, for our spiritual eye-sight is bad these days, and we see better after our eyes are cleared by the saltiness of godly sorrow. It may mean giving up something that displeases God, or undertaking something that pleases Him.

But whatever may be necessary, one may, with a flowing experience of the Lord, be worth a library full of arguments.

We are God's witnesses, not His lawyers, and we have been apologetic when we should be apostolic! People do not usually find God at the end of an argument. Simon Peter usually comes to Jesus because Andrew went after him with heavenly compassion and holy compulsion.

Call it what you will, we need a brand-new meeting with God.

— Reprinted from *Pillar of Fire*.

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GUEST EDITORIAL



Purity Without Strain

J. Ray Shadowens

The Purity we prize must be safe, sane, and scriptural. There is a need to rescue this significant term from the mystical, abstract vagaries that too long have obscured its rich meaning.

Purity, as it refers to inner moral and ethical cleansing, has been defined as "... the removal of whatever God could not admit to His immediate presence, and fellowship with Himself; in other words, the abolition of sin itself."

Thomas Cook's classic definition is: "By purity of heart we mean that which is undefiled, untainted, free from evil stains, without earthly alloy." Another writer sets it forth in a more positive vein: "The single motive to please God and hence arises total indifference as to what others say and think, so that the words and actions are perfectly simple and natural, as in His sight only."

That such purity is desirable, no serious-minded Christian would question. The spiritual quest that is consummated in an experience of transparent righteousness of earnest believers is worthy of our diligent pursuit.

In a most enlightening devotional manual, purity is grouped with obedience, simplicity, humility, frugality, generosity, truthfulness, and charity as indispensable disciplines of the Christian life. Just as love has been designated by G. Campbell Morgan as the whole cluster of "the fruits of the Spirit," so the writer of this practical aid to spiritual growth and development asserts that "to be pure means all these things."

Another twentieth-century writer, revealing rare insight into the Spirit-filled life, warns those who make Christian holiness their goal that "the Spirit is not to be strained after." To pursue with taut effort "the life hid with Christ in God" is to encounter some disheartening setbacks and keen disappointments. In far too many instances it bogs down into a humanistic effort perilously close to an unsatisfactory self-improvement program—a sort of religious "do it yourself" project.

If the victorious life means anything, according to E. Stanley Jones, it is "... that the strain has been taken out." To many pilgrims on the path of personal sanctity, this news may come as some new discovery. Their struggles to reflect a winsome piety, the trying hard to be graciously good, have marked painfully their venture of faith.

It may seem to be flying into the teeth of much that is offered in some present-day religious publications—but Peter's post-Pentecostal testimony, "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as *he did* unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (Acts 15:8-9), should settle once and for all time that heart purity is obtained by the obedient, trusting believer without strain.

Discipline is not to be ruled out as an imperative to Christian maturity. But a pure heart received without strain is one thing; a life of ever-enlarging Christlikeness comes as the sanctified believer works out the disciplines of holy living in love "out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned" (I Tim. 1:5).



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS — 1982

Paul Clough

President Walter, Principal Fuller, administration, faculty, staff, fellow classmates, family, and friends, music holds a great part in each of our lives. As a music major at Penn View Bible Institute, I have had the privilege to learn not only the history of music but its composition, also. For the past few years, music has held a high place in my life. Now, you may say, "But, I don't really know that much about music, and it doesn't have much of a place in my life!" But, wait a minute. Let's take another look at music. Would your church service be any different on Sunday if there were no music? What about your radio? If there weren't any music on the radio, would you still listen to it as much? Even the birds make music! What if they never sang? There are many other examples of music in our lives. It does have a place.

But this naturally raises some questions. Two that I would like to speak on tonight are: "What type of music should I let into my life?" and "What value should I place on this music?"

Ephesians 5:18, 19 says, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." These verses clearly show us the type of music we should let into our lives. But, what is meant by psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs? Psalms are scripture set to music that is taken directly from the book of Psalms. It can be a direct quotation or a metrical arrangement of the psalm. Hymns are songs of doctrine, songs of petition, or songs of praise to or about God. They are directed upward to God as though speaking to Him. Spiritual songs could refer to our other type of sacred song like the Gospel song or the Gospel special. A Gospel song is a song of testimony of what God has done for you or can do for others. This is directed outward to our fellow man. The main difference between this and the Gospel special is that the Gospel special is for solos, duets, trios, quartets, or choirs and the Gospel song is more for congregational use.

Now let's take a look at a few songs and see what they say. A Gospel special by Tom Stipe, sung by a group

called Maranatha, is called "Big City Blues". Here's the first verse:

*Well along came Willie, His first
time to the city, to see
what kind of folks he would find;
To find a place for a start, Somewhere
to rest a troubled
heart, searchin' for a satisfied mind.
He was strollin' down First Avenue -
who do you think he'd
run into? Some boys lookin' for
some fast cash!
They knocked Willie in the head,
Split with all his hard earned
bread, Tossed him in the alley with
a crash.*

As they left him there he became aware of THE BIG CITY BLUES.

After a few verses, the Lord is finally mentioned, and the song ends with the Lord making Willie "free from sorrow, free from sin" in the Big City Blues. Is this talking about the same God who created this world, who died on Calvary, and who rose again? What this is actually doing is lowering our Christ to be just like the guy next door.

Let's look at another song by Honeytree. This song is "That's When We Learn to Fly":

*How about a riddle? How about a
little game you can play with words?
When do all the people stop all
their walking and fly like a flock of
birds?*

*The answer is when Jesus comes to
gather all His little children home.*

*He'll catch us up into the sky, and
that's when we learn to fly.*

*We'll fly, we'll fly. He catches us in
the sky.*

Have you heard the word? Flying isn't only for birds! Is this speaking of Christ's coming? Christ said, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you onto myself, that where I am there ye may be also," John 14:3. We're going to fly like the birds? Rise and fly like the birds if you want, but I'm going to rise with Christ!

Do these songs speak of God in His majesty and glory? Do they tell how God can transform a sinner's life and bring the joy and peace that only He can give? Do they bring comfort to a troubled soul? How much more meaningful are the words penned by Charles Wesley:

*Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to
Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While
the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till
the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide. Oh, re-
ceive my soul at last!*

*Other refuge have I none; Hangs
my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, ah, leave me not alone; Still
support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All
my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head With
the shadow of Thy wing.*

*Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More
than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name; I am all
unrighteousness,
False and full of sin I am; Thou art
full of truth and grace.*

*Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art; Freely
let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.*

According to Ephesians 5:18, 19, the songs we sing should either be addressed to God, be about God, or tell what God has done for us and can do for others. This has primarily been dealing with the text of the music, though. What about the tune or the music itself?

Lynn Thayer, in his book "The Church Music Handbook", asks these two questions about the tunes we use. First, "... is the general flow of the tune in keeping with our concept of the majesty, dignity, magnitude and power of our Creator?" And then he asks, "From your acquaintance with the personality of Jesus, how many of the tunes you know about Him would you actually be proud to sing before Him?"

Sometimes we ignorantly say, "Let's sing the old hymns of the church. We should not use the music of the world!" But, where did our old hymn-tunes come from? Martin Luther, who was the first evangelical hymn writer, "sought for simple, popular melodies." He got these "from existing plainsong and sacred and secular folk-song melodies..." (A Survey of Christian Hymnody, William Jensen Reynolds). We sing his songs today as some of the "old hymns" and yet some of them came from secular sources. So what makes a

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Florida District News

"Brother Sarver, where can I pitch my tent?"

"Which way to the showers?"

"Richard, you're on K.P. today!"

These were many of the sounds heard at the first God's Missionary youth camp, held at Orange City, Florida from June 21-26, 1982. Eighteen campers pitched tents for a week of fellowship, spiritual guidance and instruction in Biblical principles.

One of the highlights of the camp was a chalk talk by Rev. Peter Fair and Dale Heinzelman. Another enjoyable experience was a canoe trip at Blue Springs state park.

Many churches donated money or food to help with expenses. We extend a hearty thanks to them.



Mrs. Walter Bayes, pictured here, served as camp cook. Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Thomas helped in many ways, as did Rev. and Mrs. James Cooper and Mrs. Sandy Haught. Camp director was Rev. Clifford Sarver. Rev. Richard Klein from Hobe Sound taught the teenage Bible class, and Eunice Norton, from Seffner, taught

the juniors.

Many campers are looking forward to next year's youth camp, which should be held at the new conference center, now under construction.



Pictured here are the campers from the Kissimmee God's Missionary Church as they prepared to leave for Orange City. They are left to right: Phyllis Thomas, LaVonne Olsheke, Carl Thomas, Richard Hight, Jonas Hight, Gary Thomas, Artie Thomas, Robert Hight and Steven Olsheke.

Brush arbor days became a reality to those who attended the youth rally at Fort Myers Rescue Mission in June. Due to pressure from city zoning ordinances, those at the mission are not allowed to hold worship services inside their buildings. Not to be outdone, the men built a "brush arbor" from palm branches and held the youth rally in the courtyard of the mission. Rev. Philip Ledger, mission pastor, preached on "Holiness". Seekers prayed at the altar. A pitch-in dinner and fellowship were enjoyed afterward.

Those Amazing Methodists — The Wesley Brothers

A. W. Tozer

Two hundred and fifty years ago there was born into an English home a baby boy who was to become one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all the hymn writers of the ages, the inspired David alone outranking him.

The boy was named Charles, and the home into which he was born was that of Samuel and Susannah Wesley. Charles was the eighteenth child, but not quite the last, for one more came later to make a total of nineteen little Wesleys. John was four years old when his brother Charles was born, and as they played about over the floor no one could have foreseen that the two of them would later team up to shake all England and finally the entire civilized world.

The sovereignty of God (a doctrine the Wesleys did not stress too much) could hardly be better displayed than in this Anglican home. Eight of the children died in infancy, and when some enemies of the straight-preaching Samuel Wesley set the parsonage on fire the nest burned down, but God preserved the young larks from a fiery death. Later John remembered this terrifying experience and with a characteristically happy turn he applied to himself the words of the Scripture that speaks of a brand "plucked out of the burning." Such he was in more ways than one, and such were Charles and the rest of the fledglings.

It would be a fascinating if not a particularly edifying exercise in speculation to try to second guess the history of the Christian Church over the last two centuries and write it as it might have been if Susannah Wesley had been a feminist or had insisted upon a "career" or had believed in "planned parenthood" and had limited her family to fourteen, which would of course have deprived the world of John Wesley; or had pleaded ill health or hard work and had refused to bring an eighteenth child into the world and so robbed the church of the treasures of sweet song later to be bestowed upon it by that eighteenth child, Charles Wesley.

The story of the unsuccessful missionary journey of the two consecrated brothers is too well known to need retelling here. They returned to

England self-confessed failures and learned from some Moravian brethren the reason for their failure. For all their self-discipline, their much praying and their hard religious exercises, they had not been truly converted to Christ. Their knowledge of God had been theological, not personal.

First Charles, and a few days later John Wesley, entered into a saving knowledge of God through the new birth, and it may be that since the conversion of Saul on Damascus Road there had not occurred a personal religious experience of greater importance to more people than that of the two Wesley brothers. Out of the fire of their spiritual encounter came not only the Methodist Church, but, later, the Salvation Army and many Christian societies and institutions with tremendous power to elevate society and to quicken and transform individual men and women morally and spiritually.

Though we do not usually think of him as such, John Wesley was a reformer. For the established church of his day was sterile and its clergy, with rare exceptions, were almost completely ignorant of the very religion they were being paid to promote. They served a state-controlled church to make a living, as a man today might dig coal or work as a bank teller. Church offices were brought and sold at a profit and shrewd hirelings grew fat on the tithes of the poor.

A corrupt clergy could not but produce a corrupt people. The moral conditions of the masses became so incredibly bad as to stagger the imagination. Drunkenness, brutality, narcotic addiction, obscenity, prostitution and violence filled all the land and there was no one to care. Priest and churchman either joined in the general debauch or coldly withdrew to engage in practices more polite but equally iniquitous.

Into an England such as this the Wesleys were born, and the notion is instantly ruled out that they were the product of their times. Samuel and Susannah Wesley saw to it that they were not. Let everlasting thanks be to God for those serious-minded and high-principled parents who, while they were in the world, were not of the world, and who managed even in

the midst of a wicked and adulterous generation to instill the fear of God into their children. England will ever owe them a mighty debt of gratitude, and informed Christians throughout the whole world may well thank them for providing a home morally fitted to nurture two such giants in the faith as John and Charles Wesley.

While both men remained within the fold of the Anglican Church to the last day of their lives, their evangelistic fervor and their burning zeal soon made them too hot for the lukewarm church to handle. John especially was too bold, too articulate and too much given to condemning dead religion; and worst of all the common people heard him gladly. While the established church never unfrocked him, the local churches took measures just as effective: they simply locked their doors against him and forced him to preach on the streets and in the fields, which he did with such remarkable success that one is tempted to believe that in locking him out they did him and the world a real favor.

With John preaching saving grace to the common man on the street and Charles setting the rediscovered evangelical doctrines to music (though he too was an effective preacher) things began to look up again in England. Thousands of the plain people were converted, many of them from lives of unspeakable wickedness to lives of great purity and moral power. The Wesleys did not try to please the masses; they preached judgment and hell and the need to flee from the wrath to come, and they would not accept any man's testimony unless he could back it with complete separation from worldly practices and a life lived in conformity with the will of God as revealed in the New Testament.

The converts became so numerous that they created a problem for the fiery evangelists. The established church feared to admit them even if they had desired it, so there was nothing to do but to form them into groups for instruction and worship. These groups came to be called Methodist Societies, and their story is so heartening that every Christian should acquaint himself with it.

— The Message of the Cross



We Still Believe In Miracles

Two women came to the house and led us to the man standing against the wall of the stadium, and by his side on the cement was a puddle of fresh red blood. I looked at him, at the blood, and led him gently across the main highway and over to our house. He was by himself, the women passing by had seen him and came to get me. After inquiring as to where he lived and being told that he lived in the city we knew he was in no condition to return there some eight miles away from the mission. We put him in the spare room of the school building and fixed mats for him to sleep, planning in the morning to take him to the T.B. sanatorium, knowing he had T.B.

Before he entered the room he told me he had left his cousin at a place where they were fasting and praying and that he should go and find her. I ask him why he had left the place of prayer ... and was told he was hungry and went to look for some food. I took him to the house where they had been praying and found the young woman, who had not known what happened to her cousin. I took her with me and explained that I wished to try to take him to the hospital in the a.m. The hospital was on the way to the village church so I knew it was possible for me to find a nurse there at that time.

As we prepared some food for them and sought to find all the medicine we wished to give him, we prayed that God would touch him. Rice and soup was what they usually like but I thought I better check and see what he is able to eat since he was vomiting blood continually. I had given him an empty peach can to spit in and showed her where to pour it when it became full. When I asked them about the food she told me that they had not eaten for about five days. Thinking it was because of his sickness I asked her why and she replied, "We had no means." - then I knew that they had no money to buy food. How had he survived this long? I gave them the food and we prayed together for God to keep it down. While leaving I glanced at the can and saw it filled with blood.

After about a half hour I returned to the room with an injection for the

vomiting and sedative to help him sleep. He had a prayer book with him and I gave him a Creole N.T. talking to them about the Lord and asking him if he was prepared for heaven. They both told me they were Christians and believed God could undertake for his suffering.

I prayed through the night as any tiny noise awakened me and I kept listening to see if sounds of wailing or screaming were coming from the room, meaning that the Lord had taken him ... but none were heard. I asked God not to let him die, if it were His will.

In the morning early I fixed coffee and bread and went to see how they were. He had not slept at all, but they had not called me. He had not stopped vomiting blood, it was on the sheet, on the floor, the can overflowing by the side of the mat, and they had not called me. I wondered at their courage and endurance, their lack of fear at what seemed to be approaching death. Surely they knew God, for ordinarily these people become very distraught and emotional at any type of sickness. We prayed again and prepared to go to the hospital. They had been able to eat the food and I prayed he would not continue coughing so badly as we drove along. I noticed that the girl had been crying softly and the tears still lingered on her face. When the young men from the Bible School came to go along to the village church I explained the situation and we left.

Knowing that I could not take him to the san without Dr.'s orders I drove first of all to the regular hospital hoping they would give me that order ... they are not far from the san. We had gone about three fourths of the way and I was thankful that he had not been coughing, when suddenly he started coughing convulsively and I turned my head to see the blood again flowing into the can ... my heart cried out to Him, "Please Lord let him be all right till we get there."

At the hospital they took him to the emergency room and when the doctor saw him and all the blood he was very very upset. Knowing he was T.B. and he told me they had no insolation

ward, he would be fired if they knew he had admitted him, and on and on. I quickly explained that I did not want him admitted, that I only wanted a Dr.'s order so that he could be taken to the sanatorium. After this explanation he quieted down, wrote the orders and told me to come back and see him if they would not accept him.

The first nurse I met at the sanatorium told me to go away that no doctor was there and they never admitted anyone on Sunday. But I have a friend there who often helps me when it seems there is no help so I sought her out ... and found her. She immediately had him admitted when she saw the can full of blood. Again we prayed together and I asked God to heal him. When I returned from the service at the village they had him on I.V. and other medicine with nurses caring for him so we went on home with a promise to return to him in the morning with basin, toothbrush, an empty gallon jug for water and pajamas.

I could not find the pajamas that day but went with the other things. When praying that morning I wondered to myself if he would need the things, how long would he live, but we had prayed and believed and already God had worked all things out for us. So when I pulled into the hospital and walked in to see him smiling contentedly, no sign of blood anywhere, and all the patients and nurses standing in amazement at the change in him, I knew that our God had worked a mighty miracle! He was sitting up on the bed, eating, sleeping, not vomiting at all and we praised and rejoiced together.

With rest and continued prayer he shall be able to live to tell many others how God brought a missionary to his aid, and that with prayer and faith he was brought back from the brink of death to glorify Him Who always cares! Thank you for praying that our strength shall endure as we receive from Him each day for whatever circumstance faces us in His service here.

your servant for Jesus sake,
Bonnie Cleaver

For The Boys and Girls

Bruce's Tid-Bit Victory

Bruce and his mother felt very thankful to God for answering prayer. They had asked, if it were His will, that Bruce might have the corner under the street lamp, if Kenney ever made a change — and at last it had been given to him.

As he stood under the white light of the lamp, Bruce was thinking of Kenney. For him, the corner had proved too near to the candy store where the plain bars and suckers at an honest price moved very slowly, while the "chance" boards were kept busy all the time. In the candy store, not more than 10 feet from Bruce's news stand, were at least a dozen of these.

"Don't meddle with them, my boy," his mother had warned him. "You remember how you caught the little mouse last night, Bruce? You placed one of your cheese tid-bits a few feet away from the trap, then another, and another, and at last you laid one right on the little iron spring of the trap. Satan has these little 'dots' and 'lucky' numbers on the candy cards, each calling for a mammoth sucker or a jumbo bar, to lead you into the snare of gambling. Then at the right moment he will spring his trap and he will have you fast."

"I think you are right, Mother," Bruce has answered. "That's exactly how Kenneth lost his corner. He could not keep away from the little store, and pretty soon he was tempted to spend the manager's share of the money as well as his own, thinking of course, he would soon win enough 'lucky' draws to make it up. But it didn't work out as he had thought and they took him to jail. Poor Kenney!"

Cold shivers had run up and down Bruce's backbone as he thought of Kenney locked up in a narrow cell with only bread and water, and then maybe having to go to the Reform School.

"Never touch the first one of the devil's tid-bits, Bruce, and you will never get into this trap. That is what God meant when He said, 'Provide things honest in the sight of all men.' Those chance boards are not honest; there is a hidden serpent behind them, ready to bite and sting and get you into trouble just as Kenney has

found out.

"Maybe if we can keep our twenty-five-cents-a-week plan going long enough, there may be enough left after we get your new trousers for a real honest bar, and you may have it all, my brave little man."

"You mean that I will have one third of it, and you and baby sister the other two-thirds," Bruce had said as he kissed her and baby sister and hurried to the stand. . .

"Journal! Jour-nul! All about the big liner!" Bruce's cherry call and polite "Paper, Mister?" were winning sales for him right along. His left pocket was already getting rather heavy with coins from honest hard work.

"That horseshoe must be bringing you good luck Buddy, I've been waiting here two full minutes for my turn."

Bruce's customer was a business-like man in a broad-rimmed hat, who held a bill in his hand.

"It is not the horseshoe, sir. That only keeps my papers from blowing away. My help comes from the Lord. Mother and I always ask Him to help me sell out early. Here's your Journal, Mister." Bruce quickly counted out the right change.

"Suppose we flip for it," said the customer. "Heads, you give me the paper free. Tails, I pay you this dollar bill for it."

Oh! A whole dollar! Bruce's eyes opened wide. "That could not be any chance-board game nor jumbo-bare trap either. That was really earning money fair and square," the tempter was saying. Had not the man offered to do this himself? Good luck was coming in answer to their prayers!

But just then came Mother's text — "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." That couldn't be honest — the paper wasn't worth a dollar, and yet if the nickel said "tails," the man would have to give a dollar for it. And — what if it should say "heads"? Then Bruce would lose the money for his sale, and he could not afford that.

There was not one thing honest about this entire affair.

Just then he thought of Kenney. Kenney used to flip nickels. How sad

Kenney looked when the two big policemen had loaded him into the patrol wagon and taken him to jail. They did not even give him time to gather up his papers. Kenney had looked as if he wanted to die, but was afraid to meet God. Maybe flipping nickels is what started him wrong.

"No, sir! None of that for me," Bruce decided.

"Here is your paper sir, and here is the change," Bruce said, "I can not afford to lose either the price of a paper or my soul by doing what I know is not honest."

"Thanks!" smiled the stranger as he tucked his paper under his arm and disappeared in a waiting taxi.

"Journal! Journal!" Bruce was soon busy again, the three cents jingling with a merry sound among the other small coins in his pocket.

Bruce did not know that his customer was the manager of the Daily Journal, nor that a new suit of clothes marked "paid," that was exactly his size, was going to be delivered at his home next day, addressed, "To the Boy Who Would Not Gamble." But he knew that he had escaped the devil's trap by refusing the "tid-bit" he had offered him and he felt very thankful to God for His help and to Mother for her good advice.

While Bruce continued to sell Journals on that corner he had several candy bars, but he always bought the "honest-to-goodness" kind, as he called them, to avoid the devil's "tid-bit" bait.

— Selected

We praise God for a special answer to prayer. Rev. George Schaefer, director of the Fort Myers Rescue Mission, received word last month that his mother had suffered from the bursting of an aneurysm in her head. Brother Schaefer and his wife traveled to New York state, praying that God would allow them to be tools of witness. We are happy to report that Brother Schaefer's mother is now better, and is able to respond to those around her.

ALTAR CONSCIOUSNESS

Dr. C. W.
Butler

Some of our evangelists appear to work with an altar consciousness that makes them very restless and unhappy unless they see **filled altars** continually. This altar consciousness issues in evangelists discounting the work of the Holy Spirit in building the congregations which sit before them, making unfavorable comparisons between past and present in our work, and disparaging the experiences of the people, thus creating an atmosphere in which it is very difficult to work.

Some of our men begin their meetings with a demand for a spiritual response before they give the people anything to feed them and bless them and awaken a spiritual response. The method sometimes used reminds me of the incident related in one of Stanley Jones' books, where an aunt took her niece and nephew to see a circus. The young lad became greatly frightened in the presence of the elephant, and began to scream and cry; whereupon the old auntie shook him severely and said, "I brought you here to enjoy yourself. Now **enjoy yourself.**" Some of our workers want the people to be shouting happy before they set the table of the Lord in a way to even give them, spiritually speaking, a bowl of hot soup. Instead of this method, if our men could be freed from the consciousness of the altar, and would intelligently send forth God's Word in a ministry deep and rich, they would feed and build the saints, and would soon win a true spiritual response and create an atmosphere in which saints would be burdened, in prayer and joyful in testimony.

To demand these results of people without meeting the conditions for precipitating them, is one of the gross inconsistencies which make some of our meetings a genuine bore to intelligent people, and which discounts our people and all of our work in the eyes of those who do attend, who are not in the experience.

I often hear disparaging comparisons between the present and the past, together with criticisms of the

holiness people and holiness work, which are really destructive rather than constructive in their results. If all our evangelists and pastors and camp meeting committees could get the vision of sending forth the Word of God, and trusting the Holy Spirit for results, giving the Word and the Spirit time to precipitate conviction, and to stir to needful activity the holy people, it would greatly advantage our whole movement at this time. There is need of a teaching ministry, and a strong preaching of the deep things of God from the Word. When this is done and the altar results are not hurried, they always come in a very substantial and lasting manner. If a man has a true Bible ministry, and sets forth the Word of God, anointed by the Holy Spirit, he ought never to say at any time in a meeting, "Nothing has happened here yet," because he has not had altars filled with seekers. Something **does** happen in the hearts and lives of people who listen to the pure Word of God under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

If time is given to follow this method, something will happen by the way of altar crisis, to those who need it, before a ten-days' meeting is over. The restless desire for apparent success causes men very often to pull to the altar people who have nothing to do after they come there, except to pick up the confidence which they cast away when they came. An intelligent measuring of the history of our work, and being satisfied to serve the present age and its need, will bring about genuine results more quickly than the direct effort simply to get people to the altar without the kind of preparation that Bible preaching and spiritual burden bring.

The writer has worked in a camp meeting where in a given year there were two hundred altar seekers. Returning to the same camp another year, with the same congregation present, numbering not more than four or five hundred people, the altar work was not like the year before, which was really a compliment to the thoroughness of the work done

previously. However, a co-worker who had not been present the year before, was restless, unhappy, and censorious, declaring that we ought to have two or three hundred people at the altar. On this occasion we had **witnesses** present instead of **seekers**. To be sure there was 'work to be done, and work **was** done; but to have two or three hundred people out of the same congregation at the altar each of the five years I served that camp, would simply have meant threshing the same straw over, destroying the confidence of the people, or it would have meant that the work was superficial, and that experiences supposedly obtained were lost in the interim of each year's camp.

It is the false standard of measuring every meeting by what happens at the altar, regardless of the history of the work in the community, or regardless of the people you have to deal with, which I deplore.

It is my judgement that throughout our entire movement today we need strong Bible preaching and the wholesome singing of hymns, with an absence of any cheap effort at excitement and a waiting upon God for the deep moving of the Holy Spirit, satisfied to take such apparent results as accrue from the use of the most intelligent and wholesome methods.

The opposite of this means to keep burning over ground until many are discouraged, and the people lose their power to lift, and their faith to believe, for anything aggressive in the work.

I am well aware that men who fill the altars are counted "evangelistic," whereas those who do a much more substantial work are often discounted because of the false standards which I have sought to discover to my readers in this article. I am deeply convinced that God is building saints today who are as truly the product of His divine grace as in any day of the past. Let us recognize this fact, and while seeking to be thorough and to avoid dangers, let us not discount our true witness, nor seek to destroy their confidence in order to fill our altars.



Rev. John F. White
Home Missionary Superintendent

The Future of Gods Missionary Church

Matt. 21:34... And when the time of the fruit drew near he sent his servants ... that they might receive the fruits of it...

Have you ever sat down and seriously thought about the future of our beloved church. I know we are not to boast of the tomorrows but Jesus did say we are to occupy until He comes. Therefore we do have a future before us. When the time comes to receive the fruits of today's plantings in our church what will be the outcome? Our prayers are all means to both present and future blessings. Are we truly praying about our conference; its spirituality, its finances and its numerical growth. Its leadership, pastors and our fellow members all need daily prayer. If more of our people would pray for each other we would find less friction, displeasure and fault finding with each other. When one prays for another the fruit received is always wrapped in love. The more prayer the deeper the love.

As you give to the local church do you give with the future in mind? The investment of your giving comes in the tomorrows. Have you given today so that when the dividends return they will show a profit. Your attendance to all the meetings today help insure the open door of your church in the future. A steady going to church

produces the fruit of faithfulness. Faithfulness never brings defeat.

Your Home Missionary Department is one of the major areas that deals with the future of God's Missionary Church, Inc. This is the arm of extension, the hand of outreach, the heart of evangelism. The men elected to this office have a serious work. They hold within their means the very future of our denomination. This is a position of great spiritual responsibility. We want a scriptural church, a church that reaches out to the soul's need, not just a mere expansion of buildings and properties. This department works with the smaller divisions of our congregations. It is a department that faces great financial need, lack of ministers to put to work, problems that become discouraging.

Strong hearted, spiritual minded men must be chosen to meet the needs of today and the future of our beloved church. Christ will be expecting fruit in the future; not only on earth but in heaven. We will have to give an account of our works, and be rewarded for the same. Each board meeting, each program selected and promoted, each visit to every church will have its future fruit inspection time. We work not for ourselves but for the King of Kings. Our plans, must include the highest spiritual aims possible. The

future of our church is at stake. What we permit, in the developing of new works will set the standard for that church's development. Therefore we need high standards, deep scriptural convictions, a foundation of fervent prayer, and sacrificial giving.

Each one of you out there, pastor and layman are very important to this cause. With you we either rise or fall. Our work is limited to your support. We need your backing all the way all the time. We are interested in church expansion but only through the means of revival. We want to add to our number but only as the Lord adds to us. We want to do more for the kingdom so when the time comes to present the fruits we have wholesome fruit to present.

In the new conference year this department must have your support like never before. Each member of this board will depend on it. God requires it and the future of God's Missionary Church will rise and fall with it. The time is very near when Christ will send his servants to receive the fruits of our labors. The Spirit tells us in the Book of Revelation that when the saints die their works do follow them. What we do today becomes an eternal part of us. It is time we take the Home missionary work very serious. We need a conference wide revival, an evangelistic thrust, a going ahead in this new year. Pray today about your part in the future of our beloved church. Give your share in helping promote that future. If the Lord calls you home your works will follow you. If Jesus comes all good seed will be rewarded. We cannot fail our children, grand-children, friends and neighbors. We do not want a church that just has a glorious part but one with a glorious future. This is all left up to us. It is in our hands. The new conference year will give us a greater challenge than last year. New plans, new problems and new victories. When you are called to give account of your fruit to the Master concerning Home Missions what will be your reward. Think of it! He may summon today. Tomorrow may be too late.



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.....

(Continued from Page 3)

good hymn-tune? The qualifications for using tunes should not be when or where they were written but, rather, how they were written. "The jiggy, jouncy, 'ump-ti-ump-ti-ump' stuff which has been written in the name of worship, (the) fancy-tickling tune that belongs in the 'Tin Pan Alley'," and the repeated beat of modern rock music has no place in our services. Do these tunes match the majesty and dignity of our Savior, Jesus Christ?

Now, I'm not saying we should not have any lively music in our services. "Our greatest hymns have the vibrant pulse of life and clearly defined rhythm, whether they be of the adoration and praise type, or of the classification of quiet, prayerful meditation. (But) avoidance of continual use of the dotted eighth and sixteenth notes, or syncopation or the oft-repeated quarter and eighth notes in six-eight measure helps to prevent sinking from the truly sublime to the ridiculous." (Church Music Handbook)

We should not only be sure that our texts and tunes are proper in themselves, but we must also be sure that they are complementary of each other. The tune must enhance the text or the whole meaning could be lost.

I have discussed the question, "What type of music should I let into my life?" but now let's look at the second question, "What value should I place on this music?" or "How should it be used in my life?"

Colossians 3:16 says, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Again, the scripture clearly shows us the answer. We are to use our music to teach and admonish one another. This takes us back to the text of the song. Do the words we sing help others to learn more about God or His kingdom or are they light and lively with no spiritual depth? Do the words we sing help to encourage our fellow Christian on his way to heaven? Do they tell what God has done for us? Fanny Crosby wrote words of doctrine, admonition, and encouragement when she wrote "All The Way My Savior Lead Me":

*All the way my Savior leads me,
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy Who
thro' life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.
All the way my Savior leads me,*

Cheers each winding path I tread.

*Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Tho' my weary steps may falter,
And my soul a-thirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.*

*All the way my Savior leads me,
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised In
my Father's house above.*

*When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song thro' endless ages -
Jesus led me all the way.*

If we believe the scriptures, and we do, then where does Colossians 3:16 place music in our services? What does the preacher do in his sermons? He teaches, or instructs, and admonishes the child of God. He gives encouragement and strength. What should our hymns do? They should teach, or instruct, and admonish the child of God. They should encourage and strengthen. So, we can see that the music of our church services hold an equal place with the pastor's message. The music should be as thoughtfully and prayerfully planned as the message. In other words, the music and the message should work hand in hand to honor and glorify our Lord and Savior and to teach of His love and mercy to the lost sinner and strength to the Christian.

But how many times do we hear, "Let's stand, to change position, and sing a song," as if it were just something to do to get a break. Or, "Our speaker isn't here yet, so let's sing a few songs until he comes." Is music just a fill-in? Not if we believe the scripture! And then, there's always a prayer after the song service for "the remaining part of the service". What about prayer for the song service, that it would be lead, guided, and inspired by the Holy Spirit?

Music is important in our services and should be given careful consideration. Not just any song should be used. In a survey for our "Church Music Administration" class, a report came in as: congregational song - "Shall We Gather At the River"; special - "I Will Meet You in the Morning"; message - "Hell". Surely the Spirit can and will lead and guide us in the songs that we should use just as He leads and guides the pastor in his messages.

I believe that both of the questions we asked at the beginning have been answered. Now you may say, "But Christ was to set the example. Did He sing?" Before the darkest hour of Christ's life, when He was facing

Calvary, Christ sang a hymn. Matthew 26:30 tells us that after Christ and His disciples had eaten the last supper, they sang a hymn and then went out into the mount of Olives. Wouldn't this be a natural thing to do since a hymn is to bring encouragement? As I look back over my years at Penn View Bible Institute, I can see where many times when I felt discouraged I would sing a hymn to myself and feel the strength and encouragement it gives. I'm sure that each of us, as Seniors, can look back over our life and see where singing a hymn made a difference.

As the class of 1982, we Seniors will be going into different areas of life. Some will go on for more schooling, some will go on to teach, pastor, or work in missions. This congregation reaches into many areas of life; ministers, missionaries, teachers, doctors, nurses, and other fields of work. But let's be sure that no matter what area of life we are involved in we put music in its proper place, and that we use the proper music in our lives. None of our music should bring shame or reproach to the name of Christ, but it should lift up His name and bring honor and glory to Him. Let's be sure that what we have to offer "to our Lord (is) only our best".

Rev. Earnest P. Miller Celebrates 20th Year



The Rev. Earnest P. Miller, Jr. recently celebrated his 20th year of service with the God's Missionary Church. The church which is located at 7th and St. John Sts., Allentown, Pa. was formerly called the Good News Tabernacle.

A reception in his honor was held at his summer home with a good group of people in attendance.

Rev. Miller is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Earnest P. Miller, Sr. He is a native of Allentown and attended Pilgrim Holiness College. He and his wife have five sons and five grandchildren.

Spiritual Trends

By Spencer Johnson

We need to be aware of some spiritual trends. Trends have to do with the direction that things are beginning to turn. Sometimes they are only slight deviations, but if not corrected can take a person completely off course and could turn one completely around. The trend of the sanctified heart is upward and heavenward while the trend of the carnal mind is earthly and downward. If holiness people do not insist on their children praying clear through to a good saved experience and then get them to pay the price, go to the bottom and die out and get rid of the carnal nature, then the awful pull of the world will catch them in its vortex and take them down the swift stream of spiritual destruction, landing them in everlasting hell. There is a danger that one will become discouraged in his stand against the worldly trends and think it is a losing fight. One could say that there is little or no use to continue to lift up cries against the trends because there are certain "pace setters," children of influential people, who are borderlining, and some completely and unblushingly practicing things today that would not have been tolerated fifteen or twenty years ago. When district leaders, pastors, and strong laymen permit their boys to go around with shaggy or borderline haircuts and in short sleeved shirts, and their girls appear in dresses so short that their knees peep out a good portion of the time, it is discouraging to good people who would like for their children to love and live by the holy standards of the Bible.

The parents must either be blind to their little darlings or else their own hearts must still have that downward pull, or they would not give their consent to such worldly practices. Young people of this caliber are not the ones who carry the burden and pray and pull the load around the altar of prayer. They are interested only in light frivolous talk, the latest talent release, the C.B. lingo and a social good time. They have little or no time for solitude, prayer, and meditation on the deep things of God. God cannot build His church on the flabby-thinking, loose-living crowd who make up much of the youth of our day.

In too many places the church is being conformed to the world rather than being transformed by the renewing of the mind, thus reversing the order of the scriptures. The lax standards of sex morality, the loose and easy way in

which marriage vows are treated, the silly talk and foolish parade of such theories as companionate marriage, the support and approval of television, and the floods of vile, filthy literature which pollute our news stands all cry aloud that the bars have been let down.

At the rate the children of some preachers and leaders are going, decency and modesty will soon be objects of derision and the sports world will be their god. Little by little the Sabbath will be disregarded and the holy hours of quiet worship will be a thing of the past. Some church members who are measuring by their own lowered moral sense and deadened spiritual life, see no danger in many of the things mentioned, but they are bringing bitter heartaches to those of us who believe that the Ten Commandments are not out of date. If they think we are going to sit quietly by and watch the church go down the road of compromise and spiritual declension, they are badly mistaken. Church politics, wire-pulling and ecclesiastical diplomacy are as wicked as they always have been. I have no intentions of giving in to the worldly trends of the day.

Today, the pull in my heart is heaven-ward. This world looks cheap and vain to me. We must have revival. We cannot live and do not care to if we must go on without it. May God help me, and may God help you to launch out and reach souls for Him. It is a finish fight; either sin and worldliness must go or we perish. If God is not sufficient for our day and age then He is not and was not sufficient for any age. Are we facing a crisis? Yes! Are there many adversaries! Yes, ten thousand times yes! But what does it matter? Our God is not dead. He has not abdicated, nor become senile and indifferent. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law." Isa. 42:4 We have no ability in ourselves. Our only hope is to be linked up with the purposes and plans of God. Hallelujah! We have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard in this grim battle against the insidious hosts of night. God will never fail. He is still the God of right and truth and He will prevail! What do we care if we have to suffer? The cost does not matter. It is victory that counts. Let us throw our all into the battle and place our destiny and the keeping of our souls in the hands of Him who marshals the stars and holds the seas in the hollow of His hands! Glory!

FALL REVIVAL

Penn View Bible Institute

Penns Creek, Pa.



Evangelist

Rev. Richard G. Humble
Circleville, Ohio

SEPTEMBER 17 — 26, 1982

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

First Service — September 17 — 7:30 p.m.

Monday-Friday 10:30 a.m.
7:30 p.m.

Saturday 7:30 p.m.

Sunday 10:30 a.m.
7:30 p.m.

All services will be held in the Memorial Chapel

Penn View Bible Institute

HARVEST HOME SERVICE

OCTOBER 11, 1982

7:30 P.M.

Speaker

Rev. Harry Plank

*Pastor - Spring Garden
God's Missionary Church
Allenwood, Pa.*



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