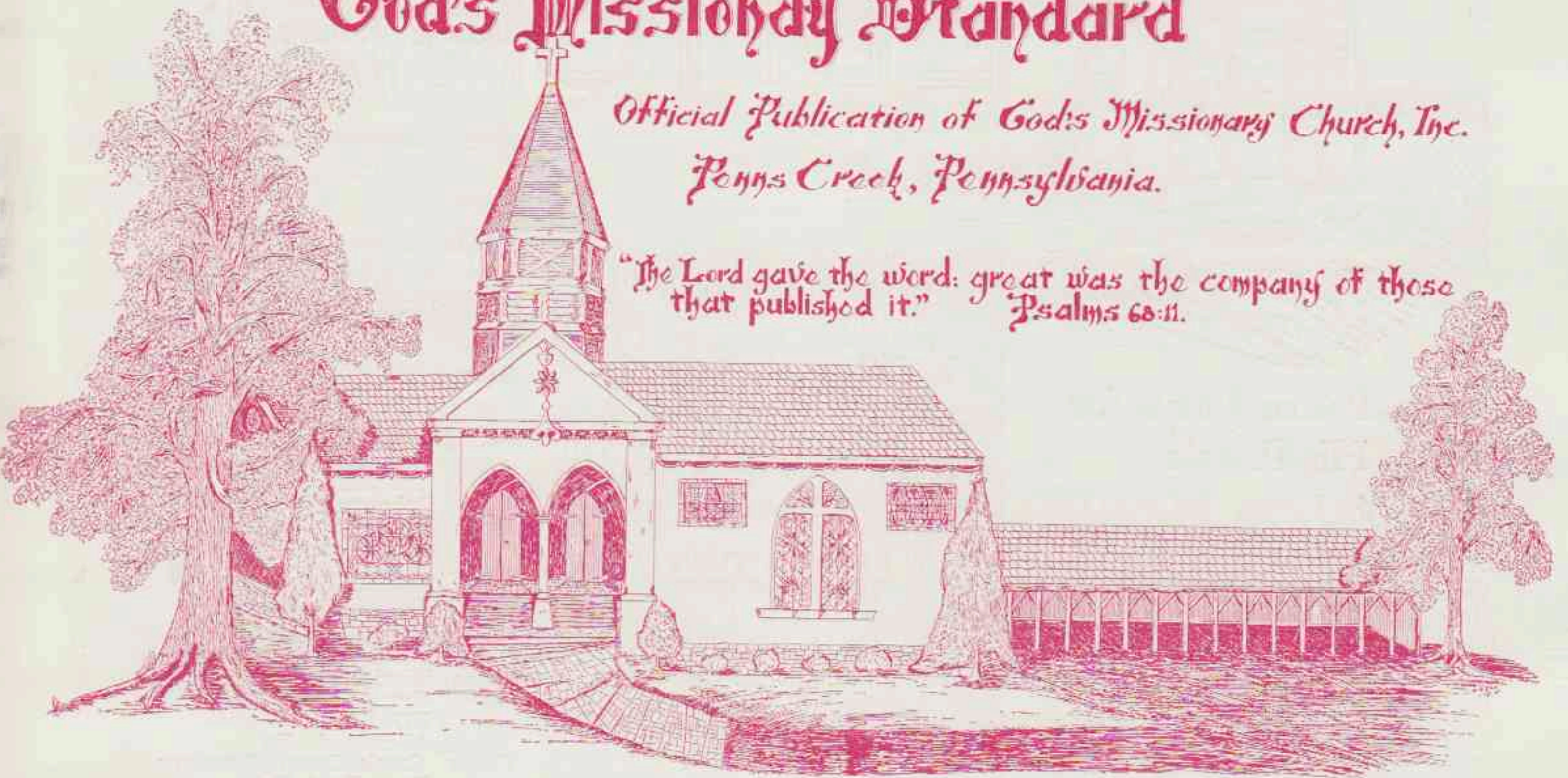


God's Missionary Standard

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



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No. 1

Untitled Heroes

FRED T. FUGE

I am writing in the defense of the under-privileged minister of the Gospel, and for a text I am using Acts 4:13, "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

To be ignorant and unlearned is a serious handicap; only God can fully realize its disadvantages. But when the ignorant and unlearned are in touch with Jesus Christ, they may receive many things that the schools can never supply.

To me, study has always been the greatest possible pleasure. Sometimes I study far into the night, and on into the early morning, till my feeble flesh rebels and my languishing spirit craves for rest. Just about that time, the angel of vision creeps through my window, pillows my weary head, and pulls down my eyelid curtains. Then he takes all my thoughts, locks them up in his golden box,

and carries off the key. But in the early morning, after the flowers have quenched their thirst with the midnight dew, and the birds have piped their first glad song of the dawn, the angel of vision returns. He unlocks his golden box, and gives me back my thoughts once more. Then on I go, rambling through fields that are fairer than day. With God, I wander as through a vast museum, a world of treasures rich and rare. On every shelf, in every corner, up in the ceiling, and even on the floor I discover treasures rich beyond all human powers to purchase, and in everything I trace the touch of the Master's hand. I see Him in the rolling planets, the spangled constellations, and the far-flung starry world. Everything that may help me to a better understanding of God and holy things, in land or sea or sky, I lay hold upon with a determination that has its roots in Heaven.

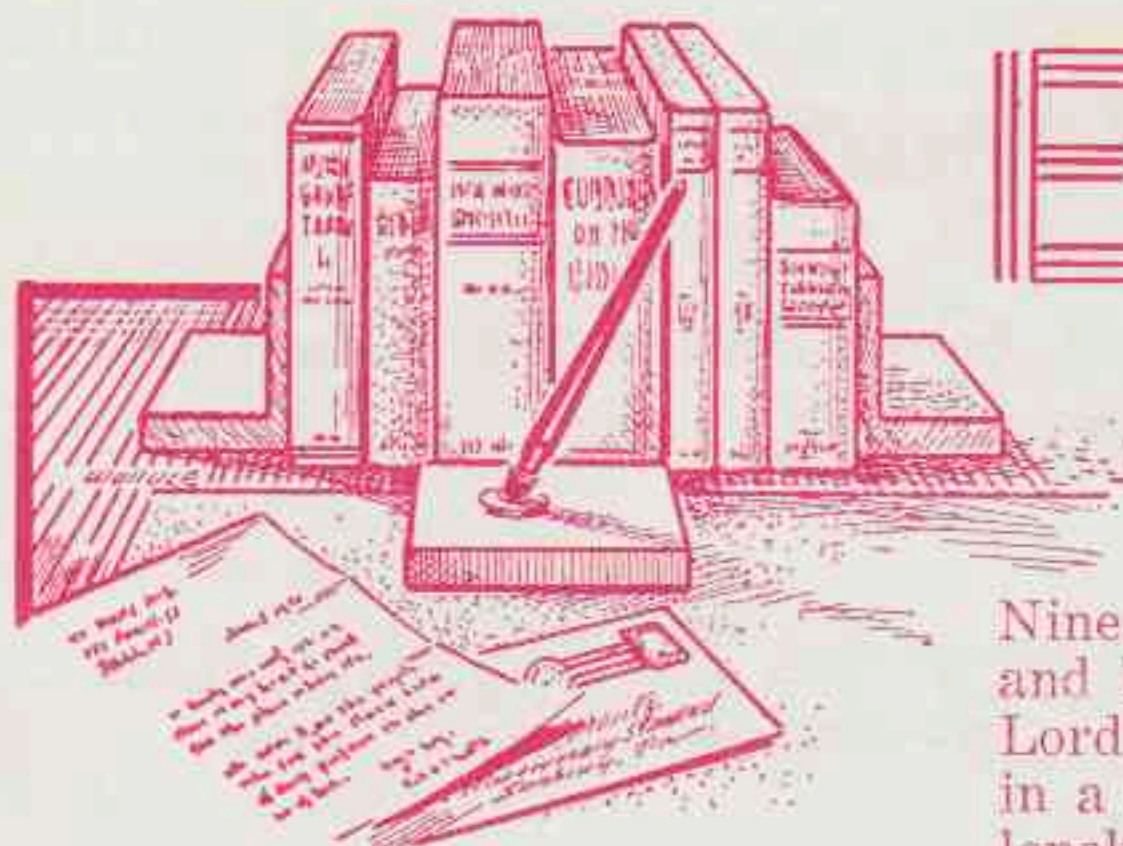
I see God in the majestic mountains, the broad-spreading plains,

the waving fields, the stately forests, the rivers rushing to the sea, the lightning shooting through the shivering air, and the rainbow in the cloud. I glimpse His great care in the tiny grain of corn, the rosebud and the opening flower, in the majesty of the sparrow's wing, and in the crimson on the robin's breast. I recognize His voice in the prattle of a new-born babe, and in the muttering, murmuring sentence of the aged and hoary saint. I hear Him in the rumbling thunder, and see His shining handiwork in the calm and silent sea.

Yes, GOD is more than a Savior to me. While the salvation of my soul is the first strong link to bind me to Him—yet beyond that, He leads me on into Almightyness that the human mind, without GOD, can never understand. The height of His love is insurmountable, the depth unfathomable, and the breadth beyond all human measure. Indeed, there is no limit to the treasures that are hid in GOD for my immortal soul.

In my meditation I am swept along until I realize that I do not

(Continued on page 9)



EDITORIAL

Thomas E. Frantz...

The Pastor Prays for His People

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgement (Margin: "Sense") that ye may approve things that are excellent: That ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." Philippians 1:9, 10.

Human relationships are precious, and well they might be, for God has sanctified and blessed the home with his Divine approval. The story is told of a soldier who came home unexpectedly, and turned down offers to phone his family from the railroad station, but instead took off walking over the hills and trails where he had roamed as a boy. Soon he was within sight of the little farm where he was raised, and he couldn't help praising God for the victory that had brought him safely through the war-torn fields of Europe to his home and loved ones. He carefully approached the barn, only to have his sister spy him. Motioning her to silence he asked her to go to the living room and find his instrument (He was a talented artist in Gospel music), which she did. Testing it carefully, he then began to play the old songs of Zion. In the farm home kitchen the dear mother heard him playing, and went to the porch, and shouted for joy as her soldier boy came up the walk playing the hymns of the Church. Yes, human relationships are precious!

Spiritual relationships are more precious still! As a shepherd to his flock, the Shepherd of Souls cares for the needs of His flock, whether the flock realizes all that is involved or not. "None of the ransomed ever knew," says The Ninety and

Nine, "How deep were the waters and how dark was the night the Lord journeyed through." And so in a small way, the Man of God's lonely vigil for the souls of men can be compared to that of Christ's.

Before us now stands Paul, THE PRAYING PASTOR, so let us get a little closer to hear the words of his prayer:

PAUL PRAYED THAT THEY BE FERVENT

"...That your love may abound yet more and more." LOVE is, according to Jesus, the mark of true Christian Discipleship, for "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one for another." LOVE is the CORE of the Fruit of the Spirit: "Now the fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace..." Many preachers speak of "fruits" in the plural, when referring to the Fruit of the Spirit. Note that is singular, one fruit. Yes, Editor, but "fruit" could mean one apple or a whole orchard full of apples! Perhaps so, but not when it is coupled with a singular-use verb, in this case, "is". If Paul had referred to many fruits, he would have said, "Now the fruits of the Spirit are...". As water flowing freely fills and refills the glass held at the fountain, the LOVE of GOD will "Abound yet more and more." With much abundance of LOVE, Paul prays for direction in righteousness: "In knowledge and in all judgement...", or "Sense" as the Margin says. What an unbeatable combination: LOVE AND COMMON SENSE!!

PAUL PRAYED THAT THEY BE FIRM

"...That ye may approve things that are excellent," meant putting approval on righteous, holy ways, and in the same firm spirit, refusing to condone that which is in direct opposite. IF IN DOUBT, LEAVE IT OUT: is a good motto to follow. Those who stand for

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The Greatest Preacher

W. B. Godbey

Our Savior testifies that John Baptist was the greatest preacher the world has ever seen; the last of the Old Testament prophets, and pre-eminently above all his predecessors in the exalted honor of introducing his Lord to Israel, and through them to all the world. John moved the Hebrew nation not only from Dan to Beersheba, but in their dispersions throughout the world, like a cyclone of fire. Apollos in Africa heard the news of the wonderful prophet, and came all the way to Jordan to attend his ministry. He was converted, called to preach, and returned to Alexandria a flame of fire, the most eloquent man in the world in his day. He preached historically the Gospel under the Johannine dispensation till God used Aquila and Priscilla at Ephesus to lead him into the more glorious experience of Christian perfection, harmonically with the Pentecostal dispensation.

The wonderful brilliancy of John the Baptist whom God so wonderfully used to stir the Hebrew world, emptying the cities and populating the wilderness with spellbound multitudes, hanging with breathless silence on his eloquent lips from dewy morn till dusky eve, so electrified by his preaching as to precipitate the paradoxical conclusion that he must surely be the Messiah anticipated 4,000 years, finds its proximate exegesis in the fact that he "was filled with the Holy Ghost even from the womb of his mother." —Luke 1:15.

This wonderful experience on the part of the felicitous Baptist is explained in the fact that his mother, on the announcement of his conception, which was a physical miracle, and the notification of the angel that he was to be the greatest prophet of the ages, turning many to the Lord and preparing the people for His glorious appearing, was so impressed with the momentous responsibility that she went into exile five months, excluding herself from society that she might spend the time alone with God and thus receive the qualification pertinent to the illimitable opportunities and momentous responsibilities of rearing

up the greatest preacher the world had ever seen.

Herod sent his soldiers to Bethlehem with orders to kill all the boy babies, two years old and younger, that he might be sure to get the one annunciated by the wise men as the King of the Jews, and thus force all probability of his rivalship from the throne. There was no such order for Jutta, the adjoining township, distant a dozen miles; hence Zacharias and Elisabeth, sedulous for the security of their son, the delectable gift of God in life's evening, migrated away into the wilderness of Judea and returned no more, thus rearing up their son in exile.

In the Jewish church there were three denominations: the Pharisees, the orthodox, corresponding with the early Methodists, who fully accepted all the Scriptures, endorsing, preaching, and professing their great truths appertaining to spirituality. However, they were so lamentably destitute of the experience as deservedly to evoke the awful ipse dixit of our Savior who denominated them "whited sepulchers, externally fair, but internally filled with dead men's bones."

The Sadducees were the heterodox denomination, materialistic in their theology, repudiating spirituality.

But the Essenes, the third denomination, were the holiness people of their dispensation, generally very poor and humble, living in the desert as a matter of choice because freer from persecution and having plenty of room, as the land was so poor and rough it was not worth appropriating and they could use all of it they wanted. Consequently John the Baptist in the good providence of God was brought up among those poor holiness people, who gladly cooperated with his sanctified parents in constant vigilance over his childhood and youth, blessedly conservative of spirituality from his birth.

A Scene from Life

He was a cold, selfish man. There was sarcasm in his voice and a sneer upon his lips. He was called a skeptic. Most of his neighbors belonged to the church. He was

hard and grasping in his dealings.

"The most overbearing man I have ever seen," said one neighbor. "He'd skin a flea for his hide," said number two. "A fellow might freeze on his doorstep and he'd never open the door," added number three.

For twenty years he had lived among them, growing richer all the time. They called him "Old Skinflint," or "Pinchbeck," and shunned him whenever possible.

A new minister came to the county church, one very much in earnest about saving souls. As he went about in his quiet, unobtrusive way doing good, he never lost an opportunity of persuading someone to turn from his evil way.

One evening as he stood talking with some of his brethren about the work, he remarked: "I am going over and talk with Mr. Harrington tomorrow."

"He's sure to insult you," said one.

"It will do no good. He's a hardened infidel," said another.

He went. Harrington was sitting on the south porch reading as the minister came up. The pastor introduced himself, and offered his hand. The other shook hands with him and offered a chair.

"I am a minister. I came to talk with you, if you have no objection."

Harrington looked at him strangely for a moment. There was simplicity and candor in his face as well as in his words. There was no arrogance visible—only brotherly love.

"Very well, sir, I have no objection," Harrington said frankly.

For hours they talked as man to man on the highest of all themes, the welfare of a man's soul. At last they went in, and bowed together while the minister prayed. When they arose, Harrington held out his hand. "For twenty years I've longed to talk with somebody about religion and my soul, but they all shunned me and I was too foolishly proud to go to them. You can hardly know how I have longed for human fellowship and sympathy, but my selfishness has kept me and my fellow men apart—I never knew how it was until now—but the message you have brought me makes it clear. I must love my neighbor as myself—and I will." —Exchange.

The Story Hour

Her Bus Fare

E. E. Hatchell

A lady went with a friend to Paddington Station to see her off safely. She did so, and then proceeded homeward. She boarded a bus, and a moment or two later the conductor asked for her fare. To her dismay she found she had lost her purse, and the conductor intimated that she had better alight. She did so.

It was a hot morning. She was miles away from home. What was she to do? she asked herself. Turning into Hyde Park, she sat down on a seat. She was in an awkward predicament indeed, but—there was God! She would tell Him about it.

As she opened a pocket Testament she carried, her eyes fell on Phil. 4:19, which was underlined: "But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Her "need" that moment was six-pence. She closed her eyes and, in the name of Jesus, claimed the promise; and immediately she had the assurance that her "need" would be supplied. How she did not know, and that did not matter—God knew.

She began to trace letters on the gravel with her umbrella. She traced the text—"God is love." As she was writing the last letter "e", her umbrella point turned up a six-pence. Her heart gave a big thump. Her "need" was supplied. And she bowed her head and thanked God.

She rose and hastened to catch a bus. When the conductor asked for her fare, she gave him the six-pence. He examined it closely.

"It's all right!" she said. "It has been buried in the ground. I lost my purse, and needed sixpence to take me home. I asked my Heavenly Father to send it to me, and He did. I was writing in the gravel in Hyde Park, 'God is love,' and my umbrella turned up this coin."

The conductor looked astounded. "I wish," he remarked, "He would answer me like this! But there! I am not what I used to be. I don't go nowhere on Sunday; I used to

sing in our church choir at home. I'm married now, and we spend my off Sundays in the Park."

"Oh!" said the lady, "do come back to God. Get right with Him! 'God is love'."

There was no time to say more. When the bus neared the spot at which the lady was to alight, she whispered to the conductor as she passed out, "Get right with God! I will pray for you!" She kept her promise, and prayed daily for the man and his wife.

One morning, some three weeks later, the lady was going to Kilburn by bus. She handed the conductor her fare without looking up at him.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "are you the lady who has been praying for me?"

In a moment she recognized the man. "Yes," she replied, "I am!"

"Oh!" he said, "I am glad to see you. I have not forgotten your story of the sixpence! Best of all, I have got right with God, and my wife is now converted. We have taken our little boy to church and dedicated him to God."

He told the good news with such real joy that the lady's heart just over-flowed with gratitude to God.

—Forward



My Grandfather's Bargain

He lived at the foot of a long hill. All the country about knew him as a warm-hearted Christian and as a kind and helpful neighbor. Often in the spring teamsters with heavy loads would get mired in the bad roads, and would add

cursing and swearing to blows in a vain endeavor to urge their horses to move the load. On such occasions my grandfather would come out of his office, always benignant, with an offer of help, which was also a mild reproof.

"My friend," he would say, "I will make a bargain with you: if you will stop swearing, I will get my oxen and take your load uphill." The offer took off the edge of reproof without lessening its efficacy. One may "speak the truth in love" so as to rebuke sin and yet not be censorious.

—Glad Tidings.

Clearing His Conscience

There was once an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them by which they could control all the codfish in the market and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well when this good man learned that many poor people in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the men who led him into the plot and told them that he could not go on with it.

Said the old man, "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I won't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing to do with it or with any money made from it."

Many things beside mountains of codfish can come between the soul and God and spoil family prayers. But there is a way by which these mountains can be removed and cast into the sea. —Sel.

He Was Going Home To Die

D. L. Moody

I had a Sunday School in Chicago with twelve or fifteen hundred scholars. I was very much pleased with the numbers. If the attendance kept up, I was happy; but I did not see a convert. I was not looking for conversions.

There was a class in a corner of the large hall made up of young women, who caused more trouble than any other class in the school. There was only one man who ever could manage that class. If he could keep the girls quiet, it was about as much as we could hope for.

One day this teacher was missing, and I taught the class. The girls laughed in my face. I never felt so tempted to turn anyone away from Sunday School as I did those girls. I never saw such frivolous girls. I could not make any impression on them.

The next day the teacher came into my store. I noticed that he looked very pale and I asked what was the trouble.

"I have been bleeding at the lungs," he said, "and the doctor tells me that I cannot live. I must give up my class and go back to my widowed mother in New York State."

As he spoke to me his chin quivered and the tears began to flow. I said I was sorry and added, "You're not afraid of death, are you?"

"Oh no, I'm not afraid to die. But I shall soon stand before my Master and what shall I tell Him of my class? Not one of the girls is a Christian. I have made a failure of my work."

I never had heard anyone speak in that way. I said, "Why not visit every girl and ask her to become a Christian?"

"I am very weak," he said; "too weak to walk."

I offered to get a carriage and go with him. He consented, and we started out.

Going first to one house and then to another, that pale teacher, sometimes staggering on the sidewalk, sometimes leaning on my arm, visited every girl. Calling her by her name—Mary or Martha or whatever it was—he asked her

to become a Christian; telling her that he was going home to die and that he wanted to know his scholars had given their hearts to God. Then he would pray with her, and I would pray with her.

After he had used up all his strength for one day, I would take him home, and the next day we would go out again. Sometimes he went alone.

At the end of ten days he came into the store, his face beaming with joy, and said, "The last girl has yielded her heart to Christ. I am going home now; I have done all that I can do, and my work is done."

I asked when he was going, and he said, "Tomorrow night." I said, "Would you like to see your class together before you go?" He said he would, and I asked if he thought the landlady would allow the use of her sitting room. He thought she would. So I sent word to all the girls, and they all came together.

I had never met such a large number of young converts before. The teacher gave a earnest talk and then prayed, and then I prayed.

As I was about to rise from my knees, I heard one of the girls begin to pray. She prayed for her teacher and she prayed for her superintendent. Up to that time I never knew that anyone prayed for me in that way.

When she finished, another girl followed. Before we arose, every girl had prayed.

What a change had come over them in a short space of time! We tried to sing—but we did not get on very well—

Blest be the tie that binds

Our hearts in Christian love.

We bade one another good-by. But I felt that I must see the teacher again before he left Chicago, and so I met him at the station. While we were talking, one of the girls came along, then another and another, until the whole class had assembled.

It was a beautiful summer night. The sun was just setting behind the western prairies. It was a sight I shall never forget.

A few gathered round us—the firemen, engineer, brakemen and conductor of the train. And some of the passengers lifted their windows as the class sang:

Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's shore,

There'll be no parting there.

As the train moved out of the station, the palefaced teacher stood on the platform of the carriage. With his finger pointing heavenward he said, "I will meet you yonder." Then the train disappeared from view.

I went to business next day; but I could not get interested in my work. I had tasted something better.

What a work had been accomplished in those ten days! Some of the members of that class were among the most active Christians we had in the school for years after. We had a blessed work of grace in the school that summer. It took me out of my business and sent me into God's work.

If you hear God calling you today into His work, do not leave this building until you have decided to respond to that call.

—Printed in 1899.

General Howard's Reward

A beautiful story is told of two great generals of the war. During General Sherman's last campaign in the South, certain changes in commanders were made. General Howard was placed at the head of a special division. Soon after this the war closed and there was to be a grand review of the army at Washington. The night before the review Sherman sent for Howard and said: "The political friends of the officer you succeeded are determined that he shall ride at the head of the corps, and I want you to help me out."

"It is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," replied Sherman. "You led the men through Georgia and the Carolinas; but, Howard you are a Christian, and can stand the disappointment."

"If you put it on that ground," said Howard, "there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the corps."

"Yes, let him have the honor."

(Continued on page 8)

The Minister and His Friends

J. N. Pannabecker

NOTE: In the process of sorting old papers this article was found. Even though the author has passed to his heavenly reward the writing lives on.

Yes, the minister must have friends. He cannot well get along without them. Misfortune may overtake him, sickness may befall him, unforeseen emergencies may arise, and, if he is faithful to his trust, enemies may be made, and then is when a friend in need is a friend indeed.

In considering our subject let us take the case of an imaginary young minister and follow him through his experiences in making friends, keeping friends and leaving friends. He has a wife and two children and has just been assigned to a new field. Being almost a stranger he is faced with the task of forming new acquaintances, which he hopes, will develop into friendship.

A wise man of the past says in Proverbs 18:24 "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Our young minister must therefore cultivate friendliness. If he happens to be of a shy, retiring disposition this may not be so easy for him, but it has much to do with his success, and since it is an essential part of the ministry he is now entering upon, he sets himself to it with a resolute determination to succeed. Let us see how he goes about it.

He arrives on the field early in the week and of course, the first few days are fully occupied in unpacking his household goods and settling, but in spare moments his mind is upon the sermon he will preach the following Sunday, and as a result of prayer and meditation it is gradually taking form in his mind. Sunday morning arrives and rising early our minister spends some time in prayer and then puts the final touches on his sermon.

In preparing for the meeting his attire is not neglected, and, while he is far from being a slave to fashion, he does give careful attention to details. His clothing has been carefully brushed and pressed, his shoes well shined, his hair neatly combed; cleanliness and neatness are evident from head to foot.

Service Time Nears

The hour for services draws near and, with his family, he proceeds to the church. As they join others who are entering, he has a cheery "Good Morning" for all he meets. The last bell is ringing and there is not time for extended salutations, so, escorting his wife and children to a seat near the front, he makes his way at once to the rostrum, and drops upon his knees for a moment of silent prayer.

Promptly, at the appointed hour, the meeting is opened and conducted after the usual order. His sermon is clear, logical, scriptural and convincing, and is spoken from the heart under the anointing of the Spirit. There is no attempt at smartness, no affectation, just naturalness in speech and gesture, accompanied with deep earnestness.

At the close of the meeting our minister is found at the door before anyone

has had time to leave. He greets every one with a hearty handshake and invites them to come again.

In this, his first service, our minister has met many new people and learned the names of a number of them. However, if he is like most of us, it will be some time before he will be able to put names and faces together without mistakes. An older minister told him that the quickest and surest way to avoid such mistakes is to meet the people in their homes, so he resolves to carry out this suggestion at the earliest possible date.

Monday, "Rest Day"

Sunday was a full day and a tax on the minister's strength, so on Monday he relaxes and rests, perhaps assisting some in the household duties. Tuesday we find him out visiting among his members, his aim being to visit each member before the next quarterly meeting. As this is quite a task he keeps persistently at it and in due time accomplishes his purpose. His visits are much more than social calls; he manifests a genuine interest in the problems of his people, rejoicing with them that do rejoice and weeping with them that weep, and, tactfully turning the conversation into spiritual channels, inquiring after their spiritual welfare and offering such words of counsel, encouragement and admonition as seem advisable. He takes particular notice of the young people and children, leaving friendly words with each. Even the babies are not overlooked and the mother's heart grows warm as he, like his Master, says, in effect, if not in words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The visit is then closed by calling the family together while he reads to them out of the scripture and prays fervently for each of them. Our minister's demeanor throughout the visit is such as to win the favor and admiration of the entire family. They have nothing but good to say of the new pastor and are well on the way to become staunch friends. Such visits are repeated again and again until he has covered the entire membership.

He Meets "All Kinds"

Occasionally some disgruntled member will try to prejudice him against another, but he obeys the scripture injunction "Swift to hear, slow to speak, slow of wrath." He keeps his own counsel, weighs his own words, remembering that one who is ready to speak evil to him of a brother or sister is likely to be just as ready to speak evil of him if the occasion arises. He takes no sides, shows no partiality and has no pets.

Having visited all members on his charge he now turns his attention to the community at large and begins a house to house visitation, his object being to make friends, not alone for himself, but for the church and his Lord. He comes to them as an ambassador for Christ, and some time during his visit "Beseeching them to be reconciled to God." In some cases he may be tempted to omit this part of the visit, but he is faithful to his duty and thereby wins the respect and confidence of those visited. He finds that most people expect him as a minister

to speak of spiritual matters and think more of him for doing so.

Those "Hard-To-Reach" Men

The minister is likely to be warned some time of some non-Christian, who, he is told, is very wicked, bitter toward the Church, and has a special grudge against ministers. Most of such characters, however, have a tender spot somewhere, and happy is the one who can find and touch that spot. Perhaps he is an elderly man, hardened in sin, foul-mouthed, living alone in a tumble-down shack. The weather is cold and the minister finds him outside, back of the house, trying with difficulty to cut up a little wood to keep his shack warm. The minister greets him heartily "Good Morning. It looks as if a little help would not come amiss here", so suiting the action to the words he takes hold of one end of the saw and together they soon have a pile of wood that would have taken the old man alone hours to cut. But while doing so he has found the tender spot, and the man is forced to admit that here is a minister who is not too proud to put his hand to a little work to help even a wicked man. The minister's kindness has broken down prejudice, and he has formed an acquaintance that soon develops into lasting friendship. Who knows but this act of kindness is but the opening wedge that shall separate a wicked man from the devil and lead him to the Saviour.

The minister instructed his people to inform him of such as are sick, or in distress, or have lately moved into the community. These are given prompt attention. The sick, especially, are visited repeatedly. He finds that sickness has made their hearts tender and they are especially receptive to spiritual truth, and he makes good use of the opportunity.

The minister receives invitations to bring his family to take dinner and pay them what they are pleased to call a good long visit. On such occasions the children see so many things that are new to them that their curiosity is apt to get the best of them and they meddle with things they should not. Their careful home training is now manifest for a warning look or a word of caution from the parent brings prompt obedience from the child. Properly controlled children will do much to make friends, for preacher's children are all too often notoriously bad.

The Salary

The salary of our minister is not as good as he deserves but he uncomplainingly resolves to live within his income and so practices strict economy, denying himself of many things less careful people would indulge in. In this he is nobly assisted by his splendid helpmeet whose frugality is well shown by the fact that neighbors never find occasion to criticize their garbage can. However, he is not such a penny-pincher that having purchased a sack of potatoes and had them delivered to his home, he returns them to the merchant and asks for his money, all because on his way home he saw potatoes marked a few cents cheaper at another store. He is strict—honorable in all business dealings, seldom asks for credit, and when

(Continued on page 10)

The Prayer Life of Jesus

Rev. J. C. McPheeters

Jesus spent much time in prayer. He withdrew from the crowds and went alone to pray. At times he would arise a great while before day, in order to spend the early morning hours in prayer. At other times, he would spend a whole night in prayer. Before breaking bread he prayed and gave thanks to his Father.

Jesus focalized his praying in behalf of his disciples. In his prayer at the Last Supper he said: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine and all mine are thine and thine are mine and I am glorified in them." (John 17:9, 10) Jesus not only prayed for his disciples of that day, but he prayed for his disciples for all the years to come. In the same prayer he says: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which will believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John 17:20, 21).

The prayer which Jesus prayed for his disciples under the shadow of the cross is likewise the prayer which he prayed for us. Jesus prayed that his disciples might be kept: "Holy Father, keep to thine own name those that thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are." He repeatedly prayed for the unity of his disciples, "that they may be one," even having the same unity of Spirit as he had with the Father.

Jesus prayed that his disciples might have his joy: He says: "And now come I to thee: these things I speak in the world that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves." It is the purpose of Jesus that his disciples have the same joy which he had. In the light of his prayer, Christians are not to be sorrowful but ever rejoicing in the joy of the Lord.

Jesus prayed that his disciples might remain in the world to complete the work which the Father had given them to do. Thus he prays: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the

world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Every life has a distinct mission in the world, a definite work to be accomplished which has been assigned by God. We glorify God, as we fulfill this God-given task. It is the first concern of Jesus that none of his disciples fail in the task that has been assigned them under divine appointment.

Jesus prayed that his disciples might be sanctified. He prayed for their sanctification in these words: "Sanctify them through thy truth: Thy word is truth." He prayed that they might be cleansed and purified from all sin. He made provision for this cleansing and purifying of his disciples in his atoning death upon the cross. He made reference to this provision in his atoning death when he says: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." In these words he speaks of setting himself apart to be crucified that his disciples might be crucified in a spiritual sense as in the case of Paul who said: "I am crucified with Christ."

Jesus stated in his valedictory prayer that his disciples had been sent into the world in the same sense that he himself had been sent by the Father. He says: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Under this condition there is no price to be regarded as too great to be paid, in order to fulfill his will. Jesus laid aside all of the glory of heaven in order to come into the world and do his father's will. As Jesus was sent to do the will of his Father so we are sent to do his will, regardless of what the cost may be.

Jesus prayed that his disciples might be made perfect, speaking these words: "I in them and Thou in me that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." The perfection which Jesus prays for in his disciples is a perfection of love. He concludes his valedictory prayer in the 17th chapter of John with these words: "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them." The apostle John speaks of this perfection in love saying: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness

in the day of judgment: because as he is so are we in this world." (I John 4:17). Jesus prayed that his disciples might finally dwell with him where they would forever behold his glory. In his prayer in this regard we find the most comforting words of assurance and hope within the whole scope of divine revelation. Thus he prays: "Father, I will that they also, that thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: For thou lovedest me before the foundation of the world." After we fulfill the purpose of his will in this world, we shall forever behold his glory in the world beyond.

The profoundest of all mysteries and the greatest of all wonders is, that Christ has provided that lost and sinful men may share with him in his glory. Paul speaks of the provision which has been made for them to obtain the glory of Christ in his second epistle to the Thessalonians: "Whereunto he called you by our gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ."



Thy Word

The Bible thrusts the Being and Providence of God into human thinking.

It reveals the Fatherhood of God through Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man, the Elder Brother of God's household.

It offers the grace of God in pardon and adoption to every man who will set his face toward home.

It proclaims the law of God for the individual, the family, and the nation.

It pours the love of God into the wounds and sorrows of all earth's suffering millions.

It turns the wisdom of God upon all the hard problems of human life.

It offers the life of God for the cure of all the maladies that work in sinful flesh.

It sheds the light of God upon the life that now is and the life that is to come.

—Bishop Earl Cranston.

"God, Have Mercy"

W. G. Porter

While the new minister was having his hair cut one midweek morning he overheard the barber or another say, "Old Jud's day is about done." "Yes," added Bill the barber, "I was out there Sunday to shave him, and he is in bad shape." Continued talk informed the silent listener that dying "Jud" was old and evil. He had been reared in a Christian home but, wandering West into temptation and opportunity, had chosen evil. From the founding of that village "Jud" had been a leader fostering sin. His prominence had been sufficient to attach an ill name to his village, though others near are no whit better.

God mercifully provided that this wicked life should not end till one, a missionary among folk of prisonworthy standards, had come to his home. In the brief months the minister had been there "Jud" had never spoken to the minister, but came to know him by face and strangely had spoken no evil of him. On his part the minister could only recollect a broken old man in a weatherbeaten old coat, driving an old, old horse, hitched to an old creaking-wheeled buggy, identified only by a chance remark of one, "There goes old Jud." That was in the autumn. This was late spring.

"His day is about done," the words sank into the heart of the minister. His day of grace, his opportunity to repent, his time of salvation, his chance of Heaven his Rubicon between eternal bliss and eternal woe. "His day is about done," the words could not be thrust away. Pitiful concern for the old creature said, "Go see him." A walk of two miles brought the minister to the charitable door of the family which sheltered old "Jud."

Inquiry about the condition of the ailing man received kind reply, but no invitation to speak with him. This it afterward appeared was to shield the caller from the offensiveness of the old man's wretched malady. After a courteous wait the request to see him was made and was countered by the declaration, "It won't do any good to talk with him. He is too far gone. He doesn't want to see any-

body." It took a lot of nerve, but persistence won and the minister was directed to the screened rear of the house where the poor old creature sat for air.

One look awakened pity. He was the embodiment of forlorn extremity. Propped up in the old chair, his flushed face, labored breathing, bulging eyes, purple hands, swollen feet all betrayed the failing effort of an enfeebled heart to maintain life. As the minister came near he was recognized, and in a roaring agony of soul was commanded, "Go 'way Go 'way. I'm going to hell and I deserve to go."

Never could well-intentioned pity be more taken aback. This family wished the caller would stay away, so did the sick. But meekly, as God's messenger, the minister spoke a quiet word concerning mercy for sinners. But only to meet the same rebuff, "Go 'way, go 'way! I'm going to hell and I deserve to go." With the feeling that he had accomplished nothing, but rather had alienated from his work the family and their friends of the community, he returned home.

But the minister's sense of responsibility constantly heightened. The unforgettable, "His day is about done," brought him a second time to ask to see old "Jud." The interview was most unsatisfactory. The same hoarse, roaring command met him; but the sick old man listened when Scripture offers of mercy were quoted. Memory evidently awakened. Awful groanings interrupted every argument of his own which the minister used. Baffled as before, the minister returned home and to prayer.

"Get him to pray" became the inner urge of the Spirit, repeated and repeated. So again the step of the minister awakened the attention of the sick old fellow at an earlier hour than usual.

"I came to get you to pray," said the minister.

"I can't pray," was the positive answer, and no amount of urging effort nor argument nor example was able to avail. This minister concluded that the long rebellious sinner indeed could not pray.

But still the responsibility deepened in the minister's heart in spite of a most certain conviction that the community believed he

was dogging the old creature to death. "Get him to pray. Make every effort to the end," was the directed thought of the minister's praying heart.

"I came again to get you to pray; indeed, I came to make you pray." The usual objections, only feebler, arose. "You must pray. Pray this prayer after me, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"God, have mercy!" the poor breathless soul had cried, shortening even that short Biblical prayer in a most earnest appeal for mercy.

And did Jesus hear? The minister records: "I saw those eyes bulging with terror settle to their place. I saw those hands gain strength to twine in prayer. I heard those lips pour out in hoarse whispers volumes of confession, and pleading for mercy, and praise for forgiveness. I heard intercessions for former companions in sin. I saw the peace of God which passeth all understanding come over that straining, marred face; and a quiet beauty remains in my amazed memory of my last look on the new countenance of that new-born soul."

This minister, perceiving how alone that praying soul was with Jesus, retired and went his way. Later, he learned that, for about six hours, with scarce a pause the prayers and pleadings and praise continued till life was done.

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways." —Sel.

General Howard's Reward

(Continued from page 5)

said Sherman, "but you will report to me at nine o'clock, and will ride by my side at the head of the army."

Howard protested, but his commander's orders were positive. So that day, in the grand review, the man who had yielded his rights had a place of higher honor at the head of the whole army. It is ever thus—the meek inherit the earth; those who forget themselves and serve without striving for place, in the end receive the truest honor before both God and man.

—Classmate

Untitled Heroes

(Continued from page 1)

belong to this fleeting, changing, limitless something that men call Time. I am a child of eternity, and my life is as endless as God Himself. The centuries will grow old and die, and the Millennium will pass away. Time will fold up its tattered garments for a pillow, and go to sleep to awake no more forever. But I shall live on in a world where age is forgotten, where everlasting life will bloom in every field and forest, glorify every mountain top, crystallize every ocean, and wave its deathless banner far out beyond the stretch of the swiftest angel's wings!

Who am I? I am a Blood-washed human being, with eternal propensities budding in my soul that, sooner than I think, may burst into a blooming rose of Paradise that will never fade away.

When first I began a really serious study, I had to plow through many things in order to find out that which I loved the best. It is needless to say that I found my all-absorbing theme in the life and work of the blessed Son of God, and through all the years of my Christian life I have had but one great Book, the Bible, and one great Teacher, the blessed Holy Spirit. With these two I have traveled the universe. With them I have gone up to the highest star, and down to the lowest hell. Earth, sea, and sky have been my fascinating playground for the last fifty years.

I have gone North, where the northern crown hangs over an empty world, where polar seas roll thunder through the Arctic night and the aurora borealis sweeps out across a moonless sky in scrolls of rainbow flame. South, to where the Southern Cross looks down from its untroubled blue, and savages hold carnival in hellish glee on sun-baked desert sands. To the primeval East I have gone, where patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings trod with blistering feet the hot sands of time, to keep God's watch-fires burning; where pirate priest and bogus law nailed Jesus to a tree. Then away to the West, where the golden-slippered king of day rides down the evening sky in chariots of flame and fire, surrounded on all sides by banners of purple, blue, crimson, and gold

—the monarch of the evening sky going out on grand parade.

With God and His great Book I have gone the round of the universe. I have soared away to the highest heights, and descended to the lowest depths.

I have stood with bowed head in the stately halls of ancient temples, where mighty gods in cold and silent stone looked down from their granite thrones upon the gathered thousands who blindly worship them, where pagan priests made bonfires to the rising sun and baked their cakes to the shining queen of heaven.

In amazement I have listened to mighty organs that rolled and thundered like storms in the distant sky. Gold and ivory altar, elaborate pews upholstered in glittering, scarlet plush, marvelous chandeliers that flashed and sparkled like stars in a winter sky, curiously-cut glass windows that scattered over the worshipers in gorgeous colors the glorious morning sunlight.

Yes, multiplied millions poured into piles of granite, brick, and marble—all elaborated with the greatest and the best, and supposedly dedicated to the dear Lord Jesus Christ. But will all this wicked waste of time, talent, and money, the world has continued to grow worse and worse, and the one great lesson that the church has ever failed to learn is that increased popularity means decreased spirituality.

The unforgettable facts about the Son of God are that He was born in a stable, reared in a wretched town, abused and threatened by His own people, cursed and excommunicated by the church He came to save. He was mobbed by the great high priest and his gang of hoodlums, betrayed by His own disciple, crucified on a blasted hilltop where criminals went to die, stripped of His last particle of clothing, murdered between two thieves, and finally buried in a borrowed tomb.

All this, and much more He endured when He might have been king and have ridden in a chariot of burnished gold, with the world bowing at His feet. But He rejected it all for the thorns, the spikes, a bloody cross, and His resting-place in the grave of another man.

When will the church cease from

her unholy work of piling millions into brick and stone to dedicate in His dear name when He had not where to lay His head? The same dark angel that led the church of the early centuries to glorify mighty temples and elaborate programs and to compromise with the world is leading the church of the present day. Crosses, candles, robes, and ritual have been handed down from one generation to another, while professors, doctors, and higher educationalists bid fair to crowd the ordinary minister of lesser learning clear in the dark background, or crucify him on a whipping post of some outlying district. And the saddest part of it all is that this "super-duper" spirit is crowding the so-called holiness churches into the same dark, turbulent sea. Look out, my friend! Look out! The breakers are just ahead!

The passion for titles has gripped some of our institutions like the arms of a mighty octopus. Certainly I have the deepest respect for every man and woman who have labored long and studied hard to win their cherished degrees. Less than that is unfair on the part of the giver and the receiver.

What will it matter if my cradle was a manger in a wayside stable, and a rugged cross on a blasted hilltop be my doom? That is what the Master had, and shall the servant be greater than his Lord?

Who were the men whose names I see blazing out in the white light of eternity, sparkling on the twelve gates of pearl? Not Abel the first great martyr. Not Enoch, translated to Heaven without death. Not Noah, who built a ship to save life on our planet from absolute destruction. Not Abraham, the father of the faithful and the friend of God. No, not one of these great saints is so remembered. But twelve rugged men of the wilds, twelve shepherd men who led their flocks across the wind-swept rocks of Hebron, and struggled night and day to keep soul and body together. Yes, these are the men whose names blaze on the twelve great gates of pearl—a burning inspiration to the poor, the illiterate, and the untitled saints of every generation.

Once again, what great heroes do I find inscribed on the twelve foundations of Heaven? Not Gam-

aliel, the learned teacher of the Apostle Paul, not the great high priest of Israel, not the great and mighty doctors of the law, not the powerful archons of the golden temple on the hill. No! a thousand times No! Not one of them! But twelve poor fishermen and tax-gatherers who endured storms, fought blizzards, and drove their fishing vessels into the teeth of the most stubborn gale that they might reap the harvest of the sea, and sell their fish to keep starvation from the door. Yes these are the men whose names burn bright in jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolyte, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst. Indeed, the Holy Ghost knew well how to encourage the unlearned and the illiterate saint, as well as the groomed and tasseled scholar from the higher brackets. Just as I said in the beginning, to be ignorant and unlearned is a serious handicap, but such as these, when in touch with Jesus Christ, may receive much that the schools can never give.

For fifty years my life has not been lived in vain, my time has not been wasted. If nothing more, I have lived to convince myself that the human heart and brain can be so filled with treasures great and grand that the devil and his valiant cohorts will have but little chance of breaking down the bulwarks, and capturing the treasure-house of the soul.

My graduation is sure to come; it cannot be long delayed. One second after the bony hand of death has pulled my eyelid curtains down, or glorious translation has lifted them up, I shall awaken to a new life with eternal prospects out ahead. Then my marks of distinction will by far exceed the black-tassled flat-top, the long and mournful gown, and a few square inches of sheepskin whereon my name may be scribbled for public exhibition. As good as these things are in their stead I shall receive a crown of life that will never fade away, a pure and spotless robe of heavenly linen, and a snow-white stone with a new name engraved that none but God and I will ever know.

Somewhere out in the thunder-riven sky, the light of that glad morning is filtering through. The

herald of a better day is folding back the dark, drab curtains of night to admit the golden dawn of a new and changless age. Then I shall meet my great and only Teacher, supernal and supreme.



The Pastor Prays for His People

(Continued from page 2)

nothing, fall for everything. Firmness is a mark of spirituality if it follows the spirit of love. Stamping your feet in a carnal way will upset your chances to win any lost sinner to Christ, even if he is a thousand ways wrong!

Friends, these are days when compromise on vital issues is all about us, but there is also a danger of insisting on certain "local ideas" that can seriously harm the Cause of Christ. Christian Ethics seems to be unknown to many preachers, or professors of heart holiness. Believe what you believe with all your heart, neighbor, but do it sweetly, and in consideration of the other fellow. Don't let carnality rule your emotions or decisions: get rid of the Carnal Mind. Try the remedy in Romans 6:6.

PAUL PRAYS THAT THEY MIGHT BE FAITHFUL

"...That ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." Sincerity of heart and life is the crux of the message of the Gospel of Christ, for "With the heart man believeth unto Salvation, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." **Heart Religion. Hallelujah!**

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved," says the Book. Note the optional Greek renderings for this verse.

(1) "Stays behind" in matters of sin, and runs not with "Them to the same excess of riot."

(2) "Stayeth under" "God's Grace as a big umbrella."

(3) "Runs ahead" of the crowd as Zachaeus did.

(4) "Remains". Plants his feet and refuses to be moved. The Roman soldier, when in battle, had shoes with long iron spikes that could be planted firmly, and thus he did not slide. "Having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel," said Paul in referring to the armor of the soul.

Paul prayed that his congregation at Philippi would keep true until Jesus came through the clouds, and your pastor prays the same for you, if he is a man of God. It may not be easy so to do, but "Blessed is that servant when His Lord cometh, and findeth him so doing..."

The Apostle was sure that such a congregation would, indeed, rejoice together, "being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the Glory and praise of God." Verse 11.

Mr. Church Member, rejoice if your pastor carries a burden for you, as does this pastor of the Word, and measure up to the will of God and you'll delight the Shepherd of the Flock, and as well, "That great shepherd of your soul, Jesus Christ."

—Thomas E. Frantz

The Minister and His Friends

(Continued from page 6)

he does so is careful to meet bills when due or ask for an extension. This conduct wins him friends among business men.

Our minister remained a second and third year upon this field and during his stay made the acquaintance of practically every one in the community. He preached the truth fearlessly but tenderly, never using the pulpit as a shield by hitting at some one to whom he was too cowardly to speak face to face. He sometimes offended a few, but in time they saw their mistake and admitted the correctness of his position, honored him for his faithfulness and eventually were numbered among his best friends.

Moving Time Comes

Much to the surprise and regret of his people the next annual conference assigned him to another field, and then came the breaking of ties which in the meantime had grown very strong.

For his farewell sermon to a crowded house he chose for a text the words "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30). His sermon was a fervent appeal to his hearers to give Jesus Christ first place in their heart.

Ourselves at God's Disposal

John W. Bradbury

I began my ministry as associate pastor of a certain church. I was a young fellow ready to do anything for the Lord. I was placed in charge of a branch church. And, do you know, when I went into that church there were scarcely any people there except a little group of young people from the First Baptist church.

Among those young people I found two who believed as I believed and who had faith. The three of us got together in a little room and we had a prayer meeting of a special nature. We prayed for a revival.

Later some one said, "What do you folks do when you go off by yourselves?"

"Why, we pray," was our answer.

"May we come?"

"You may, on conditions," we replied.

"What are the conditions?"

"That your life is absolutely clean, that you are separated from the world, and that you want the Lord more than anything else in the world."

Most people stayed away. They didn't like that out-and-out stand. Others asked, "How do you get this way?"

"Well, we give ourselves wholly to the Lord so that He can use us any moment of our lives. When you will covenant with us on the basis you may come."

As a result of those prayer meetings, I saw one hundred seventy-five souls brought to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Prayer Avails When All Else Fails

I went to another church. There were times when rain dropped on my head while I was preaching and the place was very cold and drafty. I began on the same principle for it was a little church with only thirty-five members. I found two of them were devoted to the Lord Jesus and were given to prayer and so yielded to Him that He could use them any hour of the day or night.

So we gathered together for prayer. No one could join us who did not promise to drop everything and engage with us in these stated

seasons of prayer. And, do you know, a miracle took place in that church. People came in, not as a result of my preaching, but as a result of that continued, insistent, persistent, believing prayer.

I went to another church where I repeated the process. The church had had eighteen hundred members, but now the membership was below two hundred. The auditorium seated a thousand people and you can imagine how the place looked with only one hundred twenty-five people in it. I had come out of a revival atmosphere and as I stood on that platform I felt as lonely as it was possible to feel. My heart was breaking and if I had been younger I think I would have run away. But I stayed and went at things the same way as in the other churches.



God's Undefeatable Minorities

I found a few in the group who really knew the Lord and then without any reservation whatever, we gave ourselves to each other and to the Lord and in due time the break came. At the close of a certain Sunday morning service, I was feeling just about as low as possible and was the most discouraged man that ever had stood in the pulpit. When I was finished with the sermon I wanted to tell the people that I was through. I went to the front and said, "I feel like telling you people good-bye today."

They looked a little disturbed, but I continued, "I don't know what to do. The audience is growing, but nothing unusual ever happens. People are not being saved

and I cannot waste my time. Souls should be saved here, but they are not coming in to be saved. What is wrong? I will take all the blame, but I want you to know that if there is only one man in this city who will stand one hundred per cent for Jesus Christ, I will be that man.

"Now, is there one person here who will take me by the hand and say, 'I will stand with you'? Don't come out of sympathy, but if there is someone who understands my platform and will come, I will be very happy." The men far outnumbered the women, and it seemed to me that scores of men started down the aisle.

I stopped them, explaining, "You must have misunderstood me. It is very kind of you brethren to take pity on this weeping preacher, but that is not what I want." I repeated the proposition and with that still more men got up from their seats and came to the front until there must have been one hundred seventy, all of them trying to shake hands with me and all of them in tears. That started a revival in that church, and in three years eight hundred seventy-eight members were added to it.

Who Hath Despised The Day of Small Things

The Lord has promised, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." In these words He wants to encourage us by pointing out that though we cannot begin with a great crowd of people, we can begin with the twos and threes, with the promise of His being with us.

"And ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Jer. 29:13.

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How a Revival Started

In a town in America one Sunday morning a Sunday School teacher was teaching her children the lesson of David and Goliath. The verse which they took as their special text was, "And the Lord was with David."

One little boy looked up at the teacher and suddenly said, "And was the Lord with David?" "Of course He was," replied the teacher. The little boy then said, "Oh, may I go home now?" "No," replied the teacher, wait until the lesson is over. "But, please may I not run home now?" he again

asked. "No," again replied the teacher, "wait until the lesson is over."

The little one waited, and finally the lesson being over, he ran home as fast as possible and went to his nursery, where he hunted among his books and found one with the picture of David and Goliath in it. He took the open book and ran to his father's study. Now his father was a minister, and when the little boy knocked at his door, he was busy writing his sermon for the evening meeting. He told his little boy he was too busy to let him in, but the little one said, "Oh, please let me in, Papa, only a minute."

The father opened the door and let the little boy in. As soon as he entered he showed his papa the picture and said: "They left the Lord out." He then told his papa how the Lord was with David when he fought against the giant, but the artist had left the Lord out of the picture for there were only David and Goliath there.

The father went back to his sermon, but not to finish it. He tore it in pieces and then threw it in the fire and got down on his knees and asked God to forgive him for the many times he had gone out to fight without taking the Lord with him.

That night he went to preach, but took the Lord with him, and that night was the commencement of a great revival. —Selected

Parker and the German

Among the Methodist preachers of long ago was Dr. John Parker; he was a great orator, wondering and weeping audiences crowded to hear him; his fame as a pulpit orator was statewide. The following story is told by Redford: On one occasion a very pious German brother came to hear Parker preach. The old brother took his seat and listened to the slow and measured words of the preacher as he proceeded to advance his proposition. Not being able to discover anything extraordinary, either in the matter or manner of the preacher, the honest old German would drop his head, giving it a significant shake and say to himself, 'Dis bees not Parker; dis be not him surely.' After a while as

the preacher warmed up to his theme and occasionally flashed out a bright and beautiful thought the Dutchman would say, "Maybe dis is Parker." The preacher at length got fairly under way; his soul was on fire and impassioned strains of eloquence fell like full bursts of glory from the upper sanctuary upon the rapt audience. The old German rose to his feet and was moving unconsciously forward charmed with the eloquence of the preacher. He was lost to all surrounding objects and lost to himself; for so intently was his attention fixed that he dropped his hat. When the preacher closed, the old man was at the altar, as near as he could get to the pulpit, and, drawing a long breath, he turned round, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Mine Gott, vot a outcome dis Parker got."



The Bible

This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's Map, the pilgrim's Staff, the pilot's Compass, the soldier's Sword, and the Christian's Charter. Here Paradise is restored, Heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed. **Christ is its grand subject**, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened at the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents. The Book, the one Book; the Book of books, the Book of God, **the Bible**—the revelation of God to man! —Sel.