

TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greeting, began to lament the low state of religion and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give an opinion, and after a little thought, frankly answered:

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked:

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their Eyes Were Holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after this encouragement in monosyllable he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if he had been shot and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, Sir," replied the guest not a little disturbed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising on his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity, and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you, I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious, thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work and said we considered his work ended. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing and crushing, instead of upholding, by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, Sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with a half dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels;

The King's Highway

he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert me: so we hunted him like a deer, until worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of His respected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who touches one of His servants touches the apple of His eye.

"I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived and his wife, with the spirit any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were arrows to my soul:

"He may be dying and the sight of your face might add to his anguish."

"Has it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me,' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said:

"Brother Lee! Brother Lee!"

"I bent over him and sobbed out:

"My pastor! My pastor!"

"I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face brought the last pang on earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply was murmured as if in a troubled dream.

"I stayed by him all night, and at daybreak I closed my eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said:

"I freely forgive you. But my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us with his covenant God, and He will care for us."

"Well, sir, when I slept, Christ stood before me in my dream, saying:

"Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

"Those words followed me until I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake; and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake,

FROM REV. AND MRS. H. S. MULLEN

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings again in the name of Jesus. We thank God for this another Christmas season, for the preservation of life until the present time, and for all of His blessings bestowed.

We want to thank all who have remembered us at this time with cards, letters and various kinds of gifts. It was so very, very kind of you all. May God richly bless you, and may your New Year 1955 be a happy and prosperous one.

We come asking your prayers for us again as we go over into Maine again in the work of the Lord, this time assisting Brother J. A. Blinn in revival services, Jan. 9-30. Please pray that God will go with us and help us in body, soul and spirit, and give us, for the glory of God, another time of Holy Ghost stirring of souls, so that we may see many brought to the saving and sanctifying knowledge of God. We don't want just to have special meetings; we do want a revival, a Holiness revival, some good cases of old fashioned dying out to the world, and sin, and self, and really getting sanctified. We fear that there is too much of a popular holiness in the land these days. God give us reality!

God bless you all while you pray.

Yours for Holiness,

H. S. and Mrs. Mullen

DISTRICT MEETING REPORT

The District Meeting of District No. 3 convened with the Church at Grand Harbour, Nov. 25-28. Rev. A. D. Cann brought the opening message. On Friday evening the speaker was Rev. H. C. Mullen.

The business session was held on Saturday afternoon. Encouraging reports from the churches were received. An invitation from the Old Town Church for the next District Meeting was accepted.

The services on Sunday began with the Love Feast led by Bro. Maurice Brown. This was followed by the morning service in which Rev. A. D. Cann preached. Rev. P. H. Green was the speaker on Sunday afternoon. The closing message was given by Rev. H. O. McGeorge.

This was the first District Meeting to be held in the new church at Grand Harbour. The attendance was good and God's blessing was upon the services.

Ida M. Gordon,

Secretary.

A "shady" business never yields a sunny life.—Alabama Industrial Advocate.

even if they were not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a 'very extraordinary man.' Stop where you are and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it resolutely as did the silent deacon.—The Evangelist.