

A DISAPPOINTED SOLDIER

His Letter to a Radio Minister
Dear Preacher:

I was at home a few days ago on a furlough and happened to hear you preach on the radio, and I feel that I should write you about what is on my heart. For I think I will be going to the battlefields within a few days and I want to have everything right between me and God before I go. Preacher, I have never seen you and do not know you personally, but I wish you would write me and tell exactly what to do to be saved and ready to meet the Lord if this should be my time to go. Also, if you wish to read this letter over the air you may do so, for it may help some mother or father to wake up to what is going on.

Now, here is the story: When I went home the other week I went with a feeling of joy, and yet there was a burden on my heart. I knew that perhaps it would be my last furlough home, and that maybe I would never see my folks again. For I know that not all of us are coming back, and as yet I am not ready to die. So I went home, I went hoping that Mother and Dad would help me to get right with the Lord. I knew that they had never been very religious, but they belonged to the church and claimed to be Christians. They never had family prayers and did not seem to care much about the real spiritual work of the church. But I had the idea that that would all be changed now. Somehow, Preacher, I felt that surely this war with all that it is bringing would make Mother and Dad really live for the Lord.

So I went home hoping that they would talk to me about being a Christian, and that they would try to help me get saved and ready to meet the Lord. I went home thinking that surely my mother was interested in the spiritual condition of her son. I have always thought that my mother was the finest woman in the world and have been very proud of her. So I told myself that Mother was praying for me and that she was interested in seeing her boy saved, whether anyone else was or not.

But, things at home were not what I had expected to find them. I think I came back to camp the most discouraged boy that there has ever been. For when I got home everything seemed to be just as usual. About the only difference that I could see was that they fussed a lot about having to put up with rationing and because they could not buy just anything they wanted to have. As far as their religious life is concerned, I think they must be farther from God than they have ever been. Preacher, they seem to be asleep to what this war is doing, and instead of waking up and getting right with God, they seem to be getting deeper in sin.

The mother that I thought would pray with me and help me to be saved, never once mentioned religion to me. She has even quit going to church with the excuse that they do not have enough gas to drive there. I noticed that they could take a drive in the afternoons on Sunday. Anyway, the church is not very far and anyone who was really interested could walk.

Dad is all wrapped up in his job. Of course it is a defense job, but he does not seem to care much about the defense end of it. All he could talk about was the big salary he was getting, and the fact that their local union

was pressing for more money. One day when I said something about it being the biggest salary he had ever gotten, he said, "Oh well, I just might as well get my part out of this war." Preacher, I believe that he is actually glad that the war is going on. He did not seem a bit interested in the fact that the longer the war goes on the more people will lose their lives. All he seemed to care about was his pay.

So I spent my entire furlough at home. Time and again I would bring up the subject of religion, hoping that Mother or Dad would talk to me about my soul. Oh how I wanted Mother to pray for me, and how I wanted Dad to talk to me. Of course I had never heard Mother pray, and Dad had never said a word to me in all my life about my soul, but I thought that surely this war would make people turn to God. But the full time of my furlough passed and they had not said one word.

Then came the day when I had to leave. Preacher, I could not stand it any longer. I know you may think I am a fool, but I broke down and cried like a baby I just could not help it. It was not because I was having to leave. I did not mind that so bad. I knew that I might never see them again, but that was not what worried me. I just had to cry to think that my own mother and dad were not in the least interested in my salvation.

Preacher, I came to camp determined by the help of God to get saved. But I also came back wondering what would happen to Mother and Dad if God should call them into the judgment. I am not very proud of Mother now. I see that she is more interested in her clubs and visits and clothes than she is in the salvation of her own son. And one day when I smelled cigarette smoke on her breath I knew that Mother was just as badly in need of someone praying for her as I am.

Now, I know that Dad isn't interested in his son's salvation. Oh, he got a kick out of taking me around and showing the men of the community what a fine-looking boy he had, and all of that. But, Preacher, Dad does not care about my salvation. He is too much interested in making a dollar. I even caught him drinking one day in a beer joint.

I know this is a long letter and will take some of your precious time, but I write it in the hope that you may be able to say or do something that will wake the godless fathers and mothers of America up to see that they have boys and girls who need to be saved and that they should help them.

Tell the mothers wherever you can, that for God's sake and the sake of their boys, they should get right with God and quit this foolish sinful way in which they are going, and get down to business in praying for the boys and girls of this nation.

Tell the fathers that they should quit their drinking and gambling and get interested in their children and in God's work MORE than they are interested in making money. Tell the young girls (and I have some sisters) to quit their smoking and dancing and petting, and to be clean Christians so that they will be fit to marry a decent man some day and raise a family.

Preacher, keep telling them the truth, over and over and over again. And please pray for my lost mother and father and sisters, and write me just what I must do to be saved.

for I want to be a real Christian and ready to meet Jesus even if I have to die on the battlefield.
Signed by a Soldier

PRE-RAPTURE REVIVAL PROMISES

Rev. Wm. Beirnes

"He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32).

This is one of the strongest and most far-reaching promises ever given to God's people. The eternal God loved us so much that He gave Him as a sacrifice for sin—for our sin, and since He did not withhold the most priceless Jewel in His universe from us why would He withhold **any good thing** from us. It goes further than that. Paul states that through this bountiful gift—Christ, God will give us **all things**.

All things we receive are through Him and by Him and the **all things** are freely given. God is never stingy with His gifts. If we do not receive it is because we are short on the asking or ask with a selfish motive. It is not selfish to ask for a revival and the salvation of souls. We are entitled to the **all things** only as we seek to glorify Him.

If your life and praying is motivated by selfishness, first ask God to kill you out—crucify the self nature so that God will be first in all things. It is not all in asking, we must pray with a pure heart and pure motives.

George Muller was once asked by an interviewer if he spent much time on his knees. This was when he was 92 years of age. His reply was, "more or less every day. But I live in the spirit of prayer. I pray as I walk, when I lie down, and when I arise. The answers are always coming. Thousands and tens of thousands of times have my prayers been answered. When once I am persuaded a thing is right I go on praying for it until it comes. I never give up. Thousands of souls have been saved in answer to my prayers, I will meet thousands, yes tens of thousands in heaven.

The great point is to never give up until the answer comes. I have been praying, for forty-two years, every day for two men, sons of a friend of my youth. They are not converted yet, but will be! How can it be otherwise? There is the unchanging promise of Jehovah, and on that I rest.

The great faults of the children of God are, they do not continue in prayer; they do not persevere. If they desire anything for God's glory, they should pray until they get it."

If we want and need a revival in America we most certainly can have it if we will pray earnestly and continue in prayer until it comes. He will freely give us **all things** through Christ.—Midnight Cry.

A missionary in China has said: "A great **without** is written on heathenism. Men and women are without a Bible, without a Sunday, without prayer, without songs of praise. They have rulers without justice, without righteousness. They have homes without peace, marriage without sanctity. Their young men and women are without ideals, the little children without purity, the mothers without wisdom or self-control. There is poverty without relief, sickness without skill or care, sorrow without sympathy, sin without a remedy, death without hope. All this is wrapped up in the words, without Christ."

—Christian Digest.