

DON'T BLAME THE EVANGELIST
IF—

Mother had not been to church on Sunday morning, and when her little daughter came home (note the little girl stayed for church) mother asked her what the pastor used for a text. She replied, "Why, mamma, it was something about many are cold and a few are frozen."

Don't blame the evangelist for lack of success if in the church many are cold and a few are frozen and refuse to be thawed out.

Don't blame the evangelist if the church carries no burden, if there is a careless attitude in attendance, some coming out only on Sunday; if there is no one to preach to aside from a handful of the members, and some of them come to take a sleep, and if others take an indifferent attitude so it makes a hard pull for the faithful few.

Don't blame the evangelist for tame, lifeless, powerless altar services, if while he prays himself hoarse, after preaching, the members sit back in their seats, go home or sit on the floor by the front pew.

Don't blame the evangelist for empty seats if no advertising has been done, the members do not put forth any effort to bring "others," and no previous preparation has been made to create a spirit of loyalty, faith and expectancy.

Don't blame the evangelist if no new members have been added to the church if he had no material to work on. He has no way of reviving empty pews. If he did they would be only wooden brothers. You can't string fish if there are none in the pond to catch.

Don't blame the evangelist if he should seem a little concerned about his offering. He is not getting rich as some folk surmise. Many of the new names in the evangelists' list, as in past years, will drop out because of unreasonable support. If these men are worthy of the title "evangelist" they want to meet their financial obligations and keep the good will of their creditors. Sometimes a man is without employment, dates are unexpectedly cancelled and he has no income. Thus he has come under the strain of unmet obligations and is no more concerned about his offering than the pastor or layman is concerned about the weekly salary. If the salary should be withheld for a week or two both pastor and layman would feel the pinch.

Let us turn the spotlight on the evangelist's offering. For example, let us say he gets \$125.00 for a three-Sunday meeting. That amount in a lump sum looks to some folk as though he is getting rich. We shall presume the pastor gets \$25.00 a week salary. During the stay of the evangelist the pastor receives \$75.00 and usually a love offering for boarding the evangelist. No one thinks the pastor is getting rich because the \$75.00 is spread out over three weeks. Now take the evangelist's offering of \$125.00. It may be, his last offering was only \$50.00. For it is seldom he gets a hundred dollars; more often less.

To some covetous folk that \$125.00 looks too big; but watch it fade away as he spreads it over five or six weeks, and sometimes by cancellation or lack of engagements over seven or eight weeks. Then the offering does not look so big to the family, especially to the evangelist's wife, who can't stretch dollars far enough to make ends meet. Then from that average weekly offering traveling expenses and rent must be met. So it looks as

though the evangelists are not doing so well after all.

God bless our evangelists! These are hard days for them. Remember they, too, must meet the rising cost of living and all the hidden taxes. So their offerings should go up a little along with a raise for the pastor. They have to meet the terrible indifference of the world and sometimes of the church. If they are not mere professionals they are breaking under the strain.

If the pastor and church would get under the burden, if the backslidden in heart and in practice would pray through, if the unsanctified would seek their personal Pentecost and have the church on fire, and the meetings well-advertised when the evangelist arrives, we could still have old-time revivals.

But if nothing has been done to prepare the way, if the evangelist has to work with a cold, indifferent church, no raw material to work on, confronted every night with a lot of empty pews—don't blame him if the revival is a failure. For this is what the Lord says about it: "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you" (Joshua 7:13)—Selected.

GOSSIP TOWN

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go.
The Idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.
The Thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way.

But it's steep down grade; if you don't look
out,

You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Folk,
And into the tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the Add-To bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.
The principal street is called They Say,
And I've Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood
Bay

Are laden with Don't You Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park,
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.
Just back of the park is Slander's Row,
'Twas there Good Name died,
Pierced by an arrow from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town peace long since fled,
But trouble, grief and woe,
And sorrow and care you'll meet instead
If ever you chance to go.

—Selected

THE UNCHURCHED

Notwithstanding all that has been done, there are still ten thousand villages in rural America without a church of any kind—Protestant, Roman Catholic or Jewish; thirty thousand villages without a pastor, 13,400,000 children under twelve years of age who are receiving no religious instruction; more than one-half of the population of the nation today not connected with any institution representing organized religion.—The Presbyterian.

"IN A MOMENT"

Quite suddenly—it may be at the turning of
the lane,
Where I stand to watch a skylark soar from
out the swelling grain,
That the trump of God shall thrill me, with
its call so loud and clear.
And I'm called away to meet Him, whom of
all I hold most dear.

Quite suddenly—it may be in His house I bend
my knee,
When the Kingly Voice, long hoped for,
comes at last to summon me,
And the fellowship of earth-life that has
seemed so passing sweet,
Proves nothing but the shadow of our meet-
ing round His feet.

Quite suddenly—it may be as I tread the busy
street,
Strong to endure life's stress and strain, its
every call to meet,
That through the road of traffic, a trumpet
silvery clear,
Shall stir my startled senses and proclaim His
coming near.

Quite suddenly—it may be as I lie in dreamless
sleep,
God's gift to my sorrowing heart, with no
more tears to weep,
That a call shall break my slumber and a
Voice sound in my ear;
Rise up, my love, and come away, behold the
Bridegroom's here.

—Selected

NATIONAL HOLINESS CONVENTION

The 77th annual convention of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness Inc., will be held, God willing, at Roberts Park Methodist church, corner Vermont and Delaware streets, Indianapolis, Indiana, Wednesday noon, April 19, through Sunday night, April 23, 1944.

This is the historic old Methodist church where the late Dr. S. A. Keen was pastor when he wrote "Faith Papers" more than sixty-five years ago. No National Holiness convention has ever been held in the Hoosier capital city before, we are told. A great program is in the making and let every reader of this notice begin at once to pray for this 77th convention and come if possible.—Rev. C. I. Armstrong, President, Houghton, New York.

JOHN WESLEY SAID:

"I am sick of opinions. I am weary to bear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man: a man full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality and without hypocrisy: a man laying himself out in the work of faith and patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, whosoever they are and whatsoever opinions they are of. Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. Inexcusably infatuated you must be if you can ever doubt whether the propagation of this religion be of God. Only more inexcusable are those unhappy men who oppose, contradict and blaspheme it."—The Holiness Era.