



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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

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

Volume 19

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May, 1968

No. 9

Rich Heritage of Christian

Motherhood

By Ruth Watral

At this time of the year we set apart a day in commemoration to our mothers. It causes our minds to remember mothers who have passed on into another world. Also we consider those who make-up or constitute the mothers of this day. Those who have long since passed on in their mortal bodies, live on in the memories of those who have been so greatly influenced by their lives. What a rich heritage has been contributed by the mothers of yesterday. The influence of their pure moral lives and pure religious or spiritual lives can never be forgotten.

The mothers of this day will only be remembered in the tomorrows by the purity of their lives and by the influence they leave with their children.

We find a great example in the heritage of a Godly mother exhibited in Hannah, Samuel's mother. Recorded in the book of I Samuel 1:11 we read the notable prayer of Hannah unto God for a son. Included in her prayer she made a vow, that if she would be granted her petition she would give her son to the Lord as long as he lived. We find in the 24th verse of this same chapter Hannah fulfills her vow and presents her son to the Lord and

His service as long as he should live. This must surely be the key to a successful life, to have a Godly mother who has committed her child's life into the care and will of God. If we could see more mothers as Hannah of old, praying with such fervency in behalf of their sons and daughters, we would be seeing more Samuels rising up in our day, fearless men of God, going out in life blessing a nation.

We have recorded in our scripture this notable prayer of Hannah which I believe merely touches the fringes of the character of Hannah's life. I suppose if we could know the depth of Hannah's prayer life, we could have heard not one prayer but many fervent prayers of concern in behalf of her boy Samuel. Doubtless, Samuel as a boy was reared around a family altar, instructed most zealously in the Word of God. I am also persuaded that Samuel as a boy was taught reverence toward God and respect toward his fellow man. Most certainly the success of Samuel's life began long before he made his entrance into this life. It began with the wonderful consecration made by a consecrated Godly mother whose first interest was God's will in her life and her son's.

Many sons and daughters have launched out into life of which proved to be most successful. This is

not the rule or ordinary course of life. I am sure the majority of children reared up under the training of a Godly mother have received from their mother a heritage which cannot be purchased with silver and gold. Their lives of success can only be contributed to the daily training around the skirt of a Godly mother. The tender and loving voice of mothers, those gone on before and those who remain, can still be heard. Moved in tenderness by the love of Christ enthroned within their hearts. The times of daily instruction in the Word of God and the moral training received at mother's knee, these things will never be forgotten! They shall be to children who have accepted their mother's God and ways, as glorious memories and as a sweet morsel to their soul. But to those who have refused God's way and the way mother taught, these memories shall haunt and convict their souls. The training of a Godly mother can never be forgotten!

Thank God for the heritage of our Godly mothers. Someone has said "As the mothers of a nation go, so goes the nation". Mothers, what influence are you making upon your children? You may either leave a Godly example as Hannah of old, your children stand out great in the sight of God and prove a blessing to their fellowman, or by your training and example may thrust your children out in society irreverent to God, disrespectful to man and no asset to God or self.

As we pay homage to our mothers this Mothers Day, let us pray God to raise up more mothers as Hannah of old, who presented to society and God, one of the greatest prophets and leaders known.



One of the most appalling things that characterizes our day is the lack of respect. I suppose that every age has to some degree experienced a lack of respect but never as apparent as at this present time. Respect, the dictionary declares, is a just regard for and an appreciation of worth, honor and esteem. While perhaps there are no individuals, especially Christians, who are looking for any special recognition, yet, there are many times when honorable recognition is proper and right. If the Bible teaches anything, it teaches this. We are to respect our parents, our employers, our law and officers of the law and last but far from least God.

Nothing hurts me more than to hear ones mother referred to as "the ole woman" or the Father as "the ole man". When parents allow this sort of thing to continue, they are encouraging disrespect that will eventually enter the class room, the church and finally the business world, and it will be magnified many times over.

J. Edgar Hoover said, "One big reason for our troubles and problems of this day stems from the lack of respect which in return exhibits a lack of training in the home first, then in the schools and by the time he has reached young adulthood he has lost all regards for his fellow men."

The results of this disrespect are witnessed in the rioting and plundering lately seen in the "non-violent(?)" demonstrations in many of our cities. A man's life or property is not even considered as mobs give vent to the lawlessness, if not in-born, planted and cultivated by the lack of training.

While it is true that the conduct of some does not command respect, yet, it is my duty as a father to

teach my children to respect those in authority. Recently I heard my own son refer to a teacher in school as, ole man —. A lecture followed with the promise of something more drastic if I heard this again, fortunately for him I haven't. As a boy, I was never permitted to refer to a grown man or woman as Bill Brown, or Bill, or Ole Brown, but it was always Mr. Brown or Mrs. Brown. I know, this sounds so trifling, but we must admit no man became a thief by stealing a million dollars first. It started with a few pennies from a dresser, then larger amounts from various places, finally we read where he was sentenced for an amount of years for armed robbery. This disregard for men and their properties did not begin in a riot, but a small neglect at home, a neglect that was larger than we thought.

There is another way that we can teach respect. It is by being respectful ourselves. What would my son and daughter think of me as a father and a pastor if I referred to my superior as "ole George" or "Straubie". There may be places that a first name would be proper, but in public or in ordinary speaking let us teach respect by being respectful. No matter what my personal opinion of a man might be, he deserves my respect.

A final way to teach respect is to live so that we command respect, then we will not have to demand it. If I live in such a way that I do not command it I should not expect it. It is discouraging to refer to a minister only to have a businessman say, "him! He owes me such and such" or "when he returns what he borrowed 5 years ago, I'll consider him to be a minister."

Our dress, talk and daily behavior either commands respect or disgraces our kind. If we are real men and women, to say the least let us live such that we will not disgrace our kind, but command respect.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Father in Heaven, make me wise,
So that my gaze may never meet
A question in my children's eyes.
God keep me always kind and
sweet,

And patient, too, before their need;
Let each vexation know its place,
Let gentleness be all my creed,
Let laughter live upon my face!

A mother's day is very long,
There are so many things to do!
But never let me lose my song
Before the hardest day is through.

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Holiness Teachings

Compiled by

Rev. Allen C. Russell

THE FULLNESS OF THE SPIRIT

Text — Eph. 5:18 "But be filled with the Spirit."

It is sometimes said that Christ's new commandment, "Love one another," is the eleventh commandment. In the same way we have the twelfth in Paul's mandatory precept, "Be filled with the Spirit". There is an error quite widely spread in the Church, that the baptism or fullness of the Spirit is not universally obligatory, but rather it is an elective experience, a privilege and not an imperative duty. We note that the passive voice, "be filled", implies that we cannot actively fill ourselves, but that the Spirit is present like the atmosphere and ready to instantly fill every vacuum. It is ours to create a vacuum by an unreserved self-surrender to Christ as both Saviour and Lord. This implies strong faith. In truth, faith is man's only capacity to receive God. He cannot enter us through the senses, for they report only material things, nor can the Spirit enter the soul through the reason, which apprehends only relations, not realities. Therefore faith is the only door by which the Spirit comes into the human spirit. Man, a spirit, is an image of God the Spirit.

Self-Surrender A Prerequisite

It is quite evident that purity is a prerequisite to this indwelling fullness of the Spirit. This is the divine order: first cleansed, then filled. All filling presupposes emptying. It is true that the baptism of the Spirit has been sought and received as a

full endowment for service. But a careful examination of such experiences reveals the facts of the Spirit's revelation of an inward bias to moral evil, and also of the seeker's full consent to its extermination by the purifying fire of the Spirit before He takes up His abode within. This consent is part of his irreversible and all-embracing self-surrender to Christ, the great Physician, Whose healing power is preparatory to the full endowment of the Holy Spirit.

A Ceaseless Drinking - A Ceaseless Thirst

Turning to the Greek Testament we note that the command "Be filled with the Spirit" is in the present tense, denoting not a mechanical fullness once for all, but a vital fullness, a constant appropriation and perpetual reception, a ceaseless drinking and a ceaseless thirst. Hence the paradox of Charles Wesley:

"Insatiate to this spring I fly;

I drink, and yet am ever dry."

The thirst is for more of the same kind, not for anything different, like the thirst of a perfectly healthy babe. "But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well (artesian) of water springing up into everlasting life." The need of an increase of this water is not excluded. The Holy Spirit is a gushing fountain ever flowing, so far as the supply is concerned. There is a danger of a diminishing appropriation till the soul has ceased to drink. One has said "Truly that water, as far as it depends on itself, has in it an everlasting virtue; and when thirst returns the defect is on the part of the man, not of the water."

A Solemn Warning

We may insensibly and without

raising the suspicion of our Christian friends lose the life of the Spirit, and preserve at the same time deceitful appearance. For when the Holy Spirit withdraws from the soul He sometimes allows the forms which He has created to remain. The oil is exhausted, but the lamp is there; prayer is offered and the Bible is read; the going to church is not given up, and, to a certain degree, the service is enjoyed; in a word, religious habits are preserved, and, like the corpses found at Pompeii, which were in a perfect state of preservation and in the very position in which death had surprised them, but which were reduced to ashes by contact with the air, so the blast of trial, of temptation or that of the final judgement will also destroy those spiritual corpses.

"A Land Flood" — Not A Flowing River

There is a fullness of the Spirit of the emotional kind which is liable to great fluctuations. It is genuine but does not keep. It does not have permanent, staying qualities. It is often received amid the tidal wave of the faith and sympathy of a multitude, and begins to decline when the social magnetism is despoiled by separation from the jubilant throng in the temple or camp. The Spirit seems to pervade only the upper and more easily reached currents of the soul; the depths of the being, the inner life where the will dwells and character has its roots, have not been reached. There experience is like what Fletcher calls "a land flood," a spring freshet, and not a river steadily flowing from springs so deep as not to be affected by Summer's drought and Winter's cold. Corresponding to the

(Continued on Page 10)

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

CHURCH NEWS

MAHAFFEY, PENNA.

Wedding Bells rang for Carole Goodyear and David Hoch. The couple were united in matrimony March 9, 1968 in the Mahaffey God's Missionary Church by the pastor. They are residing in Mahaffey and are faithful members of the church. Carole is also Business Manager for the God's Missionary Standard.

SALUNGA, PENNA.

Second annual Lancaster County Holiness Camp, June 30 through July 7th, 1968 at 7:30 evenings and 2:30 Sundays — Landisville Camp Grounds, Landisville, Penna. Evangelist, Rev. George Straub of Penns Creek, Penna. Singers, Rine-Bringer Trio, Beavertown, Pa. Rev. John F. White, Camp President.

Milesburg, Penna.

Here is the Milesburg Church report for February and March. The Lord has been very good to us here at Milesburg. February saw a weekend for the Youth with Rev. Jack Jarrett from Gardners, Pa. God gave us a gracious weekend with the final service resulting in victories around the altar, one of which was a young lady who never had been to the altar. God saved her out of a home of Godlessness and no concern for the soul. The Spirit of the Lord is faithful if we desire Him to be so. The last evening, The Joy-of-Living trio was present and sang under the anointing of the Spirit. These are fine dedicated folks who love the Lord and will do any church good. The preaching of Bro. Jarrett was wonderful. It was a joy to be at this Youth Weekend. These services were directed and sponsored by the Youth of our church. We do thank the Lord for the fine youth department He allowed us to have. On Sunday the 11th, the Boy Scouts from the area celebrated National Boy Scout Sunday by joining in our service. 90 scouts and their parents and advisors were present. Our church was filled for this service. We do thank the Lord for the privilege that was ours to challenge

these hearts. The service was a credit to the Graces of God and enjoyed by all. Rev. Wm. Bloom filled the pulpit for the third Sunday of the month in the absence of the pastor, who was away at the Foreign Missionary Convention. The Lord met with the church in a mighty way on the last Sunday evening with many souls bowing at the altar, no preaching and the blessings of the Lord felt in a mighty way.

March saw our spring revival come with Rev. Russell Herr as the speaker. The Lord mightily used him to get to the hearts of the people. It again was our privilege to see many persons bow at the altar, many of them in fact most of them new folks for our altar, but the Lord met and gave them the victory. The last Sunday night, a husband and wife bowed together and asked God for mercy on their souls. The revival closed with the feeling that the church was really strengthened and encouraged. When new blood comes into the church, it does encourage all concerned. Some of Bro. Herr's messages will linger with us for some time. Here are a few of what he preached to us: "Rolling the stones away, The potential wickedness in every heart, the thing that will damn you quicker than sin, and thoughts on Heaven, and Hell". Yes, it has been almost 20 years since Bro. Herr preached to the Milesburg folk but they had remembered the times they had together then. Now a generation later, he leaves again with the newer youth of the day and of our church seeing and hearing him for the first time, but to be long remembered for his tremendous ministry while here. With the help of the Lord, we expect his return, the Lord willing, in a few years. Many churches worshipped with us. Nine different denominations and 20 different churches were represented with preachers coming to visit totaling 53. Many of these were from other denominations. Seven God's Missionary Churches and many of the neighboring Pilgrim Holiness Churches cooperated. I have not heard of any who did not enjoy the ministry of our Brother. Visitors were from Louisiana, Maryland and New York. One of

these was a native of Germany and we were glad to have her. She is the daughter-in-law of one of our faithful folks who worship with us.

Our youth meeting of the month found us with a full house on a rainy night and with over eight different churches present to worship with us around the personality of our Lord and Savior. The Lebanon church was present with their pastor. The youth of that church certainly did present a great night of music and the Lord again blessed us with His presence from the start of the service. Many, many songs of various types were sung and then Bro. Wise, their pastor, presented a short but glorious exhortation pertaining to the Grace of God. My how the people rejoiced together realizing how great God is. This was by far one of our better Youth services of the year. We welcome them back again with us in the future. The Lord has been helping us, we give Him praise.

We have no regrets to report, no sad statements to repeat, but all is glorious and on we go in His Name. Many of our services lately have had the presence of the Lord so great that there was no preaching. Even during our revival Bro. Herr did not get to preach one night with the first altar call at about 7:20. A man with a stroke from a nominal church was saved and already we all see a marked change in his condition. His wife reports a wonderful change in him and he has a hard time explaining how he feels, but he gets his expressions across by motion. The Lord is helping this man. We ask the prayers of the **Standard family** for a complete recovery, that the cause of the Lord here will be strengthened and endeared to the hearts of all concerned. His family is unsaved and influential in the community. Please pray with us that God will do the unusual. A fine young teenager also out of a nominal church, came to the altar, asked God to help her and to save her. This He did and already the change is apparent. She began to ask questions of the saints about worldliness and things of the world. Then we have this element today who are professing two works of grace and are again returning to the allurements of the world, taking up that which they had discarded. God help us in this evil day to get a hold of God.

PENN VIEW BIBLE INSTITUTE

May 19 through 24 will be the closing week of school at Penn View. We are grateful for God's help in this second year of school. This week will close with Baccalaureate Service the 19th at 2:00 p.m. Rev. Truman Wise, Speaker.

Graduate Service, 21st, 7:30 p.m.

Student Service, 23rd, 7:30 p.m.

Commencement, 24th, 8:00 p.m.
Rev. George Straub, Speaker.

EVANGELIST' SLATE

Rev. and Mrs. William Tillis,
Evangelist and Singers
Box 2, Beavertown, Penna. 17813
May 30 - June 9 — Bucknell, Ind.
(P. H.)
June 13 - 23, Henderson, Maryland
(Ch. of Christ & Christian Union.)
June 28 - July 7, Lavelle, Penna. (E. M. Camp.)

NOTICE

The Youth Rally scheduled for Roaring Springs in May has been

cancelled. There will be no rally there this month. May 10th will be the final Rally for this conference year. This Rally will be at Coopersburg. H. Noll, Pres.

THE MINISTRY OF TRACTS

Martin Luther wrote a preface to his comments upon the Epistle to the Galatians, which afterward reached a poor man, a Bedfordshire tinker, named

John Bunyan, and Bunyan not only won a place in millions of hearts through his imperishable "Pilgrim's Progress," but he also wrote a preface to his comments upon the Epistle to the Romans, upon reading which

John Wesley was convicted of sin. He became a mighty worker in the Reformation, and thousands were turned from the service of Satan to the service of the living God through his instrumentality. He, too, wrote and distributed many powerful tracts fifty years before a tract society was organized.

He Intercedes

by

Frieda S. Dause

If your prayers have grown feeble,
And your faith is almost gone,
Do not cease your supplication,
But keep pressing toward the Throne.

There is One Who knows your weakness,
One Who, too, this path has trod
It is Jesus, and He's pleading,
Interceding now with God.

Yes, He hears your spirit's groaning,
Burdened down with heavy care;
He will go to God, the Father,
Magnify to Him your prayer.

Let a flood of reassurance
Fill your soul now as you plead,
Knowing that your Elder Brother
Never fails to intercede!



Rev. and Mrs. Ronald Mayhle

**7th Annual
MISSIONARY CRUSADERS
CONVENTION**

GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH
Beavertown, Penna.

June 1, 1968

10:00 A.M. 2:30 P.M. 7 P.M.

SPEAKER — REV. RONALD MAYHLE
New Bethlehem, Penna.

MUSIC — PENN VIEW ORCHESTRA

SINGERS — MR. & MRS. DAVID FULLER

All young people who are SAVED, are invited to bring their musical instruments.

There will be no meals served. Please bring your lunch and stay all day. For information, write Rev. Herman Noll, Milesburg, Penna. — Pres.

A PAGE FOR YOUTH

The Bible - -

Youth's Guide

A Valedictory Address

Just as a road map is the guide which directs a traveler safely to his destination, so the Bible is the guide which will direct youth to their eternal, heavenly goal.

From the beginning of the journey of life unto the end, God speaks to His children through His written Word, which declares: "The Lord shall guide thee continually." The Lord is our God forever and ever. He will be our guide unto death, and His Word will be a lamp unto our feet as we tread the rugged pathways of life.

His light of guidance will shine upon us as we approach each mountain of difficulty and each valley of doubt and fear which we may traverse. The light of His Word will reveal the hidden dangers lurking in the darkness and the pitfalls that lie along the way to ensnare our unsuspecting feet.

The Bible encourages the hearts of youth by directing the eye of faith to Christ, Who has already trodden this diverse pathway of life before us, and has set up many guideposts to direct us as we journey on.

"He knows the evils that surround thee,
The turnings that would lead astray.
No foes of life can e'er confound thee;
Let Jesus lead; He knows the way."

In this atomic age, we face problems which the youth of yesterday did not encounter. The things about us seem so unstable and so unsure that we feel our hearts begin to waver, and find that they would almost faint within us. Yet our Guidebook points out a plain path for our feet, assuring us that even a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. For every emergency, every doubt, there is a wealth of strength, comfort, and guidance in the Bible.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow expressed in the following lines what should be our attitude toward the conditions existing in the world today:

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth."

In the wilderness of this world through which youth must pass, there will be many times when our ideas, ambitions and plans must be changed. On the sacred pages we will find explanations of many of our difficulties and the wisdom of God's appointments. We will be made to realize how needful is the heavy trial, the heart-rending bereavement, the blighting of fond hopes, and the failure of cherished plans. The life of Madame Guyon, that rich saint of other years, demonstrates the deep suffering of humanity, while it also reveals the tenderness and wisdom of our loving Heavenly Father in His dealings with His children, and the power of His grace which gives victory in every vicissitude of life.

The Bible gives strength to carry on when those about us fail and go back. In this upward climb, we, as youth, will find the way just as narrow, just as plain, and just as straight as did our fathers and mothers. Does not the Bible say that strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it? How many have started out in youth with great courage, high ideals, and lofty goals, only to turn, ere their task was finished, to settle on some lower plane called "Not nearly so hard"! Let us remember:

"He is counting on you,
He has need of your life
In the thick of the strife;
For that weak one may fall
If you fail at His call.
He is counting on you!
If you fail Him —
What then?"

Though some have failed in the crucial hour, many others have come through the test more than conquerors. They have counted the cost and have sought in their youth for wisdom and knowledge as one would seek for silver and gold. It has been, and ever will be, the Old Book and the Old Faith that en-

courage youth to travel on, when others fail. Many faithful hearts have obeyed the admonition found in Proverbs 3:21, "My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion." All who have followed the Bible as their guide have found that God's Word becomes life to the soul, and strength to the feet, that they may not stumble or turn aside from the way which leads to life eternal.

The greatest lives, those who have accomplished most for God and humanity, have been those men and women who, early in life, absorbed the teachings of the Word of God. The Bible gives us many notable examples of those who honored God's Word.

Joseph, the savior of his people, surely learned in early life the ways of God.

Moses, that great leader, was trained from babyhood in the ways of God by his faithful mother, and those teachings became so much a part of his life that when he grew to manhood, he left the palace of Pharaoh and cast his lot with the people of God.

Samuel, the greatest of the judges, was given to God before his birth, and began at a very early age to imbibe religious truth.

David, Israel's beloved king, must have been taught and trained in the ways of the Lord from the beginning of his life, for early he began to give expression to those teachings in his glorious songs, which are full of his faith and trust in God.

Daniel, the statesman and prophet, even in his boyhood days, proved the value of early religious training.

Beautiful Queen Esther could never have saved her people, had she not received the truths of God's Word in her childhood.

The little Hebrew maiden in the court of Naaman lived out her early training, in helpful words and deeds for those about her.

All these examples prove that if we achieve anything worthwhile in this life, whether great or small, we must first take the Bible as our guide.

Not only do the sacred Scriptures show the way of human progress, but they do immeasurably more. They inspire men to walk in that way. They furnish the highest

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Yes He Knows About It

by

Rev. Donald Hughes

Editor's Note: Rev. Hughes is an evangelist, a dynamic preacher and a Brother Beloved. His messages will be a help and inspiration to any church. I would highly recommend him to our readers. If interested, you may contact him at Hobe Sound, Florida.

David remarked, "thou understandest my thoughts afar off" — for before a word is yet on my tongue, lo! O Jehovah, thou knowest it altogether. How foolish we are who "seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord." The all-seeing eye of God has "knowledge of the deepest thoughts and most secret working of the human heart". There is not one act, one thought, one motive "that is not manifest in his sight." All the unborn thoughts are "open unto his eyes." Even that which was done in the darkness, is as on the roof top before all. He knows the intent of the heart and looks upon it as deeds. God sees what we wanted to do, and would have done, or would have said. He "is a discernor of the thoughts," and knows all our desires.

Knowing all this, and knowing that God knows, "what manner of persons ought ye (we) to be in all holy conversation (every day living). A boy was required to help his father steal potatoes from a friend's field. The son was set to watch while his father was digging the potatoes. The son called out as if danger was near. "Where? ? — Where?" said the father, who could see no danger or sign of danger. "Look up" replied the son. This should always be before us when we are making plans and thinking — God sees. God knows. He is reading our thoughts. He knows our heart's desire.

Such knowledge of the All-Seeing Eye of God should check a good man and make him move slow and speak less. Such knowledge should frighten an evil man. The Divine Omniscience is a consolation and strength to His people. He knows they meant it for good, but was taken for evil.

He knows and so do we, that it looked wrong from the outside, yet

He knows the motive was pure. Many times we are rejected by man, yet accepted by God, because He knows. Accused of not doing the best we can, yet He alone knows how much we can do. A man said to a small boy who was going down the street, loaded down with packages, "son, you are carrying too big a load." The boy said "no I'm not sir, my father put them on me, and he wouldn't give me more than I could carry." We'd be farther down the road, if we had as much faith in our Heavenly Father as the lad did his earthly father. He adds and takes away as He sees best. The song writer said,

"My Jesus knows just what I need,

O yes He knows just what I need.

Mother

Selected

How precious the memory of her who bore me and gave me life, who for me would gladly have sacrificed her all. It was she who nurtured me and tenderly cared for me in my helpless babyhood, who lovingly guided me in my childhood days, who with deep solicitude watched over me in youth, and counseled me in manhood, and who in tears with a "God bless you" and a God-speed bid me good-by as the homelies were broken and we entered life's duties and responsibilities.

It was mother who could heal our hurts and dry our tears, who never failed us, who could always understand the first signal of distress or need. Our cry of alarm or pain reached her heart. Mother, who kissed our fevered, parched lips and smoothed our aching brows, who could not and would not leave us till all danger was passed, whose lullabys were the sweet music that hushed our disquieted heart, and calmed our sobbing breast. It was she who coaxed our tired little body, wearied with its play to dreamland, whose tender hands tucked us snugly in our trundle bed, whose fond good-nights were a balm and a comfort of our childhood days, whose song in the morning woke us to the brightness of a new day, and whose cheery voice called us to our place at the table.

Mother, who seemed never to grow weary or tired, and our first and faintest cry would bring her to

our side, day or night, whose pleasure was found in our pleasure, and to whom sacrifice and self-denial for us was delight: mother whose prayers never failed; patient, plodding, unwearied.

The toil and cares of the passing years stole the bloom from her cheek, the sparkle from her eye, the plumpness from her form, the spring from her step; brought the silvery hair, furrowed the brow, and enfeebled the hand that had always been ready to respond to the first call of need and minister so willingly to the stricken hands that had now lost their native beauty by the toil and cares of life's duties, and now rough and homely, yet beautiful because they had never failed in the presence of a needy, distressed soul; hands that had cooked and baked and sewed and patched and washed and scrubbed for us, hands ever out-stretched in tender ministration.

Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands,

Though they neither were white nor small,

Yet, my mother's dear hands were the fairest,

And loveliest hands of all.

Mother, the precious memory of whose unwearied life of devotion has cheered us under trial, strengthened us under burdens, comforted us in hours of sorrow, sweetened us under bitter disappointment, inspired hope when cast down, refreshed us when misunderstood and misrepresented, nerved us to duty and sacrifice when tempted to give up.

One day we received a message: "Mother is stricken, come." We hastened to her side. Loving hands of devoted daughters cared for her.

After a long period of painful suffering she entered into rest — slipped away to that "bourne whence no traveler e're returns," and now for many years she has lain beneath the evergreens.

Some of these bright, fair mornings, when life's short day for us has ended, when we have finished our course, we will meet her by the grace of Him of Whom she taught us, in that land where "Mother, home and heaven" will be revealed to us to have meant more than we knew.



Missionary Message

Editor's Note: The message for Missions comes to us from Rev. E. P. Miller, pastor of our church in Allentown. The Meekes are from his church and are laboring at the present time in New Guinea.

Montanda Station
Nipa via Mendi, S.H.D.
New Guinea
January 10, 1968

Dear Member of Our Praying Family,

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." (Deut. 8:2). Yea, we glance back over the months that have passed and our hearts swell with thanks and praise to God for all the way that He has led, for the many and varied experiences through which He has permitted us to pass and for the fact that continually we have proved His promises are true and faithful and His grace sufficient. We thank each of you for your prayers that have covered us and for the part that you have had in His loving care and provision for us.

We do wish we had time to give you a detailed account of our long voyage across the waters, of our ministry in Australia and all about the people there — the lovely visit with our dear friends, the Ridgway family and the churches there, of the hospital where Marilyn has commenced nurses training, of the I.M.F. Home where the children stay for their high school and of the ones who have cared for them these past years and now at last we have met them personally, etc. But space is limited and already we have been too long in getting word to you about our arrival and work in New Guinea. It seems as though we are in the farthest corner of the world, but we are at last at our final destination "back in the bush" in the southern highlands interior (S.H.D. in address), and beginning what we feel is our roughest pioneer work endeavored yet as we begin initial station development back

in amongst these tribes. You have been in our thoughts and prayers all along but our mimeo machine and paper have just arrived so we hasten to get this on its way to you. Mail is very slow just now but soon we hope to know the regular mail days so we can send for and trust airmail you shall receive word from us no later than a month after you send.

On the 17th Nov. we arrived in Madang at the northern coast of New Guinea (we found it was cheaper to come from Australia on by plane). Our "belongings" had been chugging their way from Sydney on the little steamer "Woo-sung" for the previous four weeks and we got to Madang in time to check their unloading. We anticipated going right on to the interior but shortly found out we were again in the land of wait awhile — and we waited — for ten days until we could get a cargo plane to take us in amongst fertilizer and all sorts of cargo. We gave a sigh of relief to get away from hot and dusty Madang. At the MAF base the pilot packed us into the small Cessna, leaving our gear and supplies to be brought in later (later was six weeks more). He "buzzed" the station of the Christian Union missionaries by flying low and they came 14 miles to the Australian patrol post at Nipa to take us in to Ka by Jeep (we were thankful for the road that far, even though rough). The work at Ka is also in its primitive stage and much spiritual work to be done having just started three years ago. We are working as associate missionaries with them — however our support is yet as always entirely by faith and with no denominational backing). We stayed at Ka in a temporary bush house hoping to get up to Montanda, 17 miles further in, as soon as possible. But Ted came on ahead for several days at a time to begin work on a rough bush house and get the men on clearing the ground. In between he preached at services for the two missionary couples and two single missionaries at Ka and a

week of services with the natives. Our supplies hadn't come in yet so we spent Christmas also at Ka and all of us shared our food and had a lovely get together (we hope we can get together at least once quarterly for spiritual fellowship).

We were very happy that our children could be home for Christmas (except Marilyn who is in nurses training in Melbourne). The Australian government usually takes care of one trip a year, except for a small fee per person, because they do not have high schools in New Guinea but we were not sure if they would help this time for the children had only been in school since August for the last term, but they did and it made it so nice for us all. We have never had the children into our stations before during the initial development but in spite of the inadequate facilities they have adjusted very well and Mark especially has been a man's help and saved us hours of trekking and they all have helped in winning the hearts of the people. Love and John leave for the new school year on the 22nd Jan. (this is their summer vacation) and Mark, Faith and Hope the end of Jan. not to return until next Christmas. They will be keenly missed.

On January 1st the missionaries brought us as far as they could by Jeep and wagon. Some of the Montanda natives had been there to help us and though most of our things were out at Nipa patrol post yet Mark assisted the natives for the next three days in getting them in. As we trekked the mountains and valleys here these two and a half hours it was with a prayer in our hearts and the closeness of our Lord as we pressed on to the regions beyond. Arriving here at Montanda Ted introduced us to our small bush house with its matted walls and floors and thatched roof — at first our hearts sank especially on seeing all the mud which Ted had warned "not a blade of grass" — but then we felt truly it was our

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MISSIONARY LETTER

(Continued from Page 8)

"Elim" for we have rest of soul in knowing we are just where our Lord wants us. As we opened our luggage and saw the lovely items given to us while back home we were so blessed and excited and soon our little house took on a homey look with the home made carpets, towels, etc. and the food items are such a help in these busy days and so nice to have some treats once again and while the children are here. We have renewed acquaintance with the flies and fleas and rats! and mud and rain — how it does come down in torrents and so chilly and cold with the windy nights — we are always happy when the sun shines but rain is the usual thing for here. When it is not raining the men are clearing the ground and burning the brush, etc. It will be some time until it is cleared enough for gardens but quite a space around our house is clear now.

We are surrounded by the villages and daily the throng goes by and our house is smothered with people as they are so curious and stand with their faces tight against the house trying to see through the weaving. We brought salt and soap and exchange it for work and wood etc. On Saturday at least 500 people were here and it was really noisy. Ted spoke to them and told them how God had sent us and our hopes and plans for work with them. They appealed to us to take care of their sick for so many are dying — they are starting on clearing and making a clinic and wards out of their native materials now. Please pray for these dear people. They live in constant fear of spirits and we hear the endless wailing — even the little happenings such as a few nights ago when a man cried all night — next morning we heard his wife had beaten him — no secrets in their communal life. Johnny went to the river for a swim last week and found a small skull in the water (apparently that of a baby thrown in which is their custom). Some of the natives saw him and told him to throw it back. Mark explored a cave and brought home some human bones and skeletons of bats, rats, etc. — it was quite frightening to me to see them at night but he has hid them somewhere — to Mark who hopes to be

a doctor this is all intriguing. This "man" had been killed (enemy tribe) and the flesh cut off his bones and cooked into a potion — you can see the bones that have been hacked. They are so afraid of being poisoned by their enemy tribes. Not having trained workers it makes the task more difficult but we know the the Holy Spirit will bring conviction and they will receive light and hope in Christ. Pray for us as we teach them the Christian attitude that Paul emphasized — that of power and of love and of a sound mind.

As I write this letter word has come to us that the location where the men are clearing was the site of their tambaran house and sing sing grounds. This seems like a seal on our work to know that they would give this up for us to begin God's work. By your earnest prayers the strongholds of satan will be overthrown.

We face the coming days of this new year knowing that each one brings our Master's return closer. The time for laying up treasures in Heaven is so short. Let us occupy til He comes. We count it a privilege to be your hands ministering the Word in these mountains and valleys of New Guinea. We love and appreciate you all.

Your missionaries,
Ted and Florence Meekes

To My Mother —

With Love!

Selected

Dearest Mother:

For the past few days I have wanted to write you a letter to tell you how very much I love you. However, words are too inexpressive that I have felt that they would be inadequate, so I have let the days slip by with only deep thoughts of the fathomless love and gratitude that I feel. But somehow, today I wanted to write, for there is a language of the heart that kindred souls understand, even though it cannot be uttered in words, and I feel that you will know.

Since reaching adulthood with its varied experiences, I now seem to possess a greater concept of a mother's love than before — especially my mother's love — for it seems to me that your love has a greater quality, a broader view, a

deeper depth, a longer endurance, a more intelligent understanding, a more meaningful expression, a steadier patience, a stronger faith, a brighter hope than any human love I have observed.

And when I think of your love, Mother, then I am able to have a greater confidence in God's love. For if God is like you, then truly His love and grace are marvelous. But when I pause to consider that God is not like you but that you are like God — then I see that the infinite God is love in the greatest and highest degree, and so I am grateful this day for the God of love Who has expressed Himself to me in the form of my mother.

Outside of the gift of His Son to be my Savior, one of the very greatest gifts God has given to me is you, my mother. I can never thank Him enough for the privilege of being your child; for of all persons who have touched my life, none has had a more potent influence than you. The values I possess of this life and the life hereafter are mine because of the guiding touch of your hand from infancy to maturity. All that I am is the result of your patience, your love, your dreams, your prayers.

How can I express to you my love, dear Mother? You brought me into the world; you showed me the beauty of wind-blown rain, a pheasant in the thicket, an ouzel in the creek, glittering stars tangled in an oak bough, the light that covers the warm, soft earth and the restless sea. You gave me strength to stand with quiet staunchness in the dark; you showed me quiet serenity in midst of storm; you taught me daily with heart-fire and singing. With infinite gentleness and tenderness, you showed to me your God.

All that I am, all that I have, are products of your love. And in the presence of such fathomless love, can mere words express the feelings of my heart. To be certain, they cannot — but somehow, I feel that your heartbeat is close enough to mine to understand the language of the heart so well that you will know the deeper, greater meaning than most people would suspect when I simply say, "Mother, I love you!" Some day out yonder in God's great tomorrow perhaps I can tell you more.

Your daughter,

Ruth

Holiness Teachings

(Continued from Page 3)

stony-ground converts to Christ, who receive with joy the word into the shallow soil and immediately send up a flush of green which as quickly withers away, is a class of Pentecostal professors whose uneven ecstatic experiences are a stumbling block to many Christians and a great hindrance to the experimental reception by the mass of believers of the most precious truths of the gospel, especially the promise of the Father and the Son, the gift of the Comforter. Whenever He is deliberately received in the fulness of His offices and the permanence of His indwelling, men of power are raised up, and anointed women go forth to successful labor in the harvest fields of the world.

A Glorious Transformation

Many a professed Christian now a cipher in influence would become mighty in advancing the kingdom of Christ if he were filled with the Pentecostal gift. The apostles were good men before the baptism of Pentecost. But how dull of apprehension were they though they listened to the instructions, not of a prophet who was of the earth, therefore earthly and speaking from the earth, but of Him Who was from heaven and above all, and Who spake the very words of God. How little they saw the glory or felt the power of the truth they heard! Yet they knew more, believed more, loved more than all the rest of mankind. They possessed truth which flesh and blood had not revealed unto them, but the father in heaven. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." But when the Holy Ghost fell on them what a glorious transformation! It was as if meridian day had burst upon them from the obscurity of an eclipse. As with tongues of fire they spoke forth the wonders which, though they knew them before, they till now had not known. God had passed before them and proclaimed His name, shown them His glory. The Spirit had taken the all-glorious beams that blaze from the face of Christ and had carried them deep into their hearts. The chambers of their inner being had become all luminous, and every ray of light there glowed with a dissolving, melting warmth. The fountains

of the great deep of their sensibilities were broken up, and floods of happy tears were shed over a thousand remembrances of their beloved Lord. A-Men.

(The Gospel of The Comforter, by Daniel Steele).

THE BIBLE — Youth's Guide!

(Continued from Page 6)

possible motives for right living. Further still, the Scriptures awaken all the energies of mind and soul to strive to attain the goal of perfection set before the race in the person of Christ.

The Word of God is quick, and powerful. It is a lamp to the feet of struggling youth. The entrance of God's Word into a human soul lights up the inner chambers of the heart, and makes one rich in the greatest values of life.

If youth catches the vision and exemplifies the spirit of this Book of books, he will honor the body, the mind, and the spirit of his being. The Bible is the Book for young people. Let each youth keep this in mind as he reads the Holy Scriptures. Our Lord knew what was in man. He knew especially by earthly experience, as well as by His supernatural wisdom, of the joys, the restraints, the temptations, and the triumphs of youth.

As we study this holy Book, we discover God's profound knowledge of the deep needs of the inmost nature of youth. May we learn that the Author of the Bible not only knows those needs, but will abundantly supply and fully satisfy them, as well. May we hear and respond to God's promise in the Psalm: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye."

BEYOND THE RIVER

Selected

A river some nine miles west of my childhood home was wide and treacherous. The stories telling of sudden floods that swept men and horses to their death, or quicksands that swallowed them up alive, filled me with terror at the thought of crossing it. Just beyond the river was a range of low hills. As a child I would look at those faraway, mysterious hills and wonder what was beyond them.

A day came when I went far beyond that river. I climbed Pike's

Peak to see the sunrise. I traveled through the Royal Gorge, crossed the Continental Divide, the wide deserts, and stood on the shore of the Pacific. I camped on the rim of Grand Canyon. I stood on Glacier Point and looked across at Vernal Falls and Half Dome and El Capitan. I watched Old Faithful erupt, and I followed the trails under the Giant Redwoods. In that land of adventure I found full life, my home, and my work.

There is another river before me. Sometimes I catch spiritual glimpses of the eternal hills beyond. Some day I shall cross that river and, in that heavenly realm, resume, in a larger and more meaningful way, the great adventure of existence begun here.

But will not heaven be so different from anything I have known that I may be a stranger there? The events of my life indicate that this will not be so.

When I was a lad attending a one-room country school, I often spent the last period of the day poring over a map of the United States. I was strangely fascinated by some of the names and places. Down in the left-hand corner was a place named "Los Angeles." It seemed impossibly far away and unreal. The only solid reality I knew was the country school, our loghouse home, and that pioneer community. All else was remote and uncertain. But one day I arrived in Los Angeles and found it neither unreal nor especially strange. My experience since childhood had prepared me for it.

Another place in the opposite corner of the map was "Okefenokee Swamp." As we drove along it one day, I recalled those afternoons in school. I could hear again the drone of the recitations in the front of the room, and the shuffling feet of the restless children awaiting dismissal. I remembered the feeling of wonder as I pondered the map. But here we were driving along at 50 or 60 miles an hour, just as a matter of course. I could not possibly have imagined such a thing back there, for I had never even seen an automobile. But events through the intervening years had prepared me to make this trip with little "marvel or surprise." So do our spiritual experiences prepare us for our heavenly home. He who has known the Lord here will never feel strange there.

The Christian Home

Selected

What is a Christian home? What can be done to make a home Christian? May parents claim the promises of God with assurance for the salvation of their children?

These are some of the important questions which arise when we talk about a Christian home. Such subjects are well worth prayerful thoughts and a diligent search for the answers.

Some who read these lines no longer have the task of training children, many are in the midst of home responsibility, and others just beginning. But to all of us, this matter of setting up and maintaining Christian homes is of paramount importance. Satan has struck hard at the home in the U.S.A. where authorities tell us, 2,500 homes a day are broken on the rocks of divorce, separation, and desertion.

A Christian home is one where the Lord Jesus Christ is acknowledged both as Saviour and Lord, and so honored throughout the household; a home where Bible principles of truth and righteousness are the basic rules, and their application the constant practice.

There are many homes where religion is limited to little more than formal church membership, yet where principles of honesty, virtue, and industry are highly valued bulwarks. But no home can be safe, nor truly Christian, where Jesus Christ is not known in saving power. Parents who fail to live for God can expect little insofar as vital godliness is concerned from the "do-as-I-say-but-not as I do" policy.

The home needs both Godly father and mother. Many a home has fought a losing battle with sin and worldliness because of the influence of an unconverted parent, although there are some bright exceptions. The silent, heroic struggle of the one Christian parent in some of these spiritually-divided homes ranks with the brightest exploits of faith. The determination never to abandon the struggle, but to pray and hope on, has more than once meant the salvation of the children and the home partner with the dragging feet.

In a home where religion is more than words, Christianity is the way

of life. There children are born and reared in this holy tradition. There it is declared, "Let others follow their worldly ways if they insist, but this, our home, is different. This is a Christian home and things are done here in a Christian manner!"

The Christian way of life calls for regular attendance at Sunday school and church. Children can be so trained in such a holy custom that their presence at the house of God is as much a part of the weekly program as the public school. Participation by the young in the work of the church is a God-ordained means of cementing interest and setting worthy life patterns.

The Christian way of life calls for both Godly precept and example, with all differences between parents composed out of sight and hearing of the children. The Christ-honoring home is a place where love and affection are dispensed without grudging, and without partiality.

A Christian home is that place where young life from its first experience is taught obedience with kind firmness and patience. Spunky, unreasonably parents lay the foundation for heartbreak; along with the senselessly indulgent, who offer little restraint to the wild forces of untamed human nature in their offspring. The proverb, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son" (Prov. 13:24), goes well with another scripture on home government, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath" (Eph. 6:4).

The faithful maintenance of the family altar is a God-ordained means of grace in the home for both old and young. No home will long remain spiritually strong that neglects it. And perhaps one of the most urgent needs of revival is right at this point.

The responsibility for the conversion of the children—and the glorious privilege of leading them to Christ—rests with their parents first of all. A check on the conversions of people who were reared in Christian homes shows that the great majority of them were led to Christ by their parents, either at the family altar or in the church.

Many of the pagan ideas now current in the average public school can be offset if taken in hand by the thoughtful, observant Christian

parent. Children who look up to the leadership of their parents in spiritual things are not easily turned away from what they are taught at home.

Most successful Christian homes make it a practice to counteract the worldly amusement craze by a worth-while recreation and social life for the young people. Rabbits, a pony, a game on the home grounds, or a trip with father and mother, can mean more to Christian children than the line-up at the Saturday afternoon movie downtown. Good books should take the place of bad ones. And a firm stand against TV and radio trash may be filled in with good music and worthy occupation.

Weeds need no encouragement to grow, but a garden calls for constant care. It takes time, thought, and energy, along with prayer, to make a Christian home.

Young people ready for higher education should by all means have at least a few years in a Bible college. This is true regardless of any technical training that may follow. To be grounded in the Word of God, and to meet the challenging questions of this scientific age under the guidance of Godly educators is a priceless privilege!

The gospel Paul and Silas preached carries a promise for the entire family: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16:31). We can live and pray in faith when gospel conditions have been met in the home.

MOTHER - LOVE

By A. M. Howes

What's Mother-love? The babes reply:

"A breath of balm. A morning sky.
A soft caress. A lullaby.
A cooing note. A tender sigh,
That's Mother-love."

What's Mother-love? The youth can tell:

"A spring—an overflowing well,
An anchor safe—an ocean's swell,
An evening hymn—a curfew bell;
That's Mother-love."

What's Mother-Love? Old age is right:

"A rose full-blown, a moonbeam bright,
A memory sweet, a song at night,
A guiding star, a soft twilight;
That's Mother-love."

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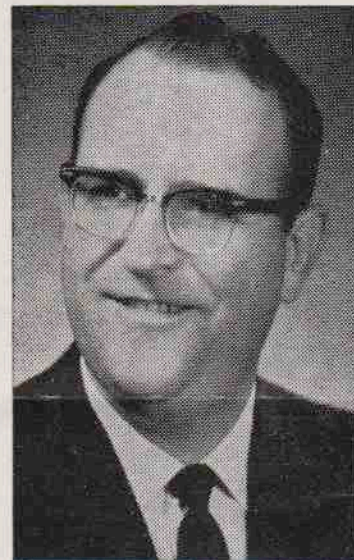
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