



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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Some Thoughts On RADICAL HOLINESS

by J.B. Chapman

Radical is a word derived from the Latin and means "proceeding from the root", as in the case of plants; and as relating to other things, it means fundamental, thoroughgoing, etc. A radical cure is one that goes to the source, as distinguished from the symptoms, of the disease. A radical reform is a change in essentials, as distinguished from a mere correcting of details. And in speaking of radical holiness we have in mind this thought of essential distinction.

On the closing night of the camp meeting in which I was converted and subsequently sanctified wholly, I overheard a conversation which I have never forgotten. A stranger had come to the meeting for the first time and, meeting one with whom he was acquainted, he said: "Well, this holiness meeting is creating quite an excitement. What is it all about? I never heard of the holiness people before. Who are they? What do they believe? Wherein do their practices differ from those of other people?" The acquaintance, who was a woman and friendly to the interests of the meeting, attempted to answer, and her words were about as follows: "Oh, you see the holiness people claim to live without sin. They don't believe in taking medicine when they are sick — they just pray. The women don't wear flowers on their hats, the men don't wear neckties. They don't believe in attending theaters and circuses. They don't believe in joining churches. They don't believe in reading newspapers. They have a lot of peculiarities, but you know the Bible says we are to be a peculiar people." The man was perplexed, but with an expression of pity and contempt on his face he replied, "Well, they certainly are peculiar enough."

But young as I was in the experience, and untaught as I was in methods of telling about it, I instinctively felt that we had in this case been betrayed in the house of our friends, and that the woman had missed a wonderful opportunity of testifying to the positive, worth-while peculiarities of God's holy people, and had substituted by exaggerating concerning a few things of negative import which had been mentioned at times in the services, and which were held and practiced in some sense or another by some of the people and preachers who were being used of God for the promotion of a genuine revival in which souls were being converted soundly and sanctified wholly.

After thirty years of spiritual life and observation, I still think that many who believe they are talking about "radical holiness" are but exaggerating incidentals, often exalting them to places of prime importance.

Of course, eating and drinking and wearing clothes and reading printed matter and other employments of talent and time are included in every person's living, and are, therefore, affected by his heart condition. But the man is

greater than his manner; and deeds are products, not creators. What one is, is of more importance than what he does, for it is the source of what he does. But to judge a man's spiritual state by his menu or his wardrobe or by other "disputable" channels for expressing the inner life is a delicate thing to do. It is especially dangerous to conclude that we ourselves have a good state of grace because we score high on some standard which we ourselves have set up. It is too much like the preacher of the Socratic school who used to set up an imagined objector whose questions he would answer very satisfactorily. Once a student tried this method in the presence of the expert. But his objector asked such difficult questions that he was unable to answer very triumphantly. At the close of the service, the student besought the older man for help, and this was what he learned: "When you are making a man of straw, do not make too good a man. Do not put such difficult questions in his mouth. You are making the man, and you know what you are able to do, so make your own man weak enough that you can tear him to bits without using all your strength."

We are too likely to do something of this kind. When we set up a standard we usually set up one which will reflect credit on ourselves. This is why dealing with the symptoms of holiness is a dangerous thing to do; for one may have what appears to be the symptoms without having the condition itself.

The essential peculiarity of God's holy people is a spiritual quality. Holy people are peculiar in that they have been saved from the love of the world, and been brought to love God with all their hearts, souls, minds and strength. They are peculiar in that they have been delivered from the love of self and have been given grace to pour out their lives for the good of others. They are peculiar in that they have been purged from all inbred sin and filled with the Holy Ghost. They are peculiar in that the power of sin over them has been broken and the pollution of sin cleansed away, and they are enabled to live above sin every day and to serve God in holiness and righteousness. They are peculiar in that they are able by the power of Divine grace to rise above the irritating things of earth and live lives of victory all the days of their lives. They are peculiar in that the sins of their past, being now forgiven and covered by the blood of Jesus Christ, do not trouble them, and they can look forward to death and judgment without tormenting fear. They are peculiar because they have had their hearts made blessed and holy and they now stand in glad anticipation of the soon coming of Jesus back to this world again, at which time they ex-

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The Blood That Speaks

Hebrews 12:23, 24 — "To the general assembly, and church of the
firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and
to the spirits of just men made perfect, And to Jesus, the mediator of
the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better
things than that of Abel."

Blood speaks! The concept expressed in those two words is not a
new one. In the physical realm, the blood can speak volumes regarding
both the diagnosis and prognosis of disease. Blood typing is a detec-
tive's and prosecutor's assistant in ferreting out information that may
lead to the conviction of a criminal.

However, the writer of the Book of Hebrews was referring to
something far more valuable when he writes of the sprinkled blood of
Jesus Christ. In this gracious revelation of "better things" we are told
that this blood "speaks better things than that of Abel."

It is not entirely clear what is being referred to here - 1) the blood
which spilled from Abel's broken body after having been murdered by
his hate-filled, vengeful brother, or 2) the blood sacrifice brought by
Abel in response to God's command. In either case, the writer exults,
Christ's blood is clearly superior.

God had spoken to Cain, "The blood of thy brother crieth unto me
from the ground." The spilled blood of Abel spoke of the tragic fall of
man, the law of God which had been broken, and the horrors of sin be-
ing punished. That blood cried out for retribution; it represented the
need for confession of sin and forgiveness for that sin.

Hallelujah! The Blood of Jesus Christ speaks of better things! While
Abel's blood sacrifice was accepted by God, for Abel came in faith, yet
that bleeding lamb was just a pre-figuring of The Lamb that was slain
from the foundation of the world. Through the broken body of Jesus
Christ a way was made out of sin's shackles. Here was found a
thorough-going cure for the sin problem. Man no longer needs to be
chained by the habits and hangups of sin. The blood of Abel cried unto
God for punishment and death; the blood of Jesus Christ speaks of
mercy, pardon, and eternal life.

Charles Wesley caught a glimpse of the significance of this precious
blood as he penned the words of that great hymn, "Arise, My Soul,
Arise." Rejoice as you read - "Five bleeding wounds He bears

Received on Calvary

They pour effectual prayers

They strongly plead for me

"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry

"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

This blood of sprinkling speaks not only of pardon, but also purity.
There are those who contend that one can never be free from the tar-
nishing, terrible effects of the carnal nature with which we were born.
They warn us that we will always be contending with it and vainly try
to suppress it while we remain on this side of eternity.

BUT this speaking blood cries that there is freedom from the en-
tangling web of carnality. Thank God for the immediacy of this cure.
Phoebe Palmer, a gracious exponent of holiness of another day, wrote
of this present-tense experience of cleansing in her song "The Cleansing
Wave."

I see the new creation rise

I hear the speaking blood

It speaks! Polluted nature dies!

Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see

I plunge and, oh, it cleanseth me

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!

Let us rejoice together in the gracious provision of a loving God who
has provided a way out of sin with all of its accompanying taint. One
day we shall be free from its presence also, all because of this "blood
that speaks better things."

DLF

Mark Their Foreheads

By W. L. Boone

Whose foreheads and what mark? Who does the marking and for what purpose?

This sad command could refer to the mark of the beast described in the 13th chapter of the Revelation, but it doesn't. That dreadful marking is yet to occur. (See Rev. 13:16, 17.)

The above-mentioned marking, however, occurred historically in the prophet Ezekiel's day and, I believe, it is still happening today. A special group of God's people are being marked. Look at the saints you know and see if you can discern the mark, for it is noticeable. Look at yourself and see if you have the mark. You will discover, as we have, that this mark is tragically and frequently absent.

The spiritual and moral conditions in Ezekiel's day were sickening and frightening, and those two adjectives most closely describe my feelings as I read in Ezekiel 9:3, "And the glory of the God of Israel was gone. . . ." What do we do — how do we feel — what do we think when the glory is gone?

The endowment of the divine Presence is seldom arbitrary. He comes where He is wanted and desired. He is neither fickle nor capricious and His merciful character bears long with a forgetful, temporal and erring humanity. So when He does withdraw His presence, the conditions that order it are bad, really bad. Resultant with the discovery of His withdrawal is a void so vast as to break a discerning heart. Such an absence of heavenly power and glory should accordingly trigger a flood of tears and an avalanche of impassioned pleas for His immediate return. But it was not so in Ezekiel's day, and it is not so today.

So God said, "Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." (See Ezek. 9:4.) The recognition of

kingdom cripples is not enough. Correct diagnosis of moral malignancy fails to heal the disease. God said, "Mark the weepers, the groaners and the travailers." Impassioned concern before God compromises the powers of hell, breaches the barricades of hindrances, neutralizes satanic opposition and in the doing activates the manifestation of the divine. He marks the weepers!

But that is not all. He said to slay the rest and begin at My sanctuary. (See Ezek. 9:6.) In this case, at least, it was either cry or die, yearn or burn, groan or be left alone, weep or go to sleep. It is still true that there is no middle ground, no half-way point, no mediocrity, no lukewarmness in our relationship of God. The sighers and the criers were spared. Those tearless, dry-eyed and burdenless were slain.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." (Prov. 29:18b) What people perish? Too long we have assumed the heathen and unsaved. Consider the judgment reserved for those who had no vision. Perhaps they are the people who perish.

Young man or woman, have you discovered your trail of tears? There's a culminating rainbow with every shower.

Moms and Dads, have you laid aside the rigorous discipline of armor and sword in the fruitless search for gain and the illusive pursuit of ease?

Grandpa and grandma, have you settled into your recliner and covered up with the robe of a comfortable pension?

The church has too many sleepers, very few reapers and hardly any weepers. Please, dear Lord, awaken us!

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"I Would Follow, But —"

Lord, I would follow, but —
First, I would see what means that
wondrous call
That peals so sweetly through Life's
rainbow hall,
That thrills my heart with quivering
golden chords,
And fills my soul with joys seraphical.

Lord, I would follow, but —
First, I would leave things straight
before I go, —
Collect my dues, and pay the debts
I owe;
Lest when I'm gone, and none is here
to tend,
Time's ruthless hand my garnering
o'erthrow.

Lord, I would follow, but —
First, I would see the end of this high
road
That stretches straight before me,

fair and abroad;
So clear the way I cannot go astray,
It surely leads me equally to God.

Lord, I would follow, but —
Follow I will, — but first so much
there is
That claims me in life's vast
emergencies, —
Wrongs to be righted, great things to
be done;
Shall I neglect these vital urgencies?

Who answers Christ's insistent call
Must give himself, his life, his all,
Without one backward look.
Who sets his hand unto the plow,
And glances back with anxious brow,
His calling hath mistook.
Christ claims him wholly for His own;
He must be Christ's, and Christ's
alone.

— John Oxenham

THE PARABLE OF THE WHEAT HARVEST

by Daryl McCarthy

Now it came to pass that a certain farmer and his wife and many children lived on a large Kansas wheat farm. One bright June day they went to the fields to inspect their prospective harvest. The wheat was ripe. It was just waiting to be reaped. It was there to be harvested. It had been planted to be harvested. It must be harvested!

But lo, there is a problem. As the farmer and his family discuss the wheat which needs to be harvested, there are objections to going into the harvest at this time.

Several family members said they were too tired to help do any harvesting. They had just returned from a large meeting of fellow wheat harvesters. (Back in the history of wheat harvesting these meetings were camp-outs, so they were still called "camp meetings" even though it had been years since anyone had actually "camped" at these meetings.) But since they had just returned from this "camp meeting" they were exhausted — too exhausted to harvest wheat.

Even those who had not attended the meeting of wheat harvesters were too tired to do any harvesting. You see, they were all a part of an association (or "congregation" if you will) of fellow wheat harvesters. They were most devoted to the meetings of this association. They had as many as two and three meetings on the first day of the week and harvesters to go to the fields — not to wait for the fields to come to them.

Other more delicate members of the harvesters' congregation excused their lack of involvement by saying, "Harvesting is a sensitive operation: for experts only. It takes a special call to go into the fields and actually harvest. So we will just pray for the experts and help pay their expenses, and that's all we'll need to do." But the Master of the Harvest had commanded that all wheat harvesting association members must actually harvest wheat. How else could they be called "wheat harvesters"?

All across the country were scattered other congregations of wheat harvesters. The members spent a great deal of time and money talking about the harvest, preaching about the harvest, and praying about the harvest. But only rarely was any time

actually spent in the harvest field. Occasionally, some sensitive soul would feel a tinge of guilt and go, and at least look at the harvest field. In fact, it is rumored that some wheat experts had warned against spending too much time with the wheat in the field lest one turn into a grain of wheat.

But let's return to our family. The twin sons had an idea. One twin decided he would go to another part of America and harvest a different variety of wheat. The other twin decided he would fly to another country and harvest wheat of a different color. Their local congregations enthusiastically endorsed the plan. There were only three problems that must be noted in passing: (1) Neither of the twins had been harvesting wheat where they had lived all their lives; (2) Nor were their local congregations who were enthusiastically supporting their far-away campaigns doing any harvesting; (3) Even worse, these local associations were very careful to make sure no one harvested any wheat of a different color or variety in their own local wheat fields.

By the time these two sons were sent on their way, it was mid-July. Two of the other sons about got into a fight one hot afternoon while they were overhauling the combine. One son especially believed that the combine had to be in absolutely perfect condition before it even entered a wheat field. He was determined to paint it, polish it, grease it, air it, overhaul it, clean it, check it, recheck it, re-re-check it, and on and on. His calling seemed to be, not to harvest wheat, but to perpetually tinker with the combine. Even if the harvest were being ruined by delay, he would rather have a good clean combine and no harvest, than a slightly-used combine and some harvest. His brother agreed with this. But well into their second week of combine repair they began arguing over the true nature of the combine and its relationship to the harvest. For hours they went back and forth on this debate. Their other major debate was over whether (if nobody harvested the grain) or not it would ever get harvested and into the grain bins.

Two of the sisters got into an argument over the best way to harvest wheat. One sister who was more pro-

gressive had been to a seminar on effective methods of wheat harvesting. (In fact, she was so busy at seminars on wheat harvesting, she was rarely even near a wheat field.) Her sister strongly resented any new ideas by declaring, "No, no, we can't harvest wheat like that. We've never done it that way before. Why, for six generations we have gotten along without a self-propelled combine; and we don't need to start now. Wheat is just the same as it always has been, so we don't need new methods."

One day in late July, a brother came home from a harvesting school. Some wheat experts had founded a school on harvesting, to teach harvesters how to harvest. There were courses on the nature of wheat, the varieties of wheat, the techniques of wheat harvesting, and how to take care of a wheat crop. Some teachers had advanced degrees in harvesting; but they seldom did any harvesting themselves. They only taught harvesting.

Many students were graduated after years of studying books on harvesting with a degree in harvesting. They were given licenses to harvest wheat; but seldom did any of these licensed harvesters spend much (if any) time harvesting. Most of their time was spent solving problems among the congregations of wheat harvesters, organizing the congregations, and telling and re-telling them about the great wheat harvest out there. Some felt their top priority as a congregation's leader was simply to keep all the members in the congregation and not let them drift off. They felt that if they could only hold the members together, they were successful. Who has time for harvesting, with all of this to do?

But the brother had just been graduated with top honors in harvesting. He had done thorough research on what wheat is, why we should harvest wheat, how much wheat there is to be harvested, and why harvesting should be the primary task of harvesters. Now, he was going on the road with special campaigns and seminars on harvesting. He had many associates in the same type of work who were "professional wheat

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Missionary Message

YIPPEE!!!! It's Mail Day

Tuesday is just another typical day to most people, but not to the missionaries. Why? Because it's mail day! This is our 'life-line to America' and our family and friends.

Monday night becomes a busy night. You can hear typewriters clicking in all three houses. There is that pile of letters that need to be answered. Which one should I answer first. It is very probable that they won't all be answered this time.

When Tuesday morning arrives, my husband goes around to the different houses here and collects the mail. He is our mailman, because he has the job of seeing that our letters get sent and of getting our orange GMC mail bag with all of our 'goodies'.

The mail probably arrives at your home by a little car stopping at the end of the lane and putting it in a little box, or it may arrive in a little safebox at the post office and you can make a short trip to get it every day, but I'm sure none of you get your mail the way we do.

We don't have a little box at the end of our lane, nor do we have a little safebox at the post office a few blocks away where we go every day to receive our letters. We must drive to the airport, which can take anywhere from 45 minutes to over an hour depending on the traffic. As I said before, my husband is the mail man, and we send him off every Tuesday morning and then 'patiently' await his arrival.

When Reuben arrives at the airport he doesn't just park and walk up to a little window where he can get our mail quickly and then hurry home. That would be nice, but it just doesn't happen that way. He parks beside several other missionaries from various stations here and they all stand around and talk until they see the old green and beige plane fly in; and the bustle begins! A few of the men jump on a big truck or larger

type vehicle and race down to the airport entrance.

Do they pick the mail up quickly then and return? No, it's not that easy. They must go inside the airport and stand around the belt where the luggage for passengers comes off. They then take off all the bags and boxes that came off our plane and carry them armfull by armfull over to the customs table and wait while the official opens all the boxes to see what is in them. Talk about a long process!!

Finally, the big moment arrives. Everything is on the truck and they zoom back to where everyone is parked. The men begin hollering out the call letters of our stations. Quite often when we ladies went for the mail, the man who would get our bag would not call out GMC, he would holler General Motors Corporation! They always get such a laugh out of that.

After the mail bags are distributed we then must wait and see if we have any boxes. After they are all passed out everyone goes back to their vehicle; some of them driving off to travel as far as 4 hours to get home.

Those of us who have 'patiently' waited here at the station get all excited when we hear the car horn and see the good ole' Jeep pull into the yard. You can hear people calling, "Did I get alot of mail?" "Did you bring me a box?" "Let's hurry and sort it. I need my Mother's letter!"

The sorting begins and you can hear exclamations like this, "Oh, so-and-so wrote to me. They haven't written for ages." "Good my Mother's letter did come!" "Oh no, I wonder what they want!" and so on.

And then as the letters begin to thin out and the last few are passed out you can hear a few comments like this, "Oh, I wrote to so-and-so a long time ago and they still have not written back." "Where's my Mother's letter, it always comes every week. I guess it got messed up coming in the

States." "Boy, I sure didn't get much this week."

As you can see, mail day is a happy and disappointing day for us. Sometimes we feel like everyone is remembering us and other times it seems that no one cares. A week can go very smoothly for a missionary after getting several letters from home with people saying, "We think of you often," "We pray for you every day," "Be assured you are not forgotten," and so on.

You may wonder if your letters are important. May I say, "Yes, they are important." We may not know your name or even remember your face, but it sure is nice to know that you are praying, and that you care. Letters like those make us feel like pushing a little harder!

All types of letters are important to us and your's is too. We look forward to those faithful ones that come every week. My Mom and best friend Cheri are very faithful every week. I always look for their letters in the mailbag and am rarely ever disappointed. And then it is such a wonderful surprise to hear from you.

Well, maybe this will give you a little insight on just how we get our mail and the long process it takes before we actually receive it. You also know now how important you really are to us. We love and appreciate our family, friends, and acquaintances, and we hold very tightly to our 'life-line to America' - LETTERS!

It's wonderful to be able to commune with our Saviour everyday and to know that He is pleased with us and is helping us. We could not make it if we could only hear from Him once a week! We cannot take our family with us everywhere we go, but we can take HIM! Our 'life-line to America' is only once a week, but our life-line to God is every day and all day.

Because of Jesus
Cathy Brubaker

For The Boys and Girls

Stolen Apples

Mary Grant, the pretty young teacher of American School No. 6, was almost ready to leave for the little one-room schoolhouse where she taught daily. She enjoyed her work very much, and hoped she had really accomplished something worthwhile; working with the underprivileged children of this mountain district. She had received her training in a large city, but had felt that the Lord led her to this small field in the hills. She had tried to instill far more than the usual "reading, writing and arithmetic" into their pitifully unreceptive minds.

She gathered up her books, papers and lunch basket. Then there sounded a sharp rap on the cabin door. "Will you-all open that door, Teacher, and see who it is?" Granny Richards called from the lean-to where she was clearing away the breakfast dishes.

Mary opened the door. On the doorstep she saw a hand-woven basket filled with large apples. She looked about quickly, then noticed a boy wearing a gray jacket disappearing over the hill leading to the little schoolhouse. Mary smiled, as she picked up the basket. There was a note, scrawled on brown wrapping paper, tied to the handle which read, "For Teacher." She carried the basket into the cabin and placed it on the table. Granny Richards wiped her hands on her gingham apron and examined it.

"Well, sure, that's one of Miz Johnston's baskets. I'd know 'em anywheres. Isn't anyone this side o' Big Turtle Run that kin make baskets to beat Miz Johnston's. Did Young Bill bring them apples, Teacher?"

"I think so," smiled Mary. "I didn't see the youngster quickly enough, but it looked like his gray jacket disappearing around the bend down the road. Well, they surely look delicious, don't they? We will enjoy them this evening while we are working. I must hurry now, for I don't want to set a bad example by being late this morning. Good-bye, Granny. Don't work too hard today, and I'll try to help you with your quilting. Jack Hudson had a bad cold yesterday, and if he isn't out today, I must sweep the schoolhouse myself." And with a pleasant nod, Mary started down the road.

She reached the schoolhouse just in time, and gave Jack the signal to ring the bell. With a little last-minute whispering and scrambling the pupils seated themselves at their desks, ready to begin the day's work. Mary smiled at Billy, intending to thank him later for the gift he had brought her.

The second grade, consisting of little Susie Watson and Tommy Green, was placing number work on the blackboard, when Mary heard a rap on the door.

"Now, children, go on with your work, please," and she opened the door. "Good morning, Mr. Hammond. Is there something wrong?"

"Something wrong!" the man snorted. "Certainly there's something wrong, or I would not be here. One of those boys of yours has been stealing my apples again. There's scarcely a day that I don't have to chase one or more of them away from my orchard and I am getting tired of it. The next one I catch is going to be arrested!"

Mary looked distressed. "I am very sorry, Mr. Hammond. I will see what I can do about it. Have you any idea who the culprit might be this time?"

"No, I don't know who it was. He had on a gray jacket, that much I know. Well, see what you can do, Miss Grant. I know it isn't your fault," he continued in a mollified tone. He touched his cap and left the school grounds.

Mary walked slowly back into the schoolroom. The children looked at her, their curiosity showing in their faces. She walked to the platform and touched a tiny bell.

"Attention, boys and girls! That was Mr. Hammond, from Apple Orchards. He came to complain that someone has been taking his apples again. You know that this is not the first time that he has spoken of stolen apples. I am not going to question each one of you. The boy or girl — I am afraid it is a boy in this case — who took the apples knows that it is wrong, that stealing is a sin. I have tried to teach you boys and girls the difference between right and wrong. Don't forget that although Mr. Hammond may not find out who is taking his apples, and I may not find out, God has seen you take them. You can

never hide your wrongdoing from Him. Now go back to your studying."

A swift glance at the children had shown her Billy's face turning from red to white, then back to red again. He bent studiously over his slate, seemingly deeply engrossed in his multiplication tables.

The long day dragged to a close and school was finally dismissed. The children left with shouts and laughter. Mary set her desk in order, washed the blackboard then gathered up her books and papers. Her heart was heavy as she slipped into her jacket and little hat. All the way home she prayed for guidance.

"I wonder, sometimes, whether I am doing any good at all here," she reflected. "I try to teach the children of the Lord and His free salvation; I try to reach the older mountaineer folk through calling, and then teach the little Sunday School that is held in the schoolhouse each week. But sometimes it seems so hopeless! Perhaps I was wrong not to stay in the city and do Christian work there. I think that perhaps my training in personal work and child evangelism has been wasted here. If I only knew for certain just where God wanted me! I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, I'll do what You want me to do, but I am not all sure where You want me!"

After the frugal supper prepared by Granny Richards, Mary corrected school papers. Her mind was scarcely on her work, and she was obliged to go over some of the papers several times. The basket of apples still held the place of honor in the center of the table. They were untouched, and Mary's heart sank each time she glanced toward them. Granny Richards, bent over her quilting frames, kept up a steady stream of chatter and Mary answered her absently. As she finished the last paper a faint knock was heard at the door.

"Never mind, Granny, I will get it," Mary rose wearily from her barrel chair. She opened the door then gave a surprised exclamation. "Billy! Come in, won't you?"

(Continued on Page 10)

HOLINESS AND MOODS

W.T. Purkiser

No area in the sanctified life has been subject to more confusion than the matter of emotions. More people have been troubled by fluctuating feelings than by almost any other kind of problem.

Part of this is probably due to the poetic license taken by some of our gospel songwriters. Most of us have sung with great gusto:

*Peace, blessed peace is filling now my soul,
Since He pardoned all my sin;
Love, perfect love, in billows o'er me roll,
Since He cleansed my heart within.*

*Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills
Since His promised grace is mine;
Joy, perfect joy my happy spirit thrills,
Since the day I said, "I'm thine."*

*Peace, perfect peace! Love, perfect love!
Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'nly tides!
Rest, perfect rest! Joy, perfect joy!
Is mine since the Holy Ghost abides!*

That ecstasy such as this comes to God's people in their high moments would not be denied. That it is the constant norm of sanctified living, as the song seems to imply, is anything but true.

No source of defeat in the life of holiness is more common than low feelings. Those who think of holiness in terms of high emotion are ill prepared to cope with the problem of changing moods.

Yet we should know better simply from reading the Bible. The Psalmist of the Old Testament knew the thrill of great spiritual blessing. He also knew what it meant to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." (Psa. 23:4)

Jesus spoke often of His joy; yet on occasion said, "Now is my soul troubled;" (John 12:27) "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" (Matt. 26:38) and He was described as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." (Isa. 53:3)

Paul rejoiced in the Lord, yet talked about having "great heaviness and continual sorrow in (his) heart" because of the unbelief of his people. (Rom. 9:1-3)

Peter described those who are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time" who at the same time may "for a season, if need

be," find themselves "in heaviness through manifold temptations." This, he said, is so "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. 1:5-7)

John Wesley knew much of the blessing of high emotion, yet he was clear that such is no evidence of character. He wrote in one of his letters:

A will steadily and uniformly devoted to God is essential to a state of sanctification; but not a uniformity of joy, or peace, or happy communion with God. These may rise and fall in various degrees; nay, may be affected either by the body or by diabolical agency, in a manner which all our wisdom neither understand nor prevent.¹

Indeed, Peter suggests that seasons "of heaviness" serve a necessity in the Christian life. His word for "need be" (1 Pet. 1:6) is *deon* and means "necessary, needful, due, proper."

The need lies in the testing or trial of faith. An untested faith is an unsure faith. It is when we are called upon to be true to our commitment in the absence of "feeling like it," that the commitment is tested and proved.

Mr. Wesley mentioned the body as one of the sources of changing feelings. We know much more about the physical conditions on the emotions than was known in Wesley's day.

For example, low blood sugar can cause temporary emotional upsets including irritability, lack of power to concentrate, generalized mental and physical fatigue, and a "don't care" attitude not normal to the individual.²

The constant expenditure of energy without adequate rest, relaxation, and replenishment will almost inevitably result in depression, moodiness, discouragement, and a general ease of the "blues."

These facts indicate two major areas of Christian concern: first, no one should measure his spiritual condition by the level of his feelings. As Roy S. Nicholson says, "You may arise some morning feeling worse all over than you do anywhere else, but, at that very moment you can be as holy, in fact, as when you feel like you are floating around in some seventh heaven experience."³

Holiness is not hilarity. Bad people can feel good, and good people can feel bad. If euphoria were the test of piety, the drug culture could qualify.

It is by faith, not feelings, that we

are justified (Rom. 5:1; Eph. 2:8); it is by faith, not feelings that we are sanctified (Gal. 3:14b); and it is by faith not feelings, that we are kept. (1 Pet. 1:5)

Faith anchors to facts - the fact of God's promise, and the fact of consecration and obedience. Feelings may be the product of circumstances and may have no relationship to the facts at all.

Second, although no one should measure his spiritual condition by his feelings, neither should any surrender to the mood of the moment. While we cannot completely control our moods, we can do something about them.

That "something" lies in purpose, commitment, and action. It is well known that our emotions are affected by our actions.

"Whistling in the graveyard" is more than "an old wives' tale." It has a positive effect. When we act "as if" we felt like we wish to feel, it isn't long until the feelings begin to change.

George MacDonald puts it in whimsical language, but expressed a great truth:

Troubled soul, thou art not bound to feel but thou art bound to arise. God loves thee whether thou feelest or not...Fold the arms of thy Faith, and wait in the quietness until light goes up in the darkness. Fold the arms of thy Faith, I say, but not of thy Action: bethink thee of something that thou oughtest to do, and go to do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparing of a meal, or a visit of a friend. Heed not thy feelings: Do thy work.⁴

The upshot of it all is, when high feelings subside and "heaviness through manifold temptations" - or from any other source - comes, then one should check his consecration and obedience, "dig in," and hold on by faith.

It is, someone said, better to be a downhearted sheep than a high-spirited goat.

Like all trials, "this, too, will pass"; and faith, so much more precious than gold, though it be tried in the fire, will "be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

¹ F.E. Hill, "Since the Holy Ghost Abides," *Worship in Song* (Kansas City, Missouri: Lillenas Publishing Co., 1972), No. 274.

² Letters VI. 68; quoted by J. Baines Atkinson, *The Beauty of Holiness* (London: The Epworth Press, 1953), pp. 131-32.

³ Cf. O. Quentin Hyder, M.D., *The Christian's Handbook of Psychiatry* (Old Tappan, N.J.: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1971), pp. 139-40.

⁴ *The Arminian Emphasis* (Owosso, Mich.: Owosso College, n.d.), p. 118.

⁵ *An Anthology*, by C.S. Lewis (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday and Company, 1947), pp. 46-47.



SUPERINTENDENT:
REV. DENNIS McCOY
92 E. Landis St.
Coopersburg, PA 18036

It hardly seems possible, but here we are in the month of September already! Dog days of summer are past, and the only reminder of the hot, stifling days past is the anticipation of a short lived "Indian Summer". Soon the bitter winds of Canadian air masses will be blowing our direction and the thought of that occurrence causes me to remember there is much to be done before that time comes!

For the farmer, there is corn to harvest, fence to mend, and a multitude of other responsibilities to care for. Harvest! There is something about the very word that causes thanksgiving to well up in our heart. For without the goodness of God, there would be no harvest. "He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest golden grain!" The words of the songwriter are so true. We may plant and sow, but God gives the increase. The same is true in the spiritual realm. It is up to you and me to plant and sow. We must take His word to the lost of this present world! The very thought of eternity without God causes us to see the importance of sharing this great plan of salvation with the multitudes all around us. R.G. Flexon stated in his autobiography, "Your desire to go to Heaven is no greater than your desire to take your neighbor with you." If we want to go there, than we **must** want to take others with us. Let us sow the seed of His Word daily in the lives of unbelievers!

I would like to take this opportunity to introduce our Board for the coming year. Rev. Paul Miller, our General Superintendent is the chairman of all boards. Yours truly is the Home Missionary Superintendent. Rev. Thomas Bickert is the secretary of the board, and Rev. Marlin Baum the treasurer. All money being sent to the Home Mission Dept. by the churches should be sent to his address: 525 Cove Lane, Roaring Springs, PA. 16673. All individual pledges and gifts should still be sent to my address. Rev. Paul Martin, Rev. Timothy Cooley and Rev. Michael Hoskins are the advisory members for the coming year. Our board is the same this year as it was last year, and I am looking forward to working with these men in the coming year. They are all men of God and I value their wisdom and leadership highly. Pray for us as a Department that great things will be done for God at Home in these last days.

On the Home Mission front, let me give you some exciting news from Steamburg, New York. Bro. and Sis. David Musser and their family are doing a fine job pastoring and shepherding the flock of God in Steamburg. We deeply appreciate the sacrificial ministry of the Musser's among the American Indians there. We also thank God for the wonderful congregation that He has brought together through His mercy. They really love the Lord and attendance of a service at the church is very similar to going to a good campmeeting! Bro. Musser told me recently that the attendance record was broken in a Sunday morning service, and we praise God for that. The spiritual tide is high and the Lord is blessing in a wonderful way.

On the other hand, there is one serious problem at the church that must be taken care of in the very near future. The problem is water in the basement of the church. It has been a problem since the church has been there, but seems to be getting worse in recent years. A number of measures have been tried to help ease or stop the problem but all to no avail. A Christian Day School is operated in the basement of the church and dampness has ruined a number of valuable items of the school. The children slosh through the water as they move about in the basement, and it really is not a pleasant situation for them. Several estimates were secured from waterproofing specialists about solving the water problem. Those estimates ranged from \$3600.00 to \$4,500.00 to take care of the problem. Our board met last week and we discussed a solution to this situation. It was decided that we could do the work that is necessary ourselves, and possibly save as much as \$3000.00 by doing so. The cost of materials for the job will range from \$700.00 to \$1000.00 to complete the needed repairs. New carpet will also be needed to cover the floor after it is repaired. We are planning on doing the work in mid October and so we really need your financial help **now** if we are to do the job completely! Will you pray today and ask God what He would have you to give to help us get this project completed? Pastor, maybe God will lay it on your heart to take up a special offering for this cause. Parishoner and lay person, maybe you could spare a personal contribution to help get this work done. It is urgent that you mind the Lord and give what He asks you to give! We do not have a large budget in our department, and we need your help to get this work done! God bless you for what you are going to do to help.

On behalf of all of our Home Mission pastors and members of the board, we would like to thank every individual and church who has made a contribution to this Department. It is because of people like you that we are able to keep our effort to reach the lost in America moving in the right direction. May God's choicest blessings be yours today as you live in expectancy of His soon Return! Thank you again!

SOME THOUGHTS (Continued from Page 1)

pect to hail Him with a shout. They are very peculiar in this, for the majority of people think of the coming of Jesus or any other special Divine intervention in the affairs of men as a calamity.

Holy people are peculiar in that they are not contentious for their rights and inheritances now, and they are thus because they fully believe that when all finally get their due share "the meek shall inherit the earth." They are peculiar in that they meet their worst disappointments with a smile which comes from within and is not "put on," and because they keep sweet and good tempered even amidst cruel mockings and settings at naught.

THE PARABLE (Continued from Page 5)

harvesters." Don't misunderstand. "Professional wheat harvester" does not mean that they spend all their time in the fields. In fact, they are usually so busy telling others to go harvest wheat that they themselves have no time to do harvesting wheat themselves.

About this time (when the harvest was looking very critical), three brothers started a great grain-bin building campaign. They borrowed several thousand dollars (since they had not gotten the harvest in, they didn't have enough cash to build). Their philosophy was this: if the family could just build a big enough, fancy enough, attractive enough grain bin, the wheat fields would come to them. This would make it so much easier.

One of the sisters thought if they could only get some big enough vehicles and get the wheat into the vehicles before it was harvested and bring it to the grain bins, then the wheat could be harvested in the bins. One brother suggested maybe some old buses could be used for the younger wheat. Someone else theorized that if you could just get the younger wheat in the grain bins, the older wheat would naturally follow.

Others of the family were busy that summer with other projects. Some were developing new machinery to make harvesting easier and more convenient. Others were traveling to see faraway places where the founding fathers did great wheat harvesting in the centuries past. Some were busy buying books on wheat harvesting. After all, it is so much more relaxing to read about harvesting wheat than it is actually to go out into the hot fields and harvest wheat.

Holy people are radically peculiar. Such peculiarities as appear on the surface are not the most essential—the real difference between the holiness people and others originated at the cross of Jesus Christ where they found pardon and peace and, later, purity and power. Holy people differ from others in those essential qualities which the eye of God alone can truly appraise. Do you possess this radical holiness?

A radical cure is one that goes to the source, as distinguished from the symptoms, of the disease. Dealing with the symptoms of holiness is a dangerous thing to do; for one may have what appears to be the symptoms without having the condition itself.

Many in the family had sacrificed and endured all kinds of difficulties. They tried very hard to wear the clothing and look the part of harvesters. In some local congregations there was greater concern over whether one **looked** like a harvester than whether one actually **did** any wheat harvesting. In some isolated areas it was even taught that if the wheat harvester would just look enough like wheat harvesters, the harvest would automatically take care of itself.

Finally, one stifling day in mid-August, after a very stirring speech on "The Imperative of the Harvest," one young brother left the farm house and went into the field with the combine. By this time the birds and the high winds had ruined a lot of the seed; but, in spite of this, the harvest was abundant. As the wheat waved in the path of the combine it almost seemed to be saying, "Where have you been? We've waited so long for you." When the family members saw all the grain in the hopper, they were amazed. They could hardly wait until their association meeting on Wednesday evening to tell about the abundant harvest and urge everyone to pray more for more harvesters. How much bigger the harvest could have been if only more people could have been in the fields harvesting! Oh, there was a desperate need! We must pray harder than ever.

You know, if I weren't so busy as an official in our local wheat harvesters' association, I might even be able to harvest wheat.

— The Church Herald
and Holiness Banner

STOLEN APPLES (Continued from Page 5)

Billy shifted from one foot to the other. "No, Ma'am, Teacher, iffen you don't mind. Would you come out here and talk to me?"

"Certainly, Billy. Wait a minute until I get my sweater. I think the evenings are getting a little chilly now." She was back in a moment. "Now here we are, Billy. There is a bench around the corner of the house, if you want to sit down," and she led the way to a rustic bench half hidden by grape vines. "Have you been working at your arithmetic — found it too hard, perhaps? I will be glad to help you with it."

"No, Ma'am, Teacher. It is something else," Billy twisted uncomfortably. Mary waited. Then the boy blurted out, "I reckon you know that I stole those apples I give you this morning. I knowed — knew I shouldn't have done it. I — I was skeered to speak out this morning, but I couldn't keep quiet about it any longer. I knowed — knew that God had seen me do it."

"Yes, Billy," Mary replied gently, "I was afraid that you had taken them. I have been praying all day that you would realize that you had sinned when you stole the apples."

"Yes, Ma'am, Teacher," Billy's face brightened, "but it is all right now. I told God about it, jest like you told us to do when we done — did wrong, and He forgave me. Then I went to see Mr. Hammond, too."

"You did, Billy! I am so glad that you went to him. Was Mr. Hammond very angry with you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, at first he was pretty mad. But I told him how you taught us 'bout God and sin, and then he looked sorta queer. He said 'Well, young man, you got an unusual schoolma'am there.' " Billy's voice unconsciously imitated the wealthy fruit grower. "Then he told me it would be all right iffen I worked for him, packin' apples all next Saturday. He said he could use an honest boy. That made me feel awful good, Teacher, Ma'am," and Billy's face glowed.

Mary's eyes shone. "Oh, Billy, I am so glad! It makes me happy to know that you realize what sin is, and that God is able to forgive us when we sin. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' You cannot know how you have helped me this evening, Billy."

"I am real pleased iffen I have,

(Continued on Page 11)



Penn View Bible Institute

P.O. BOX 970 • PENNS CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA 17862

Penn View Bible Institute And Academy Report

As you read this article, PVBI and Academy classes have begun. Before I say much about our expectations for the new school year, I would like to mention a few words about summer travel with the PVBI Quintet.

The summer travels began June 20 at the Berrysburg Camp in PA, and ended August 16 at the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Johnstown, NY. Services were held at youth camps, camp meetings and churches in many states and Ontario, Canada. The quintet included Gina Cassidy of Ohio, Julie Hallenbeck of New York, Amy Rowley of Tennessee, Steve Kunselman and Lyle Wilson of Pennsylvania. Lanisa Wilson accompanied the group.

God used this group to proclaim His message which was an encouragement in each service. They also served a week as counselors at a youth camp.

Recently I was thinking about the mis-use of funds and the sin which was committed by certain prominent evangelical TV evangelists. God alone can judge their motivation and only He can know if by such means some were truly won to Jesus Christ. As I have observed and read about these difficulties, I rejoice that PVBI's Board of Directors under whom I serve, is made up of ministers and lay persons who truly love the Lord and the old-fashioned way of second blessing holiness! These brethren desire PVBI to be a training grounds for those youth who feel called to God to enter the Christian ministry or to take a short term Bible course.

In a recent editorial of a large newspaper the following was stated concerning the problem of the TV evangelists: "to the extent that the (TV) preachers follow the Gospel, their influence is benign... When they wander into the province of mammon, they find themselves acting like Pharisees. Poverty is seldom a chosen

life-style of these evangelists and raising money is a constant endeavor. At stake is the unregulated fund-raising conglomerate known as PTL..."

PVBI thankfully is avoiding the "bigger is better, more elaborate is more effective" syndrome. PVBI is controlled by the Board of Directors which is elected at the God's Missionary Church General Conference; and in the case of leaders from other holiness churches, they are appointed by their respective boards.

I thank God for the many folk who have full trust in the direction PVBI is going. Many of these folk pray daily for her ministry; many give sacrificially and regularly so that the ministry of PVBI will continue. I believe our students need to be taught to trust God for their needs. God Grants are available to those who follow the Word of God and fully submit their entire future into His hands.

Student enrollment looks good for this year. We thank God for each of our students and trust God will help them in preparation for His service. This year evening classes will be held on Monday from 6:30 to 9:10. You may choose either Child Evangelism or the Book of Hebrews. We encourage pastors and children's workers to take advantage of this night of classes. Also, there are several classes on a particular day that would be very beneficial for pastors to up-date their training. Please phone the school today to inquire further.

We invite you to a special night of music by the Lebanon Valley Gospel Band Sept. 26 at 6:30 p.m. This is always a great night, and we believe this year will be no exception.

An invitation is also given to our fall revival with Millard Downing as evangelist, Sept. 27 through Oct. 4. Services are at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Come, join us in an old-time revival. Let us pray together for a mighty revival. We must have this if

we are to meet the needs of our present-day world.

In closing, thanks so much for your support of PVBI. We are growing; and interest is great for an old-fashioned Bible Institute which upholds Bible standards.

FACULTY PROFILE:

Barry Mason - Piano, Vocal Music, Art. Mr. Mason is a product of Penn View. He graduated in 1974, took some studies at Susquehanna University, and then completed a course in art from the Washington School of Art. Mr. Mason began as an assistant, but eventually became Director of Music. Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their two children have blessed our school as well as our churches with their ministry in song and their children's work. His practical guidance in music has prepared young men and women to serve the church in the ministry of song.

Timothy L. Cooley
Academic Dean

STOLEN APPLES (Continued from Page 10)

Teacher," the boy replied simply, "though hit seems as if you have helped me the most. I told Maw, too, that I had stole the apples and that I had stole one of her baskets to fetch them in. Maw cried and said she wuz so tickled you wuz our schoolteacher this year. She said to tell you the basket wuz a present from her and that she would bring the younguns and come to Sunday School this comin' Sunday. Well, I gotta go now, Teacher, Ma'am. I told Maw I would come right home again."

Mary Grant went back into the cabin. There was a new light in her face and a fresh buoyancy in her step. "Thank You, dear Lord," she whispered, "I know now where You want me!"

— Gospel Herald

Rev. Arlan Kratz
R.D. 1 Box 143B
Andersville, MD. 21668

PENN VIEW BIBLE INSTITUTE FALL REVIVAL

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 4

EVANGELIST

Rev. Millard Downing

Schedule of Services

Nightly - 7:30 P.M.

Monday-Friday - 10:30 A.M.

*Special Music will be provided by the
Music Department of Penn View Bible Institute!*

All Services will be held in the
Fay-Griffith Memorial Chapel.

Pray and Plan to Attend
This Time of Spiritual Refreshment!



DETERIORATING FOUNDATIONS

Evangelist Wilfrid E. Moutoux

Some social scientists suggest that there are seven social sins affecting the body politic. Current conditions reveal we are seriously sick, with a combination of all seven.

A major malady of many is worship without sacrifice. Too many want comfortable cushions and soothing sermonettes. They seem to have forgotten the challenge of Christ, the Commander, when He said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Mark 8:34). No cross, no crown!

Wealth without work, is another debilitating disease destroying the social fabric. If those who could work would work, and those who won't work would stop eating, there would soon be a community of workers. Robbing the workers to feed the drones is akin to feeding the flock to fatten the ticks infesting the sheep. Scriptures suggest that, "if any would not work, neither should he eat" (II Thess. 3:10).

The sin of politics without principle has its roots in the people. Governments can never rise above those who have elected them. Parliament is a

picture of the people it represents. When John Q. Public has a high regard for ethics, he will vote for men of moral reputation.

Knowledge without character will do more to corrupt public morals than any of the other six social sins. Without moral discipline, education is a dangerous tool in the hands of irresponsible fools. The nation must have Christ in the classroom, or there will be chaos in the concourse. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (Prov. 1:7).

Pleasure without conscience is a plague producing social rot on an everwidening scale. The governor of conscience has been removed, and men's perverted appetites are running wild in all sorts of excesses. Permissive sex, illegitimacy, and public petting is a social sore that will know no mollification but the fear of God. The Church must remind the world that at the end of the road all will meet God - after death, the Judgment (Heb. 9:27).

Fluctuating prices reveal that business without morality is a way of life. Many business men operate on

the principle of how much will the market bear, rather than what is the product worth. God declares that "A false balance is abomination to the Lord" (Prov. 11:1).

The sin of science without humanity has the world tottering on the brink of extinction. Men of science have invented machines of destruction too horrible to contemplate. Atomic weapons and genetic engineering are frightening beyond compare. Surely, the words of scripture, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (I Cor. 1:20) apply to the awful display of "Man's inhumanity to man."

A navigator needs a compass. A builder needs a blueprint. A crusader needs a creed. Likewise, society needs a standard. There is a tested and proved moral standard in God's Word. Man's only salvation here and hereafter is to be found in applying those standards to one's moral conduct. This application will require a confession of sin, and faith in God's provision.

The situation is critical. Men will either repent or perish. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" (Psa. 11:3).