

G O D ' S M I S S I O N A R Y

STANDARD

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*A little one
shall become
a thousand*

*and a small one a strong nation: I the LORD
will hasten it in his time. Isaiah 60:22*



David Wise

Evangelism by the Back Door

Basil Malof was only 15 years old, but he knew when he was converted that God was calling him to reach his homeland of Latvia and the surrounding areas of eastern Europe. The problem? There were no Evangelical training schools in the spiritual wilderness of Latvia or Russia in the late 1890's to prepare this Baptist pastor's son for the ministry. Only the God who had deeply burdened Basil's heart for his people could make a way. Remarkably, the Lord opened the door for this zealous young man to travel to London and enroll at Spurgeon's Bible College. Immediately, the leadership of the school recognized the unique talents of this young Latvian and the deep spirituality he possessed. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the famous founder, made the statement that if their Bible college existed for no other reason than to train Basil Malof, it had served its purpose well.

During Malof's second year at the school, the Welsh Revival broke out, and he traveled to Wales to see the great scenes of revival. What he saw so stirred his soul that he began to cry out for God to do the same for his beloved Latvia and the rest of eastern Europe. While in the midst of this revival, he experienced a greater work of God in his soul, and he was truly filled with the Spirit of God.

Upon graduation, Basil felt led to start a church in the city of St. Petersburg in Rus-

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sia, where Evangelicals had just been given the legal right to labor. The Spirit of God blessed his ministry, and a strong church was founded there. He next moved on to Moscow. Literally thousands of lives were transformed as Gospel light permeated the city and redeemed souls carried the message to the furthest ends of the Russian empire. However, the Orthodox church despised Malof so thoroughly that they finally convinced the government to send him to Siberia. The horror of it all was indeed a deadly blow. Basil had a young wife and baby son whom he could never expect to see again. Word drifted back to the folks in England. His old school called for a night of prayer, and the Evangelicals of the West mightily interceded for him. The Russian government changed their course and sentenced him and his family to exile. While

grateful for this change of events, Malof still mourned that the way into Russia with the Gospel had seemingly been blocked.

Meanwhile, World War I had begun, and the Russian army was collapsing with the rest of the country. Thousands and thousands of

soldiers were taken captive by the Germans. Malof had a burden to reach these men. He shared his burden with Christians in “free Europe.” They were allowed by the Germans to send Christian literature to the Russian POWs. By the thousands, these men came to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. When the war was over, they returned to their native land and spread the Gospel all over their country. In 1929, the Communist government of Russia made the statement that when they came to power in 1917, there were 100,000 Evangelicals. Twelve years later, that number had reached 6 million. It has been suggested by those aware of the conditions of Russia in the 1920’s that much of this increase came through the witness of the converted soldiers.

Our Lord’s plan for the furtherance of the Gospel often involves twists and turns that make no sense at all to those looking on from afar. Surely, the banishment of Basil Malof could yield no possible good for the evangelization of Russia! Yet, this grave disappointment only served to thrust the young evangelist into a deeper level of trust in his God. This trust was not disappointed as the Gospel reached men who otherwise could not have been reached. The “back door” method may not be our choice and may not even be the “perfect will of God,” but if we trust God when one door closes, He will surely carry on His work in a way we never would have dreamed. ■

The back door may not be our choice but God will surely carry on His work

A “Cold” Church Warmed Up

From
Opened Windows
by James A. Stewart

I knew a local church in an Eastern European land which, because of coldness, had only some twenty believers gathering on Sunday night for a Bible study. Some suggested that they close the building and give up their testimony in that predominantly Roman Catholic city. A few held on in faith and, with careful deliberation, being elderly people, had a solemn meeting of dedication where they told God that whatever should be the price for an awakening in their church and city, they were willing to pay it. After bringing all their tithes to God’s storehouse, and laying themselves on the altar,

they continued for many months seeking the face of the Lord. It was the biggest thing in their lives. It was the one thing that

crowded their horizons. It was the theme of their talk at all times. They were brothers and sisters with a purpose. They would not let go of the Lord until He had blessed them. When I began

Whatever the price for an awakening in their church they were willing to pay it

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A Revival In The Workplace

Adapted from “Charles Cowman; Missionary-Warrior” by Lettie Cowman

Charles Cowman made opportunities to speak to his men about their souls' welfare. He did not wait for a convenient season, but prayed and made an advance toward them. He kept a list of several hundred who were daily remembered in prayer. This was followed by personal effort and few escaped heart-to-heart talks over the subject that matters most. Such faithful and systematic work produced results. Each case was different, so delicate that it had to be dealt with by a method all its own; but brave, steady, unremitted work is that which pays best, both here and hereafter. Spasmodic effort, brief fervor, wins no enduring honor either in this world or in that which is to come. His enthusiasm was not that of a moment, that blazed and then died, but a steady unabated force that entered into every part of his being. Like the Master Himself, to lie in wait for men with a wisdom and skill that is born from above and to catch them in the Gospel net is the highest calling of the surrendered and consecrated Christian.

In less than six months he had personally led seventy-five of his fellow workers to the Lord. All were handpicked fruit. This personal work was done in odd moments, as he felt that his time belonged to his company, and not once was there the slightest bit of criticism that business was being neglected. His was a mind farthest removed from the dogma that when a man becomes religious he must close his ledger, put an arrest on the wheels of industry, and bid his neighbor and his work farewell; but there were odd moments every night when it was not necessary for the men to be kept steadily at the telegraph key, and he kept an open eye for those moments. He who hoards and turns into account odd moments, half hours, gaps between times, achieves results which will astonish those who have not mastered the secret.

Charles Cowman capitalized on every minute, made it count for something, and kept on sowing the seed

with the fullest assurance that there was a harvest in a grain of wheat with the power of God behind it. Oh, the marvelous results which come from faithful sowing! God often permits His children to see much of the fruitage from their sowing, but far beyond the seeing is the indirect influence. Unknown to us, the seed which we have imagined lost, has been blown hither and thither by the winds of God, planting by the wayside and in stony places. It will still be growing when we are in heaven for it has taken root in human hearts. When our sickles are laid aside forever, others may be reaping the golden grain we have sown.

The Holy Spirit carried on His work most successfully in the telegraph office. A real revival of religion was going on steadily and without the aid of a preacher and without a prayer room. One humble soul with a passion for winning the souls of his men was quietly praying and working, and of him it might be truly said, “As a prince hast thou power with God and men.” The winning of a soul was to him what the winning of a battle is to a soldier; what the winning of a bride is to a lover; what the winning of a race is to an athlete. Charles Cowman lived for just one thing – to win souls for Christ. This was his sole passion, and in a very extraordinary manner God set His seal upon it. ■



He kept a list of several hundred who were daily remembered in prayer. In less than six months he had personally led seventy-five of his fellow workers to the Lord. All were handpicked fruit.

A Tender Heart

A.W. Tozer



Taken from *The Counselor* by A. W. Tozer (©2015). Published by Moody Publishers. www.MoodyPublishers.com. Used by permission.

Let me share a true story with you. I was traveling on the train at one time, when a man I knew got on and sat down beside me. He was a missionary, and he seemed very tender and broken.

He said “I’d like to ask you something, Mr. Tozer. I am troubled, and this is my problem. A number of years ago, a strange thing happened on our mission compound in India. We had been having blessing and everything was going all right. The missionaries got together for a conference, and the native Christians were there, as well. We were all sitting around together, and a Presbyterian missionary was asked to preach to us. He preached and he sat down.”

“Mr. Tozer, I will never be able to describe what happened, and I don’t know why it happened, but suddenly there came down on that assembly something like a wave of love and light that broke us up completely. One missionary ran to another and said, ‘Forgive me, forgive me,’ and another ran to another, and they wept and hugged each other. As a result of this experience, my home has been completely transformed. Now, my wife and I were getting on perfectly well, a normal Christian home, but, oh, the difference since that time! Home is heaven now.”

“But this is what bothers me. Since that time, I’m so tender, and I weep so easily that it bothers me. When I get up to preach, I am just as likely as not to break down and cry. I never was

that way before, but since the coming down that day, the sudden, wonderful visitation in India, I just cry so easily. Coming home on the ship, I had this experience. They asked me to take chapel on ship one morning. They told me there were some Communists who would be present in the service. I took my text and there it came again, the memory of all the glory came down on me, and I just began to cry and couldn’t finish my sermon.”

I said, “What did the Communists think of it? Did they make fun of you?”

“Oh, no,” he said, “They were very reverent about it. I’m not saying anything good about a

Communist – I can’t – but at least in this case the Holy Ghost had shut the mouths of the Communists.”

There came down on that assembly a wave of love and light that broke us up completely

Then I said to my friend, “You have asked me for advice on how you can overcome your tender heart. Brother, don’t try it! We

have too many dry preachers in the world now. We have so many dry preachers and so many men who never shed a tear. If you can keep the tears of God on you and can keep your heart tender, brother, keep it! You have a treasure you should never give up.” ■



How a Revival Began

Adapted from “Jesus Lifting Chinese”
by A. J. Smith (Allegheny Publications)

“If you will raise me up and make me well, I will be a man of prayer and intercession,” said the dying man to God. The Lord took him at his word. The disease had not yet run its full course when there was a change for the better. A miracle had taken place. God restored him completely in a short time. Dr. West was true to his promise that he had made to God; and as soon as he was well, he engaged in prayer for several hours each day, and a little later from five to six hours a day. How many people there are who promise God when they are in trouble, and when He answers their prayers they fail to keep their word! The burden on the doctor’s heart was that the rest of us missionaries also might get under the burden of prayer for a Holy Ghost revival, but we could not see how we could take so much time – we had so much work to do. You see, we were too busy to

spend hours a day in prayer. How natural for man to talk that way!

It was in the spring of the year 1926 when Dr. West began to pray. He prayed faithfully on through the hot summer months, with not a sign that the other missionaries would fall in and give themselves to the work of intercession. He exhorted us and often wept while bringing the message at the Sunday afternoon meetings which were held in the English language for the missionaries. There was nothing that could have encouraged him; rather our indifference would tend to discourage

The Holy Spirit began to talk to some of us about praying more

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HOW a REVIVAL CAME continued from page 6 him, but he stood firmly on God's promises that never fail. For months he prayed on, spending hours during the day and in the early morning, pleading with God, walking on naked faith.

Very mildly at first, it is true, and yet very positively and persistently the Holy Spirit began to talk to some of us about praying more. We did not intentionally mean to be prayerless. No, we prayed from ten to fifteen minutes morning, noon and night in private, and also during family prayer, in schools and hospital where chapel services were conducted; and we considered this to be sufficient. However, after some time, along in the fall of 1926, when the work in all the departments was in full swing and every available moment of the missionaries' time was taken up, to our great surprise the doctor suggested that we have daily prayer meetings at eleven-thirty. We had been talking about having daily prayer meetings at five o'clock in the afternoon, but no one had thought of taking such an important part of the day as the hour of eleven-thirty for prayer.

No, that would not do. The schools are going – the hospital is running – the work at the office must be carried on. Why, this is the busiest part of the day. "Well, let us try it, anyway," suggested the doctor. And so we did. We gathered every day at eleven-thirty and prayed until twelve. However, we soon ran until after twelve and until one o'clock. When we would get home, the dinner would be cold, so we just informed those who were responsible for getting the meals that they need not get dinner any longer. In fact, the prayer meetings got interesting, and the burden of prayer so great that we forgot all about eating dinner. continued on page 10

WILT THOU NOT
revive us AGAIN: THAT THY
PEOPLE MAY REJOICE IN THEE?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD,
AND *grant us thy salvation.*

PSALM 85:6&7

Revival In The South Pacific

T. J. McCrossan – "Christ's Paralyzed Church X-Rayed"

A few weeks ago we heard a Christian Alliance missionary from Borneo, a man we have known for years, tell of the wonderful work in that land. Just about seven years ago the Alliance sent out some six or seven missionaries to that dark heathen land, where the Gospel had never been preached before. Today fully twelve thousand of these people have been saved, and simply thousands more are deeply concerned about their souls.

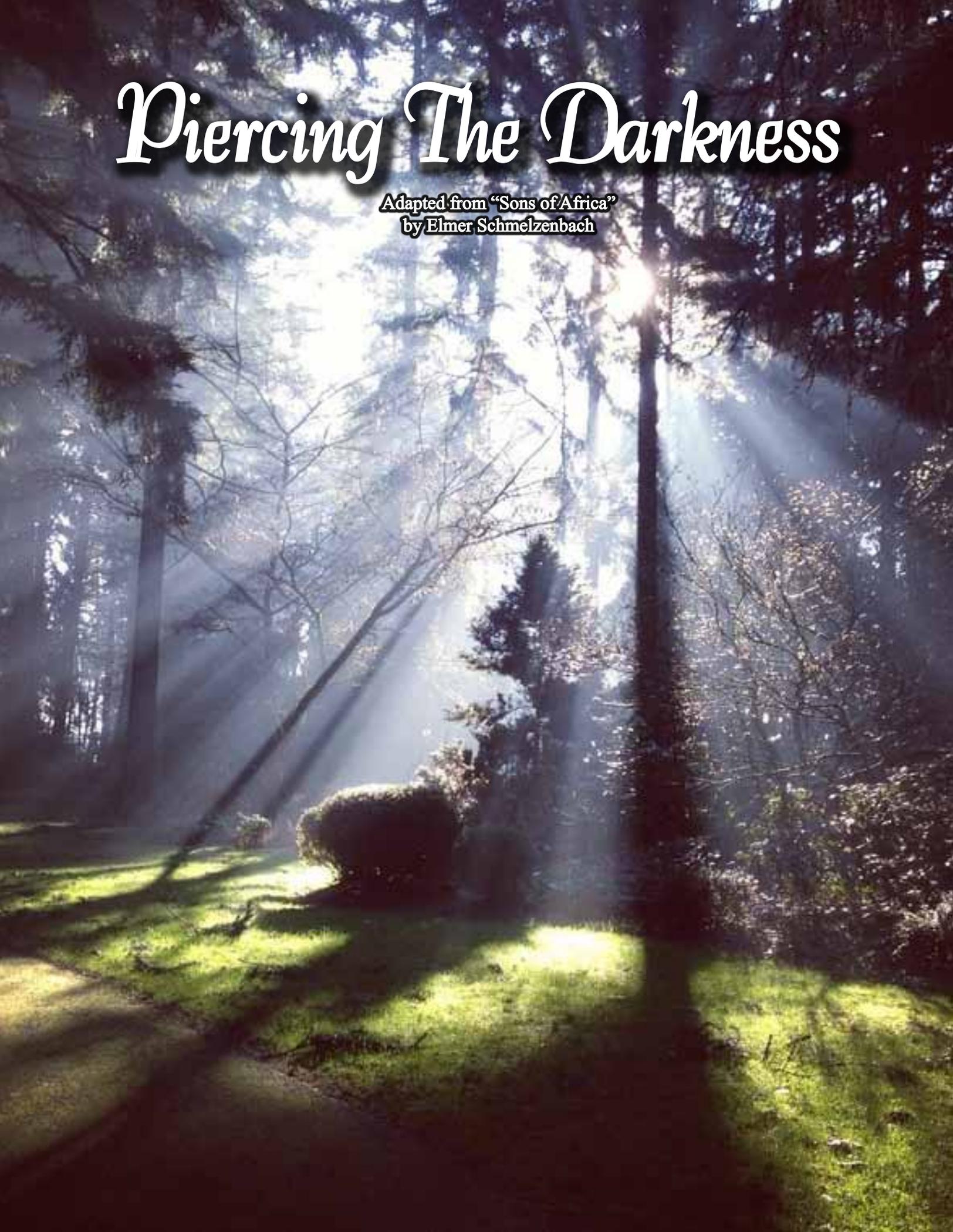
The secret of this marvelous work is that these Spirit-filled missionaries (men and women) really expect Christ to confirm His word with signs following, and He has done it, and is doing it in a wonderful way. The missionary told us that Christ has healed simply hundreds on this field, and that many of these were at death's door with diseases which these heathen Dyaks knew always meant death, so all their loved ones had given them up to die. However, when in answer to prayer, the dear Lord raised these sick ones up and made them perfectly well again, a mighty spirit of conviction came down upon the people, for they knew then, for a certainty, that the missionary's God must be the only true God.

A mighty
spirit of
conviction
came down
upon the
people

The interest has become so great that sometimes 2,000 of these heathen people will come to the missionary's home and camp for several days, and from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. they want to hear about this Christ who made the world, and rules the world, and yet so loved them that He came down here and died for their sins, in order that all men might be saved and go up and live with Him forever after death. They never get tired of hearing this wonderful story, now that they know that Christ is very God. Beloved, what Christ is now doing in Borneo (confirming His word with marvelous signs following) proves that He is yesterday and today the very same identical person with all His old-time power. ■

Piercing The Darkness

**Adapted from "Sons of Africa"
by Elmer Schmelzenbach**



Months went by. Then one Sunday morning the witch doctor lady came back. She sat against the back wall in the same place as before. She was quiet, intently watching Father for brief spasms of time. A haunting fear etched her troubled face as her eyes darted around the room and then back to Father. I was in a ringside seat as the battle shaped up. The women and children who made up the audience prayed as Father preached with all of his soul. Once again Father gave the invitation. And once again she got up and started down the aisle.

This time Father did not wait. He started down the aisle to meet her. She whirled around and started out, but Father threw his giant arms around her and fastened them together like a vise. He was not going to let her get away this time. She screamed and kicked and bent over double, but Father would not let her go. Then she passed out. Father and Mother laid her out flat on the floor and motioned toward the little congregation to come for prayer. Mother knelt over her, watching and praying at the same time. All the other Christians did the same but at safer distances. Father picked up the witch doctor, greasy mess that she was, and dragged her from the middle of the church toward the platform where he laid her in front of the altar.

We children, frightened and intrigued, sat back watching everything, ready to run. As the woman lay there, we got bolder and came in closer. Finally she opened her eyes and looked up at Father, who was looking down at her. He said, "Do you want God to deliver you from the demons? Do you want Him to make you clean?" Tears welled up in the witch doctor's eyes and rolled down the sides of her face. She nodded without saying a word. Father responded to her nod, quietly but with authority, "Get up on your knees and let's pray."

It wasn't easy, but she struggled to her knees. Father gave her the words and she

followed him in prayer. Sooner than might be expected, she caught on to the idea of praying. For years she had prayed to the evil spirits. Why not now pray to God the same way? Her praying shifted from Father's words to her own. She became self-directed as she poured out her soul to God in prayer. It wasn't long until she stood to her feet. She smiled and she laughed. Her face shone and her eyes sparkled. She looked around and said, "They're gone." Father said, "What's gone?" She said, "The demons are gone. For the first time in my life, they're gone. When I was a child, my mother dedicated me to the demons. She was a demon doctor, too. But now they're gone."

She was wearing all kinds of symbolic ornaments that rattled and shook. Without Father making the suggestion, the witch doctor started ripping off the trinkets of her profession. She pulled off the animal bladders, snakeskins, bones, and charms along with all the rattles, colored sticks, and balls. She laid them all down there on the rough altar. With Father's help she picked up the greasy mess and took it outside. Then with one of Father's precious matches they lit a fire that burned up all the stuff she had used against the demons.

The witch doctors had told all the chiefs and their people they would die if the tools of witchcraft were ever touched. So all of us children were waiting to see what would happen as the fire burned. But still nobody died. Black, greasy smoke showed up in the sky, and the woman's face shone as she watched it. But no one showed any signs of being struck down.

Mother had some blue soap, the kind she made herself from lye. She made it into big bars and had it stored in a dry, safe place. In moments a supply was fetched, and Mother and the ladies took the witch doctor down to the river. They were there all Sunday afternoon. They really worked her over, soaping her from head to toe

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Florida District Rally and Conference
August 28 & 29, 2020

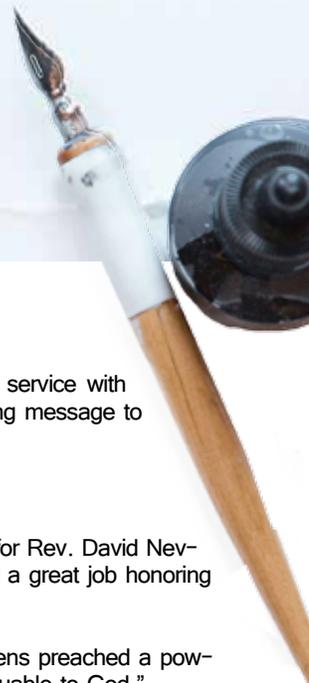
HOW a REVIVAL CAME continued from page 7

After a few weeks had passed it was not uncommon for our prayer meetings to run from eleven-thirty to four in the afternoon. Oh, what blessed times we did have! God gave us such wonderful promises that He would send a revival, such wonderful Scripture verses that helped us in our Christian experience. We will never forget those blessed hours that we spent together praying for the manifestation of God's power in our midst. ❏



CREATE IN ME A
clean heart, O GOD;
AND RENEW A
right spirit WITHIN ME.
PSALM 51:10





Aug. 03: We appreciate the great number that stayed for Penn's Creek Camp clean-up.

Aug. 04-15: Administrative work, sermon prep for Florida District Rally and Conference. Helped the Bennett family on their moving day to Milesburg, mowed and trimmed headquarters building, and was also privileged to help my son, Ryan, with a baptismal service in the Susquehanna River.

Aug. 16: Sunbury. It was wonderful to preach to a number of those who were at the baptismal service. God is at work!

Aug. 17-18: PVBI. I shared a devotional with the staff and faculty on the subject "God is enough!" We pray that God will give us a great school year. We also worked down at the headquarters building with Rev. Alan Walter, Rev. Brian Spangler, and Rev. Joel Sickler. Bro. Randy Hess also helped on other days. A stained glass window was taken out, and our name, "God's Missionary Church," was put in above the entrance door along with the GMC logo. It looks great!

Aug. 19: Elim Grove Camp Meeting. Rev. Arlan Kratz did a great job preaching on Joseph from Gen. 50:20, "But God." God makes the difference in every situation.

Aug. 21-22: Greenfield, IN. I went to the drive-in viewing for Rev. Buddy Perry. God used him in a great way down through the years. He led ICHA for 31 years.

Aug. 23: Chambersburg. I was privileged to preach on this Sunday to 62 people. It was graduation day from a Home Mission church to a Conference status church. A good number were taken in as charter members. Praise God!

Aug. 24 - Sept. 07: Florida. I was privileged to speak at our FL District Rally and Conference along with Lakeland, Seffner, Kissimmee, and Orlando churches. We appreciate the good fellowship at each church. God is at work. In Kissimmee, new ones from the communities are coming into the service. Orlando has Spanish ministry contacts that God is using. I also went out to eat with a few different ones including Rev. Maurilio Ambrocio. We went to a Mexican restaurant. God allowed us to have a good talk with a family at another table.

Sept 08-12: Administrative work, sermon preparation, and General Board meeting. Attended two different local IHC services. The headquarters building needed mowed and trimmed. I also enjoyed the games and fellowship at the PVBI picnic.

Sept 13: Duncannon. God is at work, and new ones are coming into the church and making spiritual progress.

Sept. 14-19: I spent some time in the woods getting a tree stand ready with my son-in-law. I counseled a young couple and prepared for a sermon, and my wife and I took two days away. I had an interview with Rev. Adam Buckler as part of his assignment for his schooling. I was chosen to be interviewed because of my position as Chairman of the PVBI school board.

Sept. 20: Sunbury 60th Anniversary service. The vision of the founding lady is still alive. Sis Virginia Hahn believed God wanted to do a work in the city of Sunbury. From an abandoned church building with no people to a strong church that is moving to a beautiful, remodeled

church building right down the street. Glenn Iron Pilgrim Holiness Church for revival service with Rev. David Fulton. He preached an encouraging message to close out the meeting.

Sept. 21-22: Administrative work.

Sept. 23-24: Lancaster, Ohio. Funeral service for Rev. David Neville, father of Rev. Randy Neville. Everyone did a great job honoring him.

Sept 25: PVBI Chapel service. Rev. Ron Stevens preached a powerful message to the young people, "All are valuable to God."

Sept. 26: Sermon prep.

Sept. 27: Millmont. I was there for the Installation Service for Rev. Michael McMillan. We thank God for how He has led this family to the church.

Sunbury. Rev. Dan Durkee preached a message challenging us to not forget God.



JACOB MARTIN

Sept. 28: Jackson. I was privileged to see Sis Major and have prayer for her. In the evening I taught a class by Zoom for Mr. Eric Black, who is the Personal Evangelism teacher at UBC.

Sept. 30: Home Mission Board meeting & PVBI School Revival.

Oct 01: PVBI. School Revival God used Bro. Cassady, and many sought God at an altar of prayer.

Oct. 02-03: Administrative calls and sermon prep.

Oct. 04: Leighton. I was there for the Installation Service for Rev. Todd Carter. The congregation also surprised them with a wonderful Harvest Home.

Oct. 05-09: GMYC Board Meeting, administrative work, and sermon prep.

Oct. 10: Chambersburg. I attended the wedding of Curk and Katie Davis, son of Rev. Steve & Cindy Davis. It was a beautiful outdoor wedding.

Oct 12: Birthday party for me (I had turned 57 on Oct. 08). All our children and grandchildren were here, and we had a great evening together.

Oct. 13-15: Met with a pastor in Harrisburg. Sermon prep.

Oct. 16- 26: Bentonville, AR. I preached a revival meeting at the Wesleyan Nazarene Church, pastored by Rev. Melvin Waters and Rev. Ruggy Goodrich. The pastoral team and laymen treated me tremendously in every way. We praise God for all the seekers and finders during this meeting.

A "COLD" CHURCH WARMED UP continued from page 3 meetings in their church, many hundreds of souls were saved from the opening nights, many among them being the children of those who had been praying. So mightily did the Lord work in the church to the salvation of souls that very soon the building which seated some eight hundred people was packed to capacity at every meeting. Without any pastor, they soon overflowed their banks, so that some twenty mission stations were established in Roman Catholic districts around them. This place became the mother church to many groups of believers. From this church the members went forth all over their country evangelizing. The deadest church in the nation became the most spiritual and wide awake. When the Spirit of God began to work at the beginning, so great was the power of Jehovah that they carried on meetings every night for many months. These meetings were necessary because of the power of the Spirit resting upon the young converts, who in turn were winning others for the Lord. The elderly saints who had waited before the Lord now had the joy of building up the young converts in the most holy faith. ❏

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The deadest church in the nation became the most spiritual and wide awake

Congratulations!



Susanna Grace Yohe

Born: September 11th, 2020
Parents: Nathan and Anna Yohe

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PIERCING THE DARKNESS continued from page 9 and washing her matted hair which had not been cleaned in years. They washed her clothes and hung them out on the bushes to dry in the hot sun.

That evening the witch doctor came back transformed inside and outside. We hardly recognized her. She was clean. There was a smile on her face. The clay was gone from her hair and the dirty grease from her clothes. The witch doctor was a new person. She even smelled different. Night was coming on and it was time for her to go, but she didn't want to leave the mission station. For the first time in her life, she was at peace. She asked Father, "If I go away, will the demons come back?" "Oh, no," Father said. "If you live with God, they will never come back." "Then," she said, "I'll just work for God like I used to work for the demons."

She wasn't a preacher, but she was a living witness who could not be withstood. The converted witch doctor went to all of her old clients and told them to spread the word throughout the entire land that Father's God had driven the demons out of the demon doctor. Other witch doctors got scared, while the chiefs got more bold in allowing Father to work among their people. The walls were crumbling.

From that day on, the work began to spread and the people came in great numbers to the little stone church. It was crowded out regularly. The witch doctor brought in people by the dozens from out in the villages where they had great respect for her. The prophets of Baal had lost a very important contest. ❏