

Megiddo Message

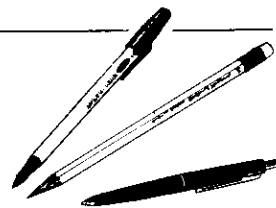


*A Tribute to the Memory of
Rev. Maud Hembree*

1853-1935

Vol. 68, No. 8

September, 1981



“Honour To Whom Honour . . .”

THE APOSTLE PAUL left us a principle of giving due respect and honor in these words: “Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour” (Rom. 13:7).

A memorial issue is not custom, nor is it tribute as Paul thought of tribute. Nor is it honor of any consequence when the person being honored knows nothing about it; and when or if she should hear of it in the day of Resurrection, it will not be even worthy of mention compared with the high honor that will then be hers. Our message is to the striving, struggling aspirants among us today who can be strengthened and inspired by her example as we confront the same testings, trials and opportunities that were hers.

Fifty years separate us from the life and work of the Rev. Maud Hembree, fifty years of dramatic change which she could scarcely begin to comprehend were she to live again today. But her struggles, needs, longings and conflicts were not that different from those that trouble us. And in learning of her life, we hope and pray that someone may be helped toward the triumph that was hers.

With this intent we are dedicating this issue of our *Megiddo Message* to the memory of the person who was responsible for its inception, Maud Hembree. Pastor of the Megiddo Church for 23 years, during a period which included both the tumult of the First

World War and the preparations for the Second, and the difficult years of the Great Depression, she was a solid tower of strength and her life an example to all who would “live godly in Christ Jesus.”

Almost the entire contents of this issue is either by or about her. We are doing this because we feel it is one way we can show the power of the gospel we preach, to exalt the cause she exalted, to show that true Christian living is not a vision and a dream but a present and possible reality. We are doing it to stimulate ourselves to the same complete dedication she made, to carry on the work which she promoted heart and soul, until the new Day dawns.

The words of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow seem appropriate here:

Lives of great men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Megiddo means

"a place of troops" (Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon); "a place of God" (Young's Analytical Concordance). Megiddo was and is a town in Palestine, strategically located, and the scene of frequent warfare. In the spiritual parallel, it is a place where soldiers engaged in spiritual warfare gather to renew their strength and courage (II Cor. 10:4-5).

We believe

—in God the Creator of all things, all men, and all life.

We believe

—in the Bible as containing the genuine revelation of God and His purposes for men, and as being our only source of divine knowledge today.

We believe

—in Christ the Son of God and our Perfect Example, who was born of a Virgin, ministered among men, was crucified, resurrected, and taken to heaven, and who shall shortly return to be King of the whole earth.

We believe

—in life as the gift of God, and in our sacred responsibility to use it for God and His coming Kingdom.

We believe

—in all mankind as providing the nucleus from which a superior, God-honoring people shall be chosen to receive the blessings of immortal life.

We believe

—in ourselves as capable of fulfilling the demands and disciplines given us in the law of God, thus perfecting that high quality of character which God has promised to reward with life everlasting in His heavenly Kingdom on earth.

We believe

—in the promise of God, that a new age is coming—is near—when the earth will be filled with His glory, His people, and His will be done here as it is now done in heaven.

Bible quotations in this issue:

Unidentified quotations are from the King James Version.

Other versions are identified as follows:

NEB—New English Bible

NIV—New International Version

NAS—New American Standard

RSV—Revised Standard Version

TLB—The Living Bible

TEV—Today's English Version

JB—The Jerusalem Bible, Reader's Edition

Phillips—The New Testament in Modern English

Berkeley—The Modern Language New Testament

Weymouth—The New Testament in Modern Speech

Moffatt—The Bible, A New Translation

Williams—The New Testament, A Translation in the Language of the People

Rotherham—The Emphasized Old Testament

The use of selected references from various versions of the Bible does not necessarily imply publisher endorsement of the versions in their entirety.

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Vol. 68, No. 8

September, 1981

Editorial

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR..."

2

Article

THE LIFE OF MAUD HEMBREE
Pastor of the Megiddo Church 1912-1935

4

Poem

I KNEW HER

6

Article

I KNEW A GREAT WOMAN
Her heart was set on greatness, genuine greatness.

7

Poem

THE CONTRAST
Earthly Fame vs. Heavenly Glory

12

Article

O THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES...

13

Sermonettes

...AND STILL SHE SPEAKS

14

Sermon

BRINGING FORTH FRUIT UNTO LIFE
Practical lessons from the Master's parables

16

Missionary Activities

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING
SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE
Spreading the Gospel in 1924.

20

21

A NEW MISSIONARY:

THE MEGIDDO MESSAGE

23

Answers to Questions

24

Obituaries

26

Poem

CHISELWORK

28

The MEGIDDO MESSAGE is a religious magazine devoted to the cause of Christ, and published for the dissemination of Bible truth alone. Official organ of the Megiddo Church. L. T. Nichols, Founder; Kenneth E. Flowerday, President and Editor.

The MEGIDDO MESSAGE is available in microfilm from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI, 48106.

The MEGIDDO MESSAGE is published monthly (except July) by the Megiddo Church, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619. Second Class postage for the MEGIDDO MESSAGE (USPS 338-120) paid at Rochester, New York. SUBSCRIPTION RATE: One year, eleven issues, \$2.00.



The Life of Maud Hembree

*Pastor of the Megiddo Church
1912-1935*

MAUD HEMBREE, nee Galloway, was born in Amity, Oregon, on April 5, 1853, the tenth of ten children. Only the year before the family had crossed the plains from Wisconsin in an oxcart. Thus her introduction to life was of the "pioneer" style, where hardship was daily fare and luxury was unknown. Her parents being of Roman Catholic persuasion, they gave serious attention to the religious training of each of their children, little Maud not excepted. When old enough, she was enrolled in the local Convent school, for the discipline and training of which she was ever grateful. At one time she considered becoming a "religious." When she had received sufficient education, she chose schoolteaching as a profession.

But the normal interests of young adulthood prevailed, and at about 20 years of age she was married to a Mr. Hembree, with whom she expected to live the rest of her days. However, such was apparently not to be, for suddenly—tragically—about four years later, the young family was broken with a violently furious fit of Mr. Hembree's temper, and Maud found herself suddenly on her own, separated from her husband and also her young son and daughter, whom

she loved dearly. It was a loss which took many, many years to heal.

But the loss, tragic as it was, did not leave young Maud self-pitying and dejected. For about the same time something new came into her life, something that offered far more than the best family could have given her.

It all began in 1877 when a traveling minister, L. T. Nichols, moved into the valley where she lived. Quite naturally, being a devoted Catholic, she was suspicious of the new preacher. On Christmas Eve (so-called) in the village of Carlton, Oregon, she passed by the schoolhouse in which she had formerly taught. Tonight that "false prophet" was holding a meeting inside. She crossed to the far side of the road, as if in fear of contamination. "Prejudiced" does not begin to describe her feelings toward him.

Not many weeks later, a discussion was arranged between the new religious leader and the president of the local Christian College, Professor Campbell, a lawyer and linguist and a minister of the Disciples faith. Professor Campbell was to attempt to prove that we possess an immortal soul and go to heaven at death, also that the Kingdom of God is the

Church set up on the day of Pentecost with Christ as a spiritual king. L. T. Nichols, the strange new preacher, was to prove the opposite: that man is mortal, that he sleeps in death until the Resurrection, that the Kingdom of God is a real, tangible Kingdom which will be established on this earth after Christ comes to conquer all nations.

Maud Hembree had never attended any non-Catholic services, and would not even think of entering any non-Catholic church. But since this discussion was not going to be held in any church (there was not a church large enough to hold the anticipated crowd) and because her close friend persisted in urging her to go, she finally consented. Yes, she would go—for the specific purpose of hearing the newcomer so thoroughly defeated that never again would he dare disturb the religious peace of Oregon's lovely Willamette Valley.

She went; and she saw—to her utter amazement—that Mr. Nichols was not defeated. Although the majority would not acknowledge it, she was too honest at heart to miss the evidence. Of her conversion Mr. Nichols wrote years later:

"How well I remember her at the

first meeting—she sat in the very back seat in that great building. But she had reverence for God's Word, and although she did not know Genesis from Revelation, she saw the evidence was on our side and she was astonished as some one near her showed her a Bible and she saw how it read. She said to herself, 'I have been hating the very thing the Bible said, and I thought it was all Mr. Nichols.' "

She attended all eight sessions, and before they were over, she was on the front seat, "the anxious bench" they call it.

Some weeks later, at the home of a newly converted blind sister, Maud Hembree announced her decision. And the decision made, there was no reconsidering it. From then on it was straight ahead. She was just 24 years old, and the entire course of her life was changed.

About the same time she made another decision that involved a life-long responsibility and afforded her many years of loving companionship. The blind girl, Maggie Millican, needed Maud—and Maud needed Maggie; and for the next 47 years they made their home together. It was a bond of friendship and Christian love stronger than the strongest ties of earth, a bond that grew closer with the passing years.

Mrs. Hembree's progress in her new faith was rapid and her effort intense. She secured her first Bible and delved into its study with all the eagerness of her youthful, studious mind. And just as rapidly and eagerly did she apply what she learned. One by one the relics of her former faith were discarded—her rosary, her crucifix, and her precious tiny scapula containing "Peter's bones" (which, upon daring investigation, proved to be nothing other than wheat bran!). Her ready compliance with the disciplines of her new faith was exemplary—because she saw its possibilities. It was a new venture, a

new life—with the prospect of a tremendous future. How could she give less than her best!

During the years immediately following her conversion, Mr. Nichols was still on itinerant, permanent headquarters not having yet been established.

When Mrs. Hembree had been with the new religion just eight years, it was decided that Mr. Nichols and his followers would purchase land and settle in the Illinois-Minnesota area. Mr. Nichols would have a church in Ellington, Minnesota, and Mrs. Hembree would have her own ecclesia in Barry, Illinois, about 500 miles distant. The special arrangement worked well, giving Mrs. Hembree experience which was to prove invaluable in meeting the responsibilities that would be hers in later life. Teaching, guiding, studying, presenting the evidence of the Bible at every opportunity to the limit of her knowledge, she grew. For seventeen years the two churches were maintained, until Mr. Nichols decided that for their own spiritual good they should assemble; at which time he launched the idea of a Mission steamer. By the time this dream was a working reality, it was 1902.

Mrs. Hembree was among those who sold their property to join the

riverboat venture. It was not an easy decision. As she recalled in later years, "Many of us were living in our own homes, and we had good, comfortable homes. We expected to stay there until the Lord came. But Brother Nichols said, 'No, we must be doing something, we must labor for the Lord. We cannot be selfish and stay in our homes.' The prospect was not very bright so far as material things were concerned. We sold our property for a low price in order to sell quickly. But we had faith in God that He would prosper us, and how He has!"

After slightly more than two full years on the mission steamer, Mrs. Hembree was among those who settled in permanent headquarters in Rochester, New York. But though she was not responsible for conducting the regular services of the group, her talents were continually used, as Mr. Nichols relied upon her for right-arm support and as she influenced everyone she could in the way of holiness and principle. When the group held meetings presenting evidence on the various Bible topics, Mrs. Hembree was often the spokesperson appointed. Her wholehearted, sincere dedication was a constant need.

In 1912, when the founder, Rev. L. T. Nichols, fell asleep in death,



Sunday School in Barry, Illinois

full responsibility of leadership fell upon Mrs. Hembree—a task which she humbly and faithfully filled for the next 23 years, until her death in 1935.

Mrs. Hembree was progressive, and many were the improvements made during her pastorate, especially in the ways and means used to spread the Gospel. Publication of the *Megiddo Message* began on a regular basis (biweekly), to defend and demonstrate the divine inspiration, infallibility, and harmony of the Scriptures. In addition to this new effort, two boats were purchased and placed upon the waterways of New York State to give conveyance to the young men who were willing to leave their work during the summer months to go out and help others. In 1924 a large Gospel Car was built as a means of further extending the work in New York and other states.

In July 1925, Mrs. Hembree and her assistant, Mrs. Ella M. Skeels, attended what is commonly known as the "Scopes Trial" in Dayton,

Tennessee. Here she heard firsthand the debate between the supporters of the theory of evolution and those who attempted—if weakly—to support the Biblical position of creation. She had hoped that some opportunity might arise where she would be able to present the real evidence of the Bible to those who were professing its support in the trial, but on the last day of the proceedings she witnessed the sad spectacle of the Bible assailed and undefended, made ludicrous and declared absurd.

At the close of the testimony, knowing how the Bible had been misrepresented by the answers of those defending it, she sought the following day for an interview with Mr. Bryan and attempted to show him how God in His Word had spoken in allegorical, spiritual, and symbolic terms. At first, she reported, Mr. Bryan seemed pleased and quickly said, "Why did you not come sooner?" but suddenly he turned away, saying, "It is too late

now." A few hours later the country was shocked to learn of his death.

Always a teacher, always a student, there was nothing she loved better than defending the Bible and encouraging others to seek the good and the right way.

Our present pastor, Brother Flowerday, was one of those who benefited from her careful teaching. He recalls how she would prepare lists of Bible texts giving the evidence on basic Bible teachings: "She would provide each of us younger members with a copy of the lists, then would invite us to her apartment to recite our lessons." It was invaluable instruction.

When she was past 70 years of age, she felt impelled to assemble the evidence; so the monumental task was begun, and before her death in 1935, two volumes totalling 816 pages had been published. It was *The Known Bible and Its Defense*, a work which remains a living monument to her faith and conviction.

I KNEW HER

In memoriam to the Rev. Maud Hembree
(Reprinted from the *Megiddo Message*, Nov. 23, 1940)

I knew her! Yes, it is a fact.
Though other things I may have lacked,
This treasure surely I possessed,
That with her guidance I was blest.
She led me when the way was dark,
With nought directing but a spark
That lighted up the way she trod;
But well she knew it led to God.

When others would my steps ensnare
She bade me have a watchful care;
And when to folly I would bend,
Or wastefully my moments spend,
Then, as a mother rules her child,
In manner stern, yet ever mild,
She brought me to my senses by
A timely word, or warning cry.

No, I can not my blessings tell,
For I was one who knew her well;
And just to meet her face to face
Was something time could not efface.
A benediction graced her smile
In which there dwelt no trace of guile,
And understanding ever shone
From eyes that looked into your own.

And hearing her defend the Word,
Her love of Truth with fervor stirred,
Could but a strong impression make,
E'en cause the Word deep root to take.
But most of all I liked to sit
Beside her, gathering, bit by bit,
The counsel that I needed most,
Of which a Solomon might boast.

Hers was a noble trinity
Of three-in-one, and one-in-three;
A faith in God that soon I found
Was equaled by a doctrine sound;
And these did not one whit exceed
Her zeal in scattering the Seed.
Faith, knowledge, zeal, it seemed to me,
In her became a unity.

I knew her—yes, it is a fact,
And though some other things I lacked,
Pray tell me, What are all the rest,
When He has saved for me the best?
My life has been the richer far
Because of that illumined star,
And I'll not grumble or repine
If other treasures are not mine.—L. L. S.

I Knew A Great Woman

by Fanella H. Porter

Her name did not happen to be Hannah, or Esther, or Phoebe, or Sarah, or Deborah, or any of the other great women of the Bible. But my fortune was nearly as good, for she whom I knew was a great woman.

I knew a great woman. Not everyone can say that. Not everyone has the privilege that was mine. In our world today there is so much of mediocrity, so much of quality that is just “good enough,” so much of carelessness and unrestrained “free” living—which my friend disdained. Nothing ordinary for her, nothing mediocre or commonplace. For her, life was on another plane, a plane where externals do not matter, where God is all in all.

Her heart was set on greatness, *genuine* greatness. “The Challenge of the Colossal” was the topic of a sermon she preached one day, and her life exemplified it. From the time when, just twenty-four years of age, she made her decision to serve God, until her career was over, the challenge of the colossal, the challenge of the high, the noble, the godly, was her inspiration. To reach the highest heights of holiness, to scale the utmost peaks of character and godlikeness was her life long ambition. She dreamed of it; she prayed for it; she preached it; she practiced it.

I did not know her in her younger days; she was well past middle-age when I first saw her. But just being with her made you feel you were in the presence of greatness. You weren’t exactly conscious of it—and neither was she, for no one ever could have been more genuinely humble; but there was something singular about every moment in her presence, as she pointed out some lesson you had not fully mastered, some higher challenge you had not felt before, some fresh insight into the Word of God. There was always something to rise to, something to learn, something to be, to do. You couldn’t miss it if your heart was at all akin to the things she loved.

(Continued next page)

I CALL her great. Yet, I know that she was not great as men measure greatness. The history books will never recount her struggles (though she was a pioneer of note). Nor will her name appear in the text of *Great Men and Events of the Western World*; nor will she be listed in *Who's Who*. We search in vain among the Caesars, or the Napoleons, or the Shakespeares, or even the Florence Nightingales for her name. Her sphere of influence was small, and her circle of friends still smaller.

But in the Higher Register, where the angels write, I am confident that she is noted. The familiar hymn, "Is My Name Written There?" was a hymn she loved to ponder, for well she knew that only they whose names are in the Book of Life shall be delivered in the great Day to come.

Yes, if the New Testament and all that Paul and Jesus had to say about real greatness in the Kingdom of God is true, I feel sure that my friend's name will be written there among God's great, for any who knew her knew how richly she embodied the qualities God is seeking.

WHAT were some of those qualities?

Foremost in my mind is the quality of humility. This may seem strange to some, but not to any who knew her. Appointed by the founder of the Church to be his successor, she assumed her responsibilities in a manner that won for her the love and devotion of everyone. Her first and constant concern was her own responsibility to God, and never was anyone more ready than she to acknowledge a wrong, to ask forgiveness and try again. I do not mean to suggest that her leadership was lacking in authority or respect—never! But there was nothing authoritarian about her manner. Never did she make you feel that you were being *compelled* to follow. It was always an appeal, a

loving entreaty to seek the better way, the higher way, the nobler way, God's way; for she saw everything—even the smallest details of life—in the long-range perspective of her life goal.

No one who knew her would contest the fact that she was truly humble; yet it was not a humility that was aware of itself. It was a humility that enabled her to forget herself totally, to hide herself behind the Word of God and throw all her might into pushing it forward. This was her whole interest; yes, all her love and affection were bound up in defending the faithfulness of that Word and its Divine Author, and helping those who might be seeking Him.

IF YOU had known her, you would have been impressed with how interested she was in helping you to a better understanding of the Word of God. She was interested in you as a person, if you were interested in what God has written. I believe it is safe to say that there was never a single honest searcher who crossed her path who did not receive her wholehearted love and encouragement. Nothing brought her more happiness than to help one to a life of faith and conviction. Nothing brought her more joy than defending the Book she loved; and nothing hurt her more than the scoffs and jeers of unbelievers. Many were the times she said it in words to this effect: "I would rather they would talk against me, I would rather have my own reputation assailed, than to see these truths of God dragged in the dust." She said it, and she *meant* it.

Greatly gifted as a speaker, writer and minister of the Word, she preached without notes or prepared text three services a week through all the 23 years of her pastorate. But there was never any swagger in her mannerisms, no dash or braggadocio about her appearance; just a quiet, unassuming nobility that spoke for

God. When you came to Church on Sunday morning, it was not unusual to see the pulpit piled high with historical reference works, catechisms, and various other books she was going to cite—a line here, a paragraph there—in her effort to impress the truthfulness of the Word of God. And as she spoke, you knew that her only desire was to fill you, the listener, with the wonderment of God's living Word, to share an inspiring thought, to unmask another glittering gem that might help you in your effort to live acceptably before God and secure a place in His Kingdom. When she spoke to you—whether from behind the pulpit or in the quiet of her study—her earnestness permeated every word. She just assumed that God's interests were your interests, that her first love was yours also, and that God was all in all. Always seeking to improve herself, always thoughtful of others, always looking ahead, always thinking first of the interests of God, she was through and through *His* servant.

ANOTHER quality that impressed me was the consistently high level of her conversation. "Watch what you are talking about," was a frequent admonition which she practiced even more than she preached. There was no hint or trace of anything cheap or tawdry proceeding from her imagination. Conversation, as she saw it, was to be spiritually energizing. "I would not sit down to a meal," she said, "if I thought I could not talk about the things of God and say something to help us into the Kingdom." She said it, and she meant it. Never was an hour wasted in worthless chit-chat if she were around. Such talk was just not appropriate in her presence. It didn't fit! She took seriously Paul's urging that we fix our minds on whatsoever things are true and beautiful, honest and just, pure and lovely and

of good report. Strict mental discipline was a high priority in her life. After all, wasn't God going to judge for all this? And when He surveyed each of our lives, would He not see all the things we thought and talked about? Could He not read even now the thoughts and intents of the heart?

Never was there any shortage of worthwhile conversation for her. The main reason for this, I have concluded, was that she had filled her mind brimming full of the things concerning the Kingdom of God and what we must be doing to live there. This was her simple, forthright philosophy: "Fill your mind with good thoughts, and there will be no room for the evil; it will be crowded out." She proved that this was possible. Literally hundreds and thousands of passages of Scripture she knew by heart. When she rose to preach, it was common for her not to read a chapter—she quoted it. And so often, in the course of her talk, as she went from one Bible author to another to expound her point or bring out the evidence, she was all the time fingering the pages of her Bible to find the passage she had almost, by then, finished quoting! Her love for the sacred Word was so deep that the passages just seemed to flow forth. She spoke easily and freely—from a heart that had spent so much time living with the divine that the environment was "natural." A Bible, for her, would last not more than a few years—sometimes only a few months—before it was literally threadbare. And she would not permit herself the luxury of a concordance to locate texts she wanted to find—that would be like leaning on a crutch when you had two good legs! Nor would she even permit herself, I am told, to purchase multiple copies of the same publishing of the Bible—it might make her dependent on "this verse in the upper right hand corner" of a certain page!—a dependency which she shunned.

LEVEL, sturdy, composed, I like to think of my friend as unshockable. I know that she was human and subject to the same temptations as all of us; but during the years I knew her, the youthful insecurity and excitability was behind her. Her indignation now was stirred only at the sight or sound of evil. Nor would her principles permit any compromise in herself. The permissiveness of our modern-day

appropriately, *The Known Bible*, and I can still see the pleasure and deep joy that lighted her face when she was presented with the first volume of the completed work. It was a moment of triumph for the cause she loved.

LIFE for her was never a flopping carelessly along, jumping from one intensely felt "spiritual experience" to the next, with the in-

Tender and easily hurt by nature, she grew until she could honestly say, "I wouldn't know how to go about getting a hurt feeling."

Sodom would be too much for her puritanical ideals; but she saw it coming. She was horrified; but she saw it for what it was—a solid confirmation of her faith in the Word of God. Had He not foretold it? And meanwhile, her mind was at the opposite end of the spectrum, too involved in the things that are pure and holy to be unduly jarred by the lust, lasciviousness and license that flourished outside.

Self-discipline was among her strong qualities of character; yet it was never discipline for discipline's sake. There was no air of rigidity, no self-martyr spirit, but simply an ordered, day-by-day living with meaning and dignity that gave grace and beauty to her life. It seems to me that she used the external discipline to support her inner life, to give constancy and purpose to a schedule which many of us would consider unmanageable. No energy was wasted in fussing or fretting.

All of this, it seems, made possible that project upon which she embarked in her mid-seventies—the writing of two large volumes in a firm defense of the Bible. She named it

avoidable ditches between. Rather, it was a matter of daily prayer, daily learning, daily study, daily submission, daily obedience to the highest she knew; ever seeking, ever learning, ever growing, ever improving. Life was not without its problems, but she early learned that the day begun and concluded with God was sufficient unto itself.

Our founder complimented her on her steady, onward march, a compliment which she well deserved. Few have been the followers of God in any age who have made the whole of life one steady forward thrust. There are usually a few years of indulgence thrown in, a short spell of waywardness, a little while of "sowing to the flesh." Not so in the life of my friend. For her there was no tarrying, dawdling, or hesitating by the way. By her diligence and ready obedience, she let her life enlarge as fast as her understanding. For her, to know was to do. It was as simple and straightforward as that. I do not mean to infer that she did not err; but when shown a better way, she had the good sense to accept it and let go her own idea. And through year

upon year of steady devotion, her outlook, inclinations, preferences and tastes were all conditioned by her dedication to Christlikeness. Here was another choice precept she practiced: the necessity of changing our tastes until we love only the good and abhor everything evil.

WHEN many years of her exemplary career were already behind her, she was heard to say one day that she had had a dream in

away from the temptation. It is the only way you will get stronger. People think they need the temptation—you will have all the temptation you need. Avoid everything you can." This was no advice for cowards, as many who have tried it have learned. It was only another example of her humility—a humility that could face a weakness for what it was and learn to rise above it.

Someone has said that it is possible to turn our most pronounced

world tending more and more to irreligion, disregarding religious principles. Why was it happening? Because children were not being taught at home.

I was also impressed by her thoughtfulness for others. There is no place like home to tell what we really are, and my friend's "home" for 47 years was with a blind sister, whose welfare was her special responsibility. We can only imagine the untold stories of daily need and kindness living so long with one so dependent yet so resourceful and sharing the same goals and interests in life. All 47 years with never a harsh or angry word between them speaks something for the character of the persons concerned. What made it possible? Nothing less than Christianity in action. It was visible even in the most ordinary incidents of every day. For example, it was learned after the death of my friend how she and the blind sister had shared the tasks of cooking. My friend preferred her potatoes cooked skins-on; the blind sister "Maggie" liked them pared. So what happened between these two thoughtful sisters? When Maggie was doing the cooking, she prepared the potatoes the way my friend preferred them; and when my friend prepared them, she fixed them the way Maggie liked them! It is just a homey example of how two people can get along well—and both get what they want—by giving preference to the other!

"Tomorrow morning, watch! Watch how you are spending your time, what you are thinking about. If you think right, you will do right. And when evening comes, you will look back over a clean day."

which someone had told her she had a "miserable disposition." "And do you know," she said, "when I looked, I saw it was true!" There is something else you can know—that she went right to work to change whatever "miserable" streak she had uncovered. This, she felt, was God's way of revealing her deficiency to her so she could correct it.

Tender and easily hurt by nature, sympathetic and loving, she sometimes found harshness too hard to take. In her younger years she fell prey to assaults of self-pity, and her too-sensitive feelings were often hurt. She would see someone mistreating an animal—a farmer mistreating a horse, or torturing an ugly mule. It was too much—she was all upset. How could she learn to keep her self-control and inner peace at such times? There was a solution: look the other way. Whenever possible she avoided the temptation altogether—a bit of philosophy which helped many who knew her. "When you know you have a weakness," she would say, "get

fleshly weakness into our strongest spiritual strength. My friend did just this. So persistent was her effort to overcome her sensitiveness and govern her sympathies that in later years she could honestly say, "I wouldn't know how to go about getting a hurt feeling." Isn't that growth?

PERHAPS her strongest grounding point was her deep faith and reverence for God. This was a quality she gratefully attributed to her parents, who in their zeal for the Roman Catholic faith did their best to instill in her young mind the reverence they felt proper and love for the principles they respected—qualities regrettably lacking in our world today. "Every child should be taught reverence," she often said. Being taught doctrines which she later learned were in error was a very small disadvantage, she felt, compared to the great advantage her parents gave her. "They taught me the best they knew. . . . If only every child could have the advantage I had," she remarked, as she saw a

MY friend was a woman who worked best when she had a deadline to meet. "When we were expecting company," she used to say, "we would do something about getting ready a few days in advance. But when the hour of their arrival drew near, we could get so much more done. We could work so much faster." With this in mind she made an apt comparison to her own expectation of the arrival of Christ. Her

whole life was geared in anticipation of this deadline—unknown but no less sure. Her one aim: to be ready. And it did seem that her observation about her own ability was true—the nearer she approached the end of her opportunity, the faster she worked.

She longed to see this same spirit in the brethren. "I wonder," she said one Sunday evening as she looked over the little congregation gathered, "I wonder with a deep love and longing in my heart, if the King should come tonight: how many would be ready to meet Him?" This was her whole concern.

MY friend had a singular detachment from materialism. At one point, when she had heard of a severe windstorm striking near her home while she was away, her immediate reply was, "If the house blows down, it was God's anyway."

My friend neither marched, hummed or sang; making music was not one of her gifts. Yet her whole life was a melody, and there was nothing she loved better than a hymn. Why? Because it communicated the hope and joy of true faith. Whatever others heard in music, she heard more—the meaning of the message, the pulsebeat of the divine. So genuine was her love for the hymns that rarely did she begin her morning sermon without commenting on the hymn that opened the service. Her "favorites" were many, one of the choicest being that song which expressed her lively expectation of the future: "What A Gathering of the Faithful That Will Be!"

What did she do for rest and relaxation, when she needed to look away from her papers and books?



Maud Hembree in her forties.

Just the simple, common tasks of life—a quiet walk, a bit of time in her kitchen garden, a trip to the country. Nothing elaborate was necessary to satisfy her. She grew up in the days of the "Westward Ho," and simple pleasures were all she ever knew or needed.

NOTHING avant-garde attracted her. She subscribed to no trendy magazines, nor did she try to keep pace with the vagaries of contemporary literary taste. Reading was her source of knowledge, and her fields of reading interest included anything that would edify, upbuild, instruct—and most important of all, prove the truthfulness of the Bible. Such high tastes in reading were not her natural birthright, to be sure—her reading avidity was a trait she had to

curb. Often she spoke of the temptation, of her own need to watch what she read. "We will be tempted on some point as long as we live," she said one time, indicating that for her that lifelong temptation would be reading. Too easily she could have fallen for light and easy reading; the sensational, human interest accounts. But if I can make any judgment, I would say she conquered the temptation. Her secular reading, in the days I knew her, seemed to have but one purpose: to keep herself informed on the positions of her religious critics and assailants, and to be aware of the "world picture" of current events as it might lend to the fulfillment of Bible prophecy and the strengthening of her faith.

SUCH was the woman I knew, and whose life provided the greatest single encouragement to my own Christian endeavor. And who

was she? Maggie, the blind sister with whom she lived for 47 years, called her "Maud." To the rest of us she was endeared as "Sister" by her inspiration and faith. Officially she was the Reverend Maud Hembree.

She sleeps, but only for awhile—a brief rest, as it were, before she resumes a career that will last through the endless cycles of eternity. Meanwhile, the gracious Creator gives to me the opportunity that she used so wisely, so that when my Sister lives again, I may live with her, never to part. Never, no, never!

MM

We want a full reward! and we want you to look to yourselves that you lose not the things which you have wrought, but that you receive a full reward.

—M. H.



The Contrast

Earthly Fame vs. Heavenly Glory

On Christmas Day (1920) our Pastor, Rev. M. Hembree, concluded the morning service by reciting from memory the following poem, an original composition.

(Reprinted from the Megiddo Message,
April 4, 1920)

How often, in the lapse of time,
Have nations risen, rich, renowned
For learning and for arts; declined,
Till scarce a trace of them is found.

The hands upon time's dial plate
Have backward moved, and barb'rous hordes
Have filled the hall where cultured state
Once sat supreme at festal board.

The temples grand, magnificent,
Of Egypt, faded as a dream;
Demolished—ruined heaps perchance
Now mark the place where they have been.

Great Babylon, with all her power,
Where glory, honor, wealth, combine
Within her walls, like Babel's tower,
Is buried 'neath the dust of time.

An Alexander rose to fame,
But where is all his glory now?
The Caesars gave to Rome her name
The laurels faded from her brow.

A Charlemagne by strength of arms
His kingdom won. It stands no more.
Napoleon's aspirations failed;
Exiled, he died on foreign shore.

When Greece and Persia fiercely fought
For mastery at Marathon,
Greece conquered, and her banner waved
That day at setting of the sun.

But soon, how soon to pass away
The glory of that blood-bought crown!
Like blooming flowers it shone a day,
Then laid its honor 'neath the ground.

Two thousand years, four hundred more
Have passed since captive Daniel told
To Bab'lon's haughty monarch proud,
"Thou art, O King, this head of gold."

These four great kingdoms, history'll tell
Which towering image represents,
Did each in turn rise, flourish, fall,
Like all of human governments.

This proves beyond dispute or doubt,
By all these prophecies fulfilled,
The hands that penned the words were taught
By power divine, as God had willed.

No human mind could thus foretell
Those things for centuries ahead.
Man sees the present, past may tell,
But future things from him are hid.

We view the nations of today,
Their heavens darkly clouded o'er;
How many of their stars have set!
And we see waning many more.

Look at our age, this present time,
This boasted twentieth century!
Has earth grown better? less of crime?
No, growing worse most rapidly.

And why? The Bible's laid aside,
Its light obscured, lost its true hope;
Gross darkness covers all the earth,
And people all in darkness grope.

E'en ministers have traitors proved
To truths they promised to proclaim;
They speak on fiction, pleasure, mirth,
And own no great First Cause. Oh, shame!

Now who can view the heavens above,
Those mighty worlds, immense their scope,
See Saturn's rays expand anew
Beneath the powerful telescope,

Its wondrous rings, with their pale beams,
That in her circling pathway go;
Oh, who can view them and not feel
A Hand divine has made them so!

How true the heavens do declare
The glory of our God most high;
The firmament shows forth His power
In glittering stars that stud the sky.

And yet proud man will go his way,
And vice her floodgates wide will open
And virtue, truth be swept away
By thousand streams of vast pollution.

As storms and tempests sweep the earth,
And earthquakes its foundations shake,
So passion's wild dark whirlpools sweep
All to destruction in its wake.

Vain man sought to convert the world;
But what he's done availeth naught.
So where, from whence, shall come our help?
From God! His promise faileth not.

Do you know, Jesus soon will come?
He who to Pilate witness gave
That He was born to be a King;
He is our helper, strong and brave.

He's gone as nobleman afar,
His kingdom to receive, and power;
We hear the white robed angels say,
"He shall return." Oh, glorious hour!

Our King shall come, His fair domain
No carnage can despoil on earth;
In His bright crown no pillaged pearls
Are set; but glittering gems of worth.

His kingdom shall forever stand,
"Resist the empire of decay";
Eternity is in His hand,
Its brightness ne'er will wane away.

He'll bring a time of trouble great,
As Daniel, Jesus, both foretold;
While clouds and darkness overspread
Earth's heavens, fearful to behold.

He, god-like, sends the proclamation,
"Fear God" and glorify Him now;
He'll demand their full surrender,
And every knee to Him must bow.

He comes with blessings in His hand,
To cause the earth from strife to cease;
And yet earth's rulers will unite
To fight against the Prince of Peace.

He comes endowed with power divine,
To conquer all who Him oppose;
Those who'll acknowledge Him as King
He'll shield from all their angry foes.

Then will an era grand and new
Dawn on the world so long in sin.
And every faithful one and true
Will help this cleansing work begin.

When Christ the Sun of righteousness,
A glorious orb, shall rise to shine
In earth's new heaven, its bright light
Will penetrate to every clime.

When superstition, darkness, flee
As mist before the rising sun,
When just and righteous Government
Upon this sin-sick world's begun,

Its radiant beams search out and scan
The dark recesses of the earth,
So hidden from the sight of man,
Where crime and cruelty have birth.

The darkness then will disappear
Beneath the Sun's all searching ray;
On earth, as in the heavens above,
God's will be done through endless day.

"O the Depth of the Riches Both of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God!"

By Rev. Maud Hembree

(Reprinted from the *Megiddo Message*, September 28, 1924)

THE PEN of the historian, author and poet, have filled volumes with the great achievements of the noted of earth: a Fulton, the first to propel a vessel by steam; of a Morse, inventor of the telegraph; of a Gutenberg, inventor of the printing press; of a Mergenthaler, inventor of the linotype machine; of Edison, one of our greatest inventors; and of the Wrights, the principal inventors of the flying machine, etc.; but how few are telling the wonderful works of a great and mighty God to whom all law is known! Did these laws originate at the bidding of a Wright or an Edison? Oh, no!

In all the works of nature we recognize law. The existence of law implies that of a lawmaker, for a law does not make itself. The wonderful harmony throughout nature, the adaptation of means to ends, implies design, and the design proves there is a God, an All-wise Designer.

We speak of all things working according to law, but in and of itself what power has law? Law is simply the means by which an intelligent power acts. This world is not the result of wild forces acting and reacting upon each other. Did the eagle invent the law by means of which it can mount aloft or riding the rising air currents can hang suspended in mid-air as easily as it can descend, with no human mechanism to assist its flight? Only a fool would make such a claim. There is a power behind the eagle—not blind force but a great and All-wise God.

Not only did God give wisdom to the eagle, but about 2,500 years before the Wrights were born the same mighty Being that gave wisdom to the eagle sent the angel Gabriel from some distant world to give Daniel skill and understanding (Dan. 9:21-22). The angel was said to fly swiftly—he could move with the freedom of the wind. We know that he was sent of God, because he could reveal to Daniel (a captive in Babylon during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar) the fall of Babylon and the rise and fall of the three succeeding universal empires of earth before they were in existence.

Later the same angel was sent to Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, and he said to him, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings" (Luke 1:19). He stood in the presence of God, showing that God is not simply nature, or a principle, a thought, as so many false teachers are claiming, but a real, grand, glorious eternal, Being. A few months later the same angel was sent to Mary to announce to her the birth of Jesus. What is the little knowledge man has gained—only an atom in the mighty universe compared to the knowledge of the Almighty!


Man thinks that he has wrought wonders because he can speak from America to England without cable or connecting wire, but thousands of years in the past an angel spoke to Abraham out of heaven (Gen. 22:11); and in the days of Jesus a voice came from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. 3:17). We do not refuse to give honor to any man who designs that which is a benefit to mankind, but the greatest honor should be rendered to the Almighty who alone can give us life eternal.

MM


And Still She Speaks

Though the ministry of Rev. Maud Hembree closed some forty years ago, her words still speak to our needs today.


The following lines are extracts from her sermons, discussions, talks, comments. Seen together, they convey her practical approach to life and her keen appreciation of eternal values—which we trust will be of benefit to our readers.




The more we stay in the narrow way, the easier it will be to stay there; and the more we walk carefully, the easier it will be to walk carefully.




God will reward us according to what we have done, according to whether we became new creatures or let the old nature rule us, whether we became really civilized or still retained the brute instincts.




Unless we keep our minds on eternal things we will never lay aside the weights and besetting sins. We have to keep our minds on what God has promised.



Without discipline and self-denial to make us over into new creatures, we will never receive that eternal weight of glory. We have to become new creatures, our old ways, old thoughts all laid aside. We have to grow into holiness. If we do not pass through some discipline, we are of no use to the Almighty. We have to kill out the old savage in us, the angry feeling, the selfish feeling, have to kill out the foolishness, jesting, joking, each one of the thirteen evils.




If we put away imaginations, wrath, angry words, pride, every evil, then we will be able to see we are growing spiritually. When we are putting evil away, then we are growing into a holy temple in the Lord. But there has to be a growth; we do not jump into it.




When you see a man or woman who considers the wisdom of God the most important thing in life, you will see one who is growing in the spiritual life.


Be on your guard when temptation comes; resist the first impulse. How many we have known in the last sixty years who have fallen just because they did not resist the first temptation. It is easier to resist the first impulse than, after you have yielded, to resist the second. This is something to remember, no matter what the temptation




The mighty God of heaven sent His truth to make us free—free from error, darkness and superstition; and if practiced it will make us free from our besetments, our natural besetments of envy, jealousy, hatred, pride, all the evils that defile the flesh.




There are great depths of knowledge that can be revealed to us during the Millennium if we will grow into holiness now.




"He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." You must do what you agree to do, carry it out unless you can be lawfully excused. You might bind yourself to something that might not be the best, but you must keep your word.



What will it be to be free from old age, free from heart trouble, from all the diseases that prey on the human system!



Some people seek to evade every law, every ordinance they can. We must be on our guard against it, for we are commanded to be obedient. It is something for us to think about, something to watch. They used to tax everything in the West. If you had a piano or organ, they taxed it; all furniture was taxed. It was not always easy, but we had to obey. If our nation makes a law in opposition to the higher laws of God we have to bear the penalty. They used to threaten to put anyone in jail because they would not take an oath; even so, we could not do it when God's law says no.



The more our poor finite minds take in now, the more we shall retain. But what will our mind be when this mortal puts on immortality! What a mind we can have then!

There is great danger of secret sins, sins known only to yourself and God. If not careful, they will defile your garment.



"Be in debt to no man—apart from the debt of love one to another." If you purchase property of value, that is an investment. But going into debt is one of the worst evils in the world. People in years past were poor and did not have all the luxuries we now have. They were more content with the plainest kind of food. They did not buy anything, as a rule, until they had the money to pay for it. There might have been exceptions, but as a rule they didn't go in debt. If the world were on that basis now, it would not be in the condition it is. There is no Christianity in buying things and not having them paid for.



You need not **make** the excuse that you have a poor memory; have an impression made deep enough on your mind, and your memory will be all right. The trouble is, you are letting things go in at one ear and out at the other. If you spend your time in pleasure-seeking, in foolish reading, in playing cards, or going to picture shows, you will not be able to remember; but if you let your mind dwell on God's thoughts, they will crowd out the earthly thoughts.

You cannot have your own thoughts and the thoughts of God at the same time. The more you think God's thoughts, the less you want of the thoughts of this world; they will become tiresome to you, and you will not want to go where you cannot think thoughts of God and His truth.



People will say, "Do you make any of your congregation do this or that?" No, they are perfectly free to make their own choice. They can step out and follow their own way or they can come with us and serve the Lord. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The God of heaven says we may choose.



We stand on this firm foundation, the Rock of Jehovah; and we are trying to aid you, so you will stand there also, that when the rolling whirlwind comes we may be found safe in the keeping of the All-wise, All-powerful God who alone can deliver.

Oh, be careful when you speak that you are speaking to edification. Every time you get together and encourage, reprove, and warn one another, the Lord hears and will hearken because you are thinking upon His name. He knows when you meet together what you are talking about; yes, He knows your every feeling; and if you think on His name and fear Him, you will be His treasure. You may think this sister or that brother does not know, but the Lord is hearing, and it is being written down. He knows your every motive, act and thought; you **had better** be careful and not be self-deceived.



What did Paul do? He said, "I keep my body under; I keep my body under subjection." I think if Paul had to keep his body under, there is something for us to do. He did not have his glass of beer, and his tobacco. Beer makes holes in the dinner pail; and tobacco makes holes in the dinner pail, and pride and plumes make holes in the dinner pail; but if you commence soon enough you **can keep** all these holes from the dinner pail.



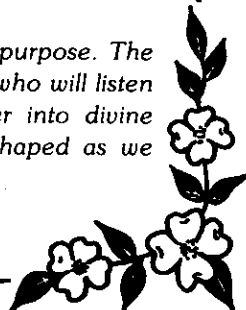
I like to serve a faithful God, One who is true to His word and will repay according to labor done.



It is work to always be patient. Perhaps the clothesline breaks—I used to think it quite trying to have the clothesline break. Or perhaps our people go out in the auto on missionary work—a thousand books were distributed in the country last week—perhaps they go out with the auto and just get started when a tire goes flat, or something else; it seems as though autos are a great deal more trying than a horse; but if we had to drive horses, it would take all day to get there, so the autos are a great blessing. But when anything happens we must, as James 1:4 says, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."



We are held in the bands of a divine purpose. The mighty God is taking men and women who will listen to His Word and is making them over into divine creatures. We are being carved and shaped as we allow His Word to work within us.



Bringing Forth Fruit Unto Life

*A Sunday evening discourse by the Rev. Maud Hembree,
pastor of the Megiddo Church from 1912-1935.*

ALL the dreams of wealth, of worldly ambitions to gain wisdom, honor and fame, are as a dream of the night, to pass away and come to naught; and only those who are wise in the words of the Almighty, wise in doing what He has commanded, wise in putting forth every effort to make themselves right in God's sight shall shine in the new heavens. How true are the words of our hymn—

*"The wisdom and beauty, the glory and wealth,
Of worldly ambitions decline,
And soon are forgotten as dreams of the night;
But they that be wise shall shine."*

The question before us tonight is: How many of us will become worthy? What must you and I do that we pass not away like a dream of the night but be granted the right to live on and on through the grand eternity to come, and shine as the stars forever and ever?

In Matthew 21, beginning with the 33d verse, we find Jesus propounded unto the people a parable. It will be a good lesson for our consideration, so that we may see if we are following in His footsteps. He says: "Hear another parable: There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country.

The Mighty God of Heaven is represented here and in other portions of the Scriptures as having a vineyard and starting out early in the morning of the day of salvation to hire laborers to work for Him, promising them that if they serve Him He will give them wondrous pay: an endless life of joy and happiness, and this earth beautified and glorified for their eternal home.

"And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it." In the parable, Jesus used a literal vineyard to picture God's attempt to find men and women for His future Kingdom; as Isaiah 5:7 says, "The vineyard of the

Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant." The Lord was not setting out literal plants in a literal vineyard. No, His plants are men and women, who compose the house of Israel. "And he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry."

He was looking for these men and women in His vineyard to bear the lovely fruits of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith" (Gal. 5:22-23). He sent His servants to the husbandmen, to admonish them to depart from iniquity. He sent His prophets, "rising up early and sending them" to warn and reprove. But "the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another." The Lord did not grow weary, but "again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise. But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son."

Here Jesus carried them down to the very time in which He was talking, when God had sent His Son. "But," He continues, "when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance." The Mighty God had sent prophets to His people, and at last sent His Son; but they refused to hear Him, "and they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him."

Then Jesus put to them the question, "When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto these husbandmen?" They answered Him, "He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen, which will render him the fruits in their seasons."

Then Jesus continues in the 42d verse: "Did ye never read in the scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes?" The Lord was doing this marvelous work, but they refused to believe. "Therefore say I unto you," said Jesus, "the

kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."

Fruit A Must

If you or I want to become a part of the nation to whom the Kingdom shall be given, we must bring forth the fruits of that nation. The Kingdom has not been given yet, but when Christ appears the second time (Heb. 9:28) He will give it to that royal nation, those who have brought forth fruits of righteousness. As the apostle Peter says in I Peter 2:9, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

How wonderful to think that away down in this age God is still calling men and women into His vineyard, and we are privileged to work for Him and become a part of this holy nation bringing forth the fruits thereof!

But Jesus continued, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." Those who let the power of His law break their stubborn wills now shall be spared in that Day. But this mighty power will grind to powder all those who will not submit to God's righteous law and bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

Our Master was not satisfied to stop here; He never tired of bringing before their minds this wonderful knowledge of God in different ways; so He spake unto them another parable, as recorded in Matthew 22, this time illustrating by a marriage and incorporating some points not mentioned in the previous parable. He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain King, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come."

A day is coming when the Heavenly Father will make a wedding for His Son, when all those taken out in these six thousand years of this day of salvation, those who have brought forth the fruits of the Spirit, shall become the bride of Christ. This marriage will be enduring, one that will last forever, the grandest marriage that ever took place on earth. Long ago, when God commenced to call men and women into His vineyard, He sent out the invitation: Come, come to this wedding; but they did not want to put on the wedding garment.

"Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise." One went to this, and another to that. They had something else first; they did not want to consecrate their

lives wholly to the service of the Lord. "And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them. But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city."

Here Jesus carries us through the time when God was calling through His prophets to the Jewish nation, down to the destruction of the city and the beginning of the Gentile times. You may turn to history—take the Bible in one hand and Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews* in the other—and you can read just how the city of Jerusalem was destroyed. God fulfilled what He had foretold would happen if they continued in disobedience. He warned them ahead, and it turned out just as He said it would: the city was destroyed and the nation of the Jews was cast off.

The Mighty God of Heaven was longsuffering, as He is today; He had been pleading for them to turn from their iniquity, but they rejected His proffered mercy and refused to heed His warning words. So the time came that the heirship was to be taken from those who had proved themselves unworthy, and finally God's judgments were poured out upon them until Jerusalem lay in ruins.

"Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." Here He shows He is going to turn to the Gentiles. "So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good"—there are both faithful and unfaithful called—"and the wedding was furnished with guests."

He brings us right down to the close of Gentile times. God has been calling, calling. He called all through the ages before the great Apostasy set in, and now, down in the eleventh hour of the day of salvation He is still calling.

At the Time of the End

In this parable Jesus carries us down to the time when the Judge of all the earth has appeared upon the scene: "And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? and he was speechless." When the King comes, He will send His angels to gather all those servants who are now sleeping in the dust of the earth (Dan. 12:2), and with the living there shall be gathered before Him out of all nations, both good and bad; and as they assemble there, He will see one without a wedding garment.

I wonder what the wedding garment is. Turn to Rev.

19:7-8. "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." The time is come for the marriage of His Son, and the wife has made herself ready. "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." This wife is composed of those called out in the different hours of the day of salvation, those who have made themselves worthy; and right doing is the garment she is clothed with. But here is found one who is unclothed, someone who would not listen to God's commandments, who would not heed His words: called to a feast, a wedding, and unclothed for the occasion!

I wonder, oh, I wonder, if the King should come tonight and we were called to stand before the Great Judge, how many would have on the wedding garment? Oh, if you are found unclothed, you will be speechless! He will call to the Judgment only those who have had an opportunity to become pure, those who were educated in the knowledge of God. But now in this parable the Grand Assize has come, the time has rolled around for the marriage of the Lamb—and what happens? They who would not listen to these wonderful words of life and become pure and clean are found without the wedding garment on, the robe of righteousness; and they are speechless.

"Then said the King to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Not weeping and gnashing of teeth because they are cast into burning fire—no, no! But, as Jesus said in Luke 13:28, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." That will be enough to cause weeping and gnashing of teeth, to see what they have lost; to see the faithful rejoicing in the Kingdom of God, and they themselves thrust out forever.

We read in Luke 19:11-13, how Jesus "added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." They thought He would set up His Kingdom at the time of His first coming. They did not realize the time that would elapse before He would return and set up His Kingdom. "He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." Jesus was the nobleman who was going into a far country, even Heaven itself, to receive for Himself a kingdom, and to return.

"And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come." Here we are, down nineteen hundred years this side of that time, in the Gentile age, and this command comes to

us, "Occupy till I come." In the past days one wanted to go to this thing, and another to that, all engaged in doing their own way; but it will not do for us. We must obey the command to occupy till He comes. And how are we to occupy? By keeping His commandments, working in His vineyard, bearing the lovely fruits of the Spirit.

Let us turn to Galatians 5 and read what these fruits are that we must bear in order that when He returns from the far country we may have on the beautiful garment of righteousness, clean and white, the right doing of saints. In the 16th and 17th verses the Apostle declares: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." You cannot do the things that you would naturally do if governed by your own mind. You cannot read what you would, say what you would, or go where you would, if you would gain a place in the Kingdom of God.

In Gal. 5:19-21 we read: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry"—if you have anything in your heart's affections that comes between you and God, anything that keeps you from occupying till He comes, it is Bible idolatry. He continues: "witchcraft,"—they have that too, even in our day; speaking to the dead, when the Bible says the dead know not anything—"hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings." You cannot have any envyings. Oh, envy is a terrible evil: You see someone else doing something better than you can do it, and you allow envy to arise in your heart.

Then he continues: "Murders, drunkenness, revelings"—yes, the lower nature likes to have what is called a good time to the flesh; but we as Christians cannot do it. For Paul says, "I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Oh, they are not going to inherit the Kingdom of God! They which do such things have not on the wedding garment, therefore He will say, Cast them out; I have no use for that kind.

Fruits to Bear

But what are the fruits that must be borne in this vineyard of the Lord? The Apostle will tell us in the next three verses: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." This is the kind of fruits we must bear in order to occupy till He comes. You who would like to enter the Kingdom but do not want to occupy till He

comes, you will never get there; for the Kingdom will be given only to men and women bearing the lovely fruits of the Spirit; the rest He will cast out. He will take it from those bearing the evil fruits and give it to those bearing the fruits of righteousness.

But those of us living down in these last days, down in the closing hours of the day of salvation, I wonder, oh! I wonder, what fruits we are bearing. I look over the congregation at your faces and you all look pleasant enough; but what is your daily life? Is your life such as you would like it to be should the Judge come tonight? Are we striving to put away every particle of evil? Are we going to get up in the morning more determined to keep from becoming angry, from being governed by pride, because the Wise Man tells us that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall"? (Prov. 16:18). Are we going to be more determined to keep ourselves from engaging in variance and strife?

Are we going to do as we please, spend our time as we wish? or are we going to watch and be ready? If we can bear the fruits of the Spirit one day, we can two, and so on. I wonder how many, oh! I wonder with a deep longing and love in my heart for you, how many of this little band are going to work to show by their fruits that they will be ready for that glorious Kingdom? Eternal life hangs in the balance, that life in which we shall be made equal unto the angels, never to die anymore (Luke 20:35-36).

If you were as anxious in reference to your eternal life as you are to save the natural life, there would be such a stirring in our midst as there never was; you would be impressed with the danger, and you would get up tomorrow morning with the thought, "How can I get on this clothing so the Judge of all the earth will not find me without the wedding garment on?" Oh, there would be such a stirring in this band, and you would do more in a week than some will do in a year at the rate they are going!

If you do not value the life to come more than the present, fleeting life you will never get it; but if you do value it, you will go to work and watch as men and women never watched before. You will keep the law in one hand and your soul in the other and be constantly comparing. The men and women who really value that life eternal will go to rest tonight and get up in the morning determined to be more thoughtful and considerate and put forth a greater effort to make this the best week of their life. You have no assurance of this present life unless exercising to godliness.

If wise men and women, we will be of the number Jesus speaks of in John 12:26, "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Ah! "where I am, there shall also my servant be." You will be found following Jesus, not going where you

please. You will be found doing the things Jesus approves. Would you like, when Jesus comes, to have Him find you getting angry or impatient? Would you like Him to find you reading novels, playing cards, or at a picture show? Do you think He would be found doing these things? Would He be found at a worldly entertainment, or joining in the world's amusements? The one who follows Jesus is the one whom His Father will honor.

How many will be taking heed to these wondrous words of life? Jesus said, in Matt. 7:24-25, "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

Oh, you will be spared from that coming storm that will rend the foundations of wickedness, if you will only hear and do these sayings of Jesus.

The few remaining days, weeks, or years, as it may be, that are allotted to us, will determine whether we shall live eternally, or be cast out to perish. John the Baptist told those Pharisees and Sadducees who came to his baptism to "bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," or, as the original says, "bring forth fruits answerable to amendment of life" (Matt. 3:8); and so say we. We use no flattering words.

And now we leave it with you where you will spend eternity, whether in eternal joy and happiness, or in death's dark oblivion. May you make the wise choice ere it is too late. Amen.

MM

Twelve Booklets

HISTORY OF THE MEGIDDO MISSION
THE COMING OF JESUS AND ELIJAH
WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?
GOD'S SPIRITUAL CREATION
THE KINGDOM OF GOD
THE GREAT APOSTASY
HELL AND THE DEVIL
AFTER DEATH, WHAT?
TRINITY OR UNITY?
THE HOLY SPIRIT
THE ATONEMENT
THE SABBATH
ALL for \$3.00, Postpaid

Missionary Activities

during the Pastorate of Rev. Maud Hembree

In the Service of the King

Missionary efforts during the pastorate of Maud Hembree were many and varied. Major activities centered around three vehicles of transportation: Two yachts and a Gospel Car.

An account published in the Megiddo Message of April 5, 1924, summarizes efforts to date and tells of a new idea in missionary methods that was introduced that year: The Megiddo Gospel Car.

AFTER a careful survey of the field it was decided at the close of the season of 1923 that the missionary activities of the Progressives—a class of young men actively engaged in the work—would have to be transferred to land, as all the available waterways within a reasonable distance had been visited; and so, after the close of the autumn cruise, Megiddo III passed into other hands, and it was not without regrets that we parted with the good ship.

It was in 1915 that the idea crystallized which resulted in the pur-

chase and refitting of a small launch in which to carry on their work. At the conclusion of that season's work it was decided the launch they then had was too inadequate and uncomfortable to be kept, and so the following spring Megiddo III was purchased, refitted and dedicated to the cause. During the season of 1916 she made several trips, and much work was accomplished. Then came the war, and the unsettled conditions and wartime occupations of the crew caused the work to be abandoned for two seasons. The spring following

the signing of the armistice, the yacht was again overhauled and lengthened, a new 40 h.p. engine installed, and preparations made for a vigorous offensive against the legions of evil and darkness. During the summer seasons of 1919-23, Megiddo III has been constantly on the move across the waterways of the State, carrying and sheltering from storm and tempest the knights-errant who sallied forth on their bicycles to scour the highways and byways on business for the King.

The season of 1923 was a busy one for Megiddo III. The first trip was made to Watkins (Glen), N. Y., and vicinity, at the foot of Seneca Lake. The next cruise carried the missionaries to the shore of Vermont, Vergennes being their final objective. After a strenuous campaign the workers returned home by auto leaving the yacht in the care of some kind friends adjacent to whose land they were anchored, thereby saving a trip by boat to and from the scene of action. After a short rest they returned and headquarters were shifted to Burlington, Vt. midway between the



long ranges of the Adirondacks and Green Mountains lies Lake Champlain, noted as a lake of magnificent distances, superb mountain views and rare historic associations. It was along the shore of this beautiful sheet of water that the missionaries labored, sowing the seed of the Kingdom, on their third cruise. The last trip of the yacht was to Geneva, N. Y., at the head of Lake Seneca, culminating with the advent of winter.

Many thousands of books have been placed, hundreds of miles of canal have been traveled, many rivers and lakes have been furrowed by the keel of Megiddo III, and now the last entry has been made in her log-book.

Only those who have been engaged in home missionary work can realize the amount of labor this represents, and the path is not always the easiest; but we have the

promise that "Blessed are [they] that sow beside all waters," and the day is not far distant when all shall say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

A New Venture—Via Land

We are pleased to announce to our readers and those interested in the advancement of truth that we have secured a gospel truck which will hereafter be used as a home for our missionaries in the summer campaigns.

Through the kindness of Mr. William Brockway, President of the Brockway Motor Truck Corporation, of Cortland, N.Y., a truck was obtained without profit to his concern.

While at the factory our representative was accorded every courtesy in his efforts to secure a suitable vehicle for our work. The frame will be 20 ft. long behind the instrument board; carrying capacity 3 tons; pneumatic

tires, dual in the rear; 36 h.p. Continental motor; electric lights and starter.

The body to be placed on chassis will be 21 ft. 8 in. long, 7 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 6 in. high. It will have accommodations for six missionaries at all times, including beds, sink, cupboards, closets, drawers, table, stove, etc.*

The decorating, when finished, will present a beautiful appearance, a fit and imposing messenger for truth. In one panel will be a striking verse of Scripture for all to read. We hope in the near future to present a cut of our latest acquisition to the cause of Christ. The Lord willing the following States will be visited: some portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, also New England and Canada.

*Our present pastor, Brother Flowerday, took an active part in the designing and construction of the Gospel Car.

South of the Mason-Dixon Line

Missionaries using the "official vehicles" were not the only venturers during the time of Rev. Maud Hembree's pastorate. The following tells of a certain small expedition that took place during the summer of 1924, long before the advent of the comfortable cruising autos we know today. This account is reprinted from the Megiddo Message of September 28, 1924.

FOR SOME TIME, letters from western North Carolina had led us to believe that the seed of truth had found lodgment in good soil. None of our missionaries had visited this particular section, all the work having been done by advertising. It so happened that four of us were planning a vacation trip in mission work, somewhere. Almost on the spur of the moment, we agreed on North Carolina (some 700 miles distant) as the field in which to work; in-

cidentally we should call on a number of brethren who lived in the intervening states.

By the time our camping outfit and the personal effects of four people were stowed on board, our patient little Model T was overloaded by several hundred pounds. On August 18th, about 9 A. M., we bade farewell to our beloved Megiddo Home and started south—for the hot season!

Our first day led us through the fertile fields and wooded hills of

southern New York, ending at Corn-ing where camp was made for the night. The next day's route lay through the state forests and rugged mountains of beautiful, scenic Pennsylvania. The excellent concrete road winds down a narrow valley, where the steep mountains on either side seem to crowd in. Later in the day we followed the broad Susquehanna River, which bears the reputation of being the last word in scenic beauty and commercial uselessness.

This evening brought us to the home of Bro. W— of Enola, Pa. Here the work of “watering” began, as several interested friends had been invited in, and Bible questions were asked and answered until a late hour.

Next morning we were on our way again, passing through historic Gettysburg, and crossing sunny Maryland, where Nature is generous and “every prospect pleases.” Afternoon brought us to Washington, the nation’s capital, the city magnificent and a center of unspeakable political corruption. Here we tarried for a day, viewing the wonders of creation in the dim prehistoric period as represented by the fossil monsters in the National Museum (Smithsonian Institute). It would be a thought-provoking sight to the most rabid Fundamentalists to behold the great sea and land monsters, the leviathans and behemoths of the remote past, with scientific data to prove that they sported in the briny deep, roamed the hills or waded in marshes between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 years ago. Yet, in the face of this evidence, some wilfully blind teachers cling to the pagan fable that God slept soundly up to 6,000 years ago, when He suddenly awoke and made this little earth, the sun and moon, and a few ornamental stars, since which time He has been resting again. Six days’ work in an eternity of all-powerful existence! Thank God the religion of the Bible is not so narrow and contracted as this! We worship a God who has worked from eternity past on this and other planets, is working, and will continue to work to eternity in the future.

While in Washington, we were entertained with the utmost hospitality at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L—, son-in-law and daughter of Sister R—, who makes her home with them and who has been a frequent visitor at the Mission.

Leaving Washington, we entered old Virginia, where the scars of the

Civil War are yet unhealed. The agricultural outlook in the section we traversed is bad, due to prolonged rains followed by weeks of drought. It made us think of our spiritual harvest; will it be abundant, or will we neglect the water of life and the sunshine of God’s Word and godly associates, and so bring no fruit to perfection? A night was spent on the Richmond-Petersburg road. By this time we were distinctly conscious that we were approaching a warmer clime, extra wraps having disappeared and the tires showing a perverse inclination to expand with undue rapidity at a vulnerable point. In fact, from this time on, tire repairing became a regular punctuation in the itinerary.

The following evening, after laboring over some execrable roads, having taken the worst possible route upon the advice of a native, we approached Durham, N.C., a thriving city given over to a worse than useless industry. This is the great tobacco belt, and we saw mammoth manufacturing plants which cater to the depraved taste of the American people for the filthy weed. Tobacco is the curse of the South even more than of the North, men and women alike benumbing their brains and ruining their health therewith. Even ministers are given to its use—one venerable shepherd who attended a meeting which we held chewed industriously throughout the service.

The next two days on North Carolina’s excellent paved roads would have been a great pleasure but for the extreme and increasing heat. The State is spending some \$200,000,000 on good roads, and, judging by the number of new school buildings we saw, is making a determined fight against illiteracy, once a millstone around the neck of the South, and still requiring attention.

Lenoir, N.C., our final destination, proved to be a busy little city supported by cotton mills and fur-

niture factories, with a fairly good agricultural district surrounding. We found lodgings and made enquiries for the Blue Ridge Mountains, which thus far had eluded observation, only to find that they lay twenty miles farther on! It was then that we formed a severely critical opinion of the easy-chair map-maker who placed Lenoir in the heart of the mountains. That evening we went to see Brother C—, who had written to the Mission of his interest in true Bible teaching.

The next day the missionary work began in earnest. We found, as we expected, the veil of darkness over all people. Unbelief and higher criticism are generally less prevalent than in the North, but the creeds and dogmas of the churches hold the minds of the religious element in an unusually firm grasp. Five days we spent here, disposing of about 1,000 books and securing several new subscriptions to the *Message*.

One day, in a futile attempt to escape the inexorable heat, we climbed to the town of Blowing Rock, 24 miles away, in what the travel agencies call “the land of the sky.” From this point, 4,100 feet above sea level, often among the clouds, a superlatively magnificent panorama of the Blue Ridge can be seen. However, the clouds of darkness enshroud the minds of the people here, as elsewhere.

Evenings were spent in Bible talks with a number of truth-seekers who visited our rooms. On Sunday we were requested to hold a meeting at the home of Mr. W—, a friend living 16 miles from Lenoir. We consented, and an interesting service was held in the open air, in the most idyllic surroundings, about 60 attending and many questions being asked after the service.

Sept. 1st marked our departure for the North. Our books were exhausted and so were we, with the thermometer standing steadily above

(Continued on page 27)

Answers to Questions

The inner man, what is it? Can a man think without a brain? When is the Judgment? Are men and women rewarded before they are judged? Can a man exist without a body?

By Rev. M. Hembree

(Reprinted from the Megiddo Message, January 6, 1924)

WE ARE in receipt of two letters, each from a distant point in our land, and both friends seem greatly exercised over the state of the dead. Our friend in Wisconsin says:

"I am receiving the Megiddo Message, which I find very interesting and instructive, yet must say I am at a loss to understand how you arrive at some of the conclusions you do. . . . Paul certainly speaks of himself, or his inner man, or his soul, as a being that could exist without his body of flesh and blood, and expressed a desire to be free from the body (Phil. 1:23; II Cor. 5:2-8). It might be said, in passing, that these statements of Paul, taken isolated and alone, would certainly lead to the conclusion that saved souls go directly to heaven at death; but the evidence of Scripture, taken as a whole, is to the contrary; so I agree with you that such a belief would be erroneous."

The friend in Texas says:

"After reading the Message of October 14, I notice you have been asked the question, 'Where do people go after death?' I notice your answer is, 'They go to the grave.' I am going to agree with you in that statement only in so far as God intended to convey the thought that the body alone goes to the grave."

In the investigation of this, as well as all Bible subjects, we must be governed by the evidence of Scripture taken as a whole. We must build our faith on the plainest evidence and then all other texts will come into harmony with the rest, for in the blessed Bible there are no contradictions; all is one divine harmony. Remember, too, that God foretold through Paul that "the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers. . . . and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables" (II Tim. 4:3-4). What would the heap of teachers do? Turn mankind away from God's truth to fables.

We should ask ourselves the question: Is the doctrine that a man can exist without a body, think without a

brain, see without an eye, talk without a tongue or palate, a pagan fable, or was it taught by an All-wise God?

What is there in the passage our brother quoted to prove that a man can exist without a body, and be conscious in death? Our friend said:

"Paul certainly speaks of himself, or his 'inner man,' or his soul, as a being that could exist without his body of flesh and blood."

If Paul ever taught that he could exist without a body, I have failed to read it.

One testimony our friend brought up to prove his point is found in II Cor. 5. Paul begins his argument in the 4th chapter and 6th verse. He says, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God." What is the light? It is the light of divine knowledge that shines in our hearts, in our minds. Then Paul says, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." What is the treasure? The knowledge of God. What is the earthen vessel in which this knowledge is contained? Our mortal bodies are the earthen vessels. What does Paul say will be the reward if we keep this treasure of wisdom and knowledge and by its means learn to rule and govern our mortal bodies? In verse 14 he says, "Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you." When did Paul expect to be presented to the Lord? When raised from death's slumber. His eye was fixed on the resurrection day as the time when he would be presented to the Lord, and not on the day of his death.

Filled with the thought of the glory of that coming day, Paul could exclaim, "For which cause we faint not." For "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day" (v. 16). The outward man, this earthen vessel, this mortal body, is wearing out, is tending toward the tomb; but the mind which contains this treasure of wisdom and knowledge is renewed day by day. How is it renewed? Paul will tell us in Col. 3:9-10: "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the

old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him." To illustrate: we have in our Mission a sister who is eighty-two years old. She is gradually growing weaker, physically, but her mind is bright, and she is daily, by reading the Word, renewing the knowledge she possesses of God's blessed Word. In our daily morning service she always repeats her verse or verses of Scripture, as readily as anyone. That is the "inner man" being renewed in knowledge.

Should our sister die tomorrow, would the mind that is being renewed in knowledge survive her body? Prove your own theory. Show me a mind alive without a body. If our sister should die, the brain would cease to receive impressions—the brain, with the body, would cease to exist. That is why God affirms, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish" (Ps. 146:3-4). What perishes the very day the breath leaves the body? The thoughts. Did God say it? He did. Do you believe it? You should.

If the body goes to the grave, and the thoughts perish, is not all of that man in the grave? That is why Paul testified, "If the dead rise not. . . then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (I Cor. 15:16, 18). All hope of a future life is based on the fact that there will be a resurrection of the dead. If the theory of the churches were true, and the real personality and intelligence of the man went to his reward at death, there would be no sense in basing all hope of a future life on a resurrection of the dead.

"That Mortality Might Be Swallowed Up of Life"

Now we are ready to read II Cor. 5. Paul continues his argument commenced in the fourth chapter, and says, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Notice the language: the Apostle is not speaking of an individual man, but we that are in the house. "We" is plural; "house," singular. Many in one house. The church of God, His faithful people are said to be His house, for we read in Heb. 3:6, "Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end."

We are now in the earthly house. The immortality for which we long must come from heaven. It is eternal, and it is in the heavens; but do we go there to obtain it, or will it come to us? Listen to the next verse: "For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Jesus said, "Whither I go, ye cannot come" (John 13:33), so immortality must

come to us at the revelation of Jesus Christ (Col. 3:4; I Pet. 5:4).

This text, instead of proving that man is now the possessor of immortality, proves directly the opposite. Read carefully the 4th verse, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." We are now in this body of mortality, and we long to be clothed upon with the immortality that Jesus will bring from heaven.

Paul continues, "Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the spirit." What is the earnest of the Spirit? It was the divine power which they possessed, that power by which Christ rose from the dead to gain life forevermore. This divine power is an assurance, or earnest, to us that if we walk in His footsteps, we, too, will gain eternal life.

Now let us read the 6th and 7th verses; "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: for we walk by faith, not by sight." We know that as long as we are mortal in this body of mortality we are absent from the Lord.

The 7th verse is the key that makes it plain, "We walk by faith, not by sight." That is, life, immortality, is not a present possession but something we hope for; and, as Paul tells us, "hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it" (Rom. 8:24-25).

What must happen before we receive the immortality that comes from heaven? Read the 10th verse: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Before the reward is given, before we receive immortality, we must appear before the Judgment seat of Christ. At what time is the Judgment? Paul tells us: "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom" (II Tim. 4:1). This Judgment will not take place until after Christ comes, when the reward to the faithful or the punishment to the wicked will be given.

Our Wisconsin friend also brought up Phil. 1:23 to prove that Paul expected his reward at death. We will begin reading at the 21st verse. Paul said, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." In a word-for-word

translation from the Greek in Wilson's Emphatic Diaglott, the 23d verse is translated as follows: "I am indeed hard pressed by the two things: I have an earnest desire for the returning, and being with Christ, since it is very much to be preferred."

The word translated "depart" in Phil. 1:23 is *analuō*, and the same word, *analuō*, is translated "return" in Luke 12:35-36: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return [*analuō*] from the wedding." What Paul longed for was the return of Christ, for he knew that then the reward would be given.

You may ask, "How could Paul associate the idea of his death with the desire for the return of Christ, when Christ's coming would be many centuries future?" Because to him the moment of death and the moment of Christ's coming would be the same. The centuries to elapse between the two would, to the sleeping dead, pass like a flash of lightning. There is no consciousness of the lapse of time in death's slumber. To Paul, one moment he would breathe his last; the next, the Christ for whose coming he longed would appear upon the scene.

In what sense would death be gain to Paul? Because he lived in the heat of this day of salvation; because

Obituaries

John E. Trende

Death is still our enemy. Of this we were once again reminded as we received word on June 27 of the death of a friend and brother of many years, John E. Trende. Brother Trende had first contacted the Church in 1926, when he received our booklet on the Coming of Jesus and Elijah. He became seriously interested in the Church about 1955, made visits to Rochester when possible, and was a regular correspondent as long as health permitted.

Sometimes we say of a generous person that his middle name is generosity. Or his middle name is kindness. Brother Trende's middle name was actually "Earnest," and that seems to describe his character. Once he became convinced of the truthfulness of the Bible and the great reward God offers, He never turned back from the pursuit of that goal. Through his working life he was a granite quarry worker, and life was not easy; he suffered several serious injuries; but he bore his trials with patience and fortitude.

Brother Trende is survived by one sister, Elsie Switzer, of Wausau, Wisconsin, who shared his faith and tenderly cared for him as long as she was able to do so. Funeral services were conducted in Wausau, Wisconsin, on June 30, Assistant Pastor Newton H. Payne officiating.

Grace Payne

On July 12, we received word of the passing of a long time friend and sister, Grace Payne, of Conyers, Georgia. Failing health had limited her activities for a number of years, but she remained patient, cheerful and appreciative for countless kindnesses of her husband and daughter, with whom she lived.

Sister Payne believed fervently in the Bible hope of the resurrection, and had expressed her sincere wish that only that which is according to God's word of truth be spoken at her funeral. To fulfill this wish, her own son Gerald R. Payne officiated at the funeral. In this singular instance, we would like to quote a portion of a letter just received from Brother Gerald Payne:

"God is so wonderful, so gracious, so knowing and such a

wonderful fulfiller of His promises to us. He shall never forsake his children. God's help in giving us such strength and courage has been so overwhelming during our time of sorrow that I am compelled to share it with you.

"My grace is sufficient for thee. . . . The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," and also the fact that I knew my brothers and sisters were praying for me kept running through my mind as time drew near for the services. I remembered how my hands would shake and my voice tremble whenever I spoke to my classmates when in high school. And of course there are always the discouragers. 'Are you sure you want to go through with this?' 'There's no way I could do that!' etc., were words that kept coming from all sides. But Carol (sister) and Barbara (wife) were always there with. . . . 'You can do it; remember, angels are watching.'

"Yes, angels were watching. But I feel they were doing more than that. Oh, how much more! . . . As I looked into the faces of my audience and saw many people, among whom were several preachers who bitterly oppose some of the things I had to say, I felt strong. It was so very amazing. Indeed, God does do all things well!

"Mother became interested in the teachings of the Megiddo Mission Church over 50 years ago. She was a regular correspondent for many years, up until she became blind and was unable to write. She loved listening to the tapes very much. And there were several people from the church who visited her during those years (among whom was our present Pastor, Kenneth E. Flowerday).

"Mother is survived by her husband and my father, Herschel R. Payne; two sisters, Lucille Griffin (who has been a correspondence member of the Megiddo Church for many years) and Florence Nelson; three sons: Bobby G., Gerald R. and John H.; two daughters: Martha Arnold and Carol Payne; eleven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren."

We of the Megiddo Church fellowship extend our sincere sympathies to the members of the Conyers Ecclesia in their loss and would remind them in the words of the Sacred Writer of old, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." And together we look forward to the Day when "the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away" (Isa. 51:11).

wherever he went, by land or sea, stripes and imprisonments awaited him. It would be gain to die, because he would thus be freed from all the privations and persecutions that beset his earthly journey.

In place of expecting his reward at death, Paul invariably pointed to the coming of Christ as the time for the reward to be given. He said, "To you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels. . . . when he shall come to be glorified in his saints. . . . For our conversation is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body" (II Thess. 1:7, 10; Phil. 3:20-21). Paul was wiser than the religious teachers of his day and he knew that he could not exist without a body; so he longed for the return of Christ that he might possess a glorious body, free from all the aches, pains and privations of this mortal life. That is why he cried, "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. 3:11). MM

A New Missionary The Megiddo Message

(Continued from page 23)

sewn periodical, *The Megiddo Message*, a real independent weekly dedicated to proclaiming the message of our Lord's return, the coming Kingdom and the work to be done by all who would live then.

Under the able and progressive leadership of Maud Hembree, a well-organized printing department was soon the center of the Church's missionary effort. In March of 1916, the "weekly" edition was abandoned in favor of a biweekly issue double in size. In 1921, the department added a linotype, a machine capable of forming letters in hot lead and casting them on bars line by line—to replace the tedious method of setting type by hand letter by letter. Additional equipment was purchased as need arose—a stitcher, folder, working tables, etc.

So the new missionary came of age.

For twenty years the able pen of the Rev. Maud Hembree contributed to the success of the *Message*, expounding Bible passages and explaining Bible subjects to all who inquired. And still today, the *Message* lives, a tribute to the work which she began. MM

South of the Mason-Dixon Line

(Continued from page 22)

90 degrees, the hottest August since 1913. Accordingly we decided to retreat and finish our work in a cooler place. (Recent letters from Lenoir inform us that since our departure they have had frost and ice!)

At the end of the first day, we decided to take advantage of the cooler air and drive all night. Dawn found us near Petersburg, Va., and night again in Washington. This day proved to be a record-breaker for tire trouble, one tire being repaired six times. Rain which began falling at Fredericksburg, Va., cooled the atmosphere, which heretofore had been like a gigantic oven. At the home of Sister R— we enjoyed a much-needed rest of two nights and a day, resuming our journey Sept. 4th. The car ran much more cheerfully now, as we had taken off about 300 pounds of our load and shipped it home from Washington by freight.

An easy day's run brought us again to Enola, Pa., where another shipment of books awaited us. Here we abode for five days with Brother W— and Brother K—, two days of which sufficed to place all our literature in the hands of prospective readers.

Enola, a suburb of Harrisburg, is almost wholly a railroad town, the Pennsylvania System's largest yards being located here. The surrounding country is settled largely by the thrifty, industrious people known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," and is the home of numerous "plain" sects—Mennonites, Dunkards, Quakers, etc. While here, question meetings were held each evening, many friends who were seeking to know the right way gathering and expressing genuine regret when we were obliged to return home. Two days of rain delayed our departure, which finally took place on Sept. 10th. Correspondents in Paxtonville and Sunbury, Pa., were called on, and, after a pleasant, safe and profitable trip, the Carolina Expeditionary Force arrived home at 12:15 the same night.

We feel that much good may result from our labors, and trust that the seed sown and watered may grow and bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty or an hundredfold.

Total number of books disposed of in seven days' work: 1,795. Total *Message* subscribers added: 23. MM

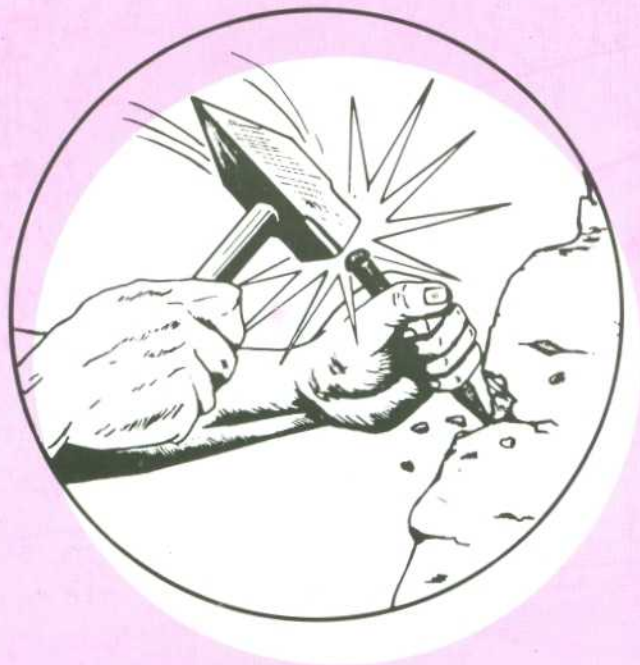
What we would do must be done quickly, for the time is very limited. If we do not bestir ourselves, it will soon be everlastingly too late. "Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we [first] believed" (Rom. 13:11).

No farmer ever plowed a field by turning it over in his mind.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
 And day by day,
 He is chipping whatever environs
 The form away;
 Which, under His skillful cutting,
 He means shall be
 Wrought silently out to beauty
 Of such degree
 Of faultless and full perfection
 That angel eyes
 Shall look on the finished labor
 With new surprise
 That even His boundless patience
 Could grave His own
 Features upon such fractured
 And stubborn stone.

Chiselwork

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
 He knows just where
 Its edge should be driven sharpest,
 To fashion there
 The semblance He is carving,
 Nor will He let
 One delicate stroke too many
 Or few be set
 On forehead or cheek, where only,
 He sees how all
 Is tending—and where hardest the
 Blow shall fall
 Which crumbles away whatever
 Superfluous line
 Would hinder His hand from making
 The work divine.



With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
 We pray Thee, then,
 Strike just as Thou wilt, as often,
 And where and when
 The vehement stroke is needed;
 I will not mind,
 If only Thy chipping chisel
 Shall leave behind
 Such marks of Thy wondrous working
 And loving skill,
 Clear carved on aspect, stature
 And face, as well,
 When discipline's hands are over,
 Have all sufficed
 To mold me into the likeness
 And form of Christ.

—Selected