

5-1982

The Texas Herald, V. 33, No. 5, May 1982

J. A. Dennis

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalshowcase.oru.edu/txherald>



Part of the [Christian Denominations and Sects Commons](#), and the [Christianity Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dennis, J. A., "The Texas Herald, V. 33, No. 5, May 1982" (1982). *The Texas Herald*. 8.
<http://digitalshowcase.oru.edu/txherald/8>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Historical Pentecostal Periodicals at Digital Showcase. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Texas Herald by an authorized administrator of Digital Showcase. For more information, please contact mroberts@oru.edu.

This issue was digitized in 2016
by the Holy Spirit Research
Center at Oral Roberts
University, Tulsa, Oklahoma
USA, with the permission of the
Oral Roberts Evangelistic
Association. Comments are
welcomed at hsrc@oru.edu.

© 2016 by the Oral Roberts
Evangelistic Association. All
rights reserved.

GOOD NEWS THE TEXAS HERALD

Vol. 34 NO. 5

AUSTIN, TEXAS

MAY, 1983

"For I Am With Thee —

"FEAR THOU NOT!"

I CANNOT FEAR

Why should I fear when God is round about me?

Why should I grieve when He has said, "Rejoice!"

Why should I fall when His strong arm upholds me?

Why should I doubt when I have heard His voice?

Why should I faint because the road seems weary,

Or murmur when the path seems rough or steep?

Why should I cry when night seems dark and dreary?

The dawn will come, and God His child doth keep.

—Author unknown

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Psalm 91

GOOD NEWS THE TEXAS HERALD

The TEXAS HERALD is published monthly as the Lord provides the funds. It has no subscription price, but is distributed without charge, within the United States, to those who request it. Its publication is made possible by the free will gifts of those who receive it.

The TEXAS HERALD is published by Words of Life, Inc., of Austin, Texas, a non-profit, religious corporation chartered under the laws of the State of Texas, for the purpose of spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Kingdom of Heaven. Contributions, Gifts and Legacies, of money or property, made to Words of Life, Inc., are tax deductible..

Mail Address Post Office Box 2156, Austin, Texas 78768 U.S.A.
EditorJ. A. Dennis

"The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life." (John 6:63).

Sons Or Hired Hands?

**"I bargained with Life for a Penny,
And Life would pay me no more,
No matter how I begged at evening,
When I counted my scanty score.**

**I bargained with Life for a Penny,
Only to learn dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid."**

In Matthew 20: 1-16, Jesus tells the parable of the householder who went out to hire labourers for his vineyard. It is a parable hard to understand. To many it sounds unfair, unjust and un-Christian. Let's read again the story:

"For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place, and said unto them: Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.

"Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them. Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

"So when even was come, the Lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

"And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman of the house. Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen."

For many years I could not understand Christ's meaning for this story, I, too, thought it unfair and un-Christian. Then I ran across the little verse printed at the beginning of this article. It partly explained the story, but not entirely to my satisfaction.

These first labourers hired, received just exactly what they had agreed upon, what they had bargained for, what they were willing to SETTLE FOR. So they had no legitimate complaint against the householder when he paid them their wages.

We DO get from Life just what we SETTLE for. Many people are sick today because they have SETTLED for sickness. They have accepted sickness as inevitable, they see no hope of getting well. They are RESIGNED to sickness. And sickness is what they will have.

Many have SETTLED for poverty, for failure, for defeat at the hands of our enemy, the devil. They have no hope of the victory promised in Jesus Christ. They have no faith in His promises. They have SETTLED for defeat, and defeat is theirs inevitably.

A careful study of this story reveals that the householder engaged the first labourers on a different basis than that on which he secured the help of the later ones. The first labourers were "hired." They went to work for an agreed wage, as "hired hands." They could receive no less, and could expect no more than the price they bargained for—a Penny.

But when the householder went out to find additional labourers, he made no agreement with them as to their wages, nor did they insist that he do so. It was merely agreed between them that he would give and they would accept, "whatsoever is right." And it is significant that the householder did not say, "I will PAY you," but "Whatsoever is right, I will GIVE you."

He was not dealing with these last ones on the basis of merit but on the basis of his generosity. He was not dealing with them as with the first—as hired hands—he was dealing with them as sons.

In the kingdom of heaven there are many servants, but few sons. Millions of Christians are trying to "work their way to Heaven" on the basis of their merit, their good deeds, their service. They pray, "Lord, remember thy servant for his service to the church, his alms, his years of ministry."

But God is interested, in this last dispensation, in acquiring, not servants, not hired hands, but sons and daughters who are willing to work for Him, not on the basis of what they are worth, but on the basis of love—working for their Father because they LOVE Him, and willing to leave in His hands, the matter of their compensation.

The New Testament is full of Scriptures showing us that it is God's hope and purpose for the Christian to be and act as His son.

"Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." (Eph. 1:5)

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.

"And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (II Cor. 6: 17-18)

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John 1: 12-13)

"And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

"Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Jesus Christ." (Gal. 4: 6-7)

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (Rom. 8: 16-17)

But God can not give His good gifts to His children, until they are willing to receive them, to accept them from His hands. You may have a son whom you would like very much to give a college education, to set up in business, to take into your firm and train to be your successor. But until the son is willing to accept these things at your hands, you can do nothing for him.

He may have ideas of his own. He may not want to go to college, or he may think he cannot "make the grade." He may want to follow a carnival, or play in a dance band, or cruise around in a "hot rod." And so miss your best for him.

You may have a daughter to whom you would love to give a musical education. But unless she is willing to ACCEPT it, your hands are tied. She may get interested in the boy next door and decide she'd rather get married and sing lullabies to her babies than to play Bach or Beethoven.

So it is with God. Though His heart aches for sons and daughters to whom He can entrust the riches of the Kingdom, the gifts of the Spirit, and the unlimited bounty of His love, He can give us none of these things until we recognize our sonship, and are willing to accept His good gifts. Until then He must deal with us on the basis we have chosen to be dealt with—as servants, as hired hands.

Two experiences in my life drove home to me the vast difference between being treated as a son and being treated as a hired hand.

I once had a dear old uncle who lived alone on a good farm. He had never married and had no one but his nephews and nieces upon whom to shower his love. My parents had eight sons and three daughters, and we all enjoyed going to visit "Uncle George."

When I was a young man, a day at Uncle George's went something like this: He would get up and do the "chores"—milk, feed the pigs, harness the mules—then get breakfast, and call me to eat. After breakfast we would go out to cultivate corn, cut hay or feed the cattle. At noon he would cook dinner, then when the dishes were washed, he would take a nap.

Then, often, Uncle George would suggest that he had "worked enough for today," and say, "Why don't we get the car out and drive to Kansas City (70 miles away), go to the Chinese Kitchen for a good supper, and go see a show?" So, off we would go to spend the evening and \$10.00 or \$15.00 of Uncle George's hard earned money. Why? Because he loved us, and this was the way he had of showing us. We were his nephews, the nearest to a son he ever had, and he wanted to "show us a good time."

But one time I made the mistake of going to Uncle George's, not as a nephew or son, but as a hired hand. He had a big crop of alfalfa hay to get in and needed help badly. Since he had been so good to me I suggested that I would be glad to come down and work for him for a week in the place of a hired hand, and he could pay me just what he would have paid a regular farm hand. To this he agreed.

Well, a day at Uncle George's, as a hired hand, went something like this: About 5:00 a.m. or earlier he would call up the stairs and I must roll out of bed, dress, go out and help with the chores, or else get breakfast. And by six o'clock he would start me out to the field on the seat of a mowing machine, behind two long-eared mules, to cut hay.

When I came to the house at noon, Uncle George would have dinner ready, and after the dishes were washed, he would lie down for a few minutes, then shake himself awake and say, "Well, we'd better get going," and off to the field we'd go again, to work till dark. And at the end of the week I drew my agreed wage, \$3.00 per day.

I never made that mistake again! From then on whenever I went to Uncle George, I went as his nephew—his accepted son—to enjoy his love and his bounty.

Years later, while preaching in West Texas, I travelled one Sunday each month to Plains, a little ranch town, and preached to the wonderful ranch folks in their little church. On most of these visits we enjoyed the privilege of staying in the lovely ranch home of some dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marion McGinty.

Mr. McGinty, once a noted bronc buster, had a beautiful black saddle horse, a great grandson of Man-O-War. My wife, knowing that my father had once raised thoroughbreds and that I loved horses, said to me: "Wouldn't you love to ride Mr.

Six New

CASSETTES

By J. A. Dennis

"Seven-Wire Fence Around Hell"

"The Price of Oil"

"My Elder Brother"

"My Yoke is Easy"

"Sons or Hired Hands?"

"Prescription for Prosperity"

You may borrow these Cassettes, one at a time,
no charge, to be returned in two weeks.

(THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY IN U.S.)

WORDS OF LIFE, INC.

OF AUSTIN, TEXAS

Postoffice Box 1789

Kerrville, Texas 78028

McGinty's horse?"

Of course I would! But I knew enough about horsemen not to say anything about it. For to the rancher, his horse is almost as dear to him as his children, especially his pet saddle horse.

We had been going over there for a year and staying most of the time with the McGintys when one day he said to me, "How would you like to ride my horse?" Then I knew I belonged! That I had been accepted!

Mr. McGinty had five sons, three of them living in that community, and each of them was set up in the ranch business, as was their father. One son, Rufus, better known as "Rusty," was the former steer bull-dogging rodeo champion of the world. He had won honors and prize saddles at Cheyenne and at Madison Square Garden and had performed before the King of England on a tour to that country.

Occasionally Rufus McGinty and his wife would take us out to their ranch, about ten miles from town, for Sunday dinner. He would sometimes put me on a horse and take me with him to look at his cattle. Then after supper he would drive us back to church, slip a bill in the "preacher's" pocket, and go back to his ranch.

Rufus had a valuable saddle mare, highly prized, that he had ridden in his rodeo events and to whom he gave the credit for many of his victories in steer bull-dogging, because of her intelligence and speed. One Sunday evening, after we had been out to his ranch several times, he asked me if I would like to

ride his rodeo mare out in the pasture after the milk cows, which were grazing with the white faces. Of course, I said I'd be delighted.

He saddled the mare and opened the corral gate for me and I rode off. The mare was high spirited and "raring to go." She danced and pranced and fretted herself into a sweat, while I tried to quiet her with soothing words and friendly pats on her arched neck. But, seeing that nothing I could do would quiet her, I decided to let her run a little and maybe, if she "got the run out of her" she would settle down. So I gave her her head and away we went. Talk about your modern cars with their "quick get-away!" She had it! And, once started, I couldn't hold her.

We went racing over the pasture, which was dotted with cactus and pockmarked with prairie dog holes. I could picture her stepping into one of these holes and breaking her leg or maybe my neck and, knowing how much her owner prized her, I did not know which would be the worst.

I shouted, "Whoa!" I pulled on the reins, I pulled on the horn. I pulled on everything I could get hold of. I talked to her, I begged her, but nothing I could do seemed to have any effect. She was thoroughly enjoying herself. She really ran!

When we hit the herd of cattle after a time, they went in all directions. I wheeled her after the Jersey milk cows and in no time at all she had caught up with each one and headed them towards the corral. This was what she loved! The milk cows went towards home at a lope, heels in the air and tails flying. I don't know if they gave any milk or not, but we surely brought in the cows that night.

About half way to the house, I got the mare slowed down to a dancing prancing canter, while the cows ran on ahead. When I reached the corral gate, Rufus came soberly out to let me in. Without a word, he took the mare's bridle as I dismounted, removed the saddle and led her to the barn. I shamefully said, "I couldn't hold her when she got to running." He didn't scold, for I was his guest—I got treated royally, then as always, as a "son."

One Sunday after church in Plains, Mr. McGinty mentioned to me that his son, Rufus, had a big crop of cane for winter feed, but couldn't find anyone to help get it in from the field. I said, "He has been so good to me, I'd be glad to go out and help him tomorrow. I don't have to go back home in the morning." (As I usually did.)

Mr. McGinty drove out and told his son that afternoon, and that night Rufus and his family came in to church and took me home with them. They borrowed some "Levis" from a smaller brother, for me to wear next day.

We soon went to bed and sometime in the night I heard Rufus kicking on my door saying, "Time to get up!" I felt around in the dark for my clothes, dressed, and went out to the barn. Rufus was already there. We felt around in the dark and found a cow and he milked her. We felt around for the mules and put the harness on them. Then we went back in the house for breakfast.

I didn't have much appetite at that time of night, but, knowing what was ahead of me, I stowed away a large plate of beef-steak, biscuits and gravy. Then we hitched the team to the wagon and as we drove out of the barnyard, I couldn't see the mules' ears from my seat on the hay rack, it was that dark!

There had been a lot of rain that summer and the cane was higher than my head. This had been cut in bundles and shocked.

NOTICE

Contributions, Gifts, and Legacies, of money or property, made to Words of Life, Inc., of Austin, Texas, for any phase of its ministry, are tax deductible.

Words of Life "Seven-Fold" Ministry includes Native Evangelism in Ghana, Missions, The Texas Herald, Booklets, "Insurance Policy" Tracts, and the personal Preaching, Praying, and Writing Ministries of its founders.

A Tax Deductible Receipt is issued for every gift. Checks should be made payable to: Words of Life, Inc.

Please send ALL your letters, Requests for Prayer, The Texas Herald, Changes in Address, Books, Insurance Policies, Reprints, Cassettes, and your loving Prayers, to:

WORDS OF LIFE, INC.

of Austin, Texas

Postoffice Box 1789

Kerrville, Texas 78028

The bundles were too heavy to handle with a pitchfork so we had to catch each by the twine and one hand at the base of the bundle and toss them onto the wagon.

Rufus gave me my choice of throwing the bundles up on the wagon or of loading them. I didn't know which I liked the least. I would try one a while, then the other. After we got a wagon load we drove to the barn lot and stacked the bundles. Here again we took turns, tossing them up, and placing them in position on the stack. Up and down, up and down, I thought my back would break.

Noon came, finally, and we went to the house and I replenished my fading strength with another generous helping of beefsteak, gravy and biscuits, none finer. Then at those heavy bundles again!

The Lord was merciful, and about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon Rufus' wife sent word out that she and the little girl were going to town, and if "the preacher" got down off the stack right now he would just be in time to catch the bus home from Plains.

"The Preacher" wasted little time in argument, but slid down off the cane stack, changed clothes, and called it a day. Rufus slipped a check into my pocket for my "wages." I could hardly get around for the next three days! That was the last time I ever suggested going out to his ranch on the basis of a "hired hand!" Once more the difference between being a "son" and a "Hired Hand" had been driven deep into my mind.

In Luke 15: 11-32, Jesus tells the story of the Prodigal son who left his father's house of plenty to go into a far country and there spend his substance in riotous living. When his wealth was gone, he soon found his friends were gone also, and he was forced to take the most low-down job any Jew could imagine: baby sitting for a bunch of hogs! The hogs beat him to the corn that he would fain have eaten and what he usually got was just the husks.

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.

"And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." (Luke 15: 17-19)

"When he came to himself!" When he woke up to who he was! He was no hogherder, he was the SON of a wealthy rancher, where even the servants had plenty to eat. He, the son, the heir, was out there starving on the husks of the pig pen!

He made up his mind to do something about it, to get up and go home. He realized that he had forfeited his right to go back as a son, but was willing to be accepted as a hired servant.

But when he got home, the father had been watching for him. No doubt, each evening, the old man had looked down the lane with aching and longing heart to see if "his boy" had come back. This day the father's yearning was rewarded. Here came the son, looking like a tramp, it was true, but still his son.

"And he arose and came to his father, But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him; and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him. Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." (Luke 15: 20-21)

The father interrupted the boy before he could say what he had planned to say about wanting to come back as a hired servant.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe,

YOU CAN NOW HEAR *J. A. Dennis on Tape*

The following messages by J. A. Dennis are now available on 3¾ speed tapes, 7" reels. Also on Cassettes. Reels contain two messages, one on each side. Cassettes one message. Order reels by NUMBER, Cassettes by NAME

1. "God's Word is Powerful"
"The Two Prodigals"
2. "America, Repent or Perish"
"Go - Buy - Oil"
3. Mrs. Dennis & "Two Prodigals"
"Repentance"
4. "The Holy Spirit"
"God's Ins. Policy & Testimony"
5. "Seven Steps To Victory"
"Ambassadors for Christ"
6. "The Kingdom of Heaven"
"How To Get Prayers Answered"
7. "Praise the Lord"
"Married to Jesus"
8. "You Are A Millionaire"
"Son!"
9. "A New Vocabulary"
"It's Your Move"
10. "Give Ye Them To Eat"
"The Twelve Spies"
11. "Orbit Around the Son"
"Six Wire Fence Around Hell"
12. "Elijah and Elisha"
"Mrs. Dennis & Married to Jesus"
13. "Fruit of the Spirit"
"Victory in Jesus."

If your Church or Prayer Group would like to hear these stirring messages, we will loan you any of the above tapes, one at a time, to be returned in two weeks. Order reels by NUMBER, Cassettes by NAME.

(THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY IN U.S.)

WORDS OF LIFE, INC.

OF AUSTIN, TEXAS

Postoffice Box 1789

Kerrville, Texas 78028

and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry.

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry." (Luke 15: 22-24)

No, the son did not deserve to be taken back. He had not earned his restoration, he did not deserve forgiveness. But the father forgave him and restored him to sonship. Why? Because he loved him! Just because he was his son.

You may have a faithful hired hand that never misses a day's work in twenty years, who never lied to you, and never stole a thing. And your son may lay around the house and do nothing. He may lie to you, steal from you, and do many other mean things. But when you die, to whom do you leave your farm: to the hired man or to the son? To the son, of course; not because he deserves it, but because he is your son and you love him.

No matter how faithful your hired hand, nor how good a driver he is, you do not hand him the keys to your car on Saturday night and tell him to "go and have a good time." He gets his wages, what he has bargained for, with an occasional bonus, perhaps, and you feel you owe him no more.

But you hand over the keys to your car to your son when he asks. Why? Just because he is your son, and you love him. There is no thought of whether or not he deserves it. He is your son.

That's the way God deals with His children who recognize Him as having adopted them into the heavenly family through the atoning blood of Jesus.

The Prodigal Son received, not what he deserved, not what he bargained for, but the best the father had in the house.

First, he received "the best robe." What does this represent to the Christian "son"? Isaiah 61: 10 gives us the clue:

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

God's first gift to us when we come to Him is, of course, Salvation: The knowledge of sins forgiven, remembered against us no more, washed away by the blood of Jesus. But to the "son" is given also the robe of righteousness, which covers up our "filthy rags" of self-righteousness, as the best robe covered up the filth and rags of the Prodigal. Not **our** righteousness or our holiness, but the holiness which Christ brings in when He comes to abide in us by His Holy Spirit.

Second, the Prodigal received a "ring on his finger"—the father's ring. In olden days, when a king placed a man in authority, to act in his stead, he would give that man the king's signet ring. Any order or decree which the officer signed in the king's name and sealed with the king's ring, carried the same authority as if signed and sealed by the king himself. (Esther 8: 2; 8)

So has Jesus given unto us, who dare to claim the sonship of God and the joint heirship with Jesus Christ, which He has promised, the same authority as was given to Him by the Father.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do; that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14: 12-13)

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and

scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you." (Luke 10: 19)

Third, the Prodigal received "shoes on his feet," representing, to the Christian, God's guidance.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Ps. 119: 105)

"If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth.

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (I John 1: 6-7)

Then, the Prodigal Son received from his father, the fatted calf. So we, if sons, receive from our Father our every need.

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil 4: 19)

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or Wherewith shall we be clothed?

("For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

"But seek ye, first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6: 31-33)

Are you still the Hired Hand type of Christian? Seeking to work your way to Heaven by your "good works?" Bargaining with life or with God: for so much prayer, so much Bible study, so much church attendances; I should earn such-and-such reward?

Or have you accepted God's invitation and God's plan for you: to become a member of God's family by adoption, a son or a daughter; said adoption being purchased at Calvary by Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour and also our Elder Brother. A son, who works enthusiastically and tirelessly for his Father, because he is a member of the family, he has an interest in his Father's business—the Kingdom of God. A son, who no longer watches the clock or bargains for his pay, but who gladly leaves any reward for his services up to the bighearted love of his Father—"whatsoever is right I will GIVE (not pay) thee."

There are many "hired hand" Christians, but few sons. To inherit all the Father has for us, we must first Believe, then Accept, and Claim, our status as sons and daughters of God. Then we must walk softly before Him and feed on His Word until we "grow up" to maturity, where God can entrust to us the power and authority and the inheritance that is ours in His Will—The New Testament.

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. 4: 13)

Are you a son or a Hired Hand?

J. A. DENNIS

America, Repent or Perish

This is a booklet we believe every person in America, Christian and non-Christian, should read NOW, in this Great Nation's most crucial hour, as she faces God's Judgment. We will send up to 25 of America, Repent or Perish, free and post-paid, to anyone who will prayerfully distribute them for God's Glory and the Salvation of souls. This offer good only within the United States. Order From:

WORDS OF LIFE, INC.

Post Office Box 1789

Kerrville, Texas 78028

GOD LOVED ME — A LOST SINNER

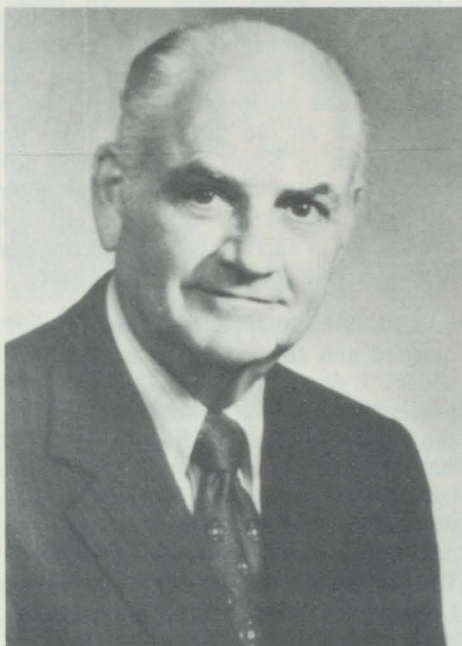
By Al H. Duren

In May of 1956, a helpless, hopeless, Hell-bound Alcoholic knelt in a Full Gospel Christian home in Atlanta, Georgia and experienced the joy of salvation and complete deliverance by the power of God thru the Lord Jesus Christ. At that moment a life of 45 years of sin, wickedness and sorrow ended and a soul was "born again" into the Kingdom of God. That was the end of a period in the life of Al Duren and the beginning of a new life that has brought blessings and happiness to a man of the world who traveled the "broad road of destruction" almost to its tragic end.

Albert H. Duren had been a successful business man in his chosen profession. Thru ambition and hard work he had achieved an executive position with one of the largest motion picture companies in the nation. He had received the highest honors his Company could bestow and was on his way to even bigger things in the business world. Altho he was succeeding in business his personal life was a miserable failure. As a teenager he had started drinking and the habit had increased over the years until he had become an uncontrollable alcoholic.

His drinking habits were not excessive for the first few years since he only drank on special occasions. However, as time moved on he drank heavier and more frequently. Al would probably have become an alcoholic much sooner had not World War II come along to partly interrupt his drinking habits.

Just prior to entering the armed services he was the top salesman with his Company and one of the leading prospects for an executive position. He was highly respected by his business associates and social acquaintances. He didn't profess to be a Christian, tho he had at one time joined a Church and had been baptized. He had gone thru this experience simply to please his wife and, of course, this brought no change in his life. However, he did believe there was a God and his religion was the "Golden



AL H. DUREN

Rule" (Do unto others as you would have them do unto you). To him this simply meant "I won't interfere with your life so don't you interfere with mine." He was interested in religions and had made a superficial study of the Bible, the Koran, Buddhism, Hinduism and some of the other oriental religions but this simply served to confuse him. He knew many people who attended various Churches and professed to be Christians but their lives did not reflect what they claimed to be. Most of them drank, smoked, cursed and practiced many sinful habits.

So Al Duren decided that most Church members were hypocrites and he had no respect for them. In studying the Bible he had read that Christians were supposed to love one another but he could not detect any love between the professed Christians he knew. The various denominations seemed to be opposed to each other and all going in different directions. He finally decided that as far as religion was concerned, Jesus, Mohammed, Buddah, Confusius and others were sent by God to teach people the right

way to live but that few paid any attention to them. So he concluded that if we were sincere and treated others the way we would like to be treated everything would be okay in the end. He didn't know that God had said "There is a way that seems right to man but the end thereof is destruction." So, in a nutshell, that was the type of man he was. Honest and respected by his business associates, a regular guy and a jolly good fellow in his social life. He worked hard, drank hard and played hard but he didn't have time for God.

After serving approximately 3 years in India and Burma during World War II he returned to his Company in 1945 and after a series of promotions, attained an important executive position. He was achieving his business ambition and moving up the ladder of success but his personal life was going in the opposite direction. As his personal problems mounted his drinking also increased and one day he crossed that invisible line between so-called social drinking and plain alcoholism. He would not admit, even to himself, that he was an alcoholic and made no serious attempt to change his habits which became worse and worse as time went on.

Finally, after 20 years of service, the Company discharged him. Not because he was incompetent but because he was uncontrollable while under the influence of alcohol. Twenty-seven years of sin had taken its toll and Al Duren at 45 years of age, with a wife, daughter and mother dependent on him, had committed economic suicide.

However, due to his business ability and in spite of his alcohol problem, a short time later another Company offered him a position in another city. At this time he had been manager of the Charlotte, N. C. district and now he was offered a job in Dallas, Texas. This, he thought, was just what he needed—a new company, a new country—new faces and new friends. This he thought was all he needed to become a new person. He was about to learn another important lesson, namely that you can't run away from

yourself. Jesus said "You must be born again." Only God can change a human heart and Al soon learned that in spite of his efforts he could not control his drinking habit. He was the same drunkard in Dallas that he had been in Atlanta, Jacksonville, Miami, Charlotte, Los Angeles and everywhere else and it was there in Texas after another "Lost Weekend" that he finally admitted to himself that he was a confirmed alcoholic.

He knew that only God could help him but he didn't know how to reach Him. He prayed but somehow felt his prayers weren't getting thru. He tried going to Church but that didn't help. One night he called several ministers of various denominations, trying to get spiritual help but all had some excuse as to why they couldn't see him at that time. After that experience he gave up completely. He gave up on God, gave up his job and decided to take his life. This proud, worldly man had learned some bitter lessons, that "the way of the transgressor is hard" and that "the wages of sin is death." He had a considerable amount of insurance and felt that his death would assure his family of financial security. So he decided to take his wife and daughter back to his mother's in Atlanta and then carry out his plan.

The morning he prepared to leave Dallas he received a phone call from an old friend in San Antonio. When this friend found out the status of things he persuaded Al to come to San Antonio to see him before returning to Atlanta. He agreed and spent a week with his friend, who counselled with him and prayed for him but nothing seemed to happen. He simply listened and continued to drink.

As he prepared to leave San Antonio his friend urged him to keep repeating Romans 8:31 "If God be for us who can be against us." To Al Duren this seemed a waste of time since he was sure God was not with him. Strangely, however, he didn't forget the verse. So he and his family started driving back to Atlanta, across the states of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and into Georgia and he drank all the way.

They reached his mother's home safely and she was broken-hearted when she saw her son's condition. She pleaded with him to try a new hospital for alcoholics, which was located in Atlanta and, altho he had no faith that they could help him, he finally consented just to please her. He enrolled as an "out-patient" and took all

the injections, psychiatric treatments, group therapy and everything else they had to offer and after three weeks he was still drinking. Nothing had changed and his plans were the same. But God had other plans for this man and, at this point, He began to move in on him.

Here is the way Al Duren testifies concerning his miraculous experience:

"I came home from the hospital one day and found my wife at the telephone calling one number after another. I asked her what she was doing and she said that she had an intense desire to get in touch with an old girl friend from her home town in South Carolina, who now lived in Atlanta. She advised that about six years before she and this girl had been saved in an Evangelistic meeting and they had lost contact over the years.

All this had happened before we were married and since my wife was a "backslider" I don't know that she had ever professed to be a Christian. Anyway, she was having trouble finding her friend since she didn't know her husband's initials. Their name was Jackson, so my wife was going down the line calling all the Jacksons in the telephone directory. When she told me what she was doing I sneered at her and cursed her for being so stupid but she was not discouraged. She told me that Mr. Jackson was the Manager of an Insurance Company but she did not know which one.

"Sarcastically, I suggested that she turn to the yellow pages and call all the

Insurance Companies, that there had to be several hundred less than the Jacksons in the directory. Much to my surprise, she took my suggestion and a short time later she advised me that she had located her friend.

"A call to her brought an invitation to dinner for she and I but I emphatically refused. I was making no new acquaintances. I knew my attitude hurt my wife and so later I advised her that she could have dinner with her friends and that I would pick her up later in the evening.

"I was still reporting to the hospital regularly and we were having a group therapy meeting that evening. So I advised my wife that I would pick her up after the meeting but I cautioned her to be ready to go when I arrived since I did not want to spend any time with her friends.

"At the hospital that evening I developed a severe pain in my right side which was diagnosed as pleurisy. I was advised to go home and to bed and to have a doctor the next day if I was not better.

"The mental anguish I was constantly experiencing plus the physical pain of pleurisy added to the reluctance of meeting my wife's friends. However, I had promised to pick her up so I started to do so.

"I didn't know when I left the hospital that evening that God was guiding my every move, but He was. I was on my way to meet not only two Christian people but I was moving towards the greatest experience of my life. You see, that night I also met my Saviour—I met the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I met Jesus of Nazareth. Here's the way it happened.

"When I arrived at the Jackson home I was greeted by two of the friendliest people I had ever met. At first I still wanted to hurry away but somehow I couldn't and as the evening progressed I began to enjoy this sweet, charming couple. We talked about many things and they let me know that they were Christians and that they loved the Lord Jesus but I don't recall them dwelling at length on this subject. But there was something about them I had never seen or felt before. Yet they were just ordinary people but they had a peace and serenity about them that was contagious. Finally, instead of wanting to hurry away I found myself wishing I didn't have to leave.

REPRINTS OF

GO-BUY-OIL

By J. A. Dennis

NOW AVAILABLE

We will send 25 of these Challenging Reprints, Free and Postpaid, to anyone who will Prayerfully distribute them for God's Glory, and the Blessing of His people.

WORDS OF LIFE, Inc.

Box 1789, Kerrville, TX 78028

We stayed very late and finally when we got up to leave Mrs. Jackson said: "Mr. Duren, it is our custom to have family prayer in the evening before we retire, would you and Lois join us?" In all my 45 years I don't recall anyone having invited me to pray with them in their home. I was surprised to say the least but, without hesitation, I replied "Of course." I thought that one of them would say a short prayer and that we would be on our way, but that's not what happened.

"Mrs. Jackson invited us to kneel where we had been sitting. We complied and she began to pray. I had never heard praying like that before. I don't remember what she said but I do know that I sensed almost immediately that she was intimately acquainted with the person to whom she was speaking. As she finished praying her husband began to pray and I had the same feeling. This man knows to whom he is speaking. Here was the Manager of a large Insurance Company, a man 60 years of age, kneeling by a hassock in his living room, talking to his Heavenly Father as a little boy might talk to his earthly father and somehow I knew that God heard him and, further, that God was present right there in that room then! When he finished praying

much of my amazement, my wife began to pray and I had never heard her pray before.

As she finished praying something gripped my heart and I cried out to God with all the anguish of my lost soul. I don't know what I said but I do know that I felt His presence and I completely yielded and threw myself on his mercy and I knew He heard me and that He loved me. I don't know how long I prayed but for a long time I was conscious only of His presence. As I began to be conscious of other things around me I discovered that Mrs. Jackson was at my side praying with me. When I finally rose to my feet the sins of 45 years seemed to fall away. The desire to drink was gone, the desire to do anything wrong was gone. Everything seemed different—I felt like a child again—I felt clean—I was at peace for the first time!

"It was several minutes before I realized that the pleurisy was also gone, not a bit of pain in my chest. I didn't know that Jesus had said "Unless a man is born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." I didn't know that Saint Paul had said "If a man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things have passed away, behold all things are become new." I didn't know these scriptures but I had met Jesus and this is what had happened to me. Truly, "All things had become new."

Two days later Al Duren made a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ at the Faith Memorial Church in Atlanta and a short time later he was baptized in water by Rev. Ralph Byrd at the same Church and for the next year he diligently studied the Bible, filling his hungry soul with the Bread of Life.

In time Al Duren's new life brought him an opportunity to resume his business career. He accepted a position with Warner Brothers Pictures and in a short time was moved up to top Management surpassing the position he had held before. For thirteen years he was able to witness to people throughout The Motion Picture Industry.

In 1971 he retired from business in order to devote all his time to witnessing to the saving and delivering power of The Lord Jesus Christ. His travels for The Lord have covered the United States, Canada and many foreign countries. As an International Director God has used him in forming some twenty Chapters in the Mid-West and South to which he gives God all the Glory.

The Al Duren story is just another example of God's love for lost sinners and a demonstration of His regenerating Power.

Al H. Duren
248 Mike Drive N. E.
Orangeburg, S.C. 29115

REPRINTS OF **GOD'S GOOD FOOD**

By J. A. Dennis

NOW AVAILABLE

Are you eating Food that
God Recommends, or Food
Recommended by man?

We will send 10 of these
four-page Reprints, Free and
Postpaid, to anyone who will
Prayerfully distribute them
for God's Glory, and the
better health of His people.

WORDS OF LIFE, Inc.

Box 1789, Kerrville, TX 78028

I WILL BE SATISFIED

If I can put into some heart
a bit of light;

If I can make some dark
and dreary pathway bright,

And to some soul in gloom
show the sunny side;

Though I win no reward,
I will be satisfied.

—Emma Allen Bailey

Twelve Reasons Why A CHRISTIAN DOESN'T SMOKE

By J. A. Dennis

When the Holy Ghost
comes into a man, He will
either drive out the smoking
habit, or the man will smoke
out the Holy Ghost. Both
cannot long dwell in the
same temple.

This is a ministry of Love
and Faith in our Lord Jesus
Christ. As He provides the
funds for their printing and
mailing, we will send 25 of
these tracts — Postpaid — to
anyone who will prayerfully
distribute them for God's
Glory and the Deliverance
of His people.

WORDS OF LIFE, Inc.

Box 1789, Kerrville, TX 78028

The Triumph Of Polycarp

By James H. Jauncey

It was early in the year 156 A.D. that the smoldering embers of persecution burst into flame. The place was Smyrna (now called Ismir), a fabulously beautiful city on the banks of the Aegean Sea and overlooking the Dardanelles entrance to the Black Sea.

The heathen mob, goaded into murderous anger by fanatical Jews, had grabbed some unsuspecting Christians and dragged them to the arena where the games were going on.

Their trial before the Roman proconsul was over in seconds, as he said to each in turn, "Do you curse Christ? Will you sacrifice to Caesar?"

"No," they answered.

He waved his hand. First one and then another was hurried into the arena. Death was quick and terrible as they were ravaged by the raging lions. The crowd screamed in frenzy.

Several of the prisoners backed down and renounced Christ when they faced the awful ordeal, and these were led off to make their sacrifice amid jeers of the crowd. They might as well have been dead, for they no longer belonged with the Christians, and they would be out-cast among the heathens because of their cowardice.

The tension rose as Christian after Christian was sought out and brought before the proconsul. Most took their martyrdom bravely. Nothing seemed to satisfy the hate and blood-hunger of the crowd.

Finally someone yelled, "Get Polycarp. He's their leader."

The cry was quickly taken up until it became a roar. Christians went quickly to Polycarp with the word that his life was in danger.

They found the old man at prayer. At least eighty-six years old, he had been pastor at Smyrna for longer than anybody could remember; and in his youth he had been a disciple of the Apostle John at Ephesus only a few miles away. He merely looked up at his friends in spite of the urgency in their voices.

"Pastor, you must flee. The soldiers will be coming."

The old man only snorted, as if danger were of no consequence.

"Not for yourself," they said. "For the Church. You are the shepherd. Consider the sheep."

He sighed. "God's will be done" he said; and he let them lead him away. He was taken to a farmhouse not far from the city.

Meanwhile the proconsul had closed the games, but the order for the arrest of Polycarp had gone out. Search parties were sent out under the personal direction of the chief-of-police, a man named Herod, who regarded this as the opportunity of a lifetime.

All the while Polycarp showed no signs of alarm. Most of his day was spent in praying for each church by name all around the world.

That night he had a dream in which his pillow burst into flames. Telling his attendants about it, he said, "I think the Lord is trying to tell me that I must be burned alive for the faith."

The elders of the Church felt that the only chance for his safety was to keep him moving, and by night they shifted him to another farm and hid him in an attic. By then Herod's men had traced him to his previous hiding place. Torturing a slave, they discovered where Polycarp was.

They waited until late at night before they swooped down on the farm house. Polycarp was in bed. His attendants saw the enemy coming and tried to hurry him away. But Polycarp would not go. "It's no use," he said. "God's will be done."

He was waiting in the living room when the soldiers burst in. Something about the old man stopped them dead in their tracks.

"Come in, my friends," he said gently. "I will not try to escape. Sit down and eat some food. I would ask that you allow me an hour for prayer."

"Certainly, sir," the sergeant said, amazed at the calmness of the old man.

Polycarp went to a corner and began to pray. His soft tones reached the soldiers, who marveled that he never mentioned himself, pleading only for his fellow Christians.

"What's the empire coming to when we have to arrest a good old man like that?" the sergeant muttered.

Following his prayer, Polycarp was arrested and transferred to the city on a donkey. At the outskirts he was met by Herod and Herod's father, in a carriage, courteously invited him in. The morning by now was well advanced.

"There is no need for you to die, you know," Herod said. "After all, what harm is there in saying, 'Caesar is Lord,' and offering incense. Frankly, many of us don't believe in it either, but it doesn't cost us anything to oblige."

The old man didn't even bother to answer.

"Come, now, Polycarp," Herod pleaded. "You are too valuable a man to die."

Polycarp shook his head, "I will not do as you advise," he said flatly.

When they saw that it was useless to try to persuade him, their masks of friendliness fell off. He was brutally shoved out, even before the carriage had stopped, badly bruising his shin.

Limping, he was brought before the proconsul.

"You are Polycarp?" asked the Roman.

"Yes, sir."

"You know the law on this matter?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then have respect for your age and do what the law requires."

"No, sir."

"Come, change your mind. Swear by Caesar. Denounce these Christians. Say 'Away with these atheists.'"

Polycarp looked up to the jeering crowds. He jested towards them. "Away with the atheists," he said.

"Don't mock me old man. Take the oath. Curse Christ."

"Curse Him?" said Polycarp. "Oh, no. Eighty-six years have I served Him, and He never did me any wrong. How can I blaspheme my King who saved me?"

"Nonsense. Curse Christ."

"I am a Christian."

"Persuade them to let you go," said the proconsul decisively, pointing to the crowd.

"You are the representation of Caesar, and as such I honor you, but to them I owe nothing."

"I have wild beasts."

The old man never wavered. He looked the governor in the eye. "Call them," he said softly.

"So you disdain my lions! Then I'll go one better. I'll have you burned alive. So now, my brave Christian, does that change your mind?"

"No. Your fire is but for an hour, and then it is over. Unless you repent, the fires of hell will burn you forever. God's will be done."

The proconsul tried to think of some answer, but he was speechless. He had never met anyone before so totally unafraid of death. After a moment he turned to the crowd.

"Polycarp has confessed himself to be a Christian," he said, "Execution will be by fire and will take place forthwith."

The crowd shouted its triumph. Quickly they laid the fagots. The soldiers took Polycarp to the stake, there making him divest himself of his clothes. They were going to nail him to the post, but he stopped them sharply.

"Leave me as I am. For He who wants me to endure the fire will also enable me to remain on the pyre unmoved."

Everyone watched him, amazed. Although he was the captive, he was in complete control. Ignoring everyone he prayed aloud for a few seconds, thanking God for the privilege of dying for Christ.

Then somebody put the torch to the wood. The flames leapt up, surrounded him, but then billowed away as it compelled by some strange force. The crowd began to back up in fear.

The proconsul uttered an oath. This Christian would do more harm in his death than in his life.

"Kill him," he yelled.

A knife flashed through the wall of flame, and it was all over.

The crowd slunk away subdued, silent, wondering.

Quickly the news of the old pastor's heroism spread around the known world. The Christians wept, but there was courage in their tears. The future might be dark, but they need not fear. Polycarp had shown them the way.

—The War Cry.

BREAD CORN

By Stanley H. Frodsham

It is written, "Bread corn is bruised." To what was the prophet referring? He spoke of One who was coming, One who was to be wounded for the transgressions of others, One who was to be bruised for the iniquities that others had committed, One who was to be chastised that others might have peace, One who was to bear the iniquities of all. He was the Bread that came down from heaven. He was the Bread Corn that was to be bruised. He taught that "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Following Christ

An Israelite in Egypt secured a lamb. Then on a certain day the lamb was slain. The lifeblood from its body was caught in a basin. The Israelite took a bunch of hyssop and sprinkled the precious lifeblood of the lamb that had suffered and died, upon the lintel and upon the side posts of his door. For what purpose this suffering, this death, this sprinkling of the blood? The Lord had said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." When judgement and death was to come to every Egyptian home at the midnight hour, the Israelite was preserved, saved through the suffering, the death, and the precious blood of an innocent lamb. And He who was the Bread Corn was also God's Lamb, who suffered, who bled, who died in order that His lifeblood might bring preservation, might bring life to a race. And this One who as God's Lamb, taught His disciples that if they would save their lives they would lose them, but if they would lose their lives for His sake they should indeed find them. If they would be truly His disciples they must deny themselves, take up their cross daily, and follow Him, following Him to bruising, following Him to the

suffering, sharing in the fellowship of His suffering and being conformed to His death, the death of the cross.

The Eternal Look

There was one who was a chosen vessel unto God. He had been zealous, but not according to knowledge, and he persecuted "this way." But there came to him a revelation of Him who had died and had risen, and he was blinded by the revelation. He went, a blind man, to Damascus and there mourned in the presence of Him whom he had persecuted. But there came a revelation to another man in Damascus, to Ananias, that this man was a chosen vessel to Himself, and the Lord revealed to Ananias, "I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." This chosen vessel was chosen not only to preach the gospel. He was to preach the Lamb, he was to live the Lamb. He was to preach Christ, and he declared, "For me to live is Christ." He was to know Christ not only in the power of His resurrection, but also in the fellowship of His suffering. He was one who was to be conformed to His death. Did he suffer?

VICTORY

By H. B. Taylor

While kneeling alone
In prayer one day
I asked the Lord,
To show me the way.
To live a life
From sin set free,
And how to keep
The Victory.
The answer down
From heaven came,
I give it to you,
In Jesus' Name.
Resist the devil,
Day by day,
Deny yourself
In every way.
Plead the blood
With all your might
And praise the Lord,
While in the fight.

Given to Bro. Taylor,
by the Holy Spirit.

"There is a noble forgetfulness
— that does not remember injuries."

—Charles Simmons

Yes. Did he complain of his suffering, No, he gloried in them. He was made to know that the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory that shall follow and he bade those who were tasting some measure of the cup of suffering not to look at the things seen, not to be troubled by the things around, but to have their gaze heavenward. The things seen, the things felt, the things now around are but temporal; but the things unseen, the glory that should follow, and the blessedness of an eternal oneness with the Lamb that was slain, are eternal. The present suffering was not to be compared with this, and they were to have their eyes upon the eternal.

The Value of Suffering

Christ bore the wounding, the bruising, the chastising, the stripes. He bore it all because He knew the promise, that He should see of the travail, He should see of the agony, He should see of the suffering of His soul, and be satisfied. What He went through was the means of bringing many sons unto glory, and so He endured the cross, He bore the shame, for He saw that which was set before Him—eternal glory, eternal bliss. He saw a day would come when He, through His salvation, would bring to His Father with exceeding joy a multitude who would be blessed by His sufferings. And He caused the apostle to write to encourage the saints who were suffering. They had not yet suffered unto blood. They had not yet suffered unto crucifixion. They had not yet suffered unto martyrdom. They were chastened sore, were bruised, were suffering, and it was grievous, but he encouraged them to believe and endure, that in all the bruising, all the suffering, all the testings, all the trials, in all the temptations that they were enduring, they were becoming par-

takers of the nature, of the holiness, of the purity of their Lord and Master.

The Changed Viewpoint

Peter, when he knew his Master was going to Jerusalem to suffer, to be scourged, to be martyred, cried, "Be it far from thee, Lord." But the Master recognized it was not Peter that was recommending the easier path, it was Satan, the adversary, who had taken control of Peter for a moment in order to tempt him who was the Bread Corn about to be bruised, not to take the path that His Father had prepared for Him, not to drink the cup that His loving Father had prepared for him. But at a later day Peter was filled with the Spirit of God. Did he then suggest to the saints that they should seek an easy path without suffering? No. He knew there was a pathway of suffering ahead for himself, for the Lord had shown him such; knew that he was to be girded by another and taken where he would not. But he made no complaint. He said to the saints, those who were knowing some measure of the sufferings of Christ, "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same

mind." He knew that suffering and bruising and chastisement had its place in the life of the disciples of the Lamb. And so he encouraged them, telling that the God of all grace, who hath called the saints to eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after they had suffered a while, would Himself make them perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle them.

The Joy Ahead

John was very near to his Lord. He leaned upon the bosom of the Lamb. He saw His sufferings, he saw His agony, he saw His death. He knew the Lamb intimately. He knew Him who was bruised, and he declared to the saints, "As He is, so are we in this world." Was He popular? No, He was despised and rejected. Were His prophetic utterances received? No, even His own disciples could not understand them and rejected them. Their eyes were closed and they were disputing over the great place, the first place, the place of pre-eminence. And there are so many disciples who today despise the prophetic and seek the place of prominence. But He who went to Calvary sought the lowest place. He sought the place of the lowest slave and performed the duties of such a slave. He washed the feet of His disciples. And the Apostle, writing in the Spirit said in substance, "Let this mind, this lowly mind, this meek mind, the mind of Him who suffered, who was obedient to His Father, even to the death of the cross, let this mind be in you. "Be willing to be despised and rejected. Be willing to take the lowest place, for he who is truly abased, who is truly lowly, who is truly meek, who is truly poor in spirit, shall be exalted in due time to share forever the joy of Him who is exalted and who has the prominent place and ever will have the prominent place in the eternal habitation of His Father.

—for the Herald of Faith

THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH (II Cor. 6:17)

The churches are full of men and women who have no power at all. Where did they lose it? It was when they formed an alliance with the world. I would rather be alone with God than be with the whole world without God. I do not believe that a man ever got a thing by sacrifice of principle that did not bring ruin.

—D. L. Moody
—THE BIBLE FRIEND

THE TEXAS HERALD

Postoffice Box 2156

Austin, Texas 78768

Address Correction Requested

Non-Profit Org.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

Permit No. 1067

Austin, Texas

04-03449-2
FRANK ROMANELLI
2532 W COMMERCIAL
BROKEN ARROW OK 74012