



The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

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... is a Channel for the Lord

The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

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Becoming
A Channel
of
God's Power

*Originally "Conditions of Power"
from The Law of Liberty in the Spiritual Life
by Evan H. Hopkins*

*Power belongeth unto God... Psalm 62:2
Christ the power of God... 1 Corinthians 1:24*

THE essential condition of spiritual power is union with Christ. The power of which we speak is power for practical godliness, personal holiness, and effective service. This power is not from ourselves. It is not something lying dormant within us, something that has been covered up, and only needs to be liberated, set free. It is Divine power

Originally God put power into the hands of man, but he lost it at the fall. Now God has put power in Christ. There it is, for all the members of His body, but we can only have it when we are in vital union with Him. Look, as an illustra-

tion, at a man whose arm is withered. There is union between the hand and the body; but for all practical purposes there is no power for action or service. Here then we have a figure of the condition of things between many a believer and the Source of all power—union and yet no strength.

The great hindrance—that which lies at the root of every other—is unbelief. We limit God by our unbelief. The avenues of our being which bring us in contact with Christ may become contracted, and the vessel into which the power is to flow may have been reduced to

a very small capacity, all through the chilling influences of unbelief. If we are to be filled with the power of God, our faith must grow. Whatever increases our faith will increase our capacity, will open the avenues of our being to God, and the power will flow in.

But instead of looking at power in the abstract, instead of regarding it as a quality we can have from God and apart from Him, it will help us to understand the conditions of its manifestation if we think of it as inseparable from the Lord Himself. "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong on behalf of those whose heart is loyal (perfect) to Him" (2 Chron. xvi. 9). Instead of recognizing the truth that I am weak and God is to show Himself strong in me, I may be expecting to see myself made strong. I may be looking for an experience of power in myself, rather than for a manifestation of Divine power in me. He will show Himself strong on behalf of him whose heart is perfect towards Him.

The conditions of power then is to have a perfect heart towards God. What are we to understand by a perfect heart?

Looking at the word in the original we observe first that it means a heart at peace with God.

The great work of peace is accepted. "You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on You" (Isa. xxvi. 3). A heart perfect towards God is a heart that rests on Christ's atoning work. The words "perfect peace," or "peace, peace," include the thought of recompense, thus bringing out the idea of atonement, or the work of peace. The word "perfect" in 2 Chronicles 26:9 is also rendered "peaceable" (Gen. 34:21 shalem). For when the heart rests on the work of peace, Divine all sufficient, and completed once for all, it is not only privileged to be at peace with God, but to have the peace of God; it may know, not only the peace of justification, but the peace of sanctification. A heart perfect towards God then is a heart against which no charge can be laid, which is justified

from all things, and also in which there is no longer any controversy with God. The Spirit dwells in such a one, not as a Reprover, but as a Comforter. Another thought is suggested by the word perfect in that passage in Chronicles.

A "perfect" heart is a heart wholly yielded to God. We read, "You shall build with whole stones the altar of the Lord your God" (Deut. 27:6. See also Joshua 8:31). Here we have the same word rendered "whole." A perfect heart is a whole heart. Wholeness is one of the primary meanings of holiness. Holiness of heart is wholeness of heart. "My son, give Me your heart" (Prov. 23: 26). A perfect heart is a heart that has responded to

The great hindrance—that which lies at the root of every other—is unbelief.

that appeal. It gives itself up without reserve. It lays itself wholly on the altar of consecration and that altar is Christ. The altar consecrates the gift. For "every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord" (Lev. 27:28).

But the same word has another rendering. Concerning Solomon's temple it is written, "And the temple, when it was being built, was built with stone finished at the quarry" (1 Kings 6:7). The word perfect is here rendered "finished." The stones were all prepared and made fit for the builder, they were ready for his use. A perfect heart is therefore a heart in a state of preparedness. It is "meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work" (2 Tim. 2:21). It is "a heart at leisure from itself." Not absorbed in its own cares or spiritual difficulties, but being at rest and consecrated to God, it is free to devote itself to His service. As soon as the opportunity presents itself it is ready to embrace it. No time is lost in getting ready. Like an instrument always in tune, such a one is at once prepared to be used by the Master whenever He pleases.

How many spend their time in the work of preparing their hearts, as if their own sanctification were the great end of their calling!

The carpenter sharpens his tools for the work he has to do; but the sharpening of the tools is not the end, but only the means to the end he has in view. So, getting our hearts right

with God, is only the means towards the accomplishment of the great purposes for which we have been rendered.

When the artisan who is engaged in some elaborate piece of workmanship requiring the highest skill, the most delicate art, and the best of instruments, lays his hand on a tool and then finds that it has lost its edge, he at once lays it down, and takes up another that is ready for use. He puts forth his power through those instruments that are perfect or "made ready"; only such is he able to use in his work.

How many of God's children is He obliged to prepare, by severe discipline it may be, before they are meet for His use! How much of pride and self-will and carnal energy have to be taken out of us, before we are really fit to be used in His service! It is not from lack of power—power belongs unto God, and there is no lack of power in Him—but from a want of being right towards Him, a want of this perfection of heart of which the word of God so often speaks, that we know so little of the manifestation of power in ourselves. He is ready and waiting to "show Himself strong on behalf of those whose heart is loyal to Him."

Once more we read concerning David's mighty men that "they came with perfect heart to make David king over all Israel" (1 Chron. 12:38). There was thorough integrity of heart in the matter. There were no mixed motives, no lack of sincerity. It is a true heart, sincere as the apostle desired on behalf of the Philippians, "that you may be sincere," that is, "judged in the sunlight and found genuine." It is thorough in its aim and intention—"perfect towards God." It describes an attitude rather than an attainment.

Such a heart does not shrink from Divine searching. It willingly yields itself to the penetrating, purifying and consuming power of God's holy fire. Such a heart is loyal towards the Lord; its desire is that Christ should be king over the whole being.

Let this condition of soul be brought about, and there will be no lack of power. God Himself will make perfect His strength in our weakness.

How often we have said, "Yours is the power," but how little have we entered into the deep meaning of those words! Too often we have had our minds occupied with the thought, "Oh that mine were the power!" But to have His strength we must have Himself. It is not that He will show that I am strong. I am ever to be learning my own weakness—that I am weakness itself. But it is that His strength may overshadow me as a tent. Such is the meaning of the words, "That the power of Christ might rest upon me" (2 Cor. 12:9).

When God is about to manifest His power through His children, it is thus that He leads them. He brings them into this condition of heart—a condition in which there is no longer any controversy with Him, in which every part of their being is voluntarily yielded to Him, in

which the heart is entirely at His disposal and maintained in an attitude of loyalty towards Him. There is then no hindrance in the instrument to the manifestation of His power. The channel is then open, and free from all obstruction to the flowing forth of His fullness. There will then be a manifestation of Divine power in all directions.

Conquering Power

The very first enemy that must be conquered, if we would lead triumphant lives, is Self. The only power that can conquer Self is the power of God. We get the benefit of that power by submitting to it—getting under it. To know what it is to be led forth in triumph by Christ you must first become His captive. He is always going forth as the conqueror, and there are no conquerors but those who are included in His train, who are conquering because they are con-

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quered by Christ. Have you noticed the reason which the Centurion gave why his words commanded obedience? He did not say, "Because I am a man having authority"—but "because I am a man under authority." And the greatness of his faith consisted in this, that he recognized Christ's relationship to the God of heaven. "I also am a man under authority." Christ's word was power because He was under Divine authority. The centurion recognized Christ's relationship to Divine Omnipotence. He thought that just as all the power of Rome was behind him, and he had but to speak and it was done, so all the power of heaven was behind the Man Christ Jesus, and He had but to speak the word only, and his servant would be healed.

Here is the secret of reigning over sin. We must be under Divine control; we must know what it is fully to submit to it. "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God."

Sustaining Power

Some there are of God's children who seem to be always struggling to keep themselves up. You see a man in the water. In terror of sinking he begins to struggle, and soon he finds that his struggling is vain, as, in spite of all his efforts, he sinks. But there is power in that very water to keep him afloat. Faith it is true, is needed, and certain conditions must be fulfilled. One is, that he must cease from struggling. Let him cast himself on the water, and cease from trying to keep himself from sinking; let him trust the water to bear him up, and instead of sinking he floats!

So it is in finding the power that keeps us spiritually from falling. We must be ready and willing to abandon ourselves to His almighty keeping. The responsibility of keeping us from falling is His; the responsibility of trusting Him to keep us is ours.

Protecting Power

We need this on every hand. Not only over us and under us, but on all sides—encircling us: "who are being guarded in the power of God." Christ, who is the power of God, is the fortress

in which the trusting soul is garrisoned. Let the enemy find you thus entrenched, and he will be met by a power which is not yours but God's; he cannot touch you. "We know that whoever is born of God does not sin; but he who has been born of God keeps himself, and the wicked one does not touch him" (1 John v. 18).

Transforming Power

The power of God is to fill us. When the tabernacle was finished, then God's presence filled it. "So Moses finished the work. Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle" (Exod. 40:33&35). When we who are the temples of the living God lose the glory we lose the power. God transforms us by filling us. "That you might be filled with all the fullness of God" is the blessing the apostle sought on behalf of the Ephesians converts.

Overcoming Power

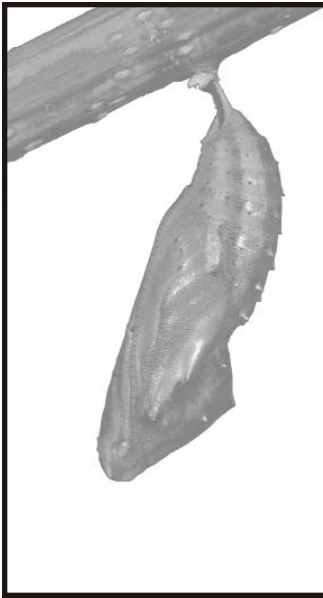
Power, that is, for service, for aggressive work, and for suffering. It is the remark of an able preacher that "the Church has in it a power that is ever adequate to the conquest of the world". This is true, because it is God Himself who is in the Church. God has says "I will dwell in them And walk in them" (2 Cor. 6:16).

It is not therefore a question of the impartation of the gift of faith; it is a question of the exercise of the faith they already possess. How is faith to be increased and strengthened? There are three things which our faith needs: freedom, food, and activity.

Faith Means Freedom

It is thoroughness that liberates faith. When we are brought to give ourselves wholly to the Lord, then it is that our faith is set free. If our eye

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Are You Born Again?

by J. C. Ryle (1816–1900)

Are you born again? This is one of life's most important questions. Jesus Christ said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

It is not enough to reply, "I belong to the church; I suppose I'm a Christian." Thousands of nominal Christians show none of the signs of being born again which the Scriptures have given us—many listed in the First Epistle of John.

1.

"Whoever is born of God doth not commit sin." (I John 3:9)

"Whoever is born of God sinneth not." (I John 5:18)

A person who has been born again, or regenerated, does not habitually commit sin. He no longer sins with his

heart and will and whole inclination. There was probably a time when he did not think about whether his actions were sinful or not, and he did not always feel grieved after doing evil. There was no quarrel between him and sin; they were friends. But the true Christian hates sin, flees from it, fights against it, considers it his greatest plague, resents the burden of its presence, mourns when he falls under its influence, and longs to be completely delivered from it. Sin no longer pleases him, nor is it even a matter of indifference to him; it has become a horrible thing which he hates. However, he cannot eliminate its presence within him.

If he said that he had no sin, he would be lying (I John 1:8). But he can say that he hates sin and that the great desire of his soul is not to commit sin at all. He cannot prevent bad thoughts from entering his mind, or shortcomings, omissions, and defects from appealing in both

his words and his actions. He knows that "in many things we offend all" (James 3:2). But he can truly say, in the sight of God, that these things cause him grief and sorrow and that his whole nature does not consent to them. What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

2.

"Whoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." (I John 5:1)

A man who is born again, or regenerated, believes that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour who can pardon his soul, that He is the divine person appointed by God the Father for this very purpose, and beside Him there is no Saviour at all. In himself he sees nothing but unworthiness. But he has full confidence in Christ, and trusting

in Him, he believes that his sins are all forgiven. He believes that, because he has accepted Christ's finished work and death on the cross, he is considered righteous in God's sight, and he may look forward to death and judgment without alarm.

He may have fears and doubts. He may sometimes tell you that he feels as if he had no faith at all. But ask him if he is willing to trust in anything instead of Christ, and see what he will say. Ask him if he will rest his hope of eternal life on his own goodness, his own works, his prayers, his minister, or his church, and listen to his reply. What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

3.

"Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." (I John 2:29)

The man who is born again, or regenerated, is a holy man. He endeavors to live according to God's will, to do the things that please God and to avoid the things that God hates. He wishes to continually look to Christ as his example as well as his Saviour and to prove himself to be Christ's friend by doing whatever He commands. He knows he is not perfect. He is painfully aware of his indwelling corruption. He finds an evil principle within himself that is constantly warring against grace and trying to draw him away from God. But he does

not consent to it, though he cannot prevent its presence.

Though he may sometimes feel so low that he questions whether or not he is a Christian at all, he will be able to say with John Newton, "I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I want to be, I am not what I hope to be in another world; but still I am not what I once used to be, and by the grace of God I am what I am." What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

4.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." (I John 3:14)

A man who is born again has a special love for all true disciples of Christ. Like his Father in heaven, he loves all men with a great general love, but he has a special love for those who share his faith in Christ. Like his Lord and Saviour, he loves the worst of sinners and could weep over them; but he has a peculiar love for those who are believers. He is never so much at home as when he is in their company.

He feels they are all members of the same family. They are his fellow soldiers, fighting against the same enemy. They are his fellow travelers, journeying along the same road. He understands them, and they understand him. They may be very different

from himself in many ways—in rank, in station and in wealth. But that does not matter. They are his Father's sons and daughters and he cannot help loving them. What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

5.

"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." (I John 5:4)

A man who is born again does not use the world's opinion as his standard of right and wrong. He does not mind going against the world's ways, ideas and customs. What men think or say no longer concerns him. He overcomes the love of the world. He finds no pleasure in things which seem to bring happiness to most people. To him they seem foolish and unworthy of an immortal being.

He loves God's praise more than man's praise. He fears offending God more than offending man. It is unimportant to him whether he is blamed or praised; his first aim is to please God. What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

6.

"He that is begotten of God keepeth himself." (I John 5:18)

A man who is born again is careful of his own soul. He tries not only to avoid sin but

also to avoid everything which may lead to it. He is careful about the company he keeps. He knows that evil communications corrupt the heart and that evil is more catching than good, just as disease is more infectious than health. He is careful about the use of his time; his chief desire is to spend it profitably.

He desires to live like a soldier in an enemy country—to wear his armor continually and to be prepared for temptation. He is diligent to be watchful, humble, prayerful man. What would the apostle say about you? Are you born again?

These are the six great marks of a born again Christian. There is a vast difference in the depth and dis-

tinctness of these marks in different people. In some they are faint and hardly noticeable. In others they are bold, plain and unmistakable, so anyone may read them. Some of these marks are more visible than others in each individual. Seldom are all equally evident in any one person.

But still, after every allowance, here we find boldly painted six marks of being born of God.

How should we react to these things? We can logically come to only one conclusion—only those who are born again have these six characteristics, and those who do not have these marks are not born again. This seems to be the conclu-

sion to which the apostle intended us to come. Do you have these characteristics? **Are you born again?** □



continued from page 6, Becoming a Channel of God's Power by Evan H. Hopkins

is not single our faith will be crippled, hampered. "How can you believe, who receive honor from one another, and do not seek the honor that comes from the only God?" The want of the single eye was that which made faith impossible.

"I feel I cannot trust Him," says one. Why not? Is He not trustworthy? "Oh, yes; but I feel something holding me back." Is it anything like that to which David referred when he said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me"? (Ps. lxxvi. 18). Is there a suspicion that something is withheld? Is there any doubtful thing that you are afraid to bring into the light in order to have God's judgment about it? It is not by trying to believe that faith gets strengthened, but by removing the fetters that keep it bound.

Faith Needs Food

The word of God is the food of faith. In order to trust, faith must have something to

trust to, a Person to trust in. The Scriptures are the warrant of faith. If faith is not always occupied with this infallible warrant, it will grow weak and feeble. Faith may be suffering from starvation. Our thoughts may turn upon ourselves, we may be occupied with our own activity, with our own act of believing, rather than with the word of God. But it is only as faith grasps the truth of the Scripture, or the facts that the Scripture reveals, that it gets strengthened.

Faith Needs Exercise

All faith is given to be used. We do not know whether we have it at all until we are using it. This comes out in obedience; for what is obedience but faith in action? Faith must carry out into practice that which it believes. □



DAVID ZEISBERGER

Apostle to the American Indians

David Zeisberger was a German, born April 11, 1721 at Zauchtenthal, in Moravia. He had come with his parents to Herrnhut; had followed them to Georgia, and later yet to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In this latter place he began his acquaintance with the Delaware tribe, among who he would minister for so many years.

For sixty-three years he lived among the Indians, learning their ways. He was admitted a member of the Six Nations, received an Indian name, and became a member of an Indian family. He understood the hidden science of belts and strings of wampum; he could unriddle their mysterious messages and make speeches in their bombastic style; and he spoke in their speech and thought in their thoughts, and lived their life in their bark huts. Above all, he loved the red-brown Indians themselves.

Full well he knew what trials awaited him. If the reader has formed his conception of the North American Indians from reading novels, he may think that Zeisberger spent his life among a race of gallant heroes. The reality was rather different. For the most part, the Indians of North America were the reverse of heroic. They were bloodthirsty, drunken, lewd and treacherous. They spent their time in hunting buffaloes, smoking pipes, lolling in the sun, and scalping each other's heads. They wasted their nights in tipsy revels and dances by the light of the moon. They cowered in terror of evil spirits

and vicious and angry gods. As long as he had such a grand Gospel to preach, he felt sure that he could make these savages sober, pure, wise, kind and brave, and that God would ever shield him with His wing. He has been called "The Apostle to the Indians."

He began his work with the League of the Iroquois, commonly called the Six Nations. At Onondaga, their headquarters, where he and Bishop Cammerhof had arranged to meet the Great Council, the meeting had to be postponed till the members had recovered from a state of intoxication. But Cammerhof addressed the chiefs, and received permission for two missionaries to come and settle down. From there, still accompanied by Cammerhof, Zeisberger went on to the Senecas. He was welcomed to a pandemonium of revelry—the whole village was drunk. As he lay in his room he could hear fiendish yells rend the air; he went out with a kettle, to get some water for Cammerhof, and the savages knocked the kettle out of his hand. Later, when the shades of evening fell, he had to escape from a mostly-naked group of lascivious women, whose long hair streamed in the night wind, and whose lips swelled with passion. To top it off, on a return trip from these nations, he spent 51 days in the New York City jail for his biblical conviction of refusing to swear an oath.

But Zeisberger had a frame of steel, although he only measured a bit over five feet tall. Passing on from tribe to tribe—perhaps a

score by the time he died—he strode through darkling woods, through tangled thickets, through miry sloughs where they had to pry their horses out of the mud, through swarms of mosquitoes; and anon, plying his swift canoe (of which many a time he himself had helped to build), he sped through primeval forests, by flowers of the tulip tree, through roaring rapids, round beetling bluffs, past groups of mottled rattlesnakes that lay basking in the sun. On several occasions he was the intended target of assassination schemes—from both red-skinned and white-skinned haters of the Gospel.

At the present time, in many Moravian houses, may be seen an engraving of a picture by Schüssele, of Philadelphia, representing Zeisberger preaching to the Indians. The incident occurred at Goschgoschünk, on the Alleghany River. In the picture the service is represented as being held in the open air; in reality it was held in the Council House.

In the centre of the house was the watch-fire. Around it squatted the Indians—the men on one side, the women on the other—and among those men were murderers who had played their part, twelve years before, in the massacre of several Moravian missionaries on the Mahony River. As soon as Zeisberger rose to speak, every eye was fixed upon him; and while he delivered his Gospel message, he knew that at any moment a tomahawk might cleave his skull, and his scalp hang

bleeding at the murderer’s girdle. “Never yet,” he wrote, “did I see so clearly painted on the faces of the Indians both the darkness of hell and the world-subduing power of the Gospel.”

As the years rolled on, this dauntless warrior of the faith won the confidence of these suspicious savages. He was known as “Friend of the Indians,” and was allowed to move among them at his ease. In vain the sorcerers plotted against him. “Beware,” they said to the simple people, “of the man in the black coat.” While Zeisberger learned the ways of the Indians, he did not adapt to all of them. He practically always wore his black coat.

At times, in order to bring down the vengeance of the spirits on Zeisberger’s head, they sat up through the night and gorged themselves with swine’s flesh; and, when this mode of enchantment failed, they baked themselves in hot ovens till they became unconscious. Zeisberger still went boldly on. Both the Six Nations and the Delaware passed laws that

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he was to be uninterrupted in his work. At Lavunakhanek, on the Alleghany River, he met the great Delaware orator, Glikhikan, who had baffled Jesuits and statesmen, and had prepared a complicated speech with which he meant to crush Zeisberger for ever; but when the two men came face to face, the orator fell an easy victim, forgot his carefully prepared oration, murmured meekly: “I have nothing to say;

I believe your words," and later became one of his warmest friends and supporters. In like manner Zeisberger won over White Eyes, the famous Delaware captain. "I want my people," said White Eyes, "now that peace is established in the country, to turn their attention to peace in their hearts. I want them to embrace that religion which is taught by the white teachers. We shall never be happy until we are Christians."

Zeisberger was a splendid organizer. As soon as the French and Indian War was over, he founded a number of Christian Indian settlements, in which alcoholic beverages were not allowed, and taught the inhabitants the arts of industry and peace. He founded the settlements of Friedenshütten (Tents of Peace), on the Susquehanna, Goschgoschünk, on the Alleghany, and Lavunakhanek and Friedenstadt (Town of Peace), on the Beaver River which flows into the Ohio below Pittsburgh. In what is now the state of Ohio, he founded the settlements of Schönbrunn (Beautiful Spring) with its meeting house that could accommodate 500 persons (at times over-filled with natives listening to the message from Heaven), Gnadenhütten (Tents of Grace), Lichtenau (Meadow of Light), and Salem, on the Muskingum and Tuscarawas rivers. His settlements were like diamonds flashing in the darkness. Instead of untamed wilderness were nut trees, plums, cherries, mulberries and all manner of fruits; instead of scattered bark huts, orderly streets of log houses; instead of nakedness, modestly dressed and veiled women; instead of filth, neatness and cleanliness; instead of drunken brawls and orgies, the voice of children at the village school, and the voice of daily morning and evening prayer and Delaware hymns.

No longer were the Indians in these settlements aimless wandering hunters. They were now steady business men. They conducted model farms, cultivated gardens, grew corn,

made sugar from the maples and butter from their herds of cattle, and learned to manage their local affairs as well as a City Council. At the head of each settlement was a Governing Board, consisting of the Missionaries and the native "helpers"; and all affairs of special importance were referred to a general meeting of the inhabitants. The system filled the minds of visitors with wonder. "The Indians in Zeisberger's settlements," said Colonel Morgan, "are an example to civilized whites."

And no longer were the Indians ignorant savages. Zeisberger was a great linguist: he mastered the Delaware and Iroquois languages, as well as becoming useful in other related Indian dialects—this in addition to German, Dutch and English. For the benefit of the converts in his settlements, and with the assistance of Indian sachems, he prepared and had printed a number of useful books: "A Delaware Indian and English Spelling-book," with an appendix containing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, some Scripture passages and a Litany; next, also in the Delaware tongue, "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the Christian Indians," including the Easter, Baptismal and Burial

Litanies; next, a volume of "Sermons to Children,"; next, a translation of Spangenberg's "Bodily Care of Children"; next, "A Harmony of the Four Gospels"; and last, a grammatical treatise on the Delaware verb conjugations. He prepared a lexicon, in seven volumes, of the German and Onondaga languages, an Onondaga Grammar, a Delaware Grammar, a German-Delaware Dictionary, and other works of a similar nature.

Thus did Zeisberger, explorer and scholar, devote his powers to the physical, moral and spiritual improvement of the Indians. For some years his success, helped by several other capable Moravian missionaries, was brilliant: by the time he died, several thousand converts would be counted among practically every tribe that

I want my people now that peace is established in the country, to turn their attention to peace in their hearts. I want them to embrace that religion which is taught by the white teachers. We shall never be happy until we are Christians.

inhabited Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Ontario, the north parts of Virginia and Kentucky, and eastern Indiana and Michigan. True, many of these thousands backslid and became apostates. But equally true is the fact that a goodly number would later return to the Christian villages and tearfully be reconciled to Christ and their beloved David.

And yet the name of this dedicated man is almost unknown. At the very time when his influence was at its height, the American War of Independence broke out, and Zeisberger and his converts, as an Indian orator put it, were between two exceeding mighty and wrathful gods, who stood opposed with extended jaws. Each party wished the Indians to take up arms on its side. But Zeisberger urged them to be neutral. When the English twice sent the hatchet of war to the Delawares, the Delawares, under the influence of Zeisberger and his non-resistant converts, politely twice sent it back. When a letter came to Zeisberger, requesting him to arouse his converts, to put himself at their head, and to bring the scalps of all the rebels (American colonists) he could slaughter, he threw the sheet into the flames. His LORD commanded him to be non-resistant, and he would remain that way. Both sides of the war were received and fed in his communities. For this policy he was suspected by both sides. At one time he was accused before an English court of being in league with the Americans. At another time he was accused by the Americans of being in league with the English. While both sides deplored him for not taking up arms on their behalf, both sides equally admired him for the undeniable work of grace that was going on around him. It is in the records that both the American and the British military officials encouraged—and at times materially helped—him in his work.

On a return back to Bethlehem in the year 1781, Zeisberger, at the persuasion of his friends, “finally” married, at Lititz, Pennsylvania. Less than a week later the newlyweds took off for their return trip to their “beloved brown brethren”—he 60, she 37. For the remaining 27 years of his ministry among the Indians, Zeisberger and his faithful wife would never visit “civilization”. Only after his

death would she return to live among the widows at Bethlehem.

At length the thunderbolt fell. As some of the Christian Indians were engaged one day in gathering up corn to take back to their starving brethren who had been forced from their prosperous villages on the Tuscarawas, the American troops of Colonel Williamson appeared upon the scene. Disarming the innocent victims and appearing as friends, they then accused them of having sided with the British. In vain the so-called “praying Indians” declared that they were neutral and non-resistant, but this defence was not accepted, and the vengeful militia decided to put the whole group to death. Among the victims were six National Assistants, an Indian lady who could speak English and German, twenty-four other women, eleven boys and eleven girls—over 90 souls. That sad day, Zeisberger lost one third of his congregation by death.

The Blood-Bath of Gnadenhütten was a hideous crime. It scattered the already displaced Indians of the Mission. As the struggle over ownership of the Ohio valley raged on, Zeisberger found himself and his converts driven from one settlement after another. Already, before the war broke out, this process had commenced; and altogether it continued for twenty years. Some 15 times Zeisberger would “pull up stakes” and seek a new start in some other place.

As an old man, now 77 years of age, he left the prosperous mission town of Fairfield in southern Ontario to return to the destroyed villages in the Tuscarawas valley of Ohio, and began Goshen. God would allow him to spend over a decade there.

Amid the Indians he had lived; amid the Indians, at Goshen, he lay on his death-bed, at 87 years of age. As the news of his approaching home-going spread, the chapel bell was tolled: his converts, knowing the signal, entered the room; and then, uniting their voices in song, they sang him home in triumphant Delaware hymns which he himself had translated from the hymns of the Ancient Moravian Brethren Church. □

*Adapted and revised by Mike Atnip
from a section of: A HISTORY OF THE
MORAVIAN CHURCH, J. E. Hutton, M.A.
(Second edition, Revised and Enlarged.) 1909*

Except a Corn of Wheat...Die

I seemed to walk with the eye of my mind,
Through a field of sun-ripened grain;
Rippling, it swayed in the cool evening breeze,
As I pondered a "death-life" of pain.

Before there was fruit, before there was life,
A kernel of wheat had to die;
And from that surrender, LIFE sprang upward,
A promise of fruit multiplied.

He turns to me; Oh the love on His face!
As He whispers in accent so low,
"My child, the fruit you are longing for,
Is found in death's chilling woe."

"Your agenda, your will, your purpose in life,
The visions and dreams of your soul,
Must fall on the ground of surrender's soil,
Should abundant fruit be your goal."

Awed at the marvelous ways of my God
Glad that His ways exceed mine,
I turn my tear-stained face toward His voice,
And whisper, "My Lord, let me die!"

"My Lord take this fruit, sprung from death unto life,
And grind it to finest of meal.
Make bread for the hungry to feast and be filled;
Broken bread. Thus death's final seal."

I bent to retrieve a single, full stalk
Of that richly nourishing wheat,
And thought as I gazed at the fruit in my hands,
Of the life made by death complete.

I lifted my tear-filled eyes to the sky,
And whispered, "My Lord, can it be,
That fruit of a life consumed by Your love
Is found but in death's victory?"

"One kernel of wheat falls into the ground,
Its death gives way to new life;
Even so as you die to willful desire,
Life springs from death's sacrifice."

"I've put in the center of each corn of wheat,
The prospect of life-giving fruit,
And oh how I thrill when through death its increase
Is made plain in Christ-filled pursuit."

"Death to myself, and death to my dreams,
Yes, death to the things I hold dear;
Oh give me but death, that the fruit You deserve,
May in turn Thy Great Name revere."

-Linda Lapp

IGNATIUS

A Disciple of the
Apostle John,
Devoured by Wild Beasts
in a Circus at Rome,
for the Testimony of
the Son of God, A.D. III

Ignatius, a disciple of the apostle John, was in the service of Christ at Antioch in Syria. He was a very God-fearing man, and faithful and diligent in his duties. He was sur-named Theophorus, that is, The Bearer of God, apparently because he often spoke the name of God and his Saviour with his mouth, and showed a godly life.

He would frequently say, "The life of man is a continual death, unless Christ lives in us." Also, "The crucified Christ is my only and entire love." And, "He that allows himself to be called after any other than Christ is not of God." And again, "As the world hates the Christians, so God loves them."

After winning victories against the Dacians, Armenians, Assyrians, and other eastern nations, Emperor Trajan gave thanks at Antioch unto the gods. He offered great sacrifices unto them, as though these victories had proceeded from them. Ignatius reproved the Emperor for it openly in the temple.

The Emperor was very angry about this and ordered Ignatius to be arrested. Because Ignatius was held in great respect in Antioch, the emperor did not have him punished there for fear of an uproar. He gave him into the hands of ten soldiers, and sent him bound, to Rome, to have him punished there.

In the meantime his sentence of death was revealed to him; how and where he was to die. He was to be torn to pieces by wild beasts at Rome. On his way there, he wrote several consolatory letters to his friends, the faithful in Christ Jesus. He sent letters to different churches, at Smyrna, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Trallis, Magnesia, Tarsus, Philippi, and especially to the church of Christ at Rome. This letter he sent before his arrival there.

It appears that the thought of being torn to pieces by the teeth of wild beasts was constantly on his mind during the journey. This was not as a matter of dread, but of earnest desire. He mentioned this in his letter to the church at Rome, writing, "Journeying from Syria to Rome, by water and by land, by day and by night, I fight with wild beasts, bound between ten leopards(soldiers), who, the more I stroke, and show myself friendly to them, the more cruel and hateful they become. However, through the cruelties and torments which they daily inflict upon me, God is purifying me. However, that is not what justifies me. O that I were already with the beasts, which are ready to devour me. I hope that, before long, I shall find them as I wish them to be; that is, cruel enough to destroy me quickly. But if they will not fall upon and tear me, I shall kindly allure

them, so that they will not spare me, as they have already spared several Christians, but will quickly tear me in pieces, and devour me. Forgive me for speaking thus; I know what I need. Now only I begin to be a disciple of Christ. I regard neither things visible nor things invisible, (at which the world is amazed). It is sufficient for me if I but become a partaker of Christ. Let the devil and evil men afflict me with all manner of pain and torment, with fire, with cross, with fighting against wild beasts, with scattering of the members and bones of my body; all this I esteem very little, if I but enjoy Christ. Only pray for me, that inward and outward strength be given me, not only to speak or write this, but also to perform and endure it, so that I may not only be called a Christian, but also be found one in truth."

Upon arrival at Rome, he was delivered by the soldiers to the governor, along with the letters of the Emperor, which contained his sentence of death. He was kept in prison several days, until a certain feast day of the Romans. Then the Governor, according to the order of the Emperor, had him brought out into the amphitheatre.

First of all they attempted, by many torments, to persuade him to blaspheme the name of Christ, and offer sacrifice to the gods. However, Ignatius did not weaken in his faith, but was only strengthened in refusing to offer heathen sacrifices. Then he was condemned by the Roman Senate, to be immediately cast in to the lions. As Ignatius was led away from the presence of the Senate, to the innermost enclosure, or pit of the lions, he frequently repeated the name of Jesus in the conversation which he carried on with the believers on the way, as well as in his secret prayer to God. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "My dear Jesus, my Saviour, is so deeply written in my heart, that I feel confident, that if my heart were

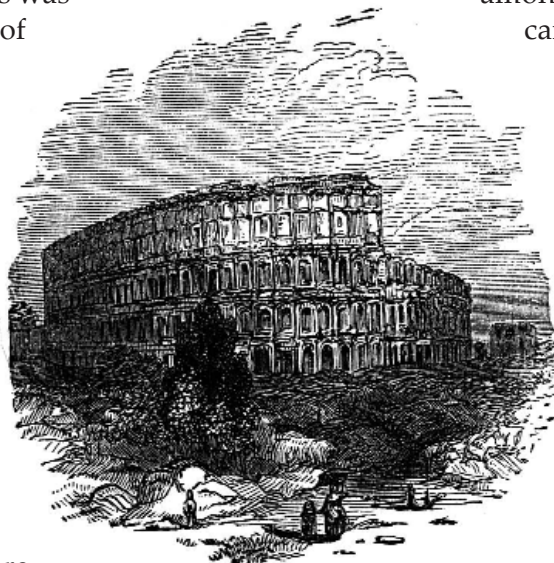
to be cut open and chopped to pieces, the name of Jesus would be found written on every piece."

With this the pious man indicated that not only his mouth, but the innermost parts of his heart were filled with the love of Jesus. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Thus, also Paul, being filled with the love of Jesus Christ, has used, in his letters, as much as two hundred times (as has been counted) the words, "Our Lord Jesus Christ." The name "Jesus" he employs as much as five hundred times.

Great crowds of people were assembled to witness the death of Ignatius. The report had spread throughout the whole city that a bishop had been brought from Syria who had been sentenced by the Emperor to fight against the wild beasts. Ignatius was brought out and placed in the middle of the amphitheatre. Then Ignatius, with a bold heart, addressed the people which stood around, "O you Romans, all you who have come to witness with your own eyes this combat; I want you to understand that this punishment has not been laid on me because of any wrong or crime. I have committed no wrong, but I long to go to God, and it is my insatiable desire to be in His presence. For, I am the grain of God. I am ground by the teeth of the beast, that I may be found a pure bread of Christ, who is to me the bread of life." Ignatius spoke these things while he stood in the middle of the amphitheatre, and heard the lions roar. The

brethren of the church also stood among the people and heard and can testify to this.

As soon as he had spoken these words, two dreadful, hungry lions were let out to him from their pits, which instantly tore and devoured him, leaving almost nothing, or, at least, very little, even of his bones. Thus fell asleep, happy in the Lord, this faithful martyr of Jesus Christ, A. D. 111, in the 12th year of Emperor Trajan. ◻



Praying Till We **PRAY**

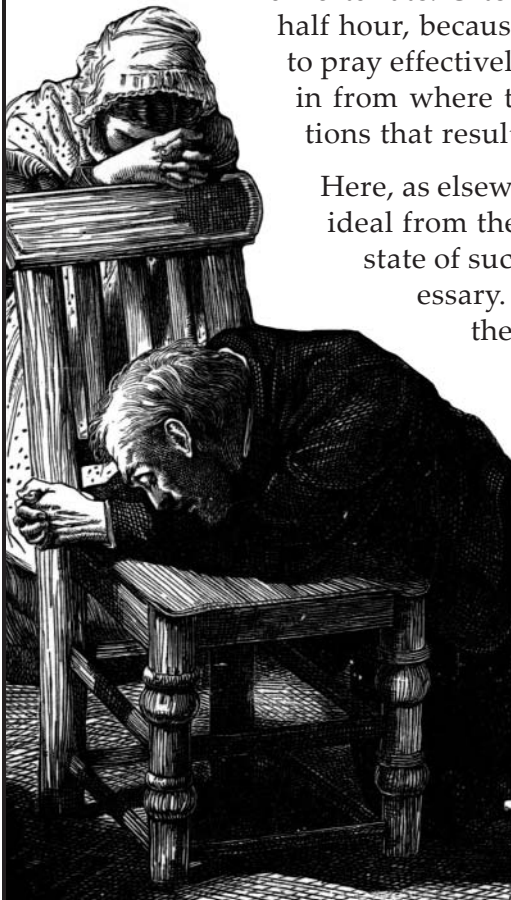
by A. W. Tozer

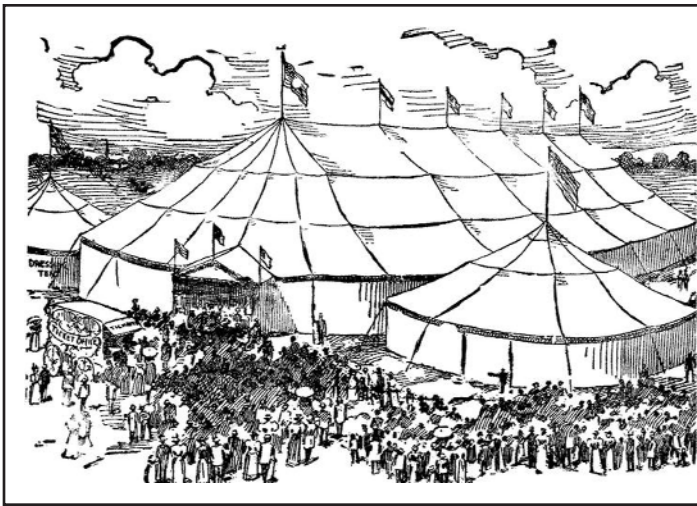
Dr. Moody Stuart, a great praying man of a past generation, once drew up a set of rules to guide him in his prayers. Among these rules is this one: "Pray till you pray." The difference between praying till you quit and praying till you pray is illustrated by the American evangelist John Wesley Lee. He often likened a season of prayer to a church service, and insisted that many of us close the meeting before the service is over. He confessed that once he arose too soon from a prayer session and started down the street to take care of some pressing business. He had only gone a short distance when an inner voice reproached him. "Son," the voice seemed to say, "did you not pronounce the benediction before the meeting was ended?" He understood, and at once hurried back to the place of prayer where he tarried till the burden lifted and the blessing came down.

The habit of breaking off our prayers before we have truly prayed is as common as it is unfortunate. Often the last ten minutes may mean more to us than the first half hour, because we must spend a long time getting into the proper mood to pray effectively. We may need to struggle with our thoughts to draw them in from where they have been scattered through the multitude of distractions that result from the task of living in a disordered world.

Here, as elsewhere in spiritual matters, we must be sure to distinguish the ideal from the real. Ideally we should be living moment-by-moment in a state of such perfect union with God that no special preparation is necessary. But actually there are few who can honestly say that this is their experience. Candor will compel most of us to admit that we often experience a struggle before we can escape from the emotional alienation and sense of unreality that sometimes settle over us as a sort of prevailing mood.

Whatever a dreamy idealism may say, we are forced to deal with things down on the level of practical reality. If when we come to prayer our hearts feel dull and unspiritual, we should not try to argue ourselves out of it. Rather, we should admit it frankly and pray our way through. Some Christians smile at the thought of "praying through," but something of the same idea is found in the writings of practically every great praying saint from Daniel to the present day. We cannot afford to stop praying till we have actually prayed. □





Revivals are not simply the reclamation of a backslidden church. They are to invigorate and mature by one mighty act the feeble saints; they also pass on to sublimer regions of faith and experience the advanced ones of God's elect.

Revivals That Stay

by E. M. Bounds

Revivals are among the charter rights of the church. They are the evidences of its divinity, the tokens of God's presence, the witness of his power. The frequency and power of these extraordinary seasons of grace are the tests and preservers of the vital force in the church. The church which is not visited by these seasons is as sterile in all spiritual products as a desert, and is not and cannot meet the designs of God's church. Such churches may have all the show and parade of life, but it is only a painted life.

The revival element belongs to the individual, as well as to the church, life. The preacher whose experience is not marked by these inflows of great grace may question with anxious scrutiny whether he is

in grace. The preacher whose ministry does not over and over again find its climax of success and power in these gracious visitations of God may well doubt the genuineness of his call, or be disquieted as to its continuance.

Revivals are not simply the reclamation of a backslidden church. They do secure this end, but they do not find their highest end in this important result. They are to invigorate and mature by one mighty act the feeble saints; they also pass on to sublimer regions of faith and experience the advanced ones of God's elect. They are the fresh baptisms—the more powerful consecration of a waiting, willing, working church to a profounder willingness, and a mightier ability for a mightier work. These revivals are the

pitched battles and the decisive victories for God, when the slain of the Lord is many, and his triumph glorious.

There are counterfeit revivals well executed, well calculated to deceive the most wary. These are deceptive and superficial, with many pleasant, entertaining, delusive features, entirely lacking in the offensive features which distinguish the genuine ones. The pain of penitence, the shame of guilt, the sorrow and humiliation of sin, the fear of hell—these marks of the genuine are lacking in the counterfeit. The test of a genuine revival is found in its staying qualities. The counterfeit is but a winter spurt, as evanescent and fitful as the morning cloud or early dew—both soon gone—and the sun but the hotter for the mockery of

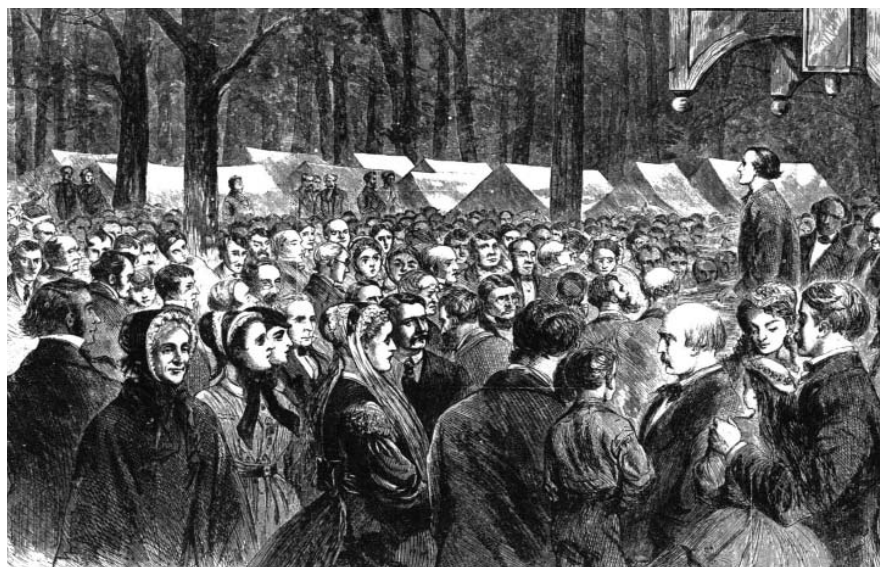
the cloud and because of the fleeting dew. These surface revivals do more harm than good, like a surface thaw in midwinter which only increases the hardness and roughness of tomorrow's freeze. The genuine revival goes to the bottom of things; the sword is not swaddled in cotton, nor festooned with flowers, but pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow.

A genuine revival marks an era in the life of the church. It plants the germs of the great spiritual principles which grow and mature through all the changing seasons that follow. Revival seasons are favoring seasons, when the tides of salvation are at their flood, when all the waves and winds move heavenward...days of emancipation and return and rapture. The church needs revivals; it cannot live, it cannot do its work without them. Revivals which will lift it above the sands of worldliness that shallow the current and impede the sailing. Revivals which will radicate the great spiritual principles, which are worn threadbare in many a church. It is true that in the most thorough work some will fall away, but when the work is genuine and far-reaching, as it ought to be, the waste will scarcely be felt in the presence of the good that remains.

The first element, in a revival whose effects will stay, is that the revival spring from within the church, the native outgrowth of the spiritual condition of the church. The so-

called revivals do not spring from the repentance, faith, and prayers of the church, but are induced by foreign and outside forces. Many of the religious movements of the day have no foundation in the traving threes of the church. By outside pressure, the presence and reputation of an evangelist, of imported singers and imported songs, an interest is awakened, a passing impression made, but these

strange and unwelcome visitors. The church-members, instead of being on their knees in intercession, or mingling their wrestling cries with the wrestling penitents, or joining in rapturous praise with their rapturous deliverance, are simply spectators of a pleasing entertainment, in which they have but a momentary interest, the results of which, viewed from a spiritual standpoint, are far below zero. A



**All genuine revivals are simply God coming
with great grace to his Church.**

are quite different from the concern aroused by the presence of God and the mighty power of his almighty Spirit. In the manufactured revival there is an interest which does not deepen into conviction, which is not subdued into awe, which cannot be molded into prayer, nor agitated by fears. There is the utter absence of the spirit of prayer; neither has the spirit of repentance any place; lightness and frivolity reign; tears are

revival means a burdened church and a burdened pastor and burdened penitents.

The revival whose results are gracious and abiding must spring from the spiritual contact of pastor and church with God. A season of fasting and prayer of deep humiliation and confession are the conditions from which a genuine and powerful work springs.

The nature of the preaching is of the first importance.

continued on page 27

The Blood of Sprinkling

by Horatius Bonar

But an inquirer asks, "What is the special meaning of the blood, of which we read so much? How does it speak peace? How does it 'purge the conscience from dead works?' What can blood have to do with the peace, the grace, and the righteousness of which we have been speaking?"

God has given the reason for the stress which he lays upon the blood; and, in understanding this, we get to the very bottom of the grounds of a sinner's peace.

The sacrifices of old, from the days of Abel downward, furnishes us with the key to the meaning of the blood, and explain the necessity for its being "shed for the remission of sins." "Not without blood"[20] was the great truth taught by God from the beginning; the inscription which may be said to have been written on the gates of tabernacle and temple. For more than two thousand years, during the ages of the patriarchs, there was but one great sacri-

fice—the burnt offering. This, under the Mosaic service, was split into parts—the peace offering, trespass offering, sin offering, etc. In all of these, however, the essence of the original burnt offering was preserved—by the blood and the fire, which were common to them all. The blood, as the emblem of substitution, and the fire, as the symbol of God's wrath upon the substitute, were seen in all the parts of Israel's service; but specially in the daily burnt offering, the morning and evening lamb, which was the true continuation and representative of the old patriarchal burnt offering.



The blood, as the emblem of substitution, and the fire, as the symbol of God's wrath upon the substitute, were seen in all the parts of Israel's service; but especially in the daily burnt offering

It was to this that John referred when he said "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Israel's daily lamb was the kernel and core of all the Old Testament sacrifices; and it was its blood that carried them back to the primitive sacrifices, and forward to the blood of sprinkling that was to speak better things than that of Abel.

In all these sacrifices the shedding of the blood was the infliction of death. The "blood was the life;" and the pouring out of the blood was the "pouring out of the soul." This blood shedding or life-taking was the payment of the penalty for sin;

for it was threatened from the beginning, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;" and it is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and again, "The wages of sin is death."

But the blood shedding of Israel's sacrifices could not take sin away. It showed the way in which this was to be done, but it was in fact more a "remembrance of

sins," than an expiation. It said life must be given for life, ere sin can be pardoned; but then the continual repetition of the sacrifices showed that there was needed richer blood than Moriah's altar was ever sprinkled with, and a more precious life than man could give.

The great blood-shedding has been accomplished; the better life has been presented; and the one death of the Son of God has done what all the deaths of old could never do. His one life was enough; his one dying paid the penalty; and God does not ask two lives, or two deaths, or two payments. "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. In that he died, he died unto sin once." "He offered one sacrifice for sins forever."

The "sprinkling of the blood," was the making use of the death, by putting it upon certain persons or things, so that these persons or things were counted to be dead, and, therefore, to have paid the law's penalty. So long as they had not paid that penalty, they were counted unclean and unfit for God to look upon; but as soon as they had paid it, they were counted clean and fit for the service of God. Usually when we read of cleansing, we think merely of our common process of removing stains by water and soap. But this is not the figure meant in the application of the sacrifice. The blood cleanses, not like the prophet's "nitre and much soap," but by making us partakers of the death of the Substitute. For what is it that makes us filthy before God? It is our guilt, our breach

of law, and our being under sentence of death in consequence of our disobedience. We have not only done what God dislikes, but what his righteous law declares to be worthy of death. It is this sentence of death that separates us so completely from God, making it wrong for him to bless us, and perilous for us to go to him.

When thus covered all over with that guilt whose penalty is death, the blood is brought in by the great High Priest. That blood represents death; it is God's expression for death. It is then sprinkled on us, and thus death, which is the law's penalty, passes on us. We die. We undergo the sentence; and thus the guilt passes away. We are cleansed! The sin which was like scarlet becomes as snow; and that which was like crimson becomes as wool. It is thus that we make use of the blood of Christ in believing; for faith is just the sinner's employing the blood. Believing what God has testified concerning this blood, we become one with Jesus in his death; and thus we are counted in law, and treated by God, as men who have paid the whole penalty, and so been "washed from their sins in his blood." [21]

Such are the glad tidings of life, through him who died. They are tidings which tell us, not what we are to do, in order to be saved, but what He has done. This only can lay to rest the sinner's fears; can "purge his conscience;" can make him feel as a thoroughly pardoned man. The right knowledge of God's meaning in this sprinkling of the blood, is the only

effectual way of removing the anxieties of the troubled soul, and introducing him into perfect peace.

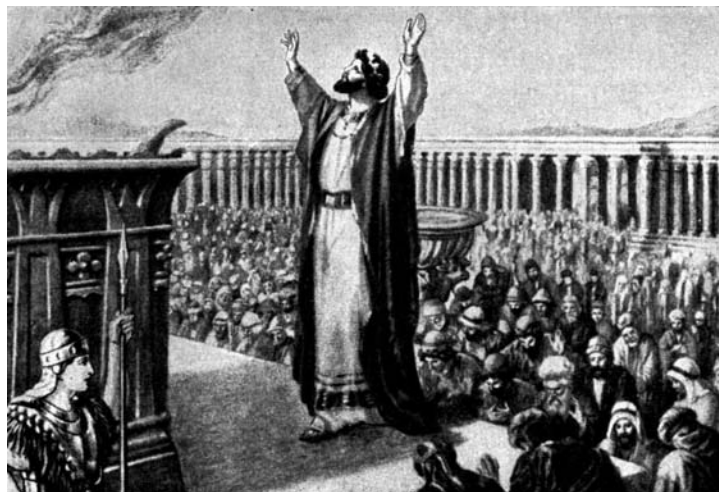
The gospel is not the mere revelation of the heart of God in Christ Jesus. In it the righteousness of God is specially manifested; and it is this revelation of the righteousness that makes it so truly "the power of God unto salvation." The blood shedding is God's declaration of the righteousness of the love which he is pouring down upon the sons of men; it is the reconciliation of law and love; the condemnation of the sin and the acquittal of the sinner. As "without shedding of blood there is no remission; so the gospel announces that the blood has been shed by which remission flows; and now we know that "the Son of God is come," and that "the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin." The conscience is satisfied. It feels that God's grace is righteous grace, that his love is holy love. There it rests.

It is not by incarnation but by blood shedding that we are saved. The Christ of God is no mere expounder of wisdom; no mere deliverer or gracious benefactor; and they who think they have told the whole gospel, when they have spoken of Jesus revealing the love of God, do greatly err. If Christ be not the Substitute, he is nothing to the sinner. If he did not die as the Sinbearer, he has died in vain. Let us not be deceived on this point, nor misled by those who, when they announce Christ as the Deliverer, think they have preached the gospel. If I throw

a rope to a drowning man, I am a deliverer. But is Christ no more than that? If I cast myself into the sea, and risk my life to save another, I am a deliverer. But is Christ no more? Did he but risk his life? The very essence of Christ's deliverance is the substitution of Himself for us, his life for ours. He did not come to risk his life; he came to die! He did not

redeem us by a little loss, a little sacrifice, a little labor, a little suffering, "He redeemed us to God by his blood;" "the precious blood of Christ." He gave all he had, even his life, for us. This is the kind of deliverance that awakens the happy song, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

The tendency of the world's religion just now is, to reject the blood; and to glory in a gospel which needs no sacrifice, no "Lamb slain." Thus, they go "in the way of Cain." Cain refused the blood, and came to God without it. He would not own himself a sinner, condemned to die, and needing the death of another to save him. This was man's open rejection of God's own way of life. Foremost in this rejection of, what is profanely called by some scoffers, "the religion of the shambles," we see the first murderer; and he who would not defile his altar with the



The great blood-shedding has been accomplished; the better life has been presented; and the one death of the Son of God has done what all the deaths of old could never do.

blood of a lamb, pollutes the earth with his brother's blood.

The heathen altars have been red with blood; and to this day they are the same. But these worshippers know not what they mean, in bringing that blood. It is associated only with vengeance in their minds; and they shed it, to appease the vengeance of their gods. But this is no recognition either of the love or the righteousness of God. "Fury is not in him;" whereas their altars speak only of fury. The blood which they bring is a denial both of righteousness and grace.

But look at Israel's altars. There is blood; and they who bring it know the God to whom they come. They bring it in acknowledgment of their own guilt, but also of his pardoning love. They say, "I deserve death;" but let this death stand for mine; and let the love which otherwise could not reach me, by reason of guilt, now pour itself out on me."

Inquiring soul! Beware of Cain's error on the one hand, in coming to God without blood; and beware of the heathen error on the other, in mistaking the meaning of the blood. Understand God's mind and meaning, in "the precious blood" of his Son. Believe his testimony concerning it; so shall thy conscience be pacified, and thy soul find rest.

It is into Christ's death, that we are baptized, and hence the cross, which was the instrument of that death, is that in which we glory. The cross is to us the payment of the sinner's penalty, the extinction of the debt, and the tearing up of the bond or handwriting which was against us. And as the cross is the payment, so the resurrection is God's receipt in full, for the whole sum, signed with his own hand. Our faith is not the completion of the payment, but the simple recognition on our part of the payment made by the Son of God. By this recognition, we become so one with Him who died and rose, that we are henceforth reckoned to be the parties who have paid the penalty, and treated as if it were we ourselves who had died. Thus are we justified from the sin, and then made partakers of the righteousness of him, who was not only delivered for our offences, but who rose again for our justification. □



The **Just** Shall Live by **Faith**

Greetings in the wonderful name of Jesus! We are living in perilous times today. We are in a day when everything we count as truth is being challenged on every side. If things continue as they are, we will see a day when those that choose to live by God's word, will be considered a cult. The apostle Paul truly hit the nail on the head when he told Timothy *"In the last days perilous times shall come."* As we see this quickly approaching, what can we do to guard ourselves of the oncoming bombardment of a "lack of faith"?

Jesus said, in Luke 18:8 *"When the son of man cometh, shall he find faith on earth?"* We see all around us, men and women who are abstaining from worldly pleasures, fashionable attire, living a plain lifestyle, having Godly homes and families, standing for truth, and we thank God for them, but are they living by faith? How can our Lord make such a statement when we see all

these good things around us? Will it be worse than we see today? Or, are we being slowly rocked to sleep in a world of prosperity? One man said *"the church had handled persecution much better than it handles prosperity."* Will he find faith when he returns? Will you be faithful until the end? Will we be known as men/women of faith? Let's examine the scriptures and see what faith really is.

Hebrews 11:1 states *"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."* Those things we can't touch, but hope for. We can't see, but hope for. We can't feel, but hope for. People say we're crazy, but we hope. They say we're fanatics, but we hope. Everything around us will say it can't be done, but faith says it will be done. Faith is not simply being a member of a church. It's not only being *"in the faith"* of Christianity. It is **trusting** God for His Word and His promises to come to pass in our lives. Not looking to the arm of the flesh, but putting our trust solely upon God.

Paul went on to say, *"by it (faith) the elders obtained a good report. Through faith the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice, Enoch was translated that he should not see death, Noah moved with fear, prepared an ark, to the saving of his house, Abraham obeyed; and went out, not knowing whither he went, Sarah received strength and conceived, (when she was past age), these all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them."* These men and women saw all the promises of God. They were persuaded that they would come to pass, even though they went to the grave without seeing them. They could not touch them, see them, or feel them; people surely said they were crazy, they were surely called fanatics, yet they hoped! This, I believe, is the faith that Jesus is looking for. A faith that is not mixed with the worlds thinking. A faith that is pure and unadulterated. A faith that the eye can not understand. A faith that does not depend on what the eye sees. This is the faith that is slowly leaving the church today.

In the midst of all our prosperity it takes a toll on our faith in God. You see if we have a bank account full of money, it does not take any faith

Faith is not simply being a member of a church. It's not only being "in the faith" of Christianity. It is **trusting** God for His Word and His promises to come to pass in our lives. Not looking to the arm of the flesh, but putting our trust solely upon God.

to get what we need. If we need food, we write a check. If we need clothes we write a check. If we need medical advice, we go to the doctors and write a check (or use insurance). It almost seems that the checkbook has taken the place of our faith. I'm not against checkbooks, we have one also. I am just trying to get my point across. Where is this faith that Jesus spoke of in Matthew 17:20 "faith as a grain of mustard seed can move mountains"? Oh that the church would stand up and become independent of this world's system. Let us be as Jude and "earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints". The kind of faith that allows us to fully and completely trust in the Lord for all of our needs. I believe we can have this kind of faith. I believe God desires to give us and increase our faith, because it always gives him the glory. If I need something and do not have the money for it, I begin to pray and seek the Lord, then God has the chance to open up the windows of heaven unto me and also the brother/sister that he chooses to use in this particular matter. The whole body can be edified, but if I have the money the whole blessing is lost. I don't believe God entrusted us with all these riches to sit in the bank and collect interest.

Four times in the Bible it states "The just shall live by faith." Is this living by faith simply just trusting in Christ as our Saviour? Or is it a life that is fully dependant upon God, and him providing, through the keeping of his promises? I must admit, even if my life does not line up to this standard. When I study "the just shall live by faith," I see a people that were in a different kingdom; a people that refused to bow to the world's system of figuring things out. A people that were saying in their heart, if God doesn't do it, it won't be done! I see the Lord calling his people back to this type of faith. As we have traveled across the east coast, I have met many families that are fighting to get back to this basic concept of living by faith. The song writer wrote "I care not today what tomorrow may bring, if shadow or sunshine or rain. The Lord, I know, ruleth o'er everything, and all of my worry is vain." Living by

faith in Jesus above! May the God of heaven send a binding across the whole earth that will bind every believer's heart together. A binding that only God him-

self could tie, and no force in this life, or the one to come, can loosen!

Let's look at Romans 5:3-5 "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed." Why would Paul tell us to glory in our tribulations? Come on Paul, don't you understand my situation? How can I glory, when it seems all is not going my way? This is the story of the church today. Paul was trying to show us the benefits of our tribulations. When we go through these tribulations Paul says it will bring forth patience. We learn patience while waiting on God. While we are waiting on God, we go through experience. This combination of patience and experience, going through a trial, waiting on God, seeing God miraculously deliver, this whole process time and time again brings forth a hope that is shed abroad in our hearts, and we are no longer ashamed! It is through this process that we learn to "live by faith." When this takes place, we can go through the greatest trial, and have our confidence in the living God. Let the skeptics doubt, let them laugh, mock, and say we are crazy, but God has put a hope within us that says "My God will deliver."

We will stand in the company of men and women like Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, and Rahab; among those that were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, wandered, cruelly mocked, and imprisoned. Yet they did not even receive the promise and were still counted to have a "good report through faith." We can experience God's provision over and over again, so that all we can say is our God can do anything! But those that choose not to "live by faith" fail to experience God's wonderful provision for his children. May all we that name the name of Jesus, be bound by his cord of faith. All glory be unto the "Author and Finisher of our faith." ◻

The PERSONAL EXPERIENCE *of the* SOUL WINNER

by Samuel Logan Brengle

Every soul-winner is in the secret of the Lord, and has had a definite personal experience of salvation and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which brings him into close fellowship and tender friendship and sympathy with the Saviour. The Psalmist prayed, "Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit. Then," said he, "will I teach transgressors Thy ways and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." (Psalm 51:10-42.) He saw that before he could be a soul-winner, before he could teach transgressors the way of the Lord and convert sinners, he must have his own sins blotted out; he must have a clean heart and a right spirit; he must be a partaker of the Holy Ghost and of God's joy. In short, he must have a definite, constant, joyful experience of God's salvation

in his own soul in order to save others. It was no "hope-I-am-saved" experience he wanted; nor was it a conclusion carefully reasoned out and arrived at by logical processes; nor an experience based upon a strict performance of a set round of duties and attendance upon sacraments, but a mighty transformation and cleansing of his whole spiritual nature and a glorious new creation wrought within him by the Holy Ghost.

It must be a definite experience that tallies with the Word of God

Only this can give that power and assurance to a man which will enable him to lead and win other men. You must have knowledge before imparting knowledge. You must have fire to kindle fire. You must have life to reproduce life. You must know Jesus and be on friendly terms with Him to be able to introduce others to Him. You must be

one with Jesus, and be "bound up in the bundle of life" with Him if you would bring others into that life.

Peter had repented under the preaching of John the Baptist, had forsaken all to follow Jesus, and had waited with prayer and unquenchable desire until he had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, and had been anointed with power from on high, before he became the fearless, mighty preacher who won 3,000 converts in a day.

Paul was mightily converted on the road to Damascus, and heard the voice of Jesus tell him what to do, and was baptized with the Holy Ghost under the teaching of Ananias before he became the apostle of quenchless zeal who turned the world upside down

Luther was definitely converted and justified by faith on the stairway of St. Peter's at Rome before he became the invincible reformer who could stand before popes and emperors and set captive nations free.

George Fox, Wesley, Finney, Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, William Taylor, James Caughey, Moody and General Booth, each and all had a definite personal experience that made them apostles of fire, prophets of God and saviours of men. They did not guess that they were saved, nor "hope" so. but they knew "whom they believed." and that they had passed from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God.

This experience was not evolution, but a revolution. No evolutionist ever has been or ever will be a great soul-winner. It is not by growth that men become such, but by revelation. It is not until God bursts through the veil and reveals Himself in their hearts through faith in His dear Son. and gives a consciousness of personal acceptance with Him, and sheds abroad His love in the heart, destroying unbelief, burning away sin, consuming selfishness, and filling the soul with the passion that filled the heart of Jesus, that men become soul-winners.

The experience that makes a man a soul-winner is two-fold. First, he must know his sins forgiven; he must have recognized himself a sinner, out of friendly relation with God, and careless of God's claim, heedless of God's feelings, selfishly seeking his own way in spite of divine love and compassion, and heedless of the awful consequences of separating himself from God and this must have led to repentance toward God, by which I mean sorrow for and an utter

turning away from sin, followed by a confiding trust in Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He must have so believed as to bring a restful consciousness that for Christ's sake his sins have been forgiven and that he has been adopted into God's family and made one of His dear children. This consciousness results from what Paul calls "the witness of the Spirit," and enables the soul to cry out in deep filial confidence and affection, "Abba Father." Second: He must be sanctified; he must know that his heart is cleansed, that pride and self-will and carnal ambition and strife and sensitiveness and suspicion and unbelief and every unholy temper are destroyed by the baptism of the Holy Ghost—personal Pentecost—and the incoming of a great love for, and loyalty to, Jesus Christ, before he can be largely used to win souls.

It must be a constant experience

People who frequently meet defeat and fail of victory in their own souls will not be largely successful in winning men to Jesus. The very consciousness of defeat makes them uncertain in their exhortation, doubtful and wavering in their testimony, and weak in their faith, and this will not be likely to produce conviction and beget faith in their hearers

Dr. Asa Mahan lived in the enjoyment of full salvation for over fifty years, and only once felt a slight uprising of temper. Finney, Wesley, Fletcher and Bramwell, like Enoch, walked

with God, and so walked "in the power of the Spirit" constantly, and were soul-winners all their lives, even to old age.

It must be a joyful experience

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation," prayed David. "I feel it my duty to be as happy as the Lord wants me to be," wrote McCheyne, the gifted and deeply spiritual young Scotch preacher, who was wonderfully successful in winning Souls.

"Oh, my soul is very happy! Bless God! I feel He is with me," cried Caughey, while preaching his sermon on "The Striving of the Spirit" No wonder he won souls.

Whitefield and Bramwell, two of the greatest soul-winners the world ever saw, were at times in almost an ecstasy of joy, especially when preaching, and this was as it should be.

John Bunyan tells us how he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" in his filthy Bedford dungeon. He says, "So I was led home to prison, and I sat me down and wrote and wrote because joy did make me write." Hallelujah!

God wants His people to be full of joy. "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." said Jesus. (John 15:11.) And again He said, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." (John 16:24.) "And these things write we unto you that your joy might be full," wrote

John. (1 John 1:4) "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy," wrote Paul, and again he writes, "The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Joy in the Holy Ghost" is an oceanic current that flows unbroken through the holy, believing soul, though surrounded by seas of trouble and compassed about by infirmities and afflictions and sorrows.

We have thought of Jesus as "the Man of Sorrows" until we overlook His fullness of exultant joy. (Luke 10:21; John 15:11)

Joy can be cultivated and should be, as is faith or any other fruit of the Spirit:

1. By appropriating by faith the words that were spoken and written for the express purpose of giving us full-

ness of joy. "Now the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing," Wrote Paul to the Romans. It is by believing.

2. By meditating on these words and holding them in our minds and hearts until we have gotten all the sweetness out of them as we would hold honey in our mouths.
3. By exercise, even as faith or love or patience is exercised. This we do by rejoicing in the Lord and praising God for His goodness and mercy, and shouting when the joy wells up in our souls under the pressure of the Holy Spirit. Many people quench the Spirit of joy and praise, and so gradually lose it. But let

them repent, confess, pray and believe and then begin to praise God again and He will see to it that they have something to praise Him for, and their joy will convict sinners and prove a mighty means of winning them to Jesus.

Who can estimate the power there must have been in the joy that filled the heart of Peter and surged through the souls and beamed on the faces and flashed from the eyes of the one hundred and twenty fire-baptized disciples, while he preached that Pentecostal sermon which won three thousand bigoted enemies to the cross of a crucified Christ?

O Lord, still "make Thy ministers a flame of fire," and flood the world with Thy mighty joy! □

continued from page 19, Revivals that Stay by E. M. Bounds

Its character will grade the converts and measure the depth of the work. The word of God in its purity and strength must be given. The law of God in its spiritual demands must arouse the conscience, and pierce and lay bare the heart. If there ever is a time for sentimental anecdotes, for the exercise of wit, if the preacher is ever justified in pausing to soften the sympathies or inflame the fancy, it is not at this period.

The object must not be to increase the impulses, or move on the surface, or work on tender emotions, but to convict the conscience, search out the sinner and expose his

sins, to alarm the guilty soul, and intensify the faith and effort of the believer. The word of God is the imperishable and vitalizing seed. The Spirit of God is the quickening energy that is to be let loose. The word of God is the sword of the Spirit. The sword must be unsheathed, and cut with both edges.

The spirit of prayer must be the one evident and prevailing spirit. The spirit of prayer is but the spirit of faith, the spirit of reverence, the spirit of supplies, of grace, and mercy and is increased. This spirit holds in its keeping the success of the word and power of the Holy Spirit; as the spirit of prayer

fail these fail. If the spirit of prayer is absent or is quenched, God is not in the assembly. He comes and stays only in the cloud of glory formed by the incense of a church whose flame of prayer is ascending to him. All genuine revivals are simply God coming with great grace to his Church. The revival that springs from heart contact of the church with God, which is directed and intensified by the pure preaching of the pure word of God, and in which, and through which, prayer, mighty prayer, prevails, will be a revival that will stay in its coming. □

Taken from *Christian Advocate*

The **Refining** *of a* **Burdened** *and* **Unworthy Disciple**

I'm not one who seeks hope from this nation or its leadership. It, and they, have proven themselves incapable of delivering much more than empty promises to secure a vote. Early in my walk as a Christian I was very interested in our "Christian heritage". It doesn't really stir my heart anymore.

Thousands of preborn babies are killed daily yet in my subconscious mind I held onto the hope that there was a chance for this nation to turn before God poured His judgment upon it. Not any more.

Our nations' children are brainwashed into believing the damnable, godless, garbage we call "public education". Even the body of Christ is found giving its children to the wicked for training. Don't ask me why. It's beyond my understanding.

Many condemn our youth for seeking meaning in worldly music and sexual immorality. I can't blame them when I look at the sad state of what we so often call "Christianity" here in America. For lost people seeking meaning, I can't help but think that more substance is often found in the worlds' musical Philosophizers that in the "churches" Theologizers. It truly pains me, but not because there is no truth to be found in the Scriptures, but because the "church" is too content loving the world to dig it out and share it with those who hunger for anything meaningful. How can one share what they are unfamiliar with?

Compassion is foreign to so many who claim to be yoked with the Messiah who was so often moved with compassion. We are too "educated and knowledgeable" in the scriptures to be moved to tears over the plight of the lost and suffering. After all, can't we (without emotion) just explain away why some are in such distress without getting all stirred up and involved ourselves?

I'm not pessimistic. I'm not losing my faith. I'm seeing ever more clearly that in Messiah is all

my hope and apart from Him there is just emptiness posing as substance.

So much of what we call "Christianity" is sickening too me and I sympathize with the world when they run from it. I pity those who run after that which is emptiness dressed in religious garb.

Brothers and Sisters, read the Gospels. Set apart time to pour through the Scriptures. So much of what you cling too as essential may fall away as you, as a simple child, find the Messiah in those pages. Perhaps your "religion" is what turns your acquaintances away from the true living Messiah. Often they can't see Him because we are unsure just what he looks like ourselves.

Lately I've been experiencing something painful and difficult but ever so needful. As my hunger to see the lost saved has grown (and it is still not what it should be) and as my burden to publicly preach has intensified, so have the assaults of the enemy intensified upon my spirit. Compared to many who have stood the test of time, I am just warming in the heat of my refining. The outreach that I have been involved with for years has become much more intense in this man's soul and I am beginning to suffer wounds in the attacks. I don't like it but I am actually glad and I rejoice that I have been counted worthy to suffer for His name. Oh, that we all would hurt as He hurts and feel the pain He feels as we see this world spiral toward hell. I'm just tasting a little of that, and I don't want to taste much more. I have found it a very harsh experience.

There is so much love for the world left in me and I know that the fire needs to be much hotter as it refines me. Pray for me to be willing to burn for Him. I will pray for my brothers and sisters who want to burn with me. □

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God is So Faithful!

by Stacy Shirk

A Transcribed testimony given at Charity Christian Fellowship

The Lord has been laying it upon my heart for some time now to share a few things with each of you. As I look back at the last few weeks, there is no way that I can sit back and not give the Lord praise and glory. The Lord has done so many marvelous works in my life, and especially the last two years, I hope I can adequately express with words just how faithful He has been time and time again to me and my family.

I feel like I have to go back a little bit before my salvation to fully show God's tremendous faithfulness and love towards me. I have really struggled with sharing different parts of my past because it is so difficult to admit how unfaithful to the Lord I was. However, when I was a lost, heart-broken sinner sitting in these pews the testimonies of others were very encouraging to me, offering me hope when I felt like I didn't have any.

So, I'm going to start back with my childhood and let you



...when I was a lost, heart-broken sinner sitting in these pews the testimonies of others were very encouraging to me, offering me hope when I felt like I didn't have any.

know what the Lord has saved me from. I was raised in a Bible-believing atmosphere, we were not plain people and we did attend the public schools. Up until I was fourteen or so my father was in the ministry at various places and we were considered a very "godly" family. Our family was very involved in church and at the age of nine I heard a sermon on hell that really scared me, and as soon as we got home my father went through the plan of salvation with me and I

asked the Lord to forgive me of my sins and I accepted Jesus into my heart. At this time I now had the confidence in knowing that I did what I had to do to escape hell. My Christian walk, I have to admit, consisted each night of asking the Lord to forgive me of my sins, which were becoming more and more as the years went on.

By the time I was fourteen my parents' marriage was totally devastated by sin in both of their lives and the church where my father was preaching closed its doors. I was now a young teenager in the public school whose life had been turned upside down by the things going on at home. Once the church closed we never had a church again that our family attended regularly and our home life quickly became troubled. All too soon we children were swallowed up, so to speak, with the "normal" school atmosphere which included rock music, alcohol, and immorality. However it wasn't until I was eighteen and living in the dorm at college that the bondage to sin started. By this time I had already had quite a few immoral relationships with different men and was totally devastated in my heart how far sin had taken me and how my life was turning out. The heartbreak of knowing that I had failed God, and knowing that the hopes and dreams of being morally pure were now just some faraway dream of a little girl, were almost unbearable at times. Being in an ungodly, immodest college environment is not something a young Christian should ever face. My life was now saturated with ungodly friends and friends who did indeed name the name of Christ but whose lives were in bondage to sin and the flesh.

By the time I met Cliff, who was from a plain background, I didn't care anymore what happened to me, and I had resolved that no good will ever come of my life, therefore I just gave in to the party scene playing out all around me. At this point I didn't know any other way to deal with the hurt that was within me and very, very regrettably I pulled Cliff down also into the hell I was living. Our lives became a total disregard of the things we both

had been taught as children. Well, of course, due to my immoral lifestyle, at nineteen I found myself faced with an unplanned pregnancy. At this time I was also involved with other men without Cliff's knowledge and so I was unable to fully express to Cliff my concerns and fear. I didn't care about any of the men I was involved with—they were all just an attempt to fill a void that was in my heart. I am so thankful for the faithfulness of God towards me at this point in my life. My mother had just taken my younger sister for an abortion and she assured me that if I did the same, I wouldn't destroy my future as a nurse. She told me that there was nothing to the abortion—my sister was in and out without any problems. Little did she know that I had just been upstairs with my little sister who was having great emotional

and physical pain. I am so grateful that the Lord did not allow me to be swayed to making a decision that I would regret the rest of my life, like my sister now does. I strongly argued with my mother that she had taught me that abortion was murder and I would never consider such a thing. At this point my parents felt it best that they then raise this child as their own. I looked at the state that we children were in and I knew that what this baby needed was not going to be found in my parents' home. Well, now I was faced with quite a decision and I could not rely on my parents for help. I knew Cliff was the only decent guy I was involved with at this time and I believed him to be the father of the child and I knew in my heart that he would be a good father. So unfortunately our marriage started out with much deception on my part. Because I did not love Cliff like I should have I really didn't care if we stayed married or not, and regrettably I caused much hurt in Cliff's life.

It was at this point, newly married, pregnant and going to nursing school and college full-time that my thyroid started to give me trouble. By the time I was five months pregnant I was put on bed rest for high blood pressure. The sin and the heartbreak of the consequences of sin had started to take its toll.

I...was totally devastated in my heart how far sin had taken me and how my life was turning out.

When I had my daughter, Hope, the Lord gave me such a love for her I couldn't stop thinking that someday I needed to do better with sin or else she would be affected by it. By the time she was six months old I had put her into day-care and was back to college. My health was a constant source of trouble, but it wasn't until we were blessed four and a half years later with our little Nadia and I was put on bed rest for six months that I would allow myself to truthfully look at the word of God and see how big of a need I had in my life.

After Nadia was born we were faced with the decision of where to send Hope for school. I was struck with fear of what the public school would do to her. My older sister suggested something called homeschooling. I had never heard of such a thing, so we went up to the homeschool fair in Harrisburg. It was when we were there that some strange-looking people gave Cliff a set of tapes. I took one look at them and told Cliff to give it back—I didn't want anything to do with people who looked like that (I was looking at Denny's family picture). Well, thankfully Cliff refused to give it back, because of all things he actually knew the guy who shoved the tapes at him. Roy Ulrich had been a deacon at the church Cliff had attended with his parents. The faithfulness of God was still at work. When I first heard Denny on the tapes he preached just like my Daddy preached when I was little. We had gone to one church after another since we had gotten married, partly because of our sin and partly because I was searching for a preacher who would come right out and speak the truth like my father used to. God had my full attention at this point as I listened to these tapes. Of course the first one I listened to was "Where Are The Men?" because I knew my husband needed a full overhaul. After I gave that one to him to listen to I became real brave and put in the one on the "Radiant Wife". To say the least I cried and cried the whole tape through, for not only was I not a radiant wife, filled with the joy of the Lord, but I didn't even love my husband; so I didn't have a desire to be a radiant wife. For the first five years of our mar-

I came to the point where I was done pretending I had it all together and I asked for help.

riage nighttime was always the hardest for me because the heartache of sin was much more present then and I remember as I cried myself to sleep I would beg the Lord for a little love for my husband. It was at this time, as I listened to God's truth on the home that He started to answer my prayers. The first sins He started with were anger and bitterness. The Lord had a lot of work to do in my heart to prepare a way for the truth. I will be eternally grateful that He promised to never leave me nor forsake me.

Well, we found ourselves moving to and from Missouri and it was at this time that we were disgusted with the hypocrisy we saw in many Mennonite people. We started to attend an Independent Bible Chapel and were greatly blessed for three years until a series of events opened my eyes to the fact that I was now raising my girls just like my parents had raised me. I saw young girls being influenced by young children who once again named the name of Christ but lived like the world. We once again came back to Charity in June of 2001 and I had been deceiving myself in believing my life was cleaned up. However, as I sat through one sermon after another the Lord started to show me that the outward appearance had become more godly but the inner bondage to sin was still there. For two years I prayed

the Lord would help me with the sins of my youth that I couldn't break free from. No matter how hard I tried, I would time and time again fall back into sin with the same old things of partying, alcohol, and immorality yet be at church each Sunday. Until revival meetings came in August 2003 I was a completely miserable person still heartbroken over the effects of sin, riddled with guilt over the unfaithfulness to God and troubled in my soul because I felt that as a Christian surely God would give me the power to overcome these sins, yet He hadn't even though I begged Him too.

I came to the point where I was done pretending I had it all together and I asked for help. I was counseled the first night to go home and pray that if I was indeed saved the Lord would give me "His witness within" and I would know

that I was saved. Well, I went home and prayed and prayed and all the Lord brought to my mind and heart was sin. So after sharing my past and the bondage to sin the Lord brought a deep cleansing repentance to my heart, years and years of sin and turmoil came out and the Lord replaced them with His love and peace and His Salvation! Praise God for His Faithfulness!

With most of my sins that I was in bondage to, the Lord took them completely away at that moment. But Satan did not want to give up this battle easily—he had the rule over my life for 33 years and he wasn't going to give up without a fight. A few months after my salvation I was free from all those things that had tortured me from youth except my addiction to immorality. I wasn't physically sinning at this point but in my mind I still was and Satan was there to quickly point out every failure I had when it came to certain men around me. After counseling with our dear brother Denny again, I realized this was the battleground on which Satan wanted to convince me I was a failure and that my salvation was a complete hoax. Denny encouraged me to look at this as a battle, to ask Jesus for help each time an impure thought came to mind and fight with the Word of God, prayer and singing. After two months of what I would call intense battle I started to have peace in my mind. I started to see the joy in living like I had never experienced. God had miraculously changed not only my heart but my mind as well. Praise God for His Faithfulness!

I had enjoyed a month of peace when I found out that after waiting nine years for another child, when we had long ago given up on the chance of ever having another baby to hold, we were expecting a precious new life. How could my Savior who forgave me and saved me from so much now only a few months later bless me with what my heart had desired for so long? How could he possibly love me that much?

Once again Satan didn't want this all to work out to the glory of God and ten days after I found out I was expecting I was told that I had thyroid cancer. I have to admit in the beginning of the pregnancy I thought, "Well, you reap what you sow, and this must be my punishment for disobedience against God." At this point Denny told me about two tapes on God's love and told

me that the Lord does indeed love me and the best thing for me and my unborn baby was to understand His love in my heart and be at peace. So I went home and I cried to think, as I listened to the tapes, that I had been denying God's love towards me.

The next battle I dealt with was facing well-meaning family members and doctors who suggested that I take care of myself so I can be around for the two children I did have. They suggested that I have my thyroid out during the second trimester of pregnancy which is usually the recommended course if a pregnant woman facing cancer decides to keep her baby. However, the doctors told me that there was a one percent chance that I would lose the baby. I quickly told the doctor that if there was one percent chance of my baby dying I couldn't even think about the surgery. They all looked at me like I was an alien and proceeded to tell me that they couldn't guarantee that the cancer wouldn't spread during the pregnancy, but it was my decision. After going home I decided that I did not feel comfortable going back to these doctors and decided to do some research on the internet. What I found was an endocrinologist who was world renowned for treating pregnant women with thyroid cancer. She had a totally different perspective and was openly grateful for the children she had and told me that we had to get started with certain medications to ensure that I had a healthy baby. She realized the life of my child was extremely important to me.

I have to say that the Lord gave me a peace throughout the whole pregnancy that left me to rest in His arms. My usual battle with high blood pressure during pregnancy was taken completely away after only being in bed for three weeks, something totally unheard of for me. The Lord was continuing to shower me with His love.

On September 29th, 2004, we had our precious little Joshua Clifford, straight from the arms of Jesus. He was absolutely, perfectly healthy. His name Joshua means "Jehovah saves." I continue to thank the Lord for the miracle of him each day.

A couple of months after Joshua was born we prepared for thyroid surgery, but I knew the Lord was urging me to be anointed with oil and prayed for by the ministry, so we did that down in the couch room with Denny and

Aaron and close friends. What a blessing that was to my soul.

When the thyroid was out and we got the pathology report we were told that the cancer had spread to the blood vessels. Only two percent of the people with my cancer have this complication and it greatly increases the chances of death. At this point I have to admit I struggled with fear of the unknown. What was the Lord doing now—was I to prepare to say goodbye to my little ones? My doctor was telling me that the only chance I had at survival long term was to have the radioactive iodine. The radioactive material was to kill any cancer and thyroid tissue left in the body after surgery. So we prepared for the week of isolation where I would be required to be away from everyone for a week. Aaron & Janice Hurst were going to keep the rest of the family, and the morning of my scan and treatment we left the children and all their things at the Hursts. I did not know how I was going to survive the week alone. I did not know how my precious baby was going to do without me but most of all I have to admit I was worried that the whole body scan was going to show that I had cancer throughout my body, and I would only have a few weeks to live.

They did the scan early in the morning and we waited for hours for them to read the scan and prepare the dose of radioactive iodine. As we were waiting, one of the doctors came out and said that I needed more tests, and that I needed to go to my doctor's office. Now I knew a lot of people were praying for me at that time, and the whole time I was in the scanning room I was praying that my Savior would once again reach down and touch this daughter of His. When we got to the doctor's office she told us that she had good news for me—that not only could they not find any cancer, they could not find any remnants of the thyroid tissue that they had left there during surgery. She told me that they see this in one in about two hundred patients, and they have no idea why. She said we have certain tests I must do this next week to make sure it wasn't a false

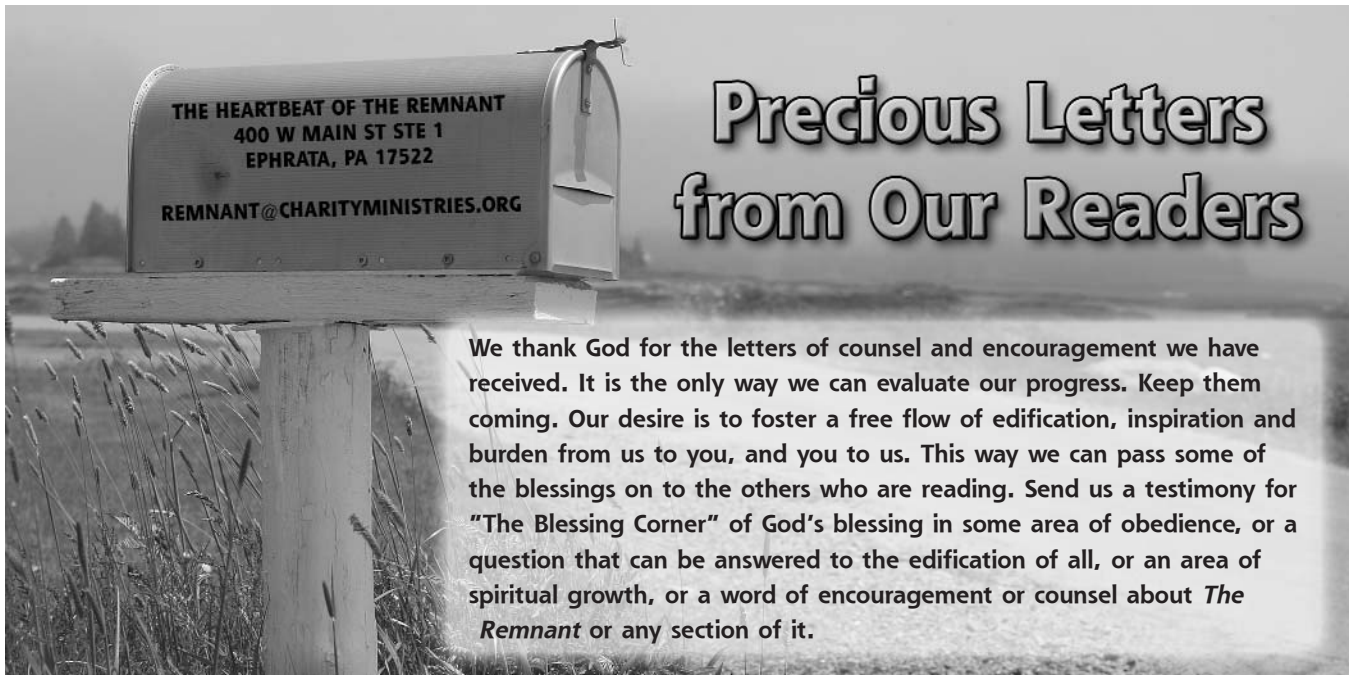
...not only could they not find any cancer, they could not find any remnants of the thyroid tissue that they had left there during surgery.

negative scan, but for now, go home and hug your baby. Today I am here to testify that all the tests have come back clear and the Lord God, our Great Physician, had indeed come down and took not only any cancer left but even the remaining thyroid tissue.

I am an undeserving daughter of the Most High God. I will never fully understand the depths of His love for me while I am here on this earth but I have to admit that He has opened my eyes to the way He has been faithful to me time and time again. May I ever give Him the glory and honor He alone deserves for saving my soul, saving my marriage, giving me the blessing of children, and saving my life from cancer.

In closing, the Lord has put a few verses on my heart time and time again since I was told I had cancer. One of them is Isaiah 43:2—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The Lord himself was not only present in my heart through all these past trials but He faithfully fulfilled this scripture for me through many of you. When I felt like I was going to drown with fear and anxiety, someone was there

for me encouraging me and pointing me to look up to my Savior. When my physical strength was failing me someone was there to carry me through. But most of all, when I would recognize the full magnitude of what lay ahead of me, someone was on their knees on my behalf. "Thank you" does not express the sincere gratitude I feel towards each and every one of you. The Lord has once again showed His unfailing love to me through all of you. Thank you so much for your prayers, your gifts, your time and energy spent on my behalf. Every time you lifted me up to the throne of grace the Lord heard your prayers. I truly feel like He has shown me a great amount of mercy and grace because of the faithful prayers of you all. I love you all and pray that each one of you have the peace in your heart that only the Lord can bring. □



We thank God for the letters of counsel and encouragement we have received. It is the only way we can evaluate our progress. Keep them coming. Our desire is to foster a free flow of edification, inspiration and burden from us to you, and you to us. This way we can pass some of the blessings on to the others who are reading. Send us a testimony for "The Blessing Corner" of God's blessing in some area of obedience, or a question that can be answered to the edification of all, or an area of spiritual growth, or a word of encouragement or counsel about *The Remnant* or any section of it.

Dear Brother Dean,

Thank you very much for your work in getting my article on the telemarketer ready to print in the Remnant. I pray that God would use it to build His kingdom in some way.

I thought I'd share with you something exciting that happened to me for the first time the other night. The phone rang, my wife answered and passed it to me, and I heard the familiar pause, accent, etc, that goes with most telemarketers. Except that this time the voice sounded vaguely familiar. "Hello, Mr. Hertzler. This is Troy. Do you remember me?"

Troy. Yes, I remembered him. He had called me several months earlier, I think to sell me a credit card, and when I spoke to him about the Lord he seemed as hungry as anyone I had ever spoken to. So much so that he seemed ready to surrender his life to Christ on the spot, except that he was running out of time to talk. I was, however, able to point him to Charity Gospel Tape Ministry and also to the Gospel of John, and then we hung up. I had also put him on my prayer list for the next several weeks.

Now he was calling again, probably to make another attempt to sell me his product. After all, I should be willing to buy from someone I had made such good friends with. He had politely listened to my sales pitch, and now he was going to give me his again, and hopefully generate a sale out of all his effort.

"Yes, Troy, I remember you. How have you been?" (Getting myself ready for the sales pitch to begin.)

"I'm doing good. I just wanted to talk to you a little, and let you know that I'm walking with the Lord."

"Really?" I said, not quite believing my ears. "Well that's wonderful, Troy. Thank you for letting me know. But tell me something. When did you start walking with God?"

"The day I talked with you. I just wanted to call and tell you that. God bless you."

"God bless you, too, Troy. And thanks very much for letting me know."

"You're welcome, Mr. Hertzler. Good-bye." And Troy hung up without a hint of a sales pitch.

As I said, this was the first time this had ever happened to me, after possibly several hundred talks with telemarketers. But just this one was enough to convince me beyond all doubt that it had been very worthwhile.

God bless,

Roger Hertzler
27027 Irish Bend Loop
Halsey, OR 97348
541-369-2752



I just read and appreciated your article on rock music in the latest Remnant.

Plain City, Ohio



Dear brothers in Christ,

I belong to a church that worships to modern day style music. I am drawn into God's presence each time we gather. I've been attending contemporary concerts for over 25 years. Did they ever get off track from time to time? Sure. Did they point listeners to God, God's Word,

and a life of devotion to Christ? *Absolutely!!* Why are your human opinions keeping you from moving on with God...*worship is the joy and thankfulness I have for my God and Savior coming from my heart to God. I'm so glad Mr. Martin and Mr. Taylor can't stand between my Lord and me and declare "this style of music isn't pleasing to God's ear!!" I'm so sorry you folks are stuck in you're religion instead of a pure love of God!!"*

Pennsylvania

Reply from the editor:

I'm sorry that you took such an offence to my and John D. Martin's articles on music. I encourage you to re-read the articles with a clear, quiet and prayerful heart. If you notice, the articles do not even actually criticize the genre of Rock and Roll but rather point to what we would see as a better way. John's message lifts up Hymns, Psalms and Spiritual songs and mine was more a criticism of the contemporary Christian rock culture as a whole. If you are going to

continue to be involved with this style of music please at least listen to the obvious abuses made by these performers and be a voice that stands for truth without compromise.

In the end...I hope that just as a human father receives his child's offering of dandelions with great joy, our Lord, can take many of our imperfect offerings given with a pure heart and motive and receive them as a blessed sacrifice of praise.. ~Dean



The Heartbeat of
The Remnant

Charity Ministries
www.charityministries.org
A Ministry of Charity Christian Fellowship
and Ephrata Christian Fellowship



**April-June 2005
Financial Report**

**Articles
Needed!!**




There is a need for articles around two pages in length. Submission by electronic media is preferred. Pictures or illustrations are always welcomed.

Some ideas for submission are on the topics of family life and child training, revival, evangelism or teachings on living a holy life. We also welcome personal testimonies of how God is working in your life or church. There is a particular need for articles that come from an Anabaptist perspective. This could be a historical tidbit or something current.

Thanks to each of you in advance for prayerfully considering how God might use you to bless this ministry. May the Lord be glorified!

04/01/05 Beginning Balance	\$26,711.88
Receipts	
Tape Ministry Donations	\$35,775.64
Remnant Subscription Donations	\$5,081.06
Total Receipts	\$40,856.70
Disbursements	
UPS & Postage	\$7,899.52
Tapes, Albums, CD's & Labels	\$21,400.98
Equipment & Software Purchases	\$270.19
Equipment Maint & Repairs	\$0.00
Mailing & Office Supplies	\$3,062.25
Rent	\$2,250.00
Telephone	\$1,072.83
Website Development & Maintenance	\$591.86
Building Improvements	\$505.91
Miscellaneous	\$983.76
Payroll Expense	\$13,400.01
Books & Catalogs	\$0.00
Remnant Publishing & Mailing	\$5,917.53
Total Disbursements	\$57,354.84
06/30/05 Ending Balance	\$10,213.74
Difference	-\$16,498.14



**Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast,
call a solemn assembly: gather the people,
sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders,
gather the children, and those that suck the breasts:
let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber,
and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests,
the ministers of the LORD, weep between the porch
and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people,
O LORD, and give not thine heritage to reproach,
that the heathen should rule over them:
wherefore should they say among the people,
Where is their God?**

Joel 2:15-17

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