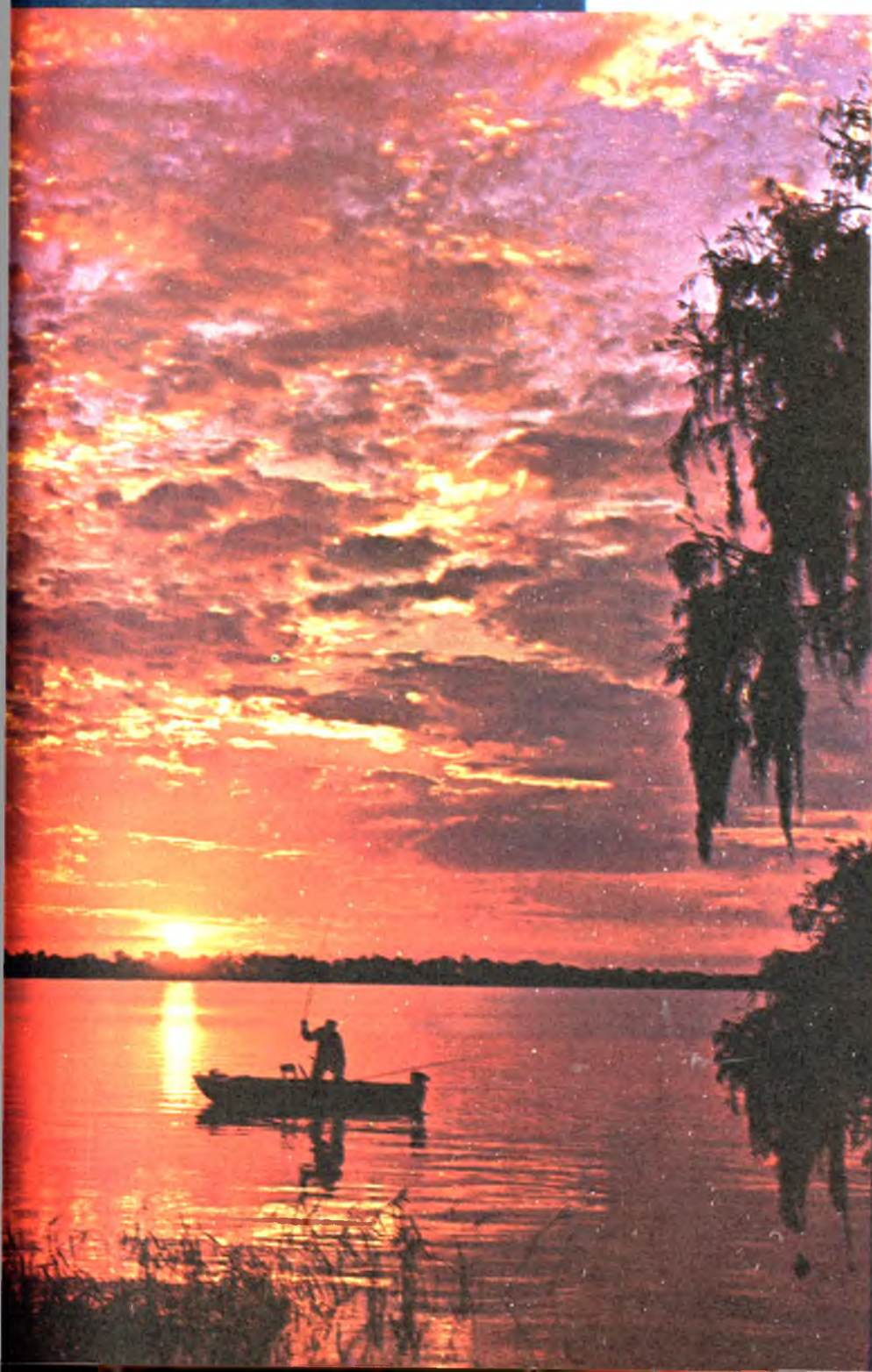


Herald of Holiness

"IN THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT"

Official Organ
of the Church of
the Nazarene



Faith
FOR TODAY!

HOLINESS:

A MAN'S RELIGION is always directly related to his view of God, whether that God be pictured as a hydra-headed monster or an indulgent, doting grandfather. Through the centuries man has been unable to escape the fact of God and his amenability to Him. But it is God himself who reveals His own true nature and who has lent every effort to establish a sound relationship with man.

It seems that man has always had an innate awareness of some power beyond himself that guides or controls the destinies of life, but sometimes man's primitive view has been vague, impersonal, and without moral qualities. Usually this supreme power, even in remote areas, has been lofty, awesome, and separate. But it is God who reveals himself to man as a holy Being in an ethical sense. Through the centuries God has revealed himself as righteous, pure, good, loving, and holy. In quick but accurate summary the biblical view of God is that He is a God of holy love. Even God's self-revelation seems to have arisen from His love, and without oversimplifying the explanation, it is also fair to infer that this very love flows from His holiness.

The climax of God's self-revelation comes when He sent His Son, Jesus of Nazareth, into the world. This Son declared with emphasis to His intimates at the close of a brief ministry, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He seemed to say, "We are one in being and in character." But the coming of this Son was not simply to condemn mankind by way of contrast. Jesus himself insisted, "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3:17). These words were spoken by the Master after He had plainly indicated that the coming of the Son was an expression of the Father's unselfish love (John 3:16).

It is in the biblical record of God's dealings with man that we discover there is a correspondence between God

and man. In fact, in his original state man was made in the image of God; they were alike in their essential character. But something happened—the Bible calls it sin—and the whole nature and race of mankind was corrupted and marred. Hence the promise of a Redeemer to bring man back. This is the true meaning and purpose of Jesus—He came "to save his people from their sins." This is the key to Calvary and Jesus' death upon that Cross.

It is common in religious circles today to describe God in terms of love, but it is also necessary to understand love in terms of God. Our view of love may be watered and shallow. We must move back to the idea of God as holy—as pure, good, true, and righteous. His love is expressed in terms of giving as in the gift of His Son. But this love also makes demands as in the requirement for a Cross to bring us back from sin. This love also demands that we become like God in true holiness.

The twentieth-century mind is startled at the sheer idea of holiness as a command or a demand upon us. In apparent humility we are quick to say that only God is holy in the true sense of the word. To be sure, only God can claim holiness that is self-sustaining and undivided. Our holiness is divinely given and is maintained only through the indwelling Spirit. But God's intention is clearly indicated by Zacharias as he prophesied on the day of John the Baptist's circumcision: "The oath which he swore to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies



might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life" (Luke 1:73-75).

This moral demand that God makes of us is inescapable if one accepts the Scriptures as a divine revelation. Peter summarizes it well and presents what seems to us the inescapable argument for holiness: "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation [living]; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy" (I Peter 1:15-16).

Holiness then is the key to God's very nature and being, and holiness is the controlling idea when we think about God's redemption of the human family through our Lord Jesus Christ.

FAITH of Our FATHERS

A FEW DAYS AGO I read a report from one of our eastern offices about a currently operating Communist party front—about how it is collecting money, distributing literature, subtly undermining our democratic way of life. As I saw the machinations of the party, enticing unsuspecting Americans into its devious network, I could not help thinking about a statement I had recently read: “In modern times the death of democracy is, more often than not, camouflaged suicide.”

This is our danger today. Communism has been able to make inroads into our country not so much because of its inherent strength but because of our weaknesses: not because of its superiority but because of our failure to understand its chicanery and deceit. The penalty for such a failure can be nothing but national suicide, all the more tragic since it is a camouflaged suicide.

Let us make no mistake. Communism is an aggressive, dynamic, assertive ideology, claiming to offer, in the words of one of its textbooks, “an integral world outlook, the most progressive outlook of our time” (*Fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism*, a Communist textbook published in Moscow). No man can deny the demonic power of Communism—its lethal wizardry in inciting men to fanaticism, dedication, and allegiance to an ideal, false as that ideal may be; its admitted ability to break down the sinews of civilized nations; its monstrous intention to rewrite all of history in its own self-proclaimed dialectical patterns. Never must we forget that in barely a generation this false religion has swept through one-third of the world’s population and one-quarter of the earth’s land surface.

Yet despite this tremendous energy and this monstrous capacity to enslave men’s minds, hearts, and souls, Communism is inherently weak when compared with the explosive power of man’s urge to be free. This basic fact Americans so often overlook—that it is in the faith of our fathers, a trust in God, and a belief in the dignity of man that the real revolutionary power of history arises; and that it is this power that over the centuries has ripped apart tyrannies, overthrown dictators, and humbled the idolatrous.

By neglecting our spiritual heritage, by succumb-

ing to apathy and unconcern, we are endowing the enemy with a strength he does not possess and could never hope to secure from his own inner being. As I read the FBI report on my desk and saw how some Americans were donating money to the Communist front, supporting its program, and spreading its propaganda without taking the time to examine what the group’s true objectives were, I thought again: Look how we are opening the gates of our nation to the Marxist wolf, giving him an entree he could never have achieved on his own merits.

Truly one of the striking phenomena of our age is the failure of so many men of goodwill to trust the historic values of our Western civilization and to believe that freedom is the best way to solve the problems of man and bring in a better world for all. Far too many Americans today are uninformed about the history of their country and the principles of free government. They are victimized by the lure of false panaceas. The glib talk of a Communist front is mistaken as an authentic effort to improve society. Some, caught in the deadly snare of Communist influence, become party members.

A COURSE IN DISILLUSIONMENT

The real tragedy of Communism can be seen in the tortured testimony of men and women who have passed through the iron curtain and have eaten of the Communist manna, have sampled the wares of the Marxist table, have lived in the Com-

By J. Edgar Hoover

J. EDGAR HOOVER became director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in 1924. He holds the LL.B. and LL.M. degrees from George Washington University and many honorary degrees from other universities. He has been an outspoken advocate of spiritual and moral values in public and private life.



munist household, and have then returned to their heritage of freedom. These men and women—and there are thousands of them in the United States—testify to the eerie darkness of the Communist world, the stultifying of independent thought, the shackling of human love, the inculcation of a materialistic discipline that chains reason and dries up the true emotions of the heart.

“Basically, my break with Communism can’t be adduced to one factor alone,” wrote one ex-Communist. “If it is desired to put the answer in a nut-

shell, it is the contradiction between the shining beauty of the theory of Communism and what it is in practice as a bestial, corrupt, retrogressive way of life, as a system of government of false morality, perverted ethics, wasteful economy, and politics of horror and torture for the working people."

I am convinced that deep down in the hearts of many in the Communist movement, even in the hard-core, fanatical members, there still flickers a flame of freedom even though they themselves do not realize it. This flame is the eternal striving of man to be free, to have dignity and respect, to be regarded as a human being. I further believe that despite Communist discipline and indoctrination, this flame can never be permanently extinguished. Why? Because of the image of God in every human being.

The current intensive campaign inside the Soviet Union to throttle the free expression of writers is indicative of the scope of this problem even in the nation where Communism has already been in state power for more than a generation. "An impassioned struggle for the triumph of the most humane and just society on earth—Communism—is the principal mission of literature and art in our day," proclaimed L. F. Ilyichev, secretary of the Party's Central Committee. "The truly Soviet artist or writer," he said, "... is asked to have keen eyes for and to help consolidate by all available means ... those new, growing, Communist features that express the very essence of our life as it develops." In other words, the writer in Communism is the handmaiden of the state, its tool in propagandizing the masses, its weapon in the struggle to create a Communist culture.

THE NEED TO DREAM

But this party intention runs counter to the inner flame of freedom. "Some great thinker once said that man is an animal with a capacity for dreaming," wrote Yevgeny Yevtushenko, one of the Soviet poets severely censured by Mr. Khrushchev. Then Yevtushenko adds these significant words: "There are men whose lives confirm only the first part of this proposition. Yet if we look into their hearts we find that, although they have no lofty dreams, there are dreams nevertheless, for man has a need to dream."

"For man has a need to dream." This is the free

human spirit at work. George Washington struggling at Valley Forge, Thomas Jefferson penning the Declaration of Independence, the colonial patriots wrestling with a new Constitution—all dreamed, dreamed of a new nation that would be free, strong, and obedient to God. In their dreams they found strength and the faith that enabled them to endure suffering, hardship, and discouragement.

This is the spiritual nature of man. It is that aspect of his existence which causes him to rebel eternally against tyranny, to fight desperately any



SAFE from the storm

By W. C. Wilcox

TODAY I stood on the spot where, in 1497, John Cabot, with flag in hand, claimed this new world for England.

Although this island here in the Atlantic is Canada's newest province, it was also England's oldest.

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effort to shackle his heart, mind, and soul. This is the need of man, as a child of God, to ask questions about life, to think for himself, to mold his own inner destiny. This is the demand for man to be himself, thereby giving Communism an obstacle that it will never be able to conquer.

Here, in a belief in the power of freedom, lies the strength of America. This is the faith of our fathers, a faith that liberates the energy, vision, and dreams of our people. We need to rededicate ourselves to this faith, to know more about our history and the spirit of freedom.

Freedom as a way of life is not antiquated. In fact, it has as never before meaning and significance for our lives. As Americans, we should learn to trust God, to know His teachings, and to live in His ways. Before the eternal majesty of God, the Utopian promises of Communism pale as the murky shadows before the blazing sun.

Let us not allow Communism to gain a strength it does not deserve. Let us place our hope in the only faith that can move men to the most noble purposes in life, the faith of our fathers.

—By permission, "Christianity Today"

ony. And it was the seat of the first form of government in North America.

On this 600-foot hill overlooking the beautiful harbor of St. John's, the capital city, Marconi in 1901 received the first transatlantic wireless message. This message was the simple letter S tapped out in Cornwall, England.

Though Cabot and Marconi were here before me, I felt some of the thrill and challenge of this land.

As far as the eye could see, ships were coming into harbor, to find shelter from Hurricane Gladys. How low me was a beautiful sight, the Portuguese "White Fleet," eighty ships, mostly three- and four-masted vessels, painted a gleaming white. They had come in early to find shelter from the approaching storm.

An American destroyer and a British liner lay low me. To my left were Russian and German vessels, along with the ships of many nations. Local boats, coastal freighters, lumber barges, large and small, with their crews of nearly ten thousand men, were in the shelter of the landlocked harbor, safe from the storm.

My heart and thoughts were stirred as I watched the sights before me.

Even though the Church of the Nazarene is new in this province, like Cabot, I claimed it for my Lord and King. And like Marconi with the wireless, the dots (. . . , S), I heard coming through the "air" to my heart the assurance that my Saviour would meet the needs of all the people of this great land.

I saw the church as a great harbor where people from many nations have found shelter and safety from the storms of life. The Portuguese from the Azores, the Verde Islands are there, the Germans piloted



Queen Elizabeth's Royal Yacht, "Britannia" in the harbor at St. John's in by the Jerald Johnsons. A chorus we used to sing swept through my mind:

*Jesus loves the whosoever
From whatever land they be;
And He gently draws them to Him,
For salvation, full and free.*

Yes, there were the British and American. Thank God they are in. But just outside the harbor thirty-six Spanish ships decided to anchor and ride out the storm, rather than pay the price to enter the harbor. They would take their chances, and risk their lives and property; however if the worse came to worst they were near and hoped they could enter before tragedy struck them.

To myself I said: I've seen people like that who wouldn't "pay the price," but hovered near. Some did get in later. But alas! many went down, just outside.

After having run away from God and home on a merchant ship in 1945, I'm glad I found God and His Church, "a shelter in the time of storm." As that tiny pilot boat directed the ships by the cliff where I stood, I prayed: "O Lord, let me guide souls to the harbor of God's grace, and His Church."

At the Crossroads: CHRIST OR CONFUSION!

I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts (Isaiah 65:2).

AT THE INTERSECTION with arms outstretched! Is it Isaiah? Yes, of course. But it is Jesus, too, the unavoidable One. Isaiah saw Him and talked like Him. For He is there, at the crossroads of your life, offering real peace and purpose.

This is the heart of the gospel—a searching, loving, faithful God seeking all. He meets men wherever they will tarry. And when they cannot pause to listen, like the prophet, He stands on the corner with outstretched arms. You have seen Him there! Most men know He's there.

A college professor told me this summer that whenever he asked those whom he interviewed, "Have you been thinking about spiritual things lately?" they answered, with surprising regularity, "Many times. Many times lately." It is a good question. Ask it of yourself, now!

Even though the intersection of our lives is crowded, hurried, and noisy, Christ calls above it—to you, to me. There is Christ in the confusion at the crossroads.

*Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."*

Others are at the intersection, calling, selling, playing, entertaining, debating. But a Saviour is there too. Not only does He cry across the way to us, but He has, by His death, opened the way for us. He is our Redeemer—our Life Changer. His invitation is to take Him into our lives.

The way we are going is not good! Our rebellion, our selfishness are apparent. We cannot find our way through this mess. But this precious One at the intersection has not only shown the way, but has made the way.

Christ will forgive the sins that embarrass and bind. He will manage our lives and encourage our struggling attempts to do right. He makes His way known to us, and gives us strength to follow it. This breakthrough in our lives is conversion, a real experience, a thrilling, new experience.

Some who see Him there, at the intersection, say, as Isaiah reports, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me" (65:5). They want Him only so far, not

too close. But faith for our time must be a living faith, wholehearted and adequate.

When you invite Him, then, be fullhearted about it. The way of personal victory is a full surrender. Since He knows where you are, you can dare admit your need, and begin right where you are. And He will make you what He wants you to be. Yes, a fullhearted confession of sins, emptiness, bondage, right at the side of Jesus, is the first step to spiritual improvement.

Of course the next step is willfully, and if possible, enthusiastically, to turn from those sins, the places that remind of sin, and even to give kindly notice to old companions in sin that the route has changed. You can help those who are still in bondage when they see and feel the difference.

The word *repent* means to "turn around." Turn away from the "way that is not good," and turn to Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

From the intersection, you can go on in faith. For these words are as true as the Spirit who inspired them: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). Take these words. They are God's word for you, for me. Walk in the confidence they bring.

The first step, and all others in the Christian walk, are steps of faith—just reaching out and claiming this promise of God. And He who knows where you are, and knows you better than you know yourself, will strengthen each step.

My insurance man, Walter Bells, of Oakland, California, has walked with Jesus awhile—a graduate of the University of the Pacific, fairly confident in the grab-give-and-go existence. So I dialed his number. "Tell me, Walt; you met Christ at the crossroads, years ago. Is He still as real today? Has He guided through other intersections?"

"Yes, and that is not all. I've gained momentum at each new crossroads," he said; "for 'they that wait

upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.'"

His answer encouraged me, and makes me urge you, whoever you are, wherever you are—take Christ at the crossroads and walk along with Him.



From South African Mine to West German Pulpit

By Richard F. Zimmer



Rev. and Mrs. Zimmer with their two children

IT WAS LIKE an explosion. The world about me seemed to crash in. I wondered why I couldn't see anything. The lamp on my hard hat was functioning, but its beam reflected only as would the headlights of a car in a dense fog.

Then only did I realize that I was wrapped in a cloud of quartzite dust, that something in this mine tunnel must have collapsed. In spite of the terrific heat I felt cold sweat on my bare back. My forehead was wet and I tried to wipe it with the perspiration rag around my neck, until I noticed it was blood.

After some desperate, yet careful, testing of the sidewalls and the beams, I suddenly realized I was closed in, seven thousand feet below the surface, with nothing but dusty air, no water, and little hope.

My thoughts went back a long way. They went back to the day when after years of religious education I was able to get "free" and hang the heavy coat called God and Church on the hook for good. That was the day of my confirmation.

It was in the postwar years, back in Germany, with nothing to eat and nothing to wear, and very

little light for a future at all. God had not revealed himself to me or my family. He did not protect my father from enemy bullets, prison camp in Russia, or disgrace and trial because he was in the "Party." No, the God of the Bible did not exist for me. I was bitter toward Him and His Church.

Then followed the years of learning a trade and studying at night. It was the wish of my parents I should become an engineer in Germany's slowly, yet steadily, developing economy. I was content to obey until one day an advertisement in the paper changed the entire plan.

It said that young men were wanted for a wonderful career in South Africa's gold mines. My brother, one year my junior, was interested, and asked me to look into the matter. So I went, first to find out for him. But then I went myself for an examination, took a further medical test, and then one day the news came; I was accepted!

Almost like in a dream it happened: the boarding of the plane in Munich, the farewell tears in the eyes of my parents, the exciting panorama of tropical countries as we made stops, moving into my room at a government school in Modderbee, South Africa, and the first day underground.

Since then almost four years had gone. In the meantime I had married a lovely wife and was the proud father of a little girl. And now—? Now I would sit here and wait. Wait for what? My death? It could not be!

Suddenly I found words of prayer. My lips were not trained, my heart was yet in doubt—but I prayed to God. I made a promise for faith and service if He would help. This prayer was answered. They got me out in time. I was able to see daylight, to go home, to live. But I completely forgot God and the promise I had made to Him.

About this time my mother-in-law became very ill. Oh, how she had always tried to get me to church, telling me of the wonderful services! Sometimes she had prayer meeting in her home because the little church just up the hill was not completed as yet. But my wife and I were not interested at all.

One evening, however, I went into the bedroom to get something. I saw my dear mother-in-law on her knees with an open Bible in front of her. She was praying. She prayed aloud. She prayed as if God were standing right before her, as if she were

Church of the Nazarene in Frankfurt, Germany, pastored by Richard Zimmer



just talking to a person. She prayed for me, mentioning me by name.

Quietly I left the room. I don't know what I felt at this time anymore; but whatever it was, it was strange. Soon after that she died. She never saw me saved.

It happened however only a few months later. It was in the Church of the Nazarene on the hill.



Let Me Believe in SOMETHING!



"WE are the dispossessed—the dispossessed of faith; the physically or spiritually homeless . . . Let me believe in something!" These words strangely echo the heartthrob of contemporary man. "Let me believe in something!"

War has filled man with fear, and international events have shattered his hopes. The fixes, riggings, and kickbacks have reminded him of the gross dishonesty of his age. The low life of high men has warped his confidence.

Across the American and world spectrum have swept the winds of challenge, bringing into disrepute much of what he had been taught to believe. He has been nourished, not on faith, but on doubt. Much of his reading has confronted him with men who have more doubts than beliefs. When a person searches for sure footing and for some basic answers, he is often confronted with more problems.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has some pertinent words for us when she says: "Talk faith. The world is better off without

I don't know why I ever went there—I can assume only that it was her prayers.

Soon after this my wife found God and we received the call to His service. It seemed impossible for me (now with two little girls) to go and study. By this time I was out of the mines working for an insurance company, with a good income and fine prospects. How could I change? Could I not serve

your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, say so. If not, push back upon the shelf of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall come; no one will grieve because your lips are dumb."

No age has doubted more than ours. Modern man, seeking an answer to his many problems, has turned to religion to find even it bankrupt of faith all too many times. He then is brought to the ash heaps of ruin by that which should help.

Within the religious framework the doubters have been many. They have expressed themselves in books, some of which have become religious best sellers. Men, caught in the vortex of unbelief and confusion, have found sympathy waiting for them in books which shared their doubts. Sad the day when a book becomes significant to us only because it voices our doubts and airs our differences.

The need for minds who "talk faith" is great. Our age needs the ingredients of faith. Life teems with uncertainty. We need the substance of faith that explains life and gives it meaning.

Give us more of what men live by and of what they really believe. Down with the erratic verbiage of a man who makes empty the basic tenets of the Christian

By C. NEIL STRAIT



faith. Away with the syndrome of the new breed who have found the Bible out of step with their thought. Let them be placed upon the shelf of their own ignorance until the light of God searches them out. Let the doubters be silenced and the men of belief speak.

Tune our ears, O God, to men who have found Thee sufficient, who have found Thee meaningful, and to men who speak a word about life and God. Amen.

the Lord as a faithful layman? I reasoned and thought and wondered and prayed.

But God had His way. And where there is a way, there is a door. He opened it. All we had to do was to walk through. We did. The Bible school gave me a wonderful foundation and lots of joy until news came from Germany that my father was ill and dying. The burden for his soul and the hope to see him once more, plus the divine planning in all of it, made it possible for me to go back to Germany after almost eight years abroad.

Four wonderful months I spent with my father

until he was called home. Yes, home, for he too started out with Christ in faith. But even in that and with that God pursued His plan and according to His blueprint things began to reveal themselves. For there in my home country the Church of the Nazarene had started work under the supervision of Rev. Jerry Johnson, and there God had prepared a place for us, the destiny of His vocation.

After serious prayer and consideration I decided to stay. My family joined me and today we are happy in His service, experiencing daily anew the blessing of being in the center of His will.

The Divine Stone Mover



IT WAS 5:00 A.M. A hideous scream pierced the early morning air. I flipped on the light switch, ran to the bedside of our ten-month-old son, and was terror-stricken as I saw his little body twisted, his mouth drawn and filled with foam.

A frantic trip was made to the hospital, where three doctors worked feverishly. We waited anxiously, pacing the hall, praying, wondering, worrying.

After several hours a solemn doctor came and made the dread pronouncement: "Bulbar polio!" My wife and I looked at each other numbly. The unspoken query formed in both our minds. *Why?* Were we not doing our best to serve God? We were pastoring a new home mission church, meeting in a civic club building, searching for property, praying for guidance, looking for prospects. And now—tragedy!

Eight long days and nights went by. Steve was

unconscious. His little body was in the throes of a raging fever. His twisted form would be limp and lifeless, then a sudden stiffness would set in. The team of doctors advised that he had also suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and chances of survival were small indeed. They further stated that if he lived he would be a horrible cripple and mentally deficient.

With heavy hearts we tried to pray. It seemed that the more we prayed, the worse Steve's condition became. Eventually he was released from the hospital. No longer was he an active, alert little fellow toddling around the house. Now he was helpless, unable to turn over or hold his own bottle. Imagine the consternation of parents when the realization came that their son failed to recognize them.

ANXIOUS WEEKS PASSED. Frequent trips to an eminent neurosurgeon, mounting doctor bills, passing days, and long nights accomplished nothing. Eventually the specialist said, "I've done all I can. There's no use spending more money. You say you believe in prayer. I don't. But you might try it." Hope dimmed with his words, for we *had* prayed—and prayed—and prayed! God seemed to be so far away and there seemed to be no one who cared.

Our little congregation met in different homes for the midweek prayer meeting. As one of the prayer services started, God's presence was evident. I attempted to speak from Matthew 28:2, "And, behold . . . the angel of the Lord . . . came and rolled back the stone," indicating that God would roll away the stones in our lives.

As testimonies were given later, the young man in whose home we were meeting stood to speak. He asked, "Preacher, is what you said true?" I assured



him that it was. Then he dropped a bombshell—
“If it is, then God can heal Steve. Why don’t we
pray for him?”

My mind whirled as I thought of the many
times we had prayed in his behalf, all to no avail.
And now this new Christian had the audacity to
suggest that we pray.

I asked that we kneel in prayer and called on this
young man to lead in prayer. His faith and child-
like simplicity seemed to split the skies and touch
God. He prayed, “Dear God, You can do every-
thing; so, please, God, heal the preacher’s boy. You
know how we need him . . .” As his prayer con-
tinued, an electrifying presence and power of God
permeated the room.

My heart was touched and I knew God had done
something. Quietly I slipped from the room and
phoned the apartment we called a parsonage. My
parents had come to visit and had stayed home with
Steve, who required almost constant attention. My
mother answered the phone and was almost hysteri-
cal. “Son, come home quick! Steve is dying!”

NEEDLESS TO SAY, my wife and I rushed across
town and burst into the living room. To our sur-
prise, Steve was sitting on the floor. As we walked
in, he reached out for us. How our hearts swelled
with praise as we saw a miracle in the flesh! Here
sat a child, reaching for his parents, who a short
time ago was unable to turn, hold a bottle, or recog-
nize anyone. My mother’s fear of his impending
death was caused by the noise he had made shak-
ing his bed and moving about.

What a wave of excitement swept over that little
group of Nazarenes in a home mission church! No
longer were there any doubts and fears about God’s
ability to direct in the formation of a church, the
acquisition of property, the finding of the un-
churched. Had He not shown that He *could* roll
the stones away?

God’s mercy continued to be extended and
Steve’s progress was unbelievable. We took him
back to the neurosurgeon who had conducted the
many tests. He shook his head in bewilderment and
said, “Some higher Power than I did this.” What
a thrill it was to testify to him about the power of
prayer and the healing ability of God!

Trips to Hughen Crippled Children’s Hospital in
Port Arthur, Texas; Starr Brain Hospital in Beau-
mont, Texas; and a polio specialist in Memphis,
Tennessee, all corroborated the fact that Steve had
suffered the ravages of bulbar polio and a cerebral
hemorrhage but had somehow miraculously recov-
ered. Surely it was miraculous. God had rolled the
stone away!

Several years have passed by. Steve is now a junior
high school student, manager of the basketball
team, blessed with a good voice.

Never in a thousand years could you convince
me that God is not a God of miracles. Yes, He
rolls the stone away!

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GOD’S ULTIMATE GOAL for man is
holy character and holy living. The en-
tire program of redemption and restora-
tion is to produce a sense of wholeness
in a person’s inner life and through this increase
his usefulness to his fellowman. Man’s basic prob-
lem is sin, a disposition antagonistic to God and
rebellious to His law.

In God’s process of helping man, the Holy Spirit
first makes the individual conscious of his disobedi-
ence and sinfulness. As man responds to the lead-
ings of the Holy Spirit, he takes a penitent attitude
toward God, and acknowledges both his need and
his helplessness to deliver himself.

He desires to be the person the Holy Spirit has
shown him he can be by the grace of God, so he
trusts Christ for forgiveness of his sins and for
power to enable him to start living a holy life here
and now. This becomes a reality in life, “because

the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Romans 5:5).

Thus the honest seeker becomes "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. He has new affections, ambitions, and motives. The frustration of guilt is removed and the penitent one becomes conscious of being accepted by God, of becoming a child of God, of participation in the riches of grace as they are in Christ Jesus.

Yet, as all evangelical Christians recognize, this honest, obedient child of God sooner or later becomes conscious that he is still a person of divided motives, a double-minded man, with serious moral conflicts in his inner life. He realizes that when he became a child of God the sin disposition, or nature, was not removed from his heart.

He becomes conscious that in his inner life there still exists a tendency to please self and an inclination to draw back from the divine plan or pattern for him.

Yet in this condition he desires to please God and continues to walk the pathway of spiritual life. The Holy Spirit gives him grace and strength to live a victorious life in Christ in spite of these tendencies to evil which hinder.

The more sensitive the believer becomes to God's full plan for him, the more he realizes that there is something better for him; that God desires "wholeness" or holiness of heart and life for each of His children. The Holy Spirit reveals that there is power through a resurrected Christ which enables the believer to reach this level of life in Christ Jesus.

Since basically the Christian desires God's best in his life, an intense hunger and thirst for Christ and His righteousness grips him and he determines to



have deliverance at any cost from his double-mindedness. This intense longing for God's best produces a deep yielding to the will of God, committing all assets—material, social, mental, and even himself—to God for sacrifice and service in His kingdom.

This is the first phase of being sanctified. This commitment or consecration is the believer's responsibility to himself and to his God.

But this does not remove the sin nature. It simply brings the child of God into the state of mind, or position before God, where the nature of sin can be removed according to the divine plan. Man cannot make himself holy, or free himself from the disposition to sin; but when he yields fully to the will of God, the Holy Spirit cleanses his heart from double-mindedness and his inner motive life is unified by the Spirit in divine love.

Thus the second phase of the meaning of "to sanctify: to make morally clean or holy," becomes a reality in the believer's life. This experience affects man's total personality: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thessalonians 5:23).

The child of God recognizes that this experience is different from anything he has previously known. Because of its distinctiveness, John Wesley termed it "the second work of grace; the second blessing, properly so called."

The evidence of this divine operation in the inner life of the believer may not be a sensational experience. In fact, in most instances it is not. It may bring a deeper emotional quality which the child of God has difficulty in expressing. Different terminology may be used in attempting to describe this better relationship with God, yet words are limited in defining the divine reality.

As in other relationships in the Spirit, the evidence is always individualistic. Each person is different, yet God in His greatness operates in such a manner as to satisfy the individual's need. So there is a real sense in which the evidence varies for each person.

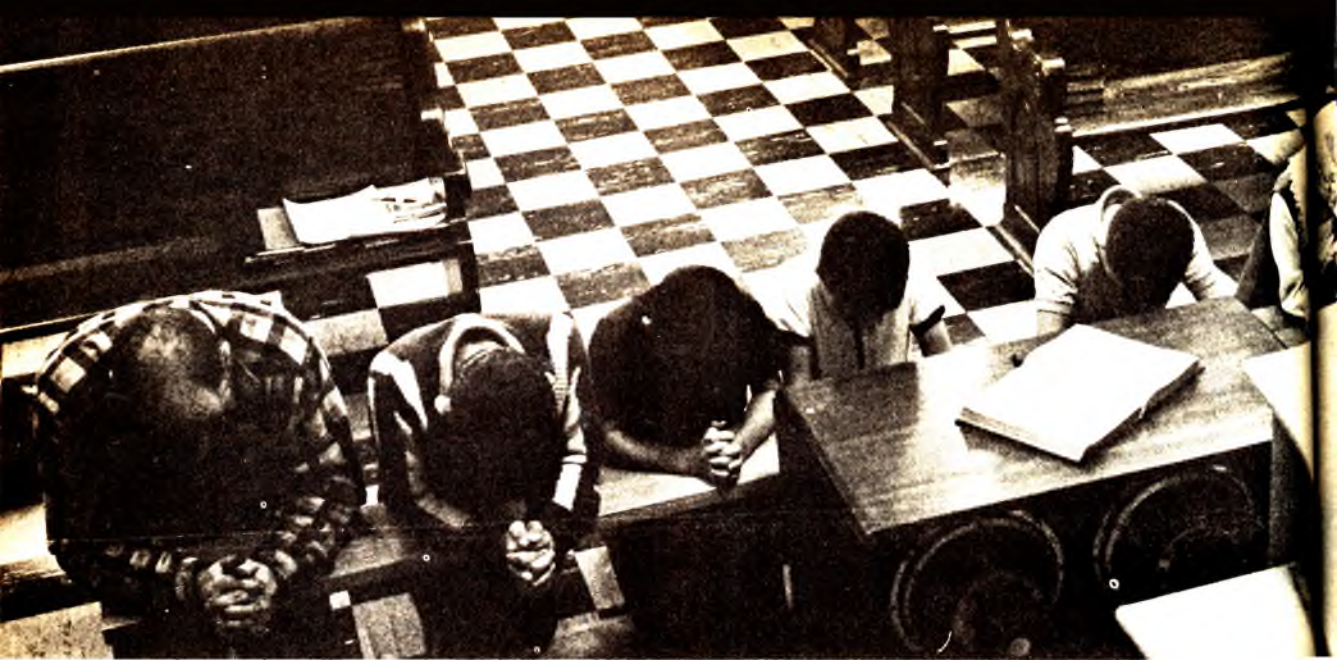
Usually some aspect of the fruit of the Spirit characterizes this sense of "wholeness." To the writer, it was "peace that passeth understanding," a consciousness of inner calmness of soul, a realization of deliverance from the turmoil of divided motivation, and a rest hitherto unknown in divine love and wisdom. This sense of peace has become more conscious through a daily walk of obedience in the Spirit for fifty years.

To others the essential awareness may be different, but to every one there comes a sense of satisfaction in personal assurance through the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

The child of God must always be aware that the experience of sanctification, as a second work of grace, is not a static position of "having arrived" at the ultimate divine goal. Rather that it is a dynamic, living relationship in Christ through the Holy Spirit.

As the sanctified believer walks in humble obedience to the divine will, the Holy Spirit will lead to greater possibilities of victory and usefulness in Christ Jesus, to a maturity of grace which will enrich, empower, and make him adequate for whatever God may ask him to do.

The full benefits of redemption and restoration will not be realized by the child of God until his Lord takes him to be with Him in heaven. Yet while he waits for that time, he will find greater benefits and richer blessings coming daily from God's provision, so that he truly can find his place among those who are "more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Romans 8:37).



The doors of the Church of the Nazarene in Aberdeen, South Dakota, are open every Saturday evening for those who wish to pray. The pastor, Rev. David A. Belzer, states that this is the secret of success. The church was selected as the most outstanding small church on the South Dakota District and chosen as one of ten representative churches for 1964 in the Small Church Achievement Program. With only eleven members at the beginning of the year, eight were added, six of these on profession of faith. A vacation Bible school enrolled fifty-one. Boys' and girls' clubs meet weekly. The church became fully self-supporting and paid all budgets in full.



Brad Blystone, of First Church, Kansas City, Missouri, seeks guidance and understanding from the Bible during a youth retreat. With the motto, "Into the Word . . . On to the World," the Nazarene Young People's Society provides activities that make possible a vital Christian experience for teen-agers whose minds are constantly searching for truth.

Dr. Lyle E. Eckley (left), district superintendent of the Northwestern Illinois District, hands Rev. J. V. Morsch the Evangelistic Honor Roll certificate for the First Church of the Nazarene at Pekin, Illinois. The certificate is awarded to churches reaching a certain goal in new members received on profession of faith, according to the total membership of the church. In 1964, 735 churches qualified. Under the leadership of Pastor Morsch, the Pekin church has earned a place on the Evangelistic Honor Roll for the past five years. Last year 24 new Nazarenes were received into membership. The church has 245 members. Mr. Morsch also serves as director of evangelism for the Northwestern Illinois District.



Faith is often expressed in music. One of the outstanding musical youth groups in the church is the junior choir of First Church, Bethany, Oklahoma. The director, Mrs. Lawrence E. Silvey, composed a cantata for the choir, *The Wonder of Easter*, that was subsequently published by the Nazarene Publishing House.





News in Picture

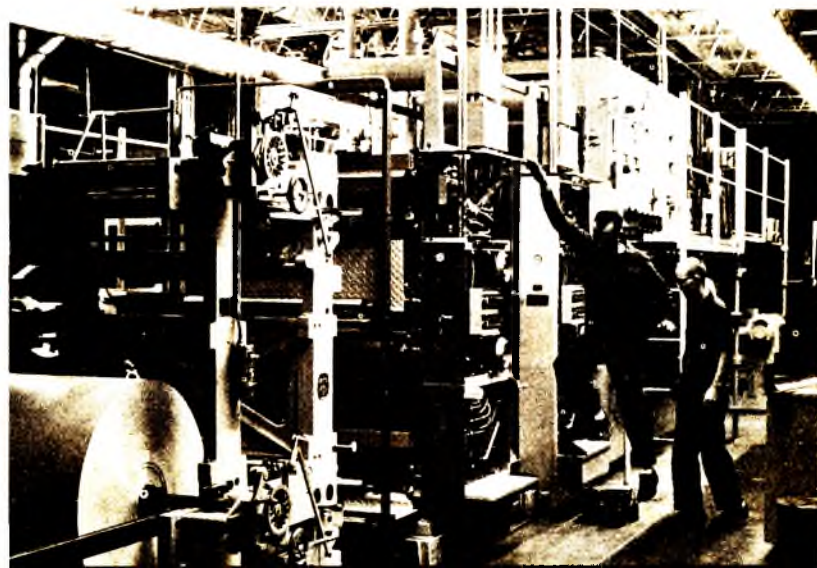


A Christian in the highlands of New Guinea, with a child on her shoulder, brings her Easter offering to the altar of the church. In mission churches, just as at home, people give to share the gospel with others.



Bert Hotchkiss, superintendent of the Kansas City Rescue Mission, speaks to a man at the mission entrance. He has directed the mission for 7 years. Founded by Dr. Jarrette Aycock in 1880, the mission carries on a warmhearted ministry to the homeless and hopeless in the larger city. Kansas City churches and Seminary students help in the nightly service. The mission provides free meals, clothing, 50 beds, and someone willing to listen to spiritual and physical problems. Last year 6,647 jobs were secured and there were 3,475 seekers in the services.

A gigantic, new, roll-fed lithographic press was put in operation this year at the Nazarene Publishing House in Kansas City, Missouri. One of three such presses now in operation in the United States, it has a top speed of 1,200 feet per minute, or 37,000 impressions an hour. It is 51 feet long and 19½ feet wide. In one run it will print and fold sixteen pages on both sides of the paper in two colors. The *Herald of the Nazarenes* (circulation 100,000) is completed in less than a day, instead of the former full week of press time.





FAITH in the workaday world

I WOULD THINK that there are desirable features about every type of vocation or profession. But I doubt that any are more interesting than in the building field. The numerous trades and crafts involved allow a wide range of specialty work. It appeals to the creative ability.

My early plans were to teach in the field of music. A casualty of the depression, I found it necessary to change my plans. By chance I got into construction work. Music is quite removed from building construction, but God's hand seemed to be in it.

After about ten years I felt God leading me to set up a business of my own. At that time I was job foreman for a construction company. I began my operation with some resolutions: I would not permit work on Sunday. I would try to arrange my personal schedule so that business would not interfere with my church responsibilities. I would seek God's guidance in business, and would honor Him with my tithes and offerings. At times I have needed these reference points for support.

In this highly competitive business there is the danger of bidding away the margin of profit. Obviously, a business cannot operate long if it is losing money. There have been times when I have felt the definite leading of the Lord in bidding a contract.

One example: A few years ago I bid on the construction of an apartment building. It was a dull season, and we "sharpened the pencil" in the effort to get that contract. I lost the job by about 1 percent, but in less than one week I was offered a more desirable cost-plus contract of comparable size. The Lord seemed to say, "Remember, I am your Partner."

More recently I had a contract for alterations on the administration building and a four-story dormitory at a university. Included was some work to be done on a steeple. The man scheduled for this work became ill, and the delay put the work one week behind schedule. When it seemed that I could not get a steeplejack, I told God about my situation. Before 7:00 a.m., while I was yet praying, a man who was a stranger to me called me on the phone. He was seeking employment and was qualified to do this hazardous work. The contract was finished on time.

I have found that in being a Christian businessman, the day-after-day, year-after-year influence for good will bear fruit. Dr. C. B. Strang said: "When you are doing good, you are always doing better than you know." Right public relations are imperative, and Christ in our lives makes this easier.

One day while I was in a lumberman's office, he abruptly asked me, "Why is it you are happy and confident? Nothing ever seems to upset you." I told him I had not always been that way. The grace of God had changed my life and turbulent nature, and gave me assurance and peace of mind and heart.

A revival campaign was on in the local church. One night there were several people seeking spiritual help at the altar of prayer. When one man stood and testified that God had saved him, I recognized him to be a business friend of mine. I would not presume that I was solely

responsible for his becoming a Christian, but I was glad that I had tried to live a consistent Christian life in my association with him. I feel that I contributed toward his salvation, in that he sought out my church and found the Saviour I represent.

God has blessed me materially, but this is not my primary measurement of success. My greatest satisfaction in life is in whatever areas I may do Kingdom service. I feel that I am behind in fulfilling my Christian responsibility, as defined by Dr. P. F. Bresee—"I am debtor to every man to give him the gospel in the same measure as I have received it." This should be a personal mandate to every Christian.

I owe a great debt to the Church of the Nazarene, for it has steered a safe course for me as a member during my lifetime. I have found a safe and sound foundation on which to build a business operation and a Christian life. It was designed by Jesus himself and supports the great spiritual structure He built in the Sermon on the Mount: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33).

If Christians everywhere, as individuals and in local churches, would do this, I believe that Christianity would take the world for Christ in one generation. How tragic for Christians, sometimes with much talent and influence, to become ineffective in Christian service because they become engrossed in seeking first "all these things"!

With the song writer I sing:



*I have proven Him true;
What He says He will do.
He never has failed me yet.**

E. E. GARBAITH
General Contractor
Austin, Texas

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I COULD NEVER CEASE to be thankful for the heritage of a church whose doctrine is scripturally sound and whose standards are realistic and reasonable.

I am grateful for parents who through exemplary, consistent example have demonstrated that Christianity is a "way of life." It was they who, early in life, taught three boys the importance of grace before meals and the family altar, of tithing and beyond, of attendance at all church services as well as the stewardship of one's time for the furtherance of God's work through our beloved Zion.

Without such a heritage my chances of having found Christ's "way of life" would have been slim indeed. Without the Church of the Nazarene, I would not have had the opportunity of attending and graduating from Bethany Nazarene College.

Without Christ's abiding presence, life would be empty and void of meaning and purpose. I can do

no less than give of my best to Christ, the church, and its people through—

(1) A daily communion and fellowship with the Master

(2) A stewardship of time

(3) A stewardship of possessions

(4) Witnessing in word and deed

Truly we are living in a complex and demanding age. The responsibilities of my position at Champion Papers involve the planning and development of courses of action which may involve scores of people and millions of dollars of capital.

These plans and decisions must be made in the light and recognition of many factors. Among these are economic return to the company; the welfare of the employee and the community; ethical responsibilities to our customers and competition; legal implications of the Clayton Act, the Robinson-Patman Act, the Taft-Hartley Act, and other government regulations.

It is in recognition of my own human weakness in solving such problems that each morning I have a period of communion and fellowship with the Master. For the Word says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not" (James 1:5). It is in such times of devotion that I seek God's will and help in every activity for that day, and He "never has failed me yet."

Time is something we never seem to have enough of. Besides the nominal eight hours on the job there is always something to be done at church, a district function or board meeting, a school program or P.T.A. meeting to attend, a local community association activity, and ever-increasing numbers and forms of family and church recreation—all bidding for our time. Again, there is need for us to use discretion and discernment as we would allocate our passing and precious moments of time among the competing demands.

I have found the best solution is to allocate my time in the following way: God and His work first, family second, and work last. But you say, "What does Champion Papers think of such a plan?"

Before accepting a position I made it quite clear to my boss and the president of the company that this was my attitude and conviction. All I can say is that it didn't seem to scare them off from extending an offer of employment nor from assigning further responsibilities and commensurate remuneration subsequent to employment.

Truly I have found God's promise to be true, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). It is a conviction that I devote a minimum of a tithe of my time to God's work as a reasonable service, and that this tithe comes out first. This is done, not out of duty, but as a privilege and opportunity to express my gratitude to God.

A recent Sunday school lesson brought out the point that God is going to be Lord of all or not at all. I know of no richer experiences and spiritual blessings that I have received than from giving God 100 percent control over all possessions.

I really do not care too much for the concept of the tithe as just a minimum set up by God. A person never finds fulfillment in just meeting the minimum requirements. Does the joy and happiness in the home come from providing just the minimum necessities of life? Does an employee really find satisfaction in his work by doing as little as possible and still getting by? Can a Christian find fulfillment and joy in his experience by just meeting the minimum requirements of the tithe?

I can't, and God has been faithful in returning blessing upon blessing in return. And further, according to His promise the real dividends are yet to be reaped and are now earning compound interest which we shall receive on heaven's shore. "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life" (John 6:27).

Through my work and associations connected with it God has given me many opportunities to witness for Him, and to show fruits worthy of repentance.

However, I must confess that too often I have stopped short with a silent witness. (Have we become too impressed with such a witness, important as it may be, and failed to utilize the spoken witness?) I know that it is an area of my own experience and service which I need to strengthen and use more frequently and boldly. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Romans 1:16).

What does Christ mean to me as a businessman in today's world? He means everything to me. I have found in Him a peace and joy that none other can offer; and most of all, His way is my "way of life."



RALPH R. HODGES
*Manager of Operations Research
 Champion Papers, Inc.
 Hamilton, Ohio*



GOD'S WILL IN GOD'S WAY!



THE NEW DISTRICT RANGER listened respectfully as the older man of lower rank but longer experience in the mountains gave instructions for burning the logging slash scattered across the clear-cut, where once had stood a forest. He was thinking that the burning and wind conditions were perfect, that these conditions would not last, and that there were many such clear-cuts that must be burned before winter snows came.

"Don't fire anything more than fifty feet below this road," the older forester continued. "Let that burn out first. Then move further downhill."

The new ranger lit his torch, slid quickly down the steep slope, and touched off a pile of fir needles. They sputtered and flamed instantly. Preoccu-

ried, he plied his torch across the clear-cut, dropping lower and lower.

Suddenly a shout reached him. Looking up, he saw a red billow of flame spouting high over the roadway. Incredulous, he scrambled up the mountain. An increasing wind carried sudden heat against his face. With complete dismay he realized

By B. M. von STEIN

he had loosed wildfire, leaping now into the timber above. And it was his fault! The boss's fault!

This man learned a valuable lesson that day. It was: *Nature, in order to be commanded, must first be obeyed.*



Every Christian, if he truly turns from the world to walk in the light, eventually comes to the point of asking, "Why?"

Why do I need to be sanctified? Perhaps people of another generation needed it, but things move faster now. People are different. The whole world is different. There is a lot that must be done, with little time to do it in. Perhaps someday I can take time, but why must I be sanctified now? I'm saved, you know.

David was a wise and godly man. He was progressive. He aimed to keep up with the times. So when it was decided to move the ark of God to his own city, David adopted the most modern means. Perhaps he thought God would be flattered to see how progressive and thoughtful His servant was. He got a late-model cart, drawn by oxen, and set the ark of the covenant upon it—the way the Philistines were doing things.

God had previously given instructions how the ark was to be transported. Men were consecrated to bear it upon their shoulders with staves thrust through golden loops built into the sacred structure.

It turned out that the roadbed was not up to modern standards. Construction had not caught up with technological developments of the mechanized era. One of the oxen stumbled. The cart lurched. The ark of God seemed in danger of falling. One of the men reached out his hand to help God steady the ark, and suddenly he was dead.

The Bible says David was "displeased" that God should make a breach upon them. After all his efforts to please God, then for Him to treat them that way! David put the ark in a house nearby and went home. The Bible does not say so, but David apparently went home "mad."

But David was no fool. He had the capacity to learn—a mark of greatness. After thinking it over, he realized that the trouble was not with a capricious God, but that he, David, had tried to perform God's will in David's way—not in the appointed, better way.

Science and technology are wonderful. They can bring you material wealth and comfort. But they cannot bring you intelligence, wisdom, moral discipline, security, health, peace, or happiness. The first need for these things and the problems of poverty, peace, and human dignity in this land and around the world is not a matter of scientific knowledge.

Men, strangers to God, have already put their hands upon the ark, to steady it. But God ignores them, for their ignorance.

But you and I are known of Him. Let us not dare undertake to instruct God. Let us do God's will in God's way—not ours.

"Be ye holy; for I am holy" (I Peter 1:16).

If you don't have this experience, seek it! There is nothing more important. *Nothing!*



The Moon . . . Man . . . and TOMORROW!

DID HEAVEN ever contemplate that someday man, mere puny man, would shoot an arrow to the moon? I think so. At any rate, that is what happened on July 28, 1964. Man flexed his scientific muscles, drew the bow with his full strength, and let go. The arrow left Cape Kennedy at 12:50 p.m. The aim was good, and three days later the arrow found its mark. And with extreme accuracy, too, for Ranger VII landed within six miles of its predicted destination!

A stupendous miracle of accomplishment so far as man was concerned! It entailed the utmost efficiency in astronomical, physical, and chemical sciences all correlated into one grand project. But

By J. V. WILBANKS



perhaps the angels merely smiled. After all, running worlds on hairsplitting time schedules has been mean employment for some of them millenniums past!

We would not decry man's worth or his accomplishments. In fact, it seems that greater miracles are in the offing. For example, if science's vision of harnessing light to the travel chariot materializes, we may well observe, in rustic speech, "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

God's Word does not reflect ignorance of, nor remain silent about, scientific accomplishments in the last days of man's allotted time on the earth. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased" (Daniel 12:4). It has been increased, and is being increased at a tempo almost incredible, even to us in a space age!

However the overall picture remains about the same. Man's inventive genius has culminated in his ability to get there quicker, but it has contributed nothing whatever to solving his basic problem after he has arrived there! It is a problem that *must* be dealt with whether man pushes a button in Cape Kennedy or follows an oxcart in the dusty

trails of Brazil! That problem is universal *sin*.

Sin's consequences are the same. In a few years space travel may be a reality (if the blast of a nuclear war doesn't topple science's proud and lofty tower). But no matter how far man may go into space, and no matter whether he comes back, there is an immutable law in the universe that declares,

"We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ" (Romans 14:10).

No mortal knows what tomorrow may hold. But we know that God will be there. You will be there I will be there too. The all-important question is: What will be our relationship to God then? Our moral choices today determine the answer.

THE FATAL COLLAPSE



MAURICE HINDUS, the Russian-born historian, advocates the theory that the collapse of religion and the church in Russia paved the way for Communism rather than Communism being the means of the overthrowing of these institutions. When the church ceased to be the force that God intended her to be, then men turned away from the church.

Communism moved in to fill the vacuum thus created by the loss of the church. Communism is hostile to the church and religion. The Russian people became first indifferent and then, under the clever guidance of Soviet propaganda, opposed to these institutions.

Before the Revolution of 1917, a terrible state of religious disintegration had begun in Russia. According to Hindus, it started when the peasants began to lose faith in the purpose and power of the church and showed this by ceasing to attend its services. The tide of atheism, loosed by the Revolution, found no barriers of faith to halt it. Sweeping across the nation, it engulfed the youth who had observed their parents' growing indifference to the church and organized religion.

The only times that the churches were crowded with worshippers were Christmas and Easter. Another alarming trend was that, as respect for the church faded, so likewise did the concept of sin in the mind of the common man. When asked why the church buildings had been allowed to fall into a state of ruin, the hackneyed reply was given by the common man that he was too busy and too poor to think of matters outside his own household.

One old Orthodox monk in speaking of the apathy of the common man said, "He is the ruination of our country more than all the infidels, Bolsheviks, and other Reds. He never had God in his

heart. He never took Christ to his heart. Had he done so, atheists would not be ruling our country."

Mere persecution does not explain the collapse of religion in Russia. History is filled with examples of contrary effects of persecution. Rome's harassment of the Christians made the blood of the martyrs the seed of the Church. The collapse was within the hearts of Christ's professed followers. They had surrendered subtly to Satan before they surrendered openly to the Soviets.

Indifference to God opens the door to materialism. The most Satanic of all, materialism is the dialectic of Communism. A strong, aggressive, evangelistic church is our best attack on Communism. Our task is, first of all, to keep our own hearts in contact with God. This means that God and the church will have priority in our affections and in our activities.

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has rightly said: "The Communists realize that unless the Christian pulpit—that mighty fortress of God—is liquidated, pitilessly, mercilessly, finally, the very existence of Commu-



DR. RUSS W. HAYSLIP

nism itself stands in jeopardy. The spiritual fire-power of the Christian Church—based on the love of God—is sufficient to destroy all the (ideological) missiles and rockets and extirpate this twentieth century aberration. And the Communists know it—and fear it."

A strong, evangelistic outreach, undergirded by the power of the Holy Spirit, is the strongest force for our day against this Satanic evil. When the spiritual forces collapse, then the barriers are down and the cause of freedom is lost.



Forever Young

SHE SAT in her majestic old rocker with a bit of bright knitting in her hands. The clack-clack of her needles was the only sound on the warm afternoon air.

And then in a sudden streak of color and animation, a little boy in a red shirt and jacket darted up the steps and the breeze became laden with enthusiastic childhood chatter. She gestured toward the other rocker on the porch, in which he promptly sat and rocked for a moment with gleeful abandon.

The rocker suddenly slowed and he planted his feet on the porch. He said, "My mom says it will be your birthday soon. How old will you be?"

She answered, "Ninety."

He considered her answer carefully. "Isn't that awfully old?" he asked seriously.

She nodded her head. "It means my body is old—but I am still a child! As young as you!"

He looked at her, searching for the joke.

"You aren't as young as me," he protested. "If you were, you could run and skip and jump."

Her faded eyes danced. "I suppose I would look rather foolish trying to run or skip or jump now. But it's only my body that is too old. I still jump inside when I'm happy."

His big brown eyes studied her face. His brows knit in thought.

She leaned toward him. "I know. I look gnarled and ancient on the outside, but I don't have a gnarled-up, ancient heart! This body is sort of a masquerade costume like you wear on Halloween. But inside, I am still a child. Me! I still get child-thrilled at the wonder of a new dawn. I still get child-excited when I get a glimpse of a lighted Christmas tree. I still get a child-surprise when I examine the perfect shape of a rosebud. I am still young! I am! My body is old."

"Why don't you get a new one?" he asked with childlike directness.

She smiled softly. "One of these days I intend to do just that!"

"When?" he asked eagerly.

"Soon, I imagine," she answered. "It can't be too long."

"Will you be glad?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll be glad." Her eyes sparkled. "Then I'll be in heaven, where I can look as young as I feel now—where my body will cooperate with the joyousness of youth, the vibrancy of life. Life here is good. Childhood is good; maturity is good; but in the 'larger life' our bodies will wear as long as our spirits. There, with Christ, I will be forever young!"

It wasn't long. Only a few weeks.

And when he heard of her passing, his small child-face melted into a smile.

"She has her new



body now, doesn't

she, Mommy?" he asked. "She's probably awfully happy! Just think! She can run and jump and skip now—just like me!"

I looked at this little boy, shocked.

"Oh, didn't you know?" he asked pityingly. "She was really as young as me all the time. Her body just wore out."

Tears woke in my eyes and splashed on my cheeks as I reached for this little child who had learned so sweetly of immortality.

As his arms went about me, he whispered: "But, Mommy, don't cry. She's got a new body. Young as me!"

I hugged him close.

"I know," I whispered softly. "Just think! Now she'll be young forever!"

"The hearts of men can never be truly satisfied with anything less than Christian maturity. There is something deeply written into the constitution of human nature that makes men dissatisfied with anything short of the climb to the greatest height. What men continuously want is full salvation—salvation that makes them more than conquerors through Him that loves them and, in the midst of the perils of the earthly journey, lets them experience some foretaste of the divine glory that is yet to be."—Bishop Roy H. Short.

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dark forest, were the most glorious miracle. They were weak, they were human, they were born in sin, and they had fallen short of the glory of God. They were not redeemed by the work of His hands but by the bleeding of His heart. The mountains were the expression of a creative nature, but the redeemed people were the purchase of love in its most extravagant dedication.

Soon the lights went out about the camp. Sporadic laughter soon died in the darkness and I looked into the night to contemplate what I had seen. I had seen the glory of God; yet it had not been in the wonder-world of nature, but in the intimate personal world of people.

I had seen only His fingerprints on the craggy peaks but there were no blood stains there. I had seen the tracery of His skill in the river, but there was no hallowed sweat there. I had seen the reflection of His universe in the lake, but there was no suffering there. The glory of God was not in these things, but in the utter investment of himself in loving sacrifice for people. When I looked at these

Worship no past . . . waste no present . . . fear no future. Analyze the past . . . use the present . . . plan the future.—Contributed by C. C. Rinebarger.

redeemed people I saw the grim cost, the stains of His blood, the agony of His cross, and the resoluteness of His Golgotha. Only here did God really give His utmost.

Suddenly I was eager to be back in my parish. I wanted to see this miracle of love and grace at work again and again. Last week there were tears on the altar in my church. This week I will mingle my tears there if by any means I might have a part in the miracle of the divine investment. I am thankful for the glory of the wilderness of stone and glacier, forest and waterfall, but more than this I am thankful that I have seen the miracle of redeemed people.

How could any thinking person see a Christian and not believe in God? How could any person with an open mind behold the redemption of a soul, the conversion of a man, the newness of a life under the touch of God, and not be impressed? These are not the work of His hands but the investment of His likeness, the purchase of His blood, and the objects of His affection.

When the towering mountains are gone and the waterfalls have become silent, when the forests are not even a memory and God's fingerprints have been eroded from the granite vastness, the investment of God in these persons will still persist.

What a heritage is mine, for I am one of those Christians! Greater than the miracle of the mountains is the miracle of His grace! I have seen it and have been amazed! I have experienced it and have been changed!

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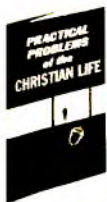
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PASSING PERMANENT



CHANGE is one of the laws of life. Birth, growth, decay, and death are all part of a flow that never ends.

No one can escape the fact of change. Some have tried. They have built pyramids that are still the wonder of the world in order to insure lasting fame. They have sought to write their names on the pages of human history with indelible ink.

Yet even the pyramids have crumbled, and the writing has grown dim with age. We cannot escape the winds of change that blow across the human scene.

One ancient thinker was so impressed with the ceaseless flux and flow of existence that he declared change to be the essence of all things. The only thing that never changes, he said, is the unchanging law of change. Life is like the restless waters of a river. You cannot step into the same river twice—for the water into which you stepped the first time has gone on to the sea. And even you are changed. It is not the same to step into the river the second time as it was to step into it the first time!

Still we long for permanence. Somehow in change we must find identity. We instinctively seek the permanent in the passing. We cannot escape the conviction that what is real must in some way be lasting. In the depths of our inner selves we look for the essential in the incidental, the real behind what is illusion.

When we look at the passing and the permanent, we begin to see something very important. Everything does not change. If it did, we would not recognize change itself. The only way we know the river is flowing is because there are trees and rocks along the bank that do not flow. We see change only by comparing it with the changeless.

So we have not only laws of change; we also find changeless laws. Nothing has contributed more to changes in the circumstances of human life than the growth of modern science. Yet science has gained its understanding and control of change by the discovery of what is really unchanging.

If and when men go to the moon or to Mars, a new thing will have happened, certainly. But that new thing will happen, if it does, because scientists have discovered principles and laws which are as old as the universe itself—laws of energy and inertia which are not created by man but are found at the heart of reality.

ALL OF THIS HAS GREAT MEANING for the kind of men or women we are. Just as in the world about us the scientist gains his understand-

ing and control of change by the discovery of the abiding and the permanent, so we need to meet the changes of life from a point of reference that is fixed and eternal.

Henry Lyte, many years ago, wrote beautiful lines most of us have heard:

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!*

Where is the permanent in human life? It is certainly not in external conditions. It is not in political institutions. It is not in the works of men's hands. It is not in the customs of society. It is in the reality of a divine Person: "O Thou who changest not, abide with me!"

The apostle triumphantly points to "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever" (Hebrews 13:8). All that will hold for time and eternity is an anchor in the Rock of Ages.

God will not change; the restless years may bring

*Sunlight and shade—the glories of the spring,
And silent gloom of winter hours—*

*Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with
fragrant flowers.*

Earth's lights may shine awhile, and then grow dim,

But God is true; there is no change in Him.

—EDITH HICKMAN DIVAL

Nor does the gospel of Christ change. It is, as it was twenty centuries ago, the great good news of redemption and meaning and purpose in human life.

The greatest problems we have are not problems of poverty, or race, or disease, or war. The greatest problems we have come because we are "aliens by birth and sinners by choice," the moral twist of the human spirit. And the beginning of the solution to all human problems is offered in the everlasting gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation.

THE GOOD NEWS for people living in a changing world is the old news of the unchanging grace of God. Whatever your past and whatever the circumstances of your present, you can find forgiveness and peace in repentance, prayer, and faith.

Always at hand also in the changing ways of life is that cleansing of heart that goes "deeper than the stain has gone." We cannot stop with pardon for the past. We must have power for the present and prospect for the future.

The names men call this deeper cleansing are less important than the fullness of the Holy Spirit, who brings it. "The higher life," "the rest of faith," "the victorious life," "the baptism with the Spirit," "holiness," "entire sanctification"—all with different shades of meaning testify to the same reality.

God's call to every Christian is not a call to an uncleaned way or will, but a call to holiness. "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation" (I Peter 1:15).

John saw it clearly and said it well: "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (I John 2:17). Change is real and we must live with it. But beyond and above the passing is the permanent and we must live in it. Only in God himself does the heart find its home.

We put this paper in your hands with the prayer that God may use it to bring you to the faith that can never die. Charles Dickens, poet as well as novelist, wrote:

The pure, the bright, the beautiful

That stirred our hearts in youth,

The impulses to wordless prayer,

The streams of love and truth,

The longing after something lost,

The spirit's yearning cry,

The striving after better hopes—

These things can never die.

WHEN I AM ASKED why I put my trust in Christ, I immediately reply by asking, "Who else is there to trust? I do not know anyone else who can save me from sin and help me to live a happy, purposeful life."

Eleven years ago, at the age of twenty-three, I found myself defeated by circumstances and confused as to the future. Up to this time, when God began to speak to me I did not think that I was any different from other people. I was out for "kicks," and so was everyone else.

My road to thrills and self-gratification led from a home where I was loved to "skid row," where I was lonely and unloved. On my way I left a long, black trail behind me: a brokenhearted mother and father; a dishonorable discharge from the armed forces; and a reputation as a drunkard with a prison record.

On my release from prison in 1954, I was determined to continue my old way of life—easy money, drinking, excitement. But continually the question was on my mind, Is this all there is to life? I was really getting sick of it, for it did not satisfy the deep longing of my heart.

It was in this state of mind that I went to the local Church of the Nazarene to hear a visiting evangelist. As I listened, he graphically painted a word picture of Jesus, describing His glory and power. He went on to tell how and why He had died, and how in dying He had purchased salvation for me. This seemed to be just the word of God which my heart so much needed.

Toward the close of the service, the hymn "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" was sung. The inward desire to live a better life and to trust Christ became stronger. During the last verse, as the con-

gregation was singing, I yielded myself to Christ and trusted Him to be my Saviour. Immediately Jesus came to fill my life with peace which I never had known before, and gave me the unmistakable assurance of salvation.

That was not the end! In 1955, conscious of a sinful nature within, I prayed to God for deliverance. Then it pleased the Lord to speak to my heart again, to speak the second time, "Be clean!" Then the leprosy was cleansed. Then the evil root, the carnal mind, was destroyed, and inbred sin subsisted no more. This was the beginning of a deeper, even more satisfying experience which enabled me to be more effective in my service for God.

When God called me to preach, I just could not believe it. Why should God have called me to be His messenger?

I am too unworthy! I told God that there were better

men in the Church of the Nazarene than an ex-convict and

a former drunkard. But the Lord

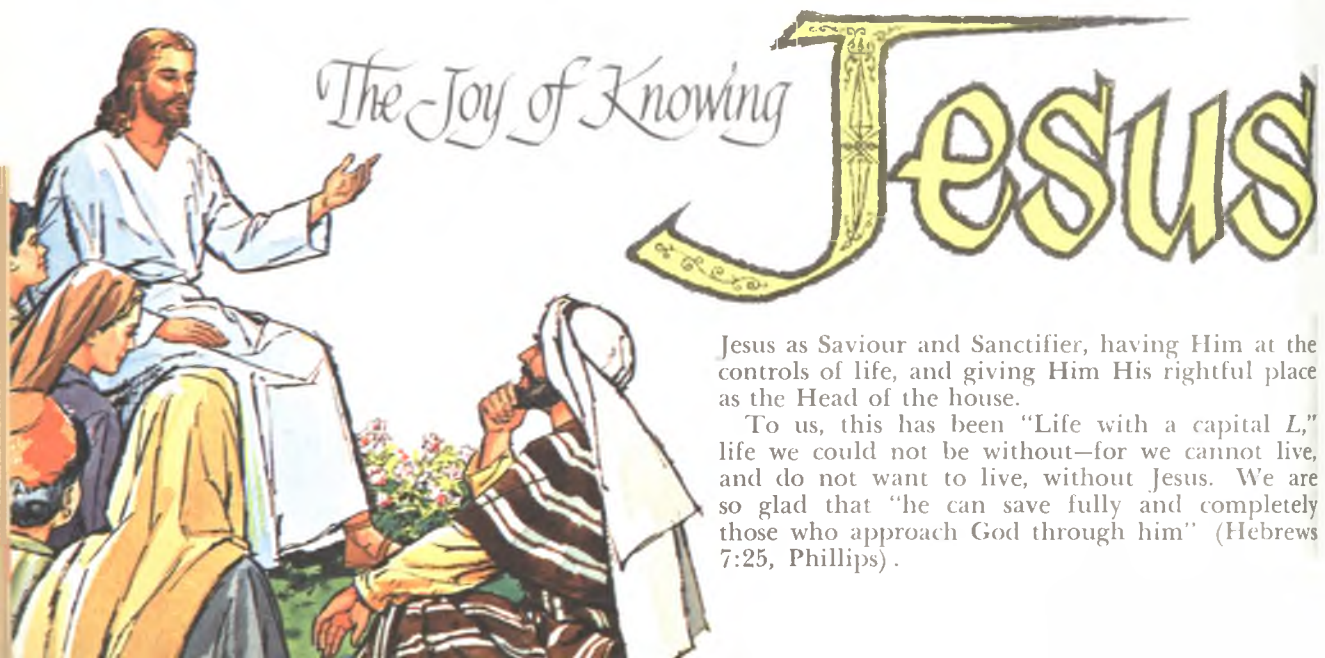
insisted, saying, "I want you to preach the good news of salvation." I am glad now that I immediately said, "Yes, Lord, I'll be what You want me to be." I have never regretted that moment.

While studying at the British Isles Nazarene College, I met a Nazarene girl who had found the Lord as Saviour and Sanctifier in Cape Town, South Africa. She is now my wife and co-worker in the pastorate. I am so glad for the privilege of being the husband and father in a Nazarene home.

Five years ago God blessed our home by sending little Wesley to us. Today he knows the Lord, and how it thrills our hearts as we kneel at the family altar and listen to him pray: "I thank You, dear Lord Jesus, that You are my Saviour, because You are in my heart . . ." Jesus is real to him, just as He is to each one in the home.

For these years now, Wife and I have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that there is no greater joy in life than the wonderful joy of knowing

By
**HUGH H.
GORMAN**



Jesus as Saviour and Sanctifier, having Him at the controls of life, and giving Him His rightful place as the Head of the house.

To us, this has been "Life with a capital L," life we could not be without—for we cannot live, and do not want to live, without Jesus. We are so glad that "he can save fully and completely those who approach God through him" (Hebrews 7:25, Phillips).