

The Collected Sermons and Writings of Aimee Semple McPherson



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Volume 2

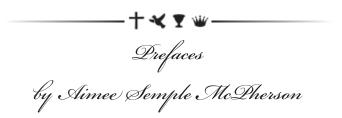
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All Scripture specifically quoted herein is taken from the King James Version of the Bible. Much of the Scripture used in this volume, however, is the author's own paraphrase, based on the King James Version.





E CANNOT BUT speak those things which we have seen and heard," (Acts 4:20) said the Apostle Peter when called before Annas, the High Priest.

"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God," (Acts 20:24) declared the Apostle Paul when standing before the elders at Ephesus.

There are tears in my eyes and a holy awe in my heart, as I look back over the years of ministry and consider the loving kindness and the tender mercies of the Lord Jesus Christ unto this his unworthy handmaiden.

Hallelujah! Glory, glory to His name! To think that He ever could have loved me and have called me from a life of carelessness and frivolity unto His own dear service! To think that He could have permitted me to be a cup-bearer for the King! A worm within His dear Hand, with which He might thrash a mountain! An empty pitcher with which He might water His lilies! A yielded channel through whom He might pour streams of blessing upon a thirsty desert! A poor, but a willing mouthpiece through whom the story of the Saviour's Love might be preached unto hundreds of thousands in Canada, Ireland, England, China, Australia, and the United States of America! To think that He ever could have permitted me to

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lead tens of thousands of penitent sinners to the Fountain of Blood opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness.

Hallelujah! All of the glory, the honor and the praise belongeth unto Him both. now and forever!

The very memory of His goodness, His patience, and His dealings set my heart to singing and my lips to shouting the glory of His matchless Name!

The recounting of His mercies, His leadings and His gentle ministrations flood my soul with unutterable joy and sweep me out into the midst of a sea of infinite love, all a-wonder that He could have cared for one so unworthy as I and have called me to Himself!

"I stand all amazed in the presence Of Jesus, the Nazarene; And wonder how He could love me, A sinner condemned unclean.

Oh, bow marvelous I oh, how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be
Oh, bow marvelous! oh, bow wonderful,
Is my Saviour's love for me!"

Remember, as you peruse these pages, that the Lord is no respecter of persons. That what He did for one so unworthy as I, he waits to do for all!

Pray for us, Beloved, as we will pray for you and for the saints everywhere. Though the reader and the writer may never meet in this present life, this book goes from my hand and heart with the earnest prayer and hope that we shall all rise together to meet the Lord in the clouds of' glory, when He shall appear.

Aimee Semple McPherson

Preface To Divine Healing Sermons

Unto the sick and the suffering, whose weary, thorn-pierced feet have trod affliction's rugged path, unto the weak who have need of strength, and unto the strong whose heart would fain be skilled in faith to render succor to the weak, these messages are lovingly dedicated in the Name of Him who gave Himself for us and by Whose stripes we are made whole.

Day and night I have but to close these eyes of mine to see again, through misty tears, the drawn, white, pain-blanched faces of the afflicted of my people.

One moment I am all a-weeping for the multitudes shut outside the crowded doors and for the thousands we could never reach, though we toiled day and night;

And the next, my face is smiling, mine eyes are made to shine athrough the tears, in remembrance of the thousands who went away skipping, with singing in their hearts; straightened of limb, clear of eye, and strong of faith; to take up again the broken, ravelled threads of life, and weave upon the loom some brighter, fairer picture of a happy, prayer-filled home, wherein the Saviour spreads His hands in gentle benediction and reigns supreme upon the altar there.

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from Thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I wlll lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphire. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression: for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is for me, saith the Lord." Isa. 54.

Should some poor, tempest-driven soul, whose bark is tossed upon the waters of affliction, see, shining through these pages, the bright and steady light of hope and faith, and be guided into the security and calm of the eternal harbour o'er which the Prince of Peace has spread His healing wings;

And should some fellow minister receive new faith and inspiration to go forth and preach the blessed truth of Christ, the Great Physician, whose power is still unchanged and able still to fill the every need of His children (be that need in soul or body)—then I shall rejoice indeed, and the glory shall be His.

Aimee Semple McPherson

Preface To Messages On The Second Coming Of Christ

Since the blessed Lord so tenderly called the writer unto Himself, washed her heart in His blessed blood, baptised her with the Holy Spirit, called her from the home on a Canadian farm to preach the Gospel and began to open the Word before her adoring eyes, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ has ever been of all things the dearest to her heart.

Surely, the Coming of the Master draweth nigh. It behooves us therefore as His Spirit filled children to bear this blessed message of warning and of hope, without delay to the sleeping world about us.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord—make straight paths for His feet," was the commission of John the Baptist. His first advent.

"Lift up thy voice in the wilderness of sin and worldliness and cry, 'Prepare, ye the way of the Lord,' Jesus is coming, get ready to meet Him, watch for He is near, even at the door," is the message of the awakening Church today.

In these last days the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh. The time for a mighty revival is upon us. Thousands are being saved and sealed with the Spirit in this closing hour; so that the reaper is made to overtake the plower. Fields stand ripe for the harvest on every hand, and what is to be done must be done quickly.

To this end therefore, these messages are lovingly and prayerfully dedicated, not only to those who love His appearing, but to those in slumber who have not yet heard the call. Oh, that thru these pages they might hear the awakening cry of the Holy Spirit; "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," and that the writer and the reader may both rise to meet Him when He shall appear in the clouds of glory! God grant that "This Blessed Hope" may be implanted in every heart. For if any man "hath this hope within him, he will purify himself," even as Christ is pure, that 'when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Aimee Semple McPherson

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The Lily Bride and the Broken Crimson Rose

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January 1920

wo ships set sail at eventide. I stood and watched them go. Only one passenger embarked on each boat, but I'll never forget the scene, for I gazed into both of their faces and cradled their heads on my arm. I watched both little crafts, as with silver cords loosed, their barks unmoored for sea...watched as they slipped from the harbor of life's young day and sailed...and sailed away, till they crossed the bar of eternity's far shore.

One was the stout, staunch little ship of *Salvation*, from stem to stern gaily rigged, and colors flying, aglow with song and light and gladness. The snow-white sails of purity were gently filling with the winds of undiminished faith. Christ was at the helm, and Hope was at the rudder. The sea was calm, and in it the reflected glory of a million welcoming lights beckoned from the heavenly shore. It seemed I almost caught a glimpse of opening gates of pearl and heard the gladsome music from ten myriad angel harps.

On board this craft stood my pure lily, tall and straight and fair. Above her robes of white I saw her face, its sweet, frail beauty all illumined with confidence and trust, and the gladness of a little child just setting out to soon explore the glories of the distant wonderland. I saw her lean o'er the vessel's side just ere it left the shore and heard her say, "I'm going to heaven now! Good-bye, good-bye! I'll meet you over there."

Shading my eyes I looked, and watched as far as I could see, till the lights of joy on the good little ship merged with the lights of eternity. The other was a frail, pitiful, weather-beaten little craft, taking on water at every wave. Despair was at the helm, black sails of remorse flapping in the winds. Tossed and driven, shuddering from end to end, not a light on board to illuminate the way, I saw Death, wrapped in his black pilot's cloak, stand grimly by the wheel. The sea was rough and tempest-tossed; the night was dark and drear. The only lights to pierce the gloom were the lurid flames of yon infernal shore. Instead of music, there were wails and shrieks of agony; instead of welcome, there were jeers; instead of smiles were tears.

On board this boat was my poor rose, broken and stained with sin. Above her crimson robes of shame, I saw her face, stricken, blanched, and ashen gray. I saw her eyes, deep set, burn like coals within their sockets. I saw her stare from side to side, blank horror stamped upon her brow, and heard her shriek, "Too late! Too late! My God! I'm lost. I'm *lost*!"

You, too, dear heart, will have to unloose the shorelines and embark for sea someday. Just how far off that day is we know not. Which will be your craft? *Salvation*? Or *Sin and Despair*? Which will be your destination? The courts of heaven and yon peaceful shore, or the caverns of despair and outer darkness in the land of woe and endless night? Let me tell you the story of these two precious souls. Then choose you, dear reader, which ship you will take, which master you will serve, which land you will make your home.

The Broken Crimson Rose

Some years ago in a large city, we were holding a series of street meetings in a fast and sinful district. My attention was drawn especially to a young lady who stood in the doorway of a house of sin. She was dressed in a flaming-red gown, red shoes, and stockings; a red band was tied around her beautiful hair, but in spite of the painted lips and cheeks of this poor, broken crimson rose, there was something wistful—a fleeting look of longing that I could not resist.

Going to her, I laid my hand over hers and said timidly, "My dear sister, do you not want to give your heart to Jesus and be a Christian? Don't you want to come away from all this music and gaiety and wine? I'm sure your heart is longing for Jesus and peace and purity. Come home with me. We will all pray for you and help to get you back to God."

Her hand fluttered in mine a moment; then she gently withdrew it and replied, "No. Not tonight, Sister. I know I ought to be a Christian, but I cannot go now. Some other time."

Several times during the course of our meetings in this section, I spoke to her and always looked to catch a glimpse of her. There came a time, however, when we went no more to this particular quarter, and I did not see her again.

Then came the day when the pitiful, crumpled little note arrived, saying, "Come at once...I am dying," with the address and nothing more.

How I wish that I could bring before your eyes the scene that is so vivid before me as I write! I would have you picture the little Christian worker picking her way through the slum streets. For now, the little crimson rose was not only broken but wilted—friends gone, money gone, reputation gone, everything gone. She had been tossed into the discard and lay in the mire. Ah, she might have known the cleansing of the precious blood and drunk from the cup of redemption's sacred joys.

At last the number was found. Flight after flight of creaking steps was climbed while dirty, squalid women and children peered curiously out to see the strange lady. The little attic room was found at last, and there, on a crumpled pile of ragged quilts, tossed poor, wretched Nellie in raging fever and racking pain.

I would that every careless, indifferent sinner could hear and be halted by the hopeless agony of her reply after an arm had been slipped beneath her fevered head and she was asked, "Dearie, how is it with your soul? Have you given your heart to Jesus? Are you ready to go?"

"No, I'm not ready. I have not been saved, and it's too late now!"

"Oh, Nellie! *Don'l* say that. Surely it is not too late. Jesus said, 'He who cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' He also said, 'Whosoever will may come' and 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest.' Can't you see that that applies to you, darling? And that He is ready to save you just now?"

"No, there is no hope for me now; I have put it off too long; it's too late—it's too late now!"

"No! No! Oh, you mustn't say that, my dear. You mustn't let yourself go down in the dark. There is hope for you. Remember the dying thief—Jesus saved him at the eleventh hour. Surely He will do the same...for you."

"But that wasn't the eleventh hour for the thief," she gasped between her labored breathing. "That was his first hour, the first invitation he had ever had. With me it is the eleventh hour. I have wasted my whole life. I'm dying now; it's too late; there's no hope."

It was all so awful, so paralyzing to think that no matter how one's mind ran through the Bible, snatching at a promise here and a promise there to place beneath her sinking feet, that there was nothing she could seem to get hold of, nothing to which she would not answer with a hopeless shake of her head and a voice that grew weaker and weaker as she said, "No, it's too late now. It's...too...late."

Would to God that each sinner who shall read these words could see the awful horror expressed in her face and eyes as she suddenly stiffened and became rigid in the arms of the one that held her and could hear her hoarse cry: "It's too late! Too late! My God! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

She sank back and was gone.

The pitiful, weather-beaten little craft had slipped across the bar. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is everlasting life." She had refused to accept the gift. She could not refuse the wages. The sting of sin is death. Had she but accepted Jesus, she would have had no need to feel its pangs, for He had borne it all for her. Blessed

are they that die in the Lord. There is no fear—nothing but hope and victory and coming glory.

Now let me tell you the story of the lily bride.

The Lily Bride

In a far-off town that nestled among the mountains, we had been preaching in a certain little church and in the open air from the courthouse steps. Amongst the large number of people who gathered in cars and on foot to hear us lift up and magnify the blessed Son of God came a frail little bride leaning on the arm of her husband.

As I pictured the love of Jesus and His great sacrifice upon the cross that a world of sinners might be redeemed, her face quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. Making her way to the church where the main service was held, she gave herself to Jesus and was gloriously saved.

We saw her again several times during the days that followed. Her face was always lit up and smiling with the joy of her newfound Saviour.

One evening, however, just at the close of my message on the courthouse steps, her husband pressed his way through the throng to our car and besought us to come at once to their home, saying that his little bride, ever frail in health, had been taken suddenly ill and was dying.

Several hours elapsed before the night meeting in the church was over and we could slip away. The mountain road was very dark and steep when we set out in the Gospel Car, Mother and I, praying that we might find the place. The humble little home was ablaze with light. Neighbors were standing in the rooms and on the porch with uncovered heads.

As we entered the room, she looked up and caught sight of us, and with a sweet smile reached out her hand wistfully and said, "Oh, I'm so glad that you have come; please don't leave me," and then in

a whisper, "None of these people are Christians, you know. None of my people are saved. I would like you to stay with me."

Sitting down beside her, we took her hand in ours and began to pray to God to ease the pain (the doctors had said that she would die in convulsions). Knowing that was not the will of God, we prayed that, if He was going to take her to Himself, she should go peacefully, without fear or pain. In a short time, she settled down and said, "Please tell me more about Jesus and heaven."

As best we could, we told her of the love and welcome Jesus had for each of his little ones—the mansions He had gone to prepare, the streets that were paved with gold, the bejeweled walls, and the gates of solid pearl. We talked and sang and prayed till, in the wee hours of the morning, we saw that she would soon pass away. Sails were trimmed, rigging set, Earth's anchor was about to be lifted, and the little ship was about to slip away o'er peaceful seas to heaven's shore.

"Darling, I believe that you are about to see Jesus now. The gates are opening. Is there anything that you would like to say to your dear ones before you go?"

"Oh yes! Yes!" she cried, recalling herself with a start. "Call my husband; call Mother, Father; call them all, quick!"

Hastily they were summoned from the room wherein, exhausted, they had sought to find a few moments' rest from their long watching. As they stood round the bed and the young husband bent low over her, she reached up one white little arm and drew him still closer, saying, "Oh darling, I'm going to heaven now. I wish I could have stayed a little longer with you, but Jesus is calling, and I must go. Promise me, dear, promise me now that you will meet me in heaven."

"Yes, I promise you. I will give up my sins. I will give up everything and give my heart to Jesus and meet you there, sweetheart; by the grace of God, I will meet you in heaven."

Turning her head upon the pillow and reaching out, she took the toil-worn hand of her mother in her own and said, "Mother, I'm going to heaven now. Promise me that you will give your heart to Jesus. Mother, will you meet me in heaven?"

"Yes, my darling, I will; oh, I will," she wept.

Turning to the father, she implored, "Don't put it off any longer, Daddy; you know you are an old man now. All of your life you have been putting off. Oh, Father, promise me that you, too, will meet me in heaven."

In turn, she spoke to both her brother and her sister, speaking last of all to her husband, repeating her former appeal. She gave my hand a final little pressure of appreciation, withdrew her arm from about her husband's neck, smiled peacefully on them all, and said, "Don't cry. I'm going to heaven now. Meet me over there."

She closed her own dear eyes, folded her white, little hands on her bosom, and was gone without a sigh—without a pain.

The room seemed filled with the glory of God. I am sure there were angels waiting there. The next hour and a half witnessed a wonderful scene that made the hosts of heaven rejoice. Father, mother, husband, brother, and sister all kneeled together by the bed and surrendered their hearts and lives to Jesus. The witness of their salvation came; "the peace of God which passeth understanding" settled down upon that home.

I followed the little procession to the burying ground and preached the funeral sermon. As the singing died away, it seemed as though we could hear an echo from the distant shore: "I'm going to heaven now! Good-bye, good-bye...I'll meet you over there."

Come, dear sinner, choose ye now—choose ere 'tis too late. Choose salvation's "ship of state" and heaven's welcoming shores.

Choose light instead of darkness—choose joy instead of woe! Choose Jesus as your pilot, the Spirit as your guide; for you, too, will set sail across the sea at the end of life's short day.

Oh sinner, prepare! Accept Jesus now and meet me over there!

Fishers of Men

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January 1920

He said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you Fishers of Men.

Matthew 4:19

HAT A GREAT and glorious calling! And just think that you may be a fisher, too—that you may feel the throbbing, inimitable joy that comes by leading men and women to the feet of Jesus and saving never-dying souls from eternal woe and damnation.

"Ah, no!" someone sorrowfully replies. "That does not mean me. I live and toil in a humble place far from the fishing grounds. I am only a farmer, a housewife, or an errand boy; I'm not a preacher and have but few talents. Not but that I would like to be a fisher; I think it's the grandest and most important occupation this side of heaven. But opportunity never knocks at my door. I am totally unqualified and have concluded that I was never called to that work."

But wait a minute, sister, brother; Jesus has promised to make you a fisher of men upon one simple condition.

"And that condition is what?"

"Simply that you follow me. Follow me," says Jesus, "and I will"—not might or may, but will—"make you fishers of men." Are you a follower of Jesus? Have you been born again? Do you truly love Him and walk in His footsteps day by day? Then stop grieving and wasting

Fishers of Men

the precious sunrise hours, get out your hook and line and bait and sinkers, for *you* are called right where you are to be a fisher—a successful, Christ-commissioned fisher of men.

"But I fear I live in poor fishing grounds. No evangelists or live pastors are near."

Then you are splendidly located, and if your waters have been neglected, they must be fairly teeming with fish of all descriptions. Your fishing grounds may be the home, office, factory, kitchen, street corner, mission, jail, hospital, farm, or most unexpected place. Stop complaining about your position. Stop trying to pull up anchor, and fish right where you are. When Paul was in the prison, he did not complain. Every time they changed his guard, they changed his fishing ground once every twenty-four hours. He did not struggle to pull up anchor but to pull up fish.

Bait

"But isn't it important that I have just the right bait on my hook and line for my particular fishing ground?"

Indeed, it is! Many people have raced around for years, trying to catch fish with a line that was baited with a club.

"Now, look here, Mr. Fish! If you don't come right here and bite this salvation hook, you're going straight to destruction, et cetera, et cetera."

True, true, but oh, sir, you cannot catch fish with a club; you but drive them further away. There is better bait for your line. Many hooks have been baited with spiritual pride and holier-than-thou tactics.

"Now, Mrs. Fish, just look where you are, away down there in the mire of theatregoing, card parties, earthly pleasure, money getting... and just see where I am, going to prayer meetings every Wednesday night, to church three times on Sunday, and—"

No, no, dear heart! I know you mean well, but you haven't the right bait and will never make much progress that way. It is not your

goodness that is going to draw the fish; 'tis Jesus Christ who will draw all men unto Himself.

"Well, then. How shall I bait my hook?"

By letting the world see Jesus, His attributes, and what He has accomplished in you. Just supposing you were the fish, what kind of bait do you think would appeal to you? How about love, for instance?

"Oh," you say, "that's a fine bait. There is something so appealing, so shining, so enticing about love that starved souls and lonely hearts are wooed to Jesus, and resistance slips from them. There is nothing so disarming as love."

Then say, "Sinner, Jesus loves you. Even though you don't love Him and have never given Him a day of your life, He loves you so much that He died for you. And, oh, sinner, Jesus has put His love down in my heart so that I love you, too. Let me help you find the Saviour."

Keep your hook well covered with this bait so that it will not be bare in any place. Fasten the sinker of prayer and faith to the line of personal work; then hold your position and don't waver. Demonstrate the love of Jesus through a life of practical, unselfish, patient fishing of men. Results are bound to come.

Never fish with a long, sad face. Divine joy, contentment, hope, gladness, a heavenly home, and a welcoming smile are better bait and will catch more fish in a month than gloom and long-facedness will in a lifetime. Now, with your hook and salvation invitingly covered with love and joy and holy living, you are ready to cast out.

The Line

The line of personal work—and, here, real wisdom from God is needed.

Never be impatient—remember: no task requires more patience and alertness than that of a fisherman.

Never get into an argument. This is allowing your fish to pull you down to his level instead of you lifting him to Christ.

Do your personal work quietly, unobtrusively. Never splash the water or attract undue attention of those about you to the one with whom you are dealing—this makes the soul you are trying to land self-conscious and fearful.

Don't try to force your fish or drive it to the hook. Be still; hold the bait steady; let him consider the love and joy and peace he sees reflected there. He cannot resist it long.

If you would cast the line of personal work successfully, beware your own shadow.

A well-dressed, capable-looking man came to a riverbank one day with a magnificent and costly rod and reel. Every modern attachment was on it. Seating himself upon a log, he baited his hook, unwound his line, and dropped it over the bank; but though he waited hour after hour and examined his bait repeatedly, not a fish did he catch. Disgusted with the stream and declaring, "There were no fish there anyway," he was about to give it up, when his attention was drawn to a little barefoot boy who made his appearance with the obvious intention of fishing, too.

A stick, a string, and an old bent pin were all the equipment the lad possessed. The man lingered and smiled with amusement, as from an old tin can he drew a fishworm and baited his ridiculous hook. Then, lying down on the turf behind the log, the boy began to fish.

In a few moments, he gave his line an interested tug—then another—and then, wonder of wonders, up came a fat, shining little fish. And by and by, up came another, and another, till the astonished man cried, "Sonny! Sonny! However do you do it? Here I've been fishing for hours with this fine line and hook and haven't even had a nibble. You come down here with that affair and pull them in right away. How in the world do you do it, and what is the matter with me?"

"Why, mister, you're sitting between the light and the fish. Your shadow falls right on the water; you'll never get the fish to bite that-away. Lie down behind the log, mister, so they won't see your shadow, and you'll catch fishes, too."

Get down behind that cross, dear one; hide behind Jesus, the great "I AM." Let the light of the Son shine on the waters of life, and you'll catch fish, too.

Bringing the Fish to Land

Many fish who have readily laid hold on the hook have been lost through lack of wisdom on the fisher's part. Ofttimes, sinners have gotten as far as the altar. They were bewildered, full of doubts and fears, sadly lacking in faith and understanding, but oh so hungry and repentant. Many of these have been allowed to slip back into the waters of earth and sin when just the right word at the right time would have landed them for time and eternity.

It is impossible to set down any code of ethics or hard-and-fast rules for altar workers; for though we deal with many hundreds who seek salvation at the altars in our meetings, seldom are two cases just alike.

Look to Jesus and He will help you. Encourage the penitent to weep it all out at Jesus' feet—all his sins and failures, heartaches, his troubles and longings. Don't be ashamed of the tears. Let your tears mingle with theirs.

We always love to hear that old, timeworn, contrite prayer, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner...Create within me a clean heart, oh God," burst from the sinner's lips.

When a sinner is seeking pardon and the witness of a bornagain experience, let your attitude ever be one of encouragement and never of discouragement. Altar confession and repentance have taken place. Don't keep begging, "Lord save them...Oh God, forgive them." Instead of making it seem that God is tardy and slow

concerning His promise, or that the issues depend upon Him, help the seeking soul with whom you are dealing to a realization that God completed His part of the contract when His Son, Jesus Christ, shed His blood on Calvary's cross.

Help the sinner to see that God's attitude is one of open arms and a loving heart, and that His tender voice is saying, "Come. Come! *Come*! He who cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out, whomsoever will may come. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Come unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved."

Get them to realize that all that was waiting to make them His child was their repentance, eternal yes, and acceptance of His gift—salvation.

Salvation is like a precious package all paid for, wrapped up, and waiting to be accepted.

"Oh, but I can't believe it; I cannot realize that He has accepted me," wailed a beautiful young woman with whom we prayed some time ago. Her tearstained face was red from weeping. "I can't believe He takes me now. I can't, I can't!"

"But listen, dear. Stop crying and look at me just one moment. Leave your questioning about Jesus taking you aside and answer me this: Have you given yourself to Jesus?"

"Yes...oooh, yes, with all my heart," she sobbed.

"Now, sister, think carefully. Are you quite sure you have given everything to Jesus...your life, time, talents, money, ambition, your heart's devotion, love of pleasure, companions, et cetera...Have you completely surrendered and given all to Jesus?"

"Yes! Oh, Sister, I'm sure I have! I've given them all. All that I have, all that I am, or hope to be, I have given *myself* to Jesus."

"Well then, dear, if you have given yourself to Jesus, to whom do you belong?"

She hesitated—gripped my hand, at first startled. Then a thoughtful look flooded her brimming eyes, only to be replaced by a burst of realization and joy.

Suddenly she sat up very straight and, brushing away her tears, cried in a ringing voice, "Why...why...I...I belong to Jesus—"

"Well now, my sister, lift up your hands and thank your Saviour that you belong to Him."

Obediently, gladly, she lifted her sweet face and hands to heaven with tears of gratitude flowing down her cheeks, saying, "Oh, Jesus... my Jesus...I thank you...thank you...that I belong to you."

Then the flood tides broke loose, and joy surged in like the billows at full tide while the angels of heaven rejoiced. Another fish had been landed for Jesus.

"And how about you, my brother?" I inquired of a man who prayed with his face buried in his hands, broad shoulders heaving, penitent tears trickling between his fingers. "Does Jesus save you now?"

All about him, Christian workers and newborn converts who had just passed from darkness into light were singing, dancing, and shouting, and making the old chorus "I believe Jesus saves, and His blood makes me whiter than snow" shake the very roof.

"Brother, can you believe and sing it, too?"

"No, no, ma'am, I don't seem to get hold of it...can't understand how to believe. I've confessed, and repented, and asked God to take me in for Jesus' sake; but I have no witness that the work is done."

"Brother, are you a married man?" I asked suddenly.

"Why, yes!" he stammered in surprise.

"Well, when you were being married, didn't the minister say to you, 'Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?' and didn't you say, 'I do'?"

"Why, yes, ma'am, I did—"

"And then, didn't the preacher turn to the bride beside you and say, 'Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?' and

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didn't she answer, 'I do'? And didn't those two 'I dos' seal the contract there and then...and doesn't the same rule hold good in any bargain? Does it not always take two to make a contract?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's so."

"Very well now, brother, Jesus said His 'I will' on Calvary's cross when He shed His precious blood and bowed His head in deathless love. He said, 'I will take this man to be my son...Freely will I pardon his transgressions and cleanse him from all unrighteousness. As far as the east is from the west, so far will I remove his transgressions from him. I will cast them in the sea of my forgetfulness; I will remember them against him no more. I will forgive him freely. I will, I will.' Why, man, His 'I wills' were said over nineteen hundred years ago. All that has been waiting to seal the contract has been youn 'I will.' Do you see it, man, do you see it, and...and will you say it now?"

"Oh, God...oh, God," was the cry that burst from his lips. "Forgive me for keeping you waiting for my 'I will.' Oh, God, I will take this Jesus as my lawful Saviour, my King, my Lord forevermore. I will live for you who died for me. I will...I will...I will."

Hallelujah! In a moment he was on his feet dancing, shouting, and clapping his hands with a radiant face. Another fish landed for the Saviour.

These are only a couple of the many ways fish can be landed by a judicious word at the right time. Were we to write all the various experiences along this line, it would almost fill a book. This is not necessary, however, for the Saviour will help you if you look up to Him, and will make you a fisher of men.

Don't put it off a day longer; begin at once, that you may not be found empty-handed when Jesus comes to take us home.

The Coming of the Prince of Peace ——+ ★▼ ₩————

January 1920

For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God. The dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

1 Thessalonians 4:16–17

EYOND A SHADOW of a doubt, we are living in the last of the last days. We are standing upon the verge of the return of the Lord Jesus Christ for His waiting church. Throughout the world, scoffers are crying, "Where is the hope of His coming?" But in the hearts of His people, faith has sprung up, and their eyes have caught the glory of the coming dawn.

Preach the coming of the Lord today and many will say that you are a croaker and a pessimist. Not so. Pessimism is not possible for the man who is preparing and looking forward to the glorious coming of the Bridegroom. These are the days of which the Prophet spoke and the seers foretold. These are the days for which the apostles hoped and longed. Surely they whose eyes have been opened to the signs of the times are of all people the most blessed.

Time is cut in the middle by one great outstanding event—Christ's first coming. Every nation of the earth, Christian or heathen, without knowing why, dates its calendar from the birth of Christ. The old days are known as BC; the last days date from His birth, AD. During the opening of the church at Pentecost, Peter referred to Joel's prophecy, saying, "In the last days I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, saith God." The time in which Peter lived saw the first of the last days, but we of today are living in the latter end of the dispensation, the last lap of time before His appearing for the church triumphant.

God made a break in history when He sent the flood, and He will make a break again when He sends His Son and the awful tribulation is poured upon the earth. He is not slack concerning His promise, but wants that none shall perish.

Never was there a time when prophecy was fulfilled with such startling rapidity as today. The disobedience of children to their parents is one of the most pitiful sights of the century. Incontinence is the most threatening thing in society; false teachers have filled the land; wars and rumors of wars are rumbling like thunder in every clime. Such famines, pestilences, and earthquakes have never been since Christ hung on Calvary. As much history is being made in a year today as was made in a century in bygone ages.

Satan is being cast out of the heavens into the earth. The great harvest is ripe for the hand of the anti-Christ and the cycle of destruction. A few years ago, those who declared that there would be wars and rumors of wars were laughed to scorn and told that eternal peace would be the portion of the civilized nations of today. Yet, in the fullness of time, only a touch was needed to explode the powder house and baptize the world in blood. Every dog of war was on the leash; every modern invention of war was put into use to destroy men, women, and little children and baptize them in their own blood.

Scientists and engineers declared that pestilence could not come, and boasted of their sanitation, ventilation, et cetera. Yet six

million men were swept into their graves inside of a few months as plagues, pestilence, and epidemics swept through the land.

As for earthquakes, the nations are now in the grip of such a shaking as they have never known. Kingdoms totter and fall. Theological seminaries and universities are filled with Bolshevism and higher criticism from center to circumference. The public schools have, by actual legislation, refused and rejected the Word of God to be taught therein. Just imagine anyone thinking that he could be cultured or educated without knowledge of that book. What the sun is to the physical earth of ours—its only source of light—the Bible is to the people of this world. Take that away and we have nothing left.

Turbulence and unrest sweep over the earth like the billows that roll o'er the sea. The waves beat high. Storm clouds roll black as night. A storm such as the world has never seen rages on every hand, men's hearts are quaking and failing them for fear, but the children of the Lord need never be afraid, for He is in the boat. Just as He rose and stood in the swaying boat on that day of yore with a calm, uplifted face as the spray of salt waves rushed by upon the wings of the wind, and cried, "Peace be still," so shall He suddenly appear and stand in the midst of His people and say, "Peace be still." At the end of the tribulation, He shall return to this earth, bringing His saints with Him. Every cannon will be hushed; every sword shall be in its scabbard. Every aeroplane shall cease dealing death from the heavens. Every submarine shall come to the surface and speed away on errands of love and mercy. The earth and the sea shall lie in calm repose in the palm of His hand. He is the Prince of Peace, and without Him there is no peace.

Today men, potentates, are running to and fro with their little paper tablets of peace, wildly searching for peace, but the trouble with them all is that they are looking for it in every other direction than toward the Saviour. They have endeavored to banish Him from their schools, from their politics, and from their governments. Peace is what every man wants but has not the power in himself to get. But

oh! When the Prince of Peace shall come, never again will there be any more war. Every man shall sit under his own fig tree, and the wisest generals will say, "What fools we were, we thought we had no need of Him, but without Him there is no peace." Poverty, like war, will be at an end. No collections will have to be taken. Peace and prosperity will reign, and even the desert will break forth into beauty, rejoicing, and blossoming like a rose when the Prince of Peace is in His place of power. Today every man worships his own god, but then the praises of Jehovah will be on every man's lips.

In Russia, the rulers and powers that be have been robbed and murdered. In Austria, they are all gone. England has a throne in name but not in power—a king who is but a figurehead. The greatest thought of the rulers of the world has been "Who is going to succeed me?" Why, they need not lose any more sleep over wondering that—we can tell them who it is. It will be the Prince of Peace. Before Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is the Lord of Glory. All other thrones shall be vacated and crowns shall be laid at His feet. England has thought that she was it; Germany thought that she was it; the United States of America thinks that she is it, but oh, in that day Jesus will be it, bless His name.

Have you ever lain upon a weary sickbed through the long watches of the night with only the feeble rays of the lamplight to illumine your room? And do you remember how, just before morning, the lamplighter came along and the lights were extinguished one after another until all was left in total darkness, as black as pitch? But instead of sighing, you were glad, for you knew that this was but a token of the coming day that was soon to spread its gray then rosy mantle over in the eastern sky. 'Twas dark. Yes, oh so dark! But you knew 'twas always darkest just before the dawn. Then, suddenly, a robin came and perched upon your windowsill, or upon the roof beneath the trees, and threw back his head and sang from the very fullness of his heart, and sang and sang and sang until the forest echoed with the glad refrain.

Oh, it is just so today. The dark night of tribulation has settled down deeper and blacker. The bride will soon be gone and the light extinguished. Then the real tribulation, of which our present sorrow is but a shadow, shall come. Blood shall rise as high as the horse's bridle, and the darkest hours shall wrap themselves as a blanket about the earth and they who have rejected the call of the Master. But He is coming back again. Satan will be bound a thousand years and cast into the bottomless pit. The Prince of Peace shall spread His wings o'er the earth, and all the world will flood with life and light and joy. Oh, dear heart, prepare for the coming of the Bridegroom, that you may not be left behind when the lights are extinguished and the bride caught up.

It is not the will of the Lord that you should be left to go through the dark hours of sorrow that are so swiftly approaching. He longs to catch you up into clouds of glory to the marriage of the Lamb. He longs to save you, to fill you with His Holy Spirit, to purify you, to change you into His own dear likeness that you may enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb and return with Him in clouds of glory when He shall establish His kingdom and reign one thousand years. There is no time to lose. Jesus is coming soon. Get ready. Get ready.

The Fourteenth Chapter of First Corinthians + ⟨ ▼
April 1920

ESUS COMMANDED HIS disciples, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

"Tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

"Howbeit when He the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth."

"Ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Then we read that, on the day of Pentecost, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance" (Acts 2:4). Believers are today being baptized with the same Spirit in the same way, His incoming still being attended with the same miraculous speaking in other languages as the Spirit gives utterance.

The baptism of the Holy Spirit, instead of being the apex of the Christian's experience, however, is but the beginning—the gateway that leads into a veritable Canaan, as it were. And there, stretched out before him, lies a land bathed in God's own sunlight, flowing with milk and honey and filled with vines that hang low with an abundance of fruit.

Our bodies having been made the temple of the Holy Ghost in a real and precious sense, it is vitally necessary to our spiritual advancement and growth that we be yielded vessels, and the scepter of the Spirit's power be wielded over the throne of our hearts and lives.

Having enjoyed the milk of the Word, as a babe in Christ, the child now growing into manhood longs for the strong meat, the deeper teaching of spiritual truths, and to know the purposes, object, and result of the mighty incoming of the third person of the Trinity.

Let us turn together to the fourteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, a chapter filled with meat, misunderstood by many but readily acceptable and comprehensive to those who possess the key of the Spirit.

So closely interwoven is this chapter with the twelfth and thirteenth, that the three are often called "the Sandwich Chapters"—the meat of love being in the center, the bread at either side. To get a correct understanding of the fourteenth chapter, it is therefore necessary to acquaint ourselves with those immediately preceding.

In 1 Corinthians 12:4–11, Paul has just enumerated the nine gifts of the Spirit: wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, miracles, prophecy, discernment, tongues, and interpretations, which are distributed through the church to various saints and members of the body, by the selfsame Spirit who divides to each man severally as He will. And after an earnest, inspiring exhortation in which the necessity and importance of every gift and member of the body being in its proper place is set forth, the apostle closes the twelfth chapter with the earnest appeal "But covet earnestly the best gifts."

As though set in parentheses comes the glorious unfolding and expounding of the first and most important fruit of the Spirit, love. Paul reminds his hearers that though they may have every gift, but are minus love, they are *nothing*.

But thank God, through the apostle, the possibility of having both the gifts and fruits manifested in the church is made plain. The one does not stand in the way of the other, for the same Spirit who bestows the gifts "severally as He will" is the very one who causes the fruit of the Spirit to grow and thrive upon the branches of the Spirit-filled believer. Thus it is that, after completing the beautiful parentheses of love, with which he punctuates his treatise on the gifts of the Spirit, their operation, importance, and workings in the church, Paul takes up and resumes the subject where he left off.

The fourteenth chapter opens with the words "Follow after love and desire spiritual gifts." Follow after love, *and* don't stop short there, however, for just as the gifts need to be attended and completed by love, so love needs as a complement the gifts of the Spirit, that the ministrations of the church may be followed and confirmed by signs and wonders.

How closely that little conjunction "and" binds "love" and "spiritual gifts" together! How loosely it sets forth as unscriptural the erroneous teaching of the men of today who, realizing the lack of these gifts in their own midst, attempt to teach that these chapters, references, and promised gifts of the Spirit were written for and applied only to the earthly church age.

Coming upon these twain and attacking them with the scapular of unbelief, men of the clergy and theological seminaries have endeavored to separate and cut this verse in two, thus divorcing love from spiritual gifts. They have declared, without a vestige of Scripture upon which to found their statements, that while "love" is for the church till Jesus comes, the "gifts" were to be only of short duration and soon vanished away. Surely an order that would countermand the "desiring spiritual gifts" would also countermand "following after charity," for both have their places in the body and could not have been more closely connected by the apostle.

"But, did he not say 'Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease'?" asks someone.

True, but read on. In the same verse he says, "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away"; and until knowledge has vanished away, we have no right to expect tongues and prophecy to cease. Tell the theologists of today that the gifts of wisdom, and

faith, and knowledge have vanished, and they will take it as a personal insult.

Tell them that all the gifts, including healing, miracles, prophecy, discernment, tongues, and interpretation, are still bestowed and are in working order in the church today, and many will look upon you with suspicion, as one who is either in error or fanaticism.

"But why? Will you tell me why, or give one scripture to prove that while some of the gifts are left, God decided the balance to be superfluous or no longer necessary and canceled the order for their bestowal?"

God's power and the supernatural sign and wonder workings of His Spirit know no cessation, limitation, or boundary, except that put upon them by our lack of faith. "For the gifts of God are without repentance" (Rom. 11:29). It is not only the height of folly to pick and choose among promises of God given in these epistles, saying, "This is for today, and that for yesterday," but positively detrimental and injurious to the work of God and the restoration of the church to the fullness of Pentecostal power and perfection that must take place before Jesus comes to take His bride away.

When Jesus swings the great gates wide and comes to claim His bride, every member of the body will be in its place. No gift or fruit or grace of the Spirit will be lacking. The words of Paul in 1 Corinthians 12:1, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant," if needed then, are surely doubly necessary today in the face of such contradiction and denial.

After enumerating the nine gifts and dwelling on the place of each member in the body, he draws chapter 12 to a conclusion with the exhortation "But covet earnestly the best gifts." Now, if we covet a thing, we desire it very intensely. Some say we should not seek the gifts but the giver. Here is no such intimation given by Paul; he is addressing the Spirit-baptized church who has "the Giver," and

advising then and now that it has the giver to covet the best gifts (1 Cor. 12:31), and seeks that they may excel to the edifying of the church (1 Cor. 14:12).

Covet earnestly the best gifts. Here the emphasis falls on the word "best," and, from its use, we conclude that there must be certain gifts that Paul considers of even greater importance (for edification, exhortation, and comfort) than others. And now, after his parentheses on love (love is a fruit, not a gift), he takes up the thread of his discourse and selects from the nine gifts, three of which (prophecy, tongues, and interpretation) he evidently considers of such importance that an entire chapter, some forty verses long, is devoted to weighing and enunciating their different values. These three gifts that Paul brings so prominently before the church are the only ones whereby God can speak to people through people by His Spirit.

Before going further into the study or analysis of this chapter, it would be well to have a thorough understanding of the fact that Paul is speaking to Spirit-baptized believers of the church of Corinth. When referring to the "gift" of tongues and the continued speaking of the Spirit, his incoming is not referring to the "Speaking as He gives utterance" or Bible evidence that they as the believers in Acts 2:4, Acts 10:46, and Acts 19:6 received at the time of His incoming.

In none of the above passages are we told that the recipients of the Spirit received the gift of tongues, or that said gift was in any way connected with the baptism. We are, however, plainly told that, in each instance, the moment they were filled with the Spirit, they "spake with tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance"; but the gift of tongues to which Paul refers throughout this chapter deals with the speaking of the abiding Spirit subsequent to His incoming.

Here in this fourteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, Paul, with his splendid, logical, analytical mind enlightened and inspired by the Spirit, draws a line down the center—forms a balance sheet and sets forth in order the values: on the one side of the balance sheet, of prophecy; on the other side, of tongues and interpretation.

To fail to read this chapter in the same analytical, logical, balanced way and in the same Spirit as Paul wrote it, or to pick out a verse here and there to be used as a club against the operations of the Spirit, is something like the man who believed in opening the Bible and taking the first command his eye fell upon as his guidance for the day.

One day he opened to the verse "Judas went and hanged himself." Thinking this could not be for himself, he opened the Word and tried again. This time his eyes fell upon the words "Go thou and do likewise." Let us not make this mistake but rather read the verses in order.

"Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy." Tell us please, Brother Paul, what is there about these three gifts that makes them so desirable? And what is there about prophecy that makes it even more desirable than the gift of tongues—*unless* the gift of tongues be coupled with its other half (interpretation), thus putting the two on one level (see verse 5).

Well, it's like this, said Paul. "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God." This explodes the erroneous idea that tongues were only for the day of Pentecost and for use only among foreign-speaking people. For "no man understandeth him; howbeit in the Spirit He speaketh mysteries" (1 Cor. 14:2).

In other words, it is not the person alone that is praying, for he knoweth not what he asketh. Neither is his own mind framing the words of the petition—he knoweth not what to ask for, as he should—but now the indwelling Spirit helpeth his infirmities, praying through Him with groaning that cannot be uttered.

Jesus said, "Ask and you shall receive," but our receiving capacity is limited in a great degree to our asking capacity. When the indwelling Spirit prays through us, however, His praying is

not bound by the shackles and limitations of our human minds and desires. He prays through us in heaven's own language and soars into the very ethereal realms and presence of God; then we are but the temple, the channel through which intercession is made.

Why, Paul, that is wonderful! Do you mean to say that at times you pray in the Spirit without understanding what you say?

Oh yes, answers the apostle in verses 14–15. For if I pray in an *unknown* tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. In other words, I know not what I say. The Spirit speaking through me addresseth Himself not unto men but unto God, for no man understandeth Him, howbeit in the Spirit He speaketh mysteries. This is a private line between the Spirit and his God and cannot be listened in to by man or devil.

And do you pray with the Spirit *all* the time, Brother Paul?

What is it then, answers the apostle, "I will pray with the Spirit" (which is not understood); "And I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the Spirit" (which is not understood); "And with the understanding also—else when thou shalt bless with the Spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest? For thou verily givest thanks well, but the other is not edified."

"For this reason I pray not only with the Spirit (which you note he puts first), but with the understanding also, that others may understand and say Amen."

All right then, we take our balance sheet and put down on the one side (which Paul devotes to the beneficial uses the Spirit brings into the church through speaking with other tongues): *speaking unto God* in mysteries of intercessory prayer.

Now "he who prophesieth," says Paul, "speaketh unto *men*, to edification, exhortation, and comfort."

It is of great importance indeed that the Spirit speak through you unto God; 'tis also of great importance that He be able to

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speak through you to men. So we put on the prophecy side of the balance sheet: *speaketh unto men...*unto edification, exhortation, and comfort.

Now, the Spirit who speaketh unto God in the unknown tongue in mysteries is the same Holy Spirit who speaketh through a yielded vessel in prophecy. Both tongues and prophecy are spoken by the same Spirit, under divine inspiration—the difference between the two being that, whereas a message to the assembly (14:27–28) given in the unknown tongue needs to be accompanied with interpretation before it, like prophecy, can be spoken unto men to edification, exhortation, and comfort. Prophecy is spoken unto men directly, being given in the mother tongue of speaker and audience, and has, therefore, no need of interpretation.

The Gift of Tongues

- 1. Speaketh unto God in the mysteries of intercessory prayer.
- 2. Edifieth Himself.
- 3. Giveth thanks well.
- 4. A sign to the unbeliever.
- 5. Edifies the church with interpretation. The Spirit speaking as in prophecy unto edification, exhortation, and comfort.

Instructions and restrictions for using the gift of tongues in the church: speak two or three, by course, and let one interpret.

The Gift of Prophecy

- 1. Edification.
- 2. Exhortation.
- 3. Comfort, which edifies the church so that...
- 4. Men are convinced of all,
- 5. Judged of all.

Instructions and restrictions for using the gift of prophecy in the church: speak two or three, and let another judge.

St. Paul's closing admonition and command:

Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues.

The Fourteenth Chapter of First Corinthians

This gift of prophecy referred to by Paul is not the gift of preaching, teaching, or expounding the Scriptures from knowledge or doctrine, as some have claimed, but is a directly inspired message given by the Spirit through His temples "and holy prophets spake as they were moved by the Spirit." Insomuch that "out of our innermost beings (not out of our heads) shall flow rivers of living water," this spake Jesus of the Spirit whom He would send.

Prophecy is not a cut-and-dried sermon studied and thought up, but an opening of the mouth that He may fill it, an involuntary flowing forth in streams of beautiful language and teachings of which the Spirit Himself is the author.

"But would not such inspired utterances add to or make another Bible?" might be asked.

Not at all—one man in the Bible had seven daughters, another had nine daughters who prophesied, et cetera, but we read of no such accusation being made. Moreover, God plainly declared through the prophet Joel that, in the last days, He would pour out of His Spirit upon all flesh, and the sons and the daughters should prophesy (Joel 2:28).

This points out that the apostle is a gift (not something studied or acquired in a seminary) of paramount importance and should be coveted by the Spirit-filled saint. Through its use, not only are men edified, exhorted, and comforted (1 Cor. 14:3), but also convinced of all, and judged of all insomuch that the secrets of his heart are made manifest, and falling down on his face he worships God, and reports that "God is in you of a truth" (1 Cor. 14:24–25).

These five great benefits derived from prophecy, of which Paul speaks, we therefore set down on the prophecy side of the balance sheet.

"He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself" (verse 4). It is impossible to have the blessed Holy Spirit abiding within speaking (verse 2), praying (verse 14), singing (verse 15), and praising (verse 17), without being edified, built up, strengthened,

and encouraged, and it is indeed wonderful and necessary to be edified oneself. In fact, one must be edified himself before he can edify another, if it be true that it is impossible to lift another higher than we are ourselves. The husbandman must be first partaker of the fruit.

But though 'tis true that "he who speaketh with an unknown tongue edifieth himself," says Paul, "don't stop there; go on...covet to prophesy, for he that prophesieth edifieth the church."

Verse 5: "I would that you all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied."

But, Paul, tell us why, even though you "would" (or wish) that we all spoke in tongues, you would rather that we prophesied.

I have told you already. Read the rest of the verse: "for greater is he that prophesieth"—as far as speaking unto men unto edification is concerned—"than he that speaketh with tongues <code>except</code> he interpret."

Up to this time, Paul has been speaking of the blessing derived through the Spirit's speaking with tongues, even without interpretation, such as speaking unto God in prayer, giving thanks well, a sign to the unbeliever, et cetera. But now he is gazing upon and weighing this gift from another angle: namely, that of edifying the church. He points out the evident fact that prophecy (which can be understood in the mother tongue) is of greater edification in church or assembly service than the speaking in tongues, which cannot be understood and therefore cannot edify except when accompanied with the gift of interpretation.

This counterpart (interpretation) being added, however, completes the whole, making tongues plus interpretation equal to prophecy in speaking unto men.

Now, after showing how handicapped tongues without interpretation are when looked upon from the angle of edification to the church, the apostle gives us the keynote, substance, and solution of the whole matter in the twelfth and thirteenth verses: "Even so ye, forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church. Wherefore let him 'that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray that he may interpret."

Many great preachers of today, through whom the Spirit has spoken in a language other than their own, seem to be ashamed of the fact. One such lives in a great city in Illinois. Compromising, he never mentions the fact, lest he should lose his position in a certain church.

Dear old Paul was not ashamed of the fact that he spoke in tongues, and in verse 18 says, "I *thank* my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all." My, what a lot Paul must have talked in tongues! And how uncomfortable he would be made to feel should he stand in the center of some of the great churches of today and admit the same.

But Paul, wasn't this experience something to be a little fearful and ashamed of?

Ashamed? Oh no, rather something to thank God for. "I thank my God I speak in tongues *more than ye all*, yet in the church" (or in preaching, when it comes to edifying men); "I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others, than ten thousand words (without interpretation) in an unknown tongue."

Just after Paul had penned these words, I think perhaps the thought might have dawned upon him that some of these twentieth-century doubters and scripture twisters would misconstrue what he had said, for he immediately adds the words: "Brethren, be not children...but in understanding be men. In the law it is written"—and you know how careful God has always been to fulfill every jot and tittle of the law—"in the law it is written, with men of other tongues and other lips will I speak unto this people; and yet for all that they will not hear me, saith the Lord. Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not: but prophesying serveth not to them that believe not, but for them which believe" (21–22).

So that in no way is the speaking with tongues even without interpretation underestimated, for it serveth purposes that prophecy cannot serve. Besides being a direct line of communication with the throne (verse 1), a means of edification to oneself (verse 4), and a channel of praise (verse 17), it is a wonderful sign to the unbeliever and a direct fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah (verse 28:11). We therefore add "a sign to the unbeliever" to the side of the balance sheet devoted to divine uses of other tongues.

And now, Paul, after showing us that tongues, even without interpretation, are a wonderful blessing in our private devotional life, in prayer and praise, and in the assembly, too, when instead of praying at all times with the Spirit, we pray with the understanding also (verse 15), you tell us that tongues, as a sign to the unbeliever, can be of little edification in the assembly unless accompanied by interpretation. On the other hand, you declare that, while prophecy, though not serving as a means of prayer (speaking to God) or as a sign to the unbeliever, is of great edification, exhortation, and comfort.

Now, after showing the importance and edification to be derived from both these gifts, when exercised by the Spirit in their proper places, how would you regulate and define their usage in the assembly?

In verses 26–31, the apostle Paul not only answers this query, but sums up the whole chapter in six verses, and sets down in order the only church program recommended for use in the Christian church of the New Testament. He did not say: How is it, brethren, when you come together, you have every bit of your program cut and dried, days in advance, your psalms hung on a board by the organ, after fifteen minutes song, have ten minutes prayer (read from notes and rehearsed beforehand), swelling with such eloquence and oratorical power that the congregation will say, "My, what a fine prayer he made," then after the announcements for the oyster supper Tuesday night and the box social Wednesday, the young people's games and concerts Thursday, and the bridge and dance Friday, take the collection, have the trained

prima donna (who sings in the theatre during the week, and whose heart is far from God) sing with culture and refinement, and let the preacher be sure his notes are all in order, ere he wades through the intricate labyrinths of social reform, community uplift, and the strides of politics, then sing the doxology, repeat a stiff little formula of dismissal, and go home to the waiting ministerial chicken dinner.

No, indeed, that isn't what he said. Let us read his words and ask ourselves whether this is the way in which our meetings are conducted!

"How is it then, brethren? When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying. If any man speak in an unknown tongue, let it be by two, or at most by three, and that by course; and let one interpret. But if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself and to God. Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one that all may learn, and that all maybe comforted" (1 Cor. 14:26–31).

The same rule of restriction is placed upon both prophecy and tongues. They who speak in tongues are to speak by two, or at most by three, and that by course, letting one interpret, while the prophets are also to speak two, or three, and let the other judge.

Paul does not say take every word purporting to be given in prophecy as direct from God, but bids us listen, judge, and compare it with the Word of God. Does it edify, exhort, comfort? This rule may always be applied to determine the genuine from the false.

The same rule by which prophecy is to be judged in order to determine whether or not it be of God, might well be applied to tongues and interpretation—does it edify; is it an exhortation; does it bring comfort?

And the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets, for God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the

saints. He who set the sun, the moon, and the stars in the firmament of heaven, causing each planet to rotate and revolve upon its axis without friction or confusion, will also set His Holy Church in order. He will set each member, whether it be eye, ear, foot, or hand, in his or her place, divide the gifts of the Spirit to each man severally as He will, and give the manifestations of the Spirit to profit withal.

There is a wonderful dynamic power in the Holy Spirit. And power to accomplish good results must be directed along the proper channels, or havoc and disaster will be wrought. You purchase, for instance, a certain electric machine. With it comes a book of instructions, explaining how the power must be operated and utilized. Obey instructions, and there is perfect order and satisfaction. Disobey orders, or disregard instructions...a short circuit, an electric shock, or some disaster is wrought. Few machines are made absolutely foolproof.

Just as with the administrations, manifestations, and operations of the Holy Spirit (who is much more powerful than electricity), the workings and operation of His power must be directed along certain channels and controlled according to the book of directions, God's Holy Word, or dire results will follow.

"Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy and forbid not to speak with tongues" (1 Cor. 14:39). Believe God's Word, and do not stand in the way of the manifest power of the Holy Spirit. Today every prophecy and sign predicted to take place before the coming of the Lord is being fulfilled in the earth and sea and sky. The coming of the Master draweth nigh. The bride, the Lamb's wife, is putting the last touches to her heavenly trousseau, filling her lamps with Holy Spirit oil, binding her sandals tightly upon her feet in readiness for that day when she shall be brought to the King, in raiment of fine needlework, and stand before Him in gold of Ophir.

The work of preparation is not complete till each bridal adornment, each gift and grace and jewel, is in its place.

Oh, lift no longer doubting hands or incredulous voice, nor think such power, such signs and wonders, were only for the days of the apostles. We still live in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, which opened on the day of Pentecost and will not close till Jesus comes. This is the last day, and true to His Word through the prophet Joel, He is pouring out of His Spirit upon all flesh. Instead of opposing His divine plan, let us rather bow low at His feet beneath the sheltering blood and, falling in line with His divine purpose and decree, ask of the Lord, rain in the time of the latter rain, till showers and torrential downpours of His Spirit shall transform the desert into a watered garden, wherein the eyes of the blind are opened, deaf ears are unstopped, and the lame man leaps for joy as we await our Lord's appearing.

HAT THE POSITIVE, conscious knowledge of the Spirit's incoming was really beyond question in apostolic days, no one can doubt. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." They had received a definite, indubitable experience upon the solidity of which they could step out confidently and speak with positive assurance.

The outpouring and baptism of the Spirit had been foretold by prophets and talked of by sages centuries before. "For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He hath said, 'This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest,' and 'This is the refreshing,' yet they would not hear," declared the prophet Isaiah. "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," said God through the prophet Joel. "Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil."

And, thank God, this prophecy is being fulfilled today before our very eyes. If you had been here this afternoon after the service, you would have seen these floors filled with wheat. The slain of the Lord were many.

Then came our Jesus, of whom John the forerunner cried, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh

after me is mightier than I...He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Not only did Jesus speak frequently of the coming Holy Spirit, but He emphasized the necessity and utmost importance of receiving Him when He did come. Toward the end of His ministry, with ever-increasing forcefulness, Jesus continued to emphasize this truth in such passages as "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I go, I will send Him unto you" (John 16:7); or, "Howbeit when He the Spirit of Truth is come. He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify me (John 16:13–14).

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive...But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance" (John 14:16–26).

"Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature... And these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues" (Mark 16:15–17).

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24:49).

"For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence...But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me...unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts 1:5–8).

Many of the faithful servants of God in bygone days had felt the Spirit resting upon them with blessed anointing, but though all the mighty promises of His coming had been given, no human being outside of John the Baptist (who had been filled with the Spirit from birth) had ever been *baptized* with the Holy Spirit.

In the second chapter of Acts, we read of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost and see the curtain roll up on the official opening of this dispensation or "church age." The hundred and twenty believing saints who had spent day after day in prayer and supplication were suddenly filled with the presence and power of Him for whom they waited: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:4).

The Bible is careful to tell us that the first act by which the Spirit introduced himself through the temple in which He had taken up His abode was to speak through them in other tongues (languages they had never learned).

Not only was this the case in Jerusalem, where Jews "from every nation under heaven" were assembled, but also in the house of Cornelius (chapter 10) and at Ephesus (chapter 19), where there were no Jews of foreign tongue and therefore no seeming external necessity for it. At the house of Cornelius, where Peter was preaching to the Gentiles, his sermon was suddenly interrupted without warning or apology, for "While Peter yet spake...the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God."

Here was an experience that, for some reason, not even the Jews of the circumcision could doubt, even though it fell in the most unexpected manner, on the most unexpected people. We are told that they knew they received the Holy Ghost, "for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God."

Could the Word of God have told us in any more striking and convincing manner that the speaking in tongues as the Spirit gave utterance was the accepted initial Biblical evidence amongst the Jewish believers everywhere during the eight years that had elapsed since the day of Pentecost? Had there been even a hint of any other

evidence being the sign of His incoming, would not the Jews who came with Peter have demanded this evidence, ere their age-old racial prejudices, against a people they had been wont to look upon as dogs, were overthrown like the walls of Jericho?

Yet, though we read of their astonishment that on the Gentiles was poured out the Holy Ghost, we discover not one shadow of doubt in their minds, "for they heard them speak with tongues." This was such conclusive evidence to their minds that there was nothing more to be said.

A few days later, when Peter stood before the council in Jerusalem, facing the serious charge of going in to men that were uncircumcised, he brought his defense to a close by saying, "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning, and God gave them the like gift as He did unto us. What was I that I could withstand God!" (Acts 11:15–17).

And how did this learned body of men, who had been in this Holy Ghost revival ever since the beginning, receive the news? Did they receive the speaking in tongues as a conclusive sign that the Gentiles had received the gift, or did they doubt and demand other evidence?

"When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God" (Acts 11:18).

What more was there to say? If the speaking in tongues was accepted evidence, what else was there to do but hold their peace and glorify God? Upon the acceptance and recognition of this sign, and the testimony of Peter, the Magna Carta of Gentile freedom was prepared. The evidence was so completely sufficient that a delegation of apostles and chief men were sent to Antioch, and permanent work established.

Again in the nineteenth chapter, speaking in tongues is brought to the foreground as an immediate accompaniment of the baptism. Paul had been preaching to the disciples at Ephesus, but something must have seemed lacking about them. Perhaps they did not have the great welling shouts of "Hallelujah" and "Glory to Jesus" that are so peculiar to the baptized people. Paul must have missed that freedom, love, and transporting glory, which we, too, find missing in so many professing disciples of today. Anyway, he had a pretty good idea where the trouble lay, and turning to them, he asked the straight question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

They as frankly answered his question in the negative. Some time ago, I asked a certain lady whether she had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; she said she didn't know what that was, but she was sure she had received it anyway, as she thought she had received all God had for her. This, I am sorry to say, is the attitude of many people: they are ashamed to candidly confess that there are experiences they have never had and depths they have never fathomed. Had the Ephesians Paul met been of this class, I doubt whether the revival power would have ever fallen upon them. "Woe unto you who are full now, for ye shall hunger hereafter."

Humbly, simply, frankly, they acknowledged their lack and said, "Why, no, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

"And when Paul laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied" (Acts 19:6). If anyone ever tells you the speaking with tongues in the Bible times was merely to converse with foreigners, ask him whether there were any foreigners at Ephesus or Caesarea. They all spake in other tongues, even though, outside of its relative connection with the incoming of the Holy Ghost, there was no apparent need for it. Paul also tells us plainly in 1 Corinthians 14:2, "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God. For no man understandeth him; howbeit in the Spirit he speaketh mysteries." This passage forever explodes the erroneous idea that the "tongues" are given for missionary purposes, though God can, and at times has, used them so in this present age.

At Samaria, in Acts 8:16, we find a newly converted people who have received the Word of God and been baptized in water; none of whom have as yet received the Holy Spirit. This plainly shows that the Spirit is not received at conversion, for these people were converted and baptized and now were ready for the promise of the Father.

Peter and John were sent to pray for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." So real, so definite (not only to themselves, and to Peter, John, and Philip, but even to Simon the Sorcerer) were the signs attending their filling, so joyous and desirable, that Simon himself was delighted and thought he had found the way to make a fortune. For surely everyone would want such a wonderful, happy, rapturous, heavenly experience as that which took place before his eyes. But ah! Simon, this gift cannot be purchased with money, but by prayer, consecration, and yieldedness to the will of God.

The context does not say in so many words that they spake in tongues, but it is clearly implied, and practically all Bible scholars are unanimous in this belief. If the miraculous sign that this sorcerer himself recognized as supernatural, and could not gainsay, was not speaking in tongues, what was it? Love? Blessing? Peace? No, it could hardly be one of these, for these he could not see or hear. This wondrous baptism of the Holy Ghost is too precious, too vitally important to the spiritual growth of the church and individual to be left without some unmistakable outward sign whereby both the recipient and spectator may know when He has come in to take up His abode.

In our meetings today, so many are receiving the Holy Ghost that to mention in every case that the individual spake in tongues would be superfluous. For instance, when I say, "This morning six received the baptism of the Spirit, twelve received this afternoon, and eighteen last night," standing as I do for the recognized Biblical evidence of the baptism, would it not be needless repetition to say each time that they all spake in tongues?

If, however, someone doubts that a certain party received, and the news seems almost too good to be true, we say, oh yes, he did, for we were all there and heard him speak with tongues. Take this dear, holy preacher here, for instance; he received the baptism this afternoon, though for years he had claimed to have all he needed. Today he went down under the power (just like the most ordinary of us) and received the baptism. A sister came running in with an incredulous look and said, "Sister, you don't mean to say that minister is receiving the baptism?"

"Yes, dear," I replied. "Listen a minute, and you'll hear him for yourself; he is speaking in tongues and magnifying God."

Therefore, you see, while it is superfluous and unnecessary to mention the speaking in tongues in every instance, when there is any doubt about one's receiving the gift, we instantly go back and produce the *Biblical evidence*, just like Peter did in the case when the Gentiles' baptism was disputed: we know, for we heard them speak with tongues, et cetera.

Your uncle dies, leaves you his property through a perfectly legitimate will. I come along and say, "What right have you to this property? I don't believe you own it, and I would like to put you out and move in myself." Would you not run and get your papers and say, "You are mistaken, this is my land, it is rightfully mine, and here is the legal evidence to prove my statement."

Hundreds of thousands are enjoying this blessed Biblical experience of the indwelling Holy Spirit. The latter rain is falling, and "the promise is unto you and your children and unto them that are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39). God has not changed His pattern, nor discarded the old-fashioned evidence as no longer necessary. Don't you want to receive this great gift in the Bible way, so that you, too, can speak definitely and authoritatively that He has come?

Remember that the receiving of the Holy Spirit is only the beginning, just the triumphal arch through which you enter into a new life

Aimee Semple McPherson

of union, fellowship, praise, worship, prayer, love, and service such as you have never known...a life in which, out of your innermost being, there flow forth rivers of living water...a life endowed with power from on high, which will enable you to add your voice to those of the host who are witnessing of His coming to the uttermost parts of the earth.



ESUS IS CO God is

ESUS IS COMING SOON.

God is separating unto Himself a peculiar people—a searched-out, melted, fire-tried company, who have been refined in the crucible of God.

A royal diadem is being prepared for the glorious King of kings, and only purest gold purged in the hottest searching flame, purged from all tin and brass and earth's alloy, can be used in the making.

In the crucible of God, there is turmoil, seething, and unrest, while hot fires burn and base dross yet remains. But when the dross is gone, consumed away, there comes a peace, a still calm, that's undisturbed by heat or cold, by storm or trial. And in the crucible of God, there comes a hush—tempestuous, struggling surging ceased. It has become a place of rest, in the very hand of God.

The gold—unruffled, shining, smooth—lies like an even, placid sea, so still and hushed that, bending low, the Master sees His face and form reflected there.

Line for line, feature for feature, the reflection has taken on the image of Christ.

The thorn crown on his brow appears. Piercing and deep, the thorns of sorrow, reviling, misunderstanding, jealousy, hatred, malice, and revenge have been beaten down with staves, and deeply wounded Him.

But, with teardrops wiped away, we look again, and the thorn crown worn with patience fades, and, in its place, a victor's wreath appears—the laurels of a mighty and triumphant conqueror! The Master's eyes, deep wells of pity, of tender, undying, and unconquerable love, looked from out His blessed face. Pure eyes, and true, quick to see and understand, to pardon and forgive, eyes that lift with faith unquestioning unto the Father and look back with love and divine compassion upon foe as well as friend—yes, there they are reflected from his face, gazing up at Him from out the crucible, with faith undimmed throughout the hottest trial.

His mouth—that outlet of the heart—most sweet and tender, filled with graciousness and truth though struck and bruised, appears upon the face within the crucible. Is it possible that once ere impurity was gone, and dross burned out, that mouth was quick to speak sharp, biting, scalding words that seared the hearts of many... words that stung, unjust and critical...words far better left unsaid, that never would have passed the Saviour's lips!

But now, the fire has reached and searched the heart in purifying flame, melting...transforming...glorifying...and out of its abundance the mouth speaks love, and truth, and tenderness of God.

"And in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God."

O'er the crucible of God, the Master bends, dear refiner of gold and silver, and a slow, sweet, wondrous smile transfigures His face, as line by line He traces His perfect form reflected there.

His cheeks, like beds of spices and sweet-smelling flowers, turned one for the other e'en though plucked at—smitten, bruised, reviled, reviling not again. Beaten upon and giving out the aroma of sweet, costly spices, crushed and yielding up the pure perfume of lilies, returning good for evil, kindness for unkindness, sincerity for insincerity...His cheeks are reflected there.

Before the brass and tin and the iron were taken away, those cheeks within the crucible knew not this calm, sweet loveliness, but were resentful to the blows. His image was clouded and well nigh destroyed by seething, boiling turbulence. But in His hands, He held it, and by His breath, the flames were fanned. And up from in the

heart within the crucible, a cry arose: "Burn on! Burn on, oh fire of God...Work out Thy will, Thy pattern, and Thyself in me, Thy sufferings and Thy triumphs! Heed not the murmurs of the flesh, but have Thy way...Thy way in me."

Now, there is peace and rest and quietude. The Prince of Peace has won the day. The love that answers not a word has conquered. In His dear, quiet strength and confident murmuring, yielding to the will of God, there is rest—sweet rest.

Divine Healing Sermon
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Written for the Alton Telegram July 1920

Whether it is easier to say Thy sins be forgiven thee, or Take up thy bed and walk.

Mark 2:9

N THE DAYS of the Bible, when they brought the man sick of the palsy to Jesus, the power of Christ to heal had become a known and an accepted fact. But when He said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," they shook their heads and called it blasphemy. They admitted the power to heal, but doubted the power to save.

Today, the attitude of mankind is reversed—they admit Christ's power to forgive sins, but lift remonstrating, unbelieving hands when it comes to His power to heal.

But the facts of the case are that it is no more difficult for the Saviour to do the one than the other. For "whether it is easier to say, thy sins be forgiven thee, or rise, take up thy bed and walk?" That was the poser Jesus gave the doubters so many years ago. The answer is just the same today. Jesus upon Calvary bore not only our sins but our sicknesses in His own body on the tree. He is not only our Saviour but our Great Physician. Not only was He wounded for our transgressions, but by His stripes we are healed. Not only does He forgive "our iniquities," but He also "healeth all our diseases."

In the plan of Christ and on the pages of the Bible, salvation for the soul and healing for the body went hand in hand. Man, through unbelief, has sought to divorce them. The mind of God has never changed, however, nor His mercy lessened, and what God has joined together, let not man put asunder. In the beginning, sickness came as a result of sin. On Calvary, Jesus bore not only our sins but the results of sickness: "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:17). Now, if Jesus bore the burden of sickness, why should we continue to struggle beneath the load?

The needs of humanity have never changed; their heartaches, their sorrows, their bodily sufferings have never changed; and, thank God, our Christ has never changed. He is still a satisfying portion who can meet and supply our every need for body and soul and spirit. He is still Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

In coming to Christ for healing, do not ask Him to become your physician until you have made Him your Saviour. There are some sinners who, if healed, would go out to serve the devil so much the harder. Give Jesus Christ your heart first; surrender to Him your life, your love, your all. Then come and ask Him to heal your body, not for your sake and convenience only, but that you may serve Him better, more wholeheartedly and efficiently.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James 5:14–16). Here again, salvation and healing walk hand in hand.

Jesus waits to save and heal, waits to wash away your every sin and remove your heavy burden. The secret of receiving both these blessings is a simple, childlike faith. Believe in the Lord, and ye shall be saved. Faith is an absolute necessity in receiving salvation. It is also an absolute necessity in receiving divine healing.

When the two blind men followed Christ in Matthew 9:28, imploring his merciful touch, He turned to them and asked, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" They said unto Him, "Yea, Lord." Then touched He their eyes and said, "According to your faith be it unto you," and their eyes were opened.

When the woman in Matthew 9:20 pressed through the multitude, saying within herself, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole," Jesus turned and said, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

They who rebuke Christ's followers of today for daring to believe and claim His power to heal the sick should bear in mind that Jesus never rebuked a soul for their faith, but did ever chide their unbelief.

There is not one passage in Scripture to bear out the assertion that the days of miraculously answered prayer were ever to pass away. Here are some of Christ's instructions that have never been recalled: "As ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. 10:7–8).

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:15).

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover" (Mark 16:16–17).

If the signs do not follow, something is wrong with our believing. The preaching of God's Word is still confirmed with signs following. Amen.

Let us cast off the shackles of unbelief and rise up in faith to believe and claim the mighty promises of God.

Lord, Send a Revival ———+ **∀ ▼ ₩**————

August 1920

E STAND TODAY on the verge of a great revival. God's mighty Spirit is beginning to sweep the land. The former and the latter rain have been outpoured. The fields stand white unto the harvest.

Whole churches and communities are longingly crying for, and even demanding, a revival of the old-time religion, with the old-time power. There is an ever-increasing unrest and dissatisfaction in the hearts of many against the superficial unreality and thin veneer of twentieth-century, modern religion.

"Oh, where is the power of John Wesley's days?" they are asking.

"Where is the power of Finney, Peter Cartwright, and the olden days? What has become of the 'Amen Corner'? The all-night prayer meeting? The joyous fires of victorious testimony? What has become of the altar service, the kneeling penitents bathed in tears? What has become of the old-time persecution from an enraged Satan?"

As many a cold, backslidden church stands today, decked in her jewels and rocked in her luxuriant cradle of wealth, education, and refinement, with her suppers, concerts, and social gatherings, even the devil fails to find enough genuine Christianity to do His kingdom material harm, or to concern himself with efforts of opposition. In fact, this type of modern church has become his most valuable ally.

The world, with its dance halls, theatres, and other institutions, sails under no false colors and makes no false pretenses of being godly. But when the church of the living God compromises with the

devil, and condescends to take the world—its amusements and allurements—on board, she is sailing under false colors and becomes a valuable asset to the devil.

Many ministers and thinking people have stood helplessly by as the usurper crowded in his artificial parties, suppers, socials, concerts, and whatnot, stood by and watched Christ's Holy Spirit crowded out. The "Amen Corner" and the power of the Lord fade away like the light at sunset.

Awake, ye ministers of the gospel! Awake, ye followers of the Lamb! Let us rise up and throw the whole thing overboard. Let us clear our church of the whole superficial, worldly outfit, which is crushing it down and trailing God's banner in the depths.

We have been sitting in the dust long enough! Let us arise and shake our garments, loosen the bands of worldliness from our necks, and go forward into victory and the old-time power.

"But what will our people say? They expect, demand these things. We would lose our congregation."

Then, we answer, let them go; you are better off without them. But it is doubtful that you will lose them, and even if you do, you will get another, a larger and more desirable audience than those shallow worldlings with God's praises on their lips and sin's pleasures in their hearts.

Let us get away back to the old paths, the old glory, the old power. Out with the oyster suppers, the strawberry festivals, and in with the old-time prayer and calling upon God! Off with the false, and on with the true; off with the spirit of the world, and on with the Spirit of God! The two cannot dwell together; neither can they walk together, for they are not agreed.

The great church ship has been torpedoed by the enemy's shells of worldliness and unbelief. Let us stop the gaping wounds in her sides; bail out the waters of hypocrisy, pretense, and sham; mend the riddled, tattered sails of faith, love, and sincerity; and let us hoist them to the Spirit's breeze that blows toward heaven's shores. Put Christ and His Holy Spirit back at the helm, and a revival is assured.

Lord, send a revival! Revive Thy work in the midst of the years. This is the cry that is going up all over the land. Pastor, your people are tired of suppers, oysters, and things they can buy cheaply at the counters of the world. They want the reality of full salvation, the power of the Holy Ghost, and the supernatural workings of God's mighty power.

Lord, send a revival. Higher and higher rises the cry. The church has tried to bring it forth by man-made machinery, organization, cooperation. Man has raised his millions, laid his plans, but, brother, sister dear, a revival cannot be bought with gold. It cannot be worked up; it must be prayed down. A real revival is heaven-born. It begins when men and women fall upon their knees, crying, "Lord, send a revival, and let it begin in me."

"Tarry in Jerusalem, till you are endued with power from on high." Nothing short of the genuine baptism of the Holy Spirit as received in Bible days can bring back the power of apostolic days. Nothing short of this baptism can equip you or the church for service in the coming days, or for the coming Christ in the clouds of heaven.

Back! Back! Let us away to the old paths, the old gospel of power, the old-fashioned religion, the old faith that dares to believe God and claims His every promise.

God's store is just as full today as in the days of yore. His arm has lost none of its power.

The power that Peter had, the power that Paul and Silas knew, the power described in the Acts of the Apostles is just the same to-day. Ask the apostles the secret of their power, and they would tell you, "We tarried until the Comforter came in and baptized us with the Holy Ghost and fire. The works I do, I do not of myself; He that dwelleth in me, even the Holy Spirit, doeth the works."

This baptism is the secret of power today. Tarry until you are endued with power from on high. Tarry until your body, searched and cleansed, has been made the temple of the indwelling Holy Spirit. Tarry until He has sealed His vessel, giving the same identical sign

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of the seal as He did in Acts 2:4. When He enters His vessel, He will speak with new tongues and praise the Lord in His own dear language.

Then rising from our knees, a Spirit-filled army controlled and guided by His hand, we will be ready to grapple with the hosts of sin, and Christ shall lead us 'neath gleaming banners unto certain victory!

Lifted high above the earth, our Lord will draw all men unto Himself. Thousands will weep their way to His dear feet and receive the Holy Ghost. The sick will be healed, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight, the deaf and dumb will be delivered, and a great chorus of praise shall ascend to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Already the power is falling from heaven. God's skies are bending low with pent-up blessings. Thousands who have tarried have been filled with the Spirit. Wondrous reports are streaming in from many parts of the earth as thirsty hearts are made glad by drenching showers of blessing.

Oh, hungry heart, delay no longer! Seek ye His face and seek it now. The land of promise lies just before you, and all its gates are open wide.

We are living in the last days. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." A mighty wave of revival is towering above us, ready to break in our midst. Have faith in God. Meet His conditions. Pay the price. Be filled with His Spirit as the one hundred and twenty were filled on the day of Pentecost; then go forth to declare the gospel of the soon coming of Christ. The night is far spent; the day is at hand; the coming of Jesus Christ is very near. He is even at the doors.



August 1920

T HAD BEEN a hot and wearisome day at a camp meeting. My duties had been long and strenuous. Now the last sermon had been preached, the last seeking soul faithfully prayed for, but I still knelt on the altar. The hour was so late, and I was so tired and empty. I felt I must ask the Lord to touch and bless me before I retired.

"Oh, Jesus dear, precious Saviour, will you please lay your hand upon my head and bless even me? Let me see Thy beautiful face and hear Thy tender voice; strengthen, encourage, and comfort me before I go."

Almost immediately my prayer was answered. A sweet tranquility descended upon my spirit like a mantle from the skies, wrapping me in its holy stillness. How calm, rested, and detached from my surroundings I felt. My body slipped to the floor before the altar, but I made no move to prevent it, lest I disturb this "shut-in-ness" in the presence of the Lord. Then I saw a vision.

The whole world was wrapped in darkness. One could not see an arm's length through the blackness of the night.

But, hark! Out of the gloom there came a sound of voices sweetly singing:

Oh Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ returneth, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

At the sound of that great "Amen," a streak of lightning tore its way through the heavens, from the east unto the west, rending them in twain. As I looked, the skies began to roll apart as smoothly as folding doors upon their hinges. Shafts of heavenly light came streaming down through the opening, piercing the gloom of Earth and illuminating it with wondrous radiance. Through the aperture, I saw descending first the pierced feet, then the garments white as snow, then the extended hands, then the beautiful face and head of Jesus Christ, my Lord. He was surrounded by an innumerable company of angels. In fact, quickly as a flash of lightning, the entire heavens were filled with seraphic heavenly hosts, cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels—surrounding the Christ of God. They were coming down, down in a beauty that beggars description. I thought of those great skyrockets bursting in the air in multicolored glories and coming down in silent grandeur through the night. I know of nothing else with which to compare their wonderful descent.

Every angel carried a musical instrument. Many there were having harps of various shapes and sizes. They were different from any that I have ever seen upon Earth, and of marvelous workmanship. There were those who carried long silver trumpets and other musical instruments the likes of which I had never seen before. The first part of their glorious descent was made in silence. Then, suddenly, the Lord put His hand to His mouth and gave a shout, calling and awakening His people. At the sound of His voice, every angel struck his harp of gold and sounded upon the silver trumpets. For years people have talked about the lost chord, but oh, surely there had never been a chord of such melodious, wondrous beauty as this. As they struck their harps, it seemed that the very stars of the morning broke forth into singing and trembled beneath its majesty. The earth began to vibrate, and the dead arose from their graves. They came from the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south and ascended through the air in beautiful white garments

that seemed to float about them; their faces were turned upward, and their hands extended to the resplendent heavens.

They were rising higher and higher into the air to meet the central figure of the Lord as He came down with His host of angels. As the resurrected dead rose through the air, they seemed to gather in toward the center of the heavens, taking their places as though by prearrangement in a shape that began to resemble a body.

Then the Lord gave a second shout, and, at the sound of His voice, the angels again swept their golden harps and sounded upon their instruments—holding the chord until the very stars shook, the earth rocked, and the mountains trembled. At that second shout, those who were living and remained upon the earth—whose garments were washed white and whose hearts were looking for the coming of the Lord—were caught up together with those resurrected from the graves to meet Him in the air. They came from every direction—from mountains, valleys, plains, and from the islands of the sea—to take their places in the body. Some were in the head, some in the shoulders, some in the arms of the body, some in the feet; for though there are many members, there is but one body (1 Cor. 12). What a picture! They were going up, and the Lord was coming down. Soon they would meet in the air, and what a meeting that would be!

As I gazed upon this scene, I was overwhelmed, and my heart burst forth into the cry "Oh, dear Jesus, aren't you going to take me? Jesus, you know I love you; I have been waiting and looking for you so long. Oh Jesus, surely you are not going to forget me. Oh Lord, take me!"

Suddenly, I found myself running up a steep and rugged hill as fast as my feet could take me. Once I stumbled and fell (that must have been the time I almost backslid, and got out of the Lord's work, running from Nineveh to Tarshish), but I arose and started to run again. Up and up I ran, and this time, praise the Lord, I did not stumble. Up and up I went, until at last I had reached the top of the

hill; but instead of going down the other side, I went right on up. Hallelujah!

The bride was still rising to meet the Bridegroom, and I was rising, too. What a wonderful sensation—sweeping through the air! All weights and fetters laid aside, rising to meet the Lord.

As I went up, however, I began to weep again, crying, "Oh Lord, is there no place for me in the body? It looks as though 'twere completed without me?"

But as I drew near, I saw that there was a little place unfilled in the foot. I slipped in and just fitted there. Glory to Jesus! When the Lord gives us a vision, He does not tell us how high and important we will be, but shows us our place at His precious feet. It may be that the Lord will permit me to be a part of the foot of the glorious running, soul-winning bride, until He shall appear to take us to Himself forevermore.

With the body completed, I seemed to be standing at a distance again. I saw the bride and Bridegroom meet. Her arms were extended up to Him; His arms reached out and clasped her to His bosom. Oh, that embrace! Oh, that meeting in the air! How can I describe it? The angels were playing softly now upon their harps. How wonderful the music was! They talk about Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but all, you wait until you hear our wedding march at the meeting in the air. The bride, however, seemed to be listening to nothing but the voice of the Bridegroom. I saw Him wiping the tears from her eyes and saying, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Now they were going up together—higher and higher they rose, melting through the starry floor of heaven, disappearing in the distance as the heavens rolled together again. Upon the earth there descended a deep, thick darkness, a hundred times blacker than it had been before. 'Twas a famine for the Word of God. But up in heaven a light was shining brighter than the noonday sun. Oh, how bright and

glorious it was: the mellow golden light of a newborn sunrise seemed to rest upon everything, tinting each spire and dome with a border of gold and crimson. Here all was life, music, and movement. The greatest day ever known in heaven or upon Earth had dawned. The wedding day had come!

The angels had formed a great long aisle leading from the heavenly gates to the throne of pearl, upon which sat One so wonderful, so dazzlingly glorious, that my eyes could not gaze upon Him. Line upon line, row upon row, tier upon tier—the angels stood or were suspended in midair at either side of the aisle thus formed. Above this aisle, the little cherubim formed an arch, singing sweetly and playing upon tiny harps.

As they played the wedding march, down the aisle came the bride and Bridegroom. She was leaning upon His arm and looking up into His face. Oh, the love, the joy, the hopes fulfilled that were written upon her fair and lovely countenance. 'Twas as though she were saying, "Thou beautiful Bridegroom, Thou Prince of Peace, Thou Pearl of Great Price, Thou Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley—I love Thee; oh, I love Thee! How long I have been looking forward to this day, how I have yearned to see Thy face, to hear Thy voice. True, I have seen Thee through a glass darkly, but now, oh now, my Saviour, slain Lamb of Calvary, I see Thee face-to-face! Oh, Jesus, to think that I shall live with Thee forever and forever! I will never leave Thee more, but I shall lean upon Thine arm, rest upon Thy bosom, sit upon Thy throne, and praise Thee while the endless ages roll."

As the bride looked into His face, Jesus, the Bridegroom, was looking down and smiling upon her clad in her white robes with her misty veil floating about her. Oh, that look in His eyes, that tender expression upon His face. 'Twas as though He were saying, "Oh, my love, my dove, my undefiled, thou art fair; there is no spot in thee. Before you loved Me, I loved you. Yea, I have loved you with an everlasting love. I loved you when you were deep in sin; I loved you when

you were far away. I loved you enough to leave My Father's home to go forth to seek, to save, to rescue, to draw you to Myself. I loved you so much that I died for you; I died to redeem you and to fill you with My Spirit. Oh, My bride, you have been faithful. Coming out of great tribulation, you have washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. You have endured hardness as a good soldier, and now through Me, you are more than conqueror. How long, how long I have waited for this day when you should be caught up unto my side. Oft have your feet been pierced with thorns, but here the streets are paved with gold. Oft the way was rugged and steep, and your tears have flowed unbidden; but now behold, the last enemy, even death, is conquered. Nevermore shall a shadow fall across your pathway, nor a teardrop dim your eye. Forever and forever you shall dwell with Me in the presence of My Father and the holy angels—My bride, My wife forevermore."

As they made their way up the aisle and neared the throne, the angels broke forth into soft, sweet singing: "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. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the linen is the righteousness of the saints."

As they walked into the brilliant light that sat upon the throne, my eyes were blinded with the glory, and the vision faded from my sight, but it is indelibly stamped upon my mind.

Oh, I am looking forward to His coming, His glorious coming, and the day wherein the bride shall be presented to the Bridegroom. Are you preparing for His coming? Would you be ready if the clouds roll apart and the heavens cleave in twain, and you should hear Him descending with a shout just now? If not, come to His feet today, fall upon your knees in contrition before Him, and cry, "Oh, Lamb of God, I come. Help me to yield my life completely to Thee; make me all that Thou wouldst have me to be; cleanse my heart; fill me with

Thy Spirit; fill my vessel with oil. Help me to bring others with me that, when Thou shalt appear, I shall see Thee and be as Thou art."

Then, rising from your knees with heart made pure and garments clean, your voice will be added to the swelling chorus, saying, "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Thy bride is waiting and longing for Thee."



September 1920



HAT THE LORD Jesus Christ is coming back to this earth someday, no honest believer in the Word of God can doubt. Most emphatically and unmistakably does the sacred page de-

clare it.

In the Old Testament, there are twenty times as many references to the Second Coming of Christ, as to His first coming. That is, twenty times as many references to His Second Coming as a crowned King, seated upon the throne of David, ruling with a rod of iron, bringing victory and glory unto Jerusalem, and peace upon Earth, as to His first coming—a meek and lowly Jesus, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, and bleeding as a slain Lamb upon the cursed tree. There are twenty times as many references to His coming with a crown, honoured and worshipped by all the ends of the earth, as to His coming with a cross and being wounded in the house of His friends.

Thus it was that the Jews, who had been looking for the mighty King, failed to recognize the lowly Nazarene, and refuse to recognize Him to this day. And yet, the cross must ever precede the crown. "If you don't bear the cross, you can't wear the crown." He came with the cross, fulfilling Isaiah chapter 53, and now He is coming with a crown, the Messiah and King of Isaiah 9:7, and of Jeremiah 3:17. Not only did He come to the earth once, the Christ offered to bear the sins of many, but "unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time" (Heb. 9:28).

The New Testament declares His coming. In the 260 chapters of the New Testament, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ is definitely referred to 318 times. Someone has estimated that one out of every thirty verses is devoted to this great and glorious theme.

The epistles of Paul, while referring to water baptism only thirteen times, refer to the Second Coming fifty times. This is "the blessed hope" with which the members of the church body are told to comfort one another.

Every time you repeat the Lord's Prayer, you are praying for Christ's return. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in heaven." How can there be a kingdom without a king, or His righteous reign be established upon the earth till Christ returns to roust the hosts of darkness, cast down Satanic rule, and wield His own dear scepter o'er the lands.

The last prayer in the Bible is a great, heart-throbbing cry for His return. "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And the answer still rings from heaven: "Surely I come quickly; and My reward is with Me."

Jesus Himself promised that He would return, saying, "And if I go away (to prepare a place for you), I will come again."

What could be plainer than this statement of our Lord? "If I go away...I will come again."

Did He go away? Yes. Acts 1:9 is careful to give us a clear description of our Lord's departure from this earth: "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

If I go away—yes, there He goes, slowly, majestically, the literal, visible Jesus ascending into the heavens. Higher, higher He rises, up and up, till the clouds receive Him out of their sight. And there stand the disciples watching Him go.

Ah, there He goes, my beautiful Master, methinks the voice of John the Beloved must have mourned. When will I ever rest my head upon His loving breast again?

Lord, Lord, when shall I again gaze into Thy precious face, sit at Thy feet, and hear Thy tender voice? Mary, the sister of Martha, must have sobbed.

Gone...gone! My Lord is gone! But what was that He said? "If I go away, I will come again." He has surely gone away, but will He come again?

Hark! Who is that, that speaketh now?

The angels testify. Suddenly, two men stood by them in white apparel, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11).

This "same" Jesus...shall return. Not some mythical, intangible, invisible Spirit, but this *sama* Jesus, the Jesus who ate bread and fish and honey before their eyes after His resurrection, the Christ who said, "Thrust thy hand into My side, handle Me and see."

Oh, glory to His dear name! Small wonder that they returned unto Jerusalem with joy. Why, the message of our Lord's Second Coming is the most joyful message that could be borne to the heart of a believer by man or angel. It spells joy to the children of light, for then the sun will be risen, and woes to the children of darkness, for sin and night will then be conquered and banished forever.

The apostle Paul bears witness to His coming in First Thessalonians 4:16–17, saying, "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The Holy Spirit declares His coming is nigh at hand, ringing the glorious words through waiting hearts: "Jesus is coming soon; get ready!"

The signs of the times, when compared with Biblical prophecy, declare that His coming is nigh. Unbelievers may scoff at the thought

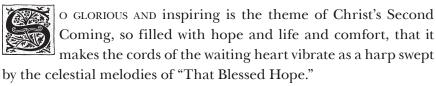
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of His personal and literal return for His waiting church, as the people of Noah's day scoffed at the declaration of the coming flood. But as sure as the flood came and caught faithful Noah up on its heaving bosom, leaving the sinful and unbelieving to be buried beneath the rising waves, so certainly will Christ, the blessed Bridegroom of the church, return to take His bride away, leaving the foolish virgins and the unprepared to be covered by the waves of tribulation.

Jesus is coming! What if He should come tonight? Does your heart leap exultantly at the thought? Are you ready to meet Him, washed in His precious blood, filled with His Holy Spirit? If not, seek Him today; there is no time to lose. Buy oil that your lamps and vessels may be filled; then when the door of translation is opened in the skies, you will go into the marriage of the Lamb.



October 1920



Coming again! Oh, Hallelujah! That tender, merciful, understanding Jesus—that dear Son of God, who took the little children in His arms and blessed them, who healed the sick, and raised the dead, and cleansed the leper; who fed the hungry, forgave the sinner, and bound up the brokenhearted; that precious Lamb of Calvary, whose bleeding wounds were opened wide; that mighty, resurrected, crowned King of heaven and earth; that coming Bridegroom of the church—oh, bless His precious name! He's coming back again.

Coming back in power and glory, surrounded by an innumerable company of angels, robed in His kingly garments, His sandals upon His feet, His scepter in His hand. Coming!

But there! We are to study God's Word today and seek the answer to the question, *how* is He coming?

No truth is more firmly established on Biblical foundation, no truth more emphasized in the Word than the Second Coming of Jesus. All must admit that, according to the Word of God, Jesus Christ has promised to come back to this earth, sometime, somehow.

As to the manner of His coming, there are many theories.

First, there are those who believe that the coming of the Lord was spiritually fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. They declare that He who ascended with a resurrected body before the eyes of His disciples returned after ten days in Spirit form to comfort, guide, and endue his little ones with power for service in the preaching of the gospel.

True, there was great power and a real person of the Trinity that descended upon and entered into them upon that day. This person, however, was not the Lord Jesus Christ, but the Holy Spirit—third person in the Trinity—of whom He had spoken, saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away. For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you" (John 16:17).

He said, I will send you another Comforter. He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you. He will not speak of Himself, but he will speak of Me, et cetera. Plainly, Christ is not speaking of Himself but of another—namely the Holy Spirit, third person in the Godhead.

Let us not confuse the office work of the Spirit with that of the Son, for whilst the Spirit was being outpoured upon the waiting church, Christ was at the right hand of the Father in glory, where Stephen saw him some time later.

There are those who believe that the destruction of Jerusalem (AD 70) was the coming of the Lord. But a moment's thought and honest study of the Scriptures disproves to the heart of the believer the truth of such a statement. His coming is to be marked not by the destruction but by the restoration of Jerusalem. The Jews who have been torn and driven will be brought again unto their own land. After their deception and tribulation by the anti-Christ, they will see the Lord coming in the clouds of heaven...their Messiah, the Prince of Peace with healing in His wings.

Then, too, the signs predicted to accompany the Second Advent of the Lord from heaven were not fulfilled during the destruction of Jerusalem. The graves were not opened for the dead in Christ to rise; neither were the living saints caught up to meet the Lord in the air. The gospel had not yet been preached unto the ends of the earth. This was a time of seed sowing, not harvesting the ripened grain.

There are others who declare that the coming of the Lord means nothing more nor less than conversion—the coming of the Lord into the sinner's heart.

At conversion, however, the sinner comes to the Lord, not the Lord to the sinner. The convicted soul is led to the fountain filled with blood by the Holy Spirit, who makes plain unto him the finished work of Calvary, and the soul bears witness with his spirit that he is a child of God. Although there is a definite and blessed way in which Christ is enthroned in the hearts of His people at regeneration, it would not be the definite Second Coming to which the apostles looked forward with unutterable yearning and which is referred to throughout the years as that blessed hope, the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. His coming will be attended by opening graves, resurrected saints, and stupendous power and glory.

There are those who maintain that the coming of the Lord takes place at death. Such declare that there will be no coming other than that which everyone experiences when he passes out of this body to be present with the Lord.

But here again, the life goes to Christ instead of Christ coming to the life. If death were the coming of the Lord, Christ would need to come to this earth many, many times each day. We are told that at every tick of the clock, some soul passes into eternity, and Jesus would not be in glory to fulfill His High Priestly duties at the right hand of the Father, where He makes intercession for the saints continually. No, bless the Lord, the coming of the Lord will not mean death, but life—not a going down into the grave, but a coming out of it in a resurrection bright and fair.

There is still another class who believe that the spreading of the gospel of Jesus Christ into the remotest corners of heathendom is the coming of the Lord.

A moment's reflection upon this subject, however, convinces us that this, too, is a mistaken thought. His coming is to be sudden. He is to appear in the twinkling of an eye and with the rapidity of the lightning's flash across the heavens from the east unto the west. Two will be sleeping in one bed. The one shall be taken and the other left, whereas the sending forth of missionaries and the propagation of the gospel takes centuries and is, all must admit, a slow and tedious process.

If, therefore, none of these events is the coming of Christ, what is the solution to the question "How is he coming?"

The best and only way to determine this is to ascertain what saith the Scriptures. How does God's Word say He is coming?

Let us turn again to the first chapter of Acts, with its marvelous and graphic description of Christ's ascension and the succeeding events. Jesus Christ in bodily form had been resurrected from the grave for forty days. During this time, He had visibly appeared to more than five hundred. His precious blood had been shed on Calvary, but His body of flesh and bones, which they had laid in the tomb, had been resurrected.

So real and tangible was this body that to doubting Thomas He had said, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach thither thy finger and thrust it into my side." This resurrected Lord had built a fire upon the shore, broiled fish and bread upon the coals, and eaten before their eyes. In this chapter, He now stands forth in their midst, giving a last word of instruction and exhortation.

Then: "When He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and the cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven*'" (Acts 1:9–11).

The Same Visible, Tangible Fesus

Here we are plainly told how he is coming. This "same" Jesus (with the identical resurrected body that you now behold, the same pierced feet and hands and the same tender heart), who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go.

He went up slowly, visibly, a majestic, literal, resurrected Jesus, into the clouds of heaven.

His disciples stood and watched Him go up, and up, until the clouds hid His dear form from view. He will return "in like manner"—that is, in the clouds of heaven. Made visible to His waiting children, He will descend from heaven, coming in power, bringing with Him an innumerable company of angels to take His loved ones home.

In the Clouds

"Behold, He cometh with clouds" (Rev. 1:4-7).

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4:16–17).

Here is a real event, described so plainly and unmistakably in God's Word that it cannot be explained away or mean anything else than exactly what it says. This is a definite happening at a definite time. The words we have quoted can mean but one thing: these same heavens of blue, with their fleecy clouds, are to be parted wide by the returning of the Son of God. One of these days, they will light up with His glory as He descends from God out of heaven.

With a Shout

We are told that He is coming with a shout. Oh, dear reader, does not your whole being thrill, and your heart beat faster, at the words: "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God"?

What a shout, what a voice, what a trumpet that will be for those with dug-out, listening ears! Oh, are you listening for that sound, listening in the busy, roaring streets, listening in the silence of the night, keeping your ears clean and closed to the gossip and foolish jesting all about you...listening, waiting ready, for that sound?

"Shall descend with a shout"—oh, glorious message that fills the soul with joy and the eyes with happy tears! That mighty voice of the archangel, that trump of God, will cause the very earth to vibrate and will penetrate the deepest graves in land or sea.

No grave will be so far distant in Africa's burning sand or Greenland's icy mountains, but *that* voice will reach and penetrate. No stone or mausoleum is so solid, but His voice will penetrate. It will be heard in every quarter of the earth where there abides a waiting, ready heart.

If this is such a great shout, will the sinful masses of Earth hear it also and understand its import?

In all probability they will hear a sound of some sort, but it is doubtful that they will recognize it as the voice of the Lord. When Jesus was baptized by John in the Jordan, God spoke from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The people of that day did not recognize the voice of God, however, and many thought that it thundered; others thought an angel spoke. When Jesus appeared and spake to Saul on the road to Damascus, His voice, while intelligible to Saul, was not understood by those who accompanied him. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the same thing occurred at Christ's Second Coming.

Perhaps, on that day, some godly little servant girl may be waiting upon the table of her rich and fashionable mistress. The afternoon bridge and whist now over, that dinner is being served faultlessly. Sparkling witticisms are being exchanged over the snowy linen, with its shining silver and fragrant blossoms.

The maid (let us call her Miss Faithful) is obediently serving the soup and oysters, but her heart is far above all the frivolity with which she is surrounded. She is thinking of Christ's soon coming, and of that other table, the marriage supper of the Lamb—where she will be a guest and the angels will serve the tables. Suddenly a loud and most peculiarly indefinable sound is heard from above, which causes the very windowpanes to rattle and the delicate china to tinkle.

"Mercy! What was that?" asks someone nervously.

"Sounded to me like thunder," replies another, glancing through the window. "The sky has been a little cloudy this afternoon—guess we may have a little shower. Nothing to be alarmed about, I'm sure."

"Oh dear! Thunderstorms and lightning make me so nervous," trembles the worldly, unprepared mistress, "but I guess this will pass over." Her hand trembles visibly as she sounds the table chime for Miss Faithful.

The moments pass, and yet no Miss Faithful appears with the roast fowl and vegetables. What can be keeping the girl?

The mistress rings again, and yet no servant. She grows embarrassed and rings again. This time, the puzzled woman excuses herself and goes to the kitchen door. Never before has the obedient, respectful servant neglected her duty in this manner.

"Miss Faithful, where are you?"

No reply.

"Cook, where are *you*, and do you know anything about Miss Faithful?"

Still no reply.

They are nowhere to be found. There is the dinner on the tray, ready to be served, there is the pan that has just boiled dry on the stove, beginning to burn, and over on the window seat an open Bible, marked at First Thessalonians 4:16.

Impatiently she touches the button for the chauffeur.

"Perkins, have you seen Miss Faithful or the cook anywhere?"

"No, ma'am, I saw them last just before they began to prepare dinner. While you were playing whist, they were having a little prayer meeting here in the kitchen, and Miss Faithful was reading the Book over there."

How very strange. The mistress finally serves the dinner herself, and engages new servants the following day. The subject of conversation at the dinner turns to the large number of unexplained disappearances of which one reads in the papers today, and the episode is dropped. To the hearts of the sinful worldlings, 'twas but the sound of thunder. To Miss Faithful and the Christian cook, 'twas the voice of the Lord.

Suddenly

The coming of the Lord will take place in an instant, and without warning.

"Of that day and hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be" (Matt. 24:36–39).

There will be no time to prepare in that moment. Those who are ready will be caught up with Him in the air, but those who are unprepared will be left behind. Then shall two be in the field; the one shalt be taken, and the other left. In that sudden moment, one part of the globe will be shrouded in darkness and its inhabitants asleep in their beds. Somewhere it is early morn and women are grinding their morning meal, while, in still another quarter of the sphere, it is broad daylight and the harvesters are toiling in the field.

The suddenness of His coming is again described in the parable of the ten virgins in Matthew 25:10–13: "They that were ready went

in with Him to the marriage; and the door was shut...Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

The last words of Christ, recorded in the Bible, concern the suddenness of His coming: "Surely I come quickly." And the last recorded cry of the church bride is embodied in the answering words of John the Beloved: "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Jesus is speaking to your heart, even now, saying, "Behold, I come quickly." Oh, can you lift up your face to the clouds of heaven and with clean hands and a pure heart cry with joy, "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus"? If not, there is no time to lose. Today is the day of preparation; tomorrow may be too late.

As a Thief in the Night

The Word of God tells us that, at His Second Coming, Christ will come "as a thief in the night."

A thief comes to the home at an hour when least expected, and the inmates of the home are not notified as to the hour of his arrival.

A thief comes with a definite object in view, and when it is accomplished, he quickly and quietly takes his departure, carrying with him that for which he had come.

A thief does not seek the wooden furniture, nor the carpets. He comes for the gold, the silver, and the precious stones.

And indeed the richest treasure the earth holds today is the redeemed, blood-washed, Spirit-filled believers who await the coming of Jesus Christ. All else God considers as wood and hay and stubble. He is coming for the gold, tried in the furnace of affliction; the silver of atonement, wrought out in yielded lives; the precious stones that adorn the soul winner's crown, stones dug from the depths, cut and polished by the Master's hands into jeweled graces that adorn the Christian's life.

Many homes will be left desolate—the richest jewel, a godly mother, a Spirit-filled husband or child, will have been caught out and up. To the mourners who refuse to believe or prepare, Christ says, "But know this: that if the good man of the house had known in what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up; therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh."

As a Kingly Bridegroom

Jesus our Lord is never coming back to this earth again to be spit upon, bruised and beaten with staves, ignominiously insulted, and nailed to the tree. Bless His dear name! He is coming back a mighty, triumphant King! His crown will be upon His head and His scepter in his hand.

"Once, in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

In that day the rainbow of peace will be under His feet. And His people shall weep no more. Storms will all be over. Death and woe can never touch them more.

He is coming as a mighty victor, triumphant over death, hell, and the grave.

Surely at the stately stepping of His approaching feet, the stars of the morning will again break forth into singing, the hills and the mountains will flow down with praise, the sea and the caverns of the deep will lift their voices and thunder His glory, and all the earth declare that He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

When Is He Coming?

Being fully persuaded by the Scriptures, both as to His coming and the manner in which He shall appear, the next great, breathless question that leaps to the heart and mind is: *When* is He coming?

The stars in the heaven, the clouds of the sky, the prayers of God's people, the song of the saints, life, death, the preaching of the gospel—everything has a new meaning! New emotions stir the waiting heart to its very depths; the most steady pulse is made to quicken; and into the eyes grown dim with care and sorrow, a new light wells and shines with quenchless hope.

Jesus is coming! Those stars will tremble...Those clouds will flash with His glory! Death will be swallowed up in life, and the flooding light of dawn will vanquish the pall of darkness. The patient face of the watcher in the night will be suffused with the glad eternal light of a new day. Tears will be dried forever; burdens will roll away as the unfolding curtains of the heavens reveal the face of our blessed Bridegroom.

Oh, head once crowned with thorns, now crowned with victorious and kingly glory! Oh, face fairer than the morning, purer than the lilies of the valley; oh, eyes that gaze with yearning, love, and pity on Thy little ones...Oh, blessed form, clad in Thy garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, when wilt Thou come forth from the ivory palaces? When, oh when, shall we gaze into the heavens and behold Thee coming in glorious majesty? When shall we hear Thy voice, whose trumpet tones shall cause the hills to tremble, and the caverns of the sea to echo, and the Christians' graves to loose their bands?

Small wonder that, after the announcement of a day of such ineffable glory, the disciples came unto their Lord privately and put to Him the question: "Tell us when shall these things be? What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?"

These three questions concern three distinct events:

- (1) The destruction of Jerusalem and its temple, the overthrow of Jewish rule, and the dispersion of Israel.
- (2) The Second Coming of Christ for His saints, when they should be caught up to meet Him in the air, for the marriage of the Lamb.

(3) The end of the world, or age, when Satan should be cast down forever, the earth cleansed by fire, and God Himself stretches forth His scepter o'er the new heavens and the new earth.

When is He coming? What shall be the sign of His coming? Is His coming near at hand? Is it possible for anyone to know the exact time when He will appear? These and a score of other eager questions come trooping to the portals of the Word, beseeching answer. Let us consider Christ's answer to these queries, for He has answered them, every one!

Before going farther, let us bear in mind the fact that the Second Coming of Jesus Christ is divided into two parts. Firstly, there will be His coming *for* His people, as it is described in First Thessalonians 4:17. Secondly, there will be His coming *with* His people, described in Deuteronomy chapter 33 and Matthew chapter 25.

When Jesus comes *for* His people, His appearance is likened unto a bright and morning star. His Second Coming will herald the near-approaching day whose light shall never fade. This coming for his people will be followed by the most bitter tribulation the world has ever known: blood shall flow to the horses' bridles, and a famine for the Word of God shall reign from shore to shore.

When He comes with His people, He shall arise as the sun of righteousness with healing in His wings. Satan shall be bound, the hosts of darkness conquered, and His righteous rule shall be established in the earth. When He comes for His people, only the waiting saints will see and meet Him in the air. When He returns, bringing His saints with Him, every eye shall see Him, and weeping and consternation shall fill the hearts of those who rejected Him.

Can Anyone Know the Day or Hour of His Coming?

For His people? No! Christ's Word explicitly answers this question in the negative: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor

the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh. Of that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only."

But, though we may not know the day nor the hour, we are told that of the "times and the seasons" we need not be "ignorant."

In this respect, His Second Coming is remarkably similar to His first coming. The faithful few who were looking for and earnestly expecting Christ's first coming to this earth knew not the day nor the hour. They were not in ignorance, however, as to the seasons.

Take, for instance, the wise men. According to the Scriptures that they earnestly searched, and the signs of the times to which they were awake, they were certain that the time was at hand. Yet not until they saw the star itself did they know the day or the hour of His appearance.

The Mother of Jesus, though mindful of the seasons, knew not the day nor the hour till the time was fulfilled.

To Simeon, a man just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel (or the coming of the Lord), it was revealed that ere he should taste death, he should see the Lord's Christ. Here again, as in the case of Anna the prophetess, is an example of they who knew the seasons but not the day nor the hour.

Were we to know definitely that the Lord would not come for five years, many would delay their preparations and say, "I still have time."

But knowing that the signs predicted to precede His Second Coming are practically all fulfilled, and that the Holy Spirit is sending forth the last call, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him," there is every reason for haste and immediate preparation. "Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is."

We do know the coming of the Lord must be premillennial, for the righteous dead are raised up before the thousand-years reign to sit with Christ upon His throne. The devil is bound before the millennium, and the anti-Christ destroyed before this day.

His Coming Is Near at Hand

There is also every reason to believe His coming to be near, even at the door. In answer to the questions of His disciples in Matthew chapter 24, Jesus told of many signs that precede and indicate the approach of that day, signs that were to be seen in things national, spiritual, and educational, and touch every walk and calling in life. These signs were to point like mileposts to that great event.

Some of the Signs

"Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in My name, saying, 'I am Christ,' and shall deceive many. Wherefore if any say unto you, behold, He is in the desert, go not forth. Behold, He is in the secret chambers, believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

False Christs

As we read these signs, let us check off one by one all that have been fulfilled. Has anyone ever had the audacity to come saying, "I am Christ"? And is it possible that so preposterous a statement would deceive many?

Yes, such imposters have come, with their varied claims that they were Jesus the Christ, come to Earth again. Among the number might be mentioned Schweinfurth, Dora Beekman of Minnesota, and Mr. Herron of Detroit, Michigan, who declared himself to be the Prince Michael who came in Daniel 1:11. In mentioning Mr. Herron in passing, it is amusing and yet pitiful to note the ease with which the most foolish assertions can deceive people. During the time of his imprisonment, a Christian worker was trying to undeceive one of his most ardent followers, asking, "But how can you believe that Mr.

Herron is Christ when the Word distinctly says that His coming will be as the lightning that shineth from the east even unto the west?"

"Why, when Jesus came to Earth the first time, He was born in the east, wasn't He?"

"Yes."

"And when Mr. Herron was born, that was in the west, was it not? Detroit is surely in the Western Hemisphere."

How ridiculous, yet so easily are some led captive by the silly lies of the deceiver.

Then, too, there was Annie Besant's pet boy—the "Star of the East," also the "Baab" of Persia, whom so many worshipped as the Christ. Whilst engaged in Christian work in New York City, my mother chanced to room in a house, the landlady of which was absorbed from morning till night in lauding the name of this Baab and declaring him to be the Christ returned to Earth again. Meetings were held to worship him who dwelt across the sea, and incidentally to raise money to swell his coffers.

Russell declared that the coming of the Lord would take place in 1874, while many today declare the coming of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, with her *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, to be the coming of the Lord, their revelator.

During a winter tent campaign in Florida some years ago, the writer was preaching joyfully about the Second Coming of the Lord. So happy and exalted became her heart whilst declaring the transporting joy of this theme that she cried aloud, "Oh, I will know Him when I see Him and will follow Him forevermore." During the altar call, while men and women were weeping their way to the front, she made her way down the aisle to personally invite men and women to make this Saviour theirs. As she passed a certain seat about halfway down the aisle, a man reached out a detaining hand and laid it upon her arm. Thinking some poor soul needed advice or encouragement, she turned to him.

"Sister?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did I understand you to say, that you believe that Jesus is coming soon and that you are longing to see Him?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I am sure that He is coming, and I do long to see His face!"

"Did I also understand you to say that you would know Him when you saw Him and would follow Him wherever He should lead?" he persisted.

"Yes, I am sure that I would know Him amidst ten million and will walk by His side forever."

"Then I have some good news for you, Sister."

"Is that so?" she said interestedly.

"Yes, I have good news for you: I am Jesus Christ. Will you follow me?"

"No, indeed, sir," I said. "I will not follow you. You are not my Jesus, with the pierced hands and side and feet. He will descend in the clouds of heaven with a shout, the voice of an archangel, and the trump of God. And if I am faithful, I will rise to meet Him in midair, so to be ever with the Lord. No, sir, I will not follow you!"

Oh, thank God, none of these are the coming of the Christ, but mere fulfillment of the signs that must precede His blessed appearance.

False Prophets

"And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many." This is the generation in which false prophets and false religions spring up and become firmly rooted overnight.

What church is making the conquests that so-called Christian Science is today? Diabolically hatched in the heart of Satan, denying the deity of Christ and the necessity of cleansing through His precious blood, wrapping its deception in robes of correct thinking and divine love, it comes as an angel of light and surges ahead in

great sweeping strides. Money and people in ever-increasing numbers fall into its deceptive lines and follow after. One after another, the temples of this false religion rise. Most of them look like great mausoleums, and that is what they are—white sepulchers filled with dead men's bones. Unless they who follow this delusion of the devil renounce its teachings and accept Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of God, without the shedding of whose precious blood there is no remission of sins, they will certainly be lost forever...for only the blood can save.

Spiritualism, the mother of Christian Science, is even less careful to cover its Satanic origin and rule. Here, few pretenses to godliness, Christianity, Bible study, or prayer are made. Yet, with their false representations and assertions of being able to call back the departed dead, thousands have been beguiled into their toils. The spirits that they call forth and the power by which they bring them are unquestionably of the devil. Nor does all spiritualism consist of such hocus-pocus as table tipping, mysterious raps, and Ouija boards. The devil has the power to impersonate departed spirits and to give advice that, if followed, often leads to unspeakable crimes, suicide, and endless damnation. And yet, that these prophecies of Christ might be fulfilled, no less a personage than Sir Oliver Lodge becomes one of its chief proponents.

Whilst on the western coast, both in San Francisco and in Los Angeles, the writer came in contact with a new religion, whose self-given name goes under the initials PCDW. These people openly worship the devil, declare he is a good fellow, a great jester, a wonderful friend, and in league with God Himself to test the integrity and faith of mankind. They claim that once we recognize what a harmless fellow he (the devil) is, and accept him as our friend, we are all right and our religion a joyous one. These false people claim Biblical authority for their teaching, dress in a garb that somewhat resembles that of a Catholic priest and nun, and are gaining a following. So

bold are they that they entered our meetings and distributed their literature until ordered to stop.

The things that Christian Science, Spiritism, et cetera, do in certain instances are truly miraculous. "But, has any but God power to perform miracles?" you exclaim. Yes, the devil who caused the magicians' rods to become serpents in Exodus 7:11 has power also, and this power will be displayed more and more in these last days. "False prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, the very elect." In the book of Revelation 13:13–14, we read that Satanic powers will be able to call down fire from heaven and deceive them that dwell on the earth by the means of miracles that, through his human instruments and the anti-Christ, he is able to perform.

Love Waxes Cold

And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.

Matthew 24:12

Today iniquity abounds on every hand. Politics are corrupted; greed, avarice, and money grabbing urge the people on; feasting, drinking, dancing, theatregoing; the giddy world of the cabaret; honking automobiles that roll along the streets in splendor, smooth as satin; beautiful ladies in whose arms are clasped poodle dogs, and from whose painted lips the blue smoke of a cigarette is breathed... Ah, yes! Iniquity abounds; the cup is full to overflowing.

And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. "For that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first" (2 Thess. 2:3). This is the day of which Christ spoke, saying, "Men shall have a form of godliness, but shall deny the power thereof."

Here again is prophecy fulfilled; one has but to look upon the cold forms and ceremonies of apostate creeds to see it everywhere. There are ministers who deny the miracles of the Bible and taboo the supernatural; ministers who declare only a part of the sacred writ reliable or inspired; ministers who dispute the deity of Christ; dainty, namby-pamby preachers who protest that it is a sickening shock to the refined delicacy of their people to so much as mention the precious "blood" of Jesus; ministers who do not believe in "emotionalism," such as altar calls, where men and women weep for their sins and are filled with the joy of salvation, or making the temple ring with the praises of God, but do believe in filling the churches with concerts, suppers, shows, debates, and moving pictures. God help us to tell the truth about this thing! So many are afraid to preach it! Oh, let us get back to the God who lives, and saves, and answers prayer by fire.

The love of many shall wax cold. Theological seminaries of today, in whose hands are placed the tender youth who seek training for divine ministry, have become in many instances theological cemeteries, wherein are buried faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures, God's story of the creation, and present-day power of God. Theory takes the place of spirituality, and wisdom is made to come from the head instead of living waters from the heart.

How many denominations do you know, which once stood out against formality and coldness, contending for the old-time religion, that have now succumbed to the same thing? Today they have become popular. Their reproach is taken away; they walk hand in hand with the world, and the devil need no longer bother fighting them. There have indeed come in these last days "scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, 'Where is the promise of His coming?'" (2 Pet. 3:3–4).

But, praise God, there are people, in the midst of the people, whose hearts are fixed on God; they are the children of the bridal chamber; their vessels are filled with oil and their lamps brightly burning. In the iniquity that abounds in the world about them, they see but another milepost pointing to the coming of the Lord.

Aimee Semple McPherson

How Is He Coming?

Instead of causing their love to wax cold, these conditions but drive them closer to the Lord. In the world and yet not of it, this peculiar, chosen, blood-washed, Spirit-filled company await with intense yearning the coming of their Deliverer, and the glorious day when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord.

Knowledge Shall Be Increased

If the increase of knowledge in Daniel 11:4 is an indication of the last days, we are surely living in that time. How often we hear expressed, "Really, I do not know how our forefathers existed without the aid of these marvelous labor-saving devices and modern inventions! Why were they not discovered long ago?"

The reason that they were not discovered sooner is that God had a set time for the increase of knowledge, happening in the last days. During the last two generations have come the invention of steam locomotives; electrically driven trains, trolleys, and motors; electric lights; the telephone; the telegraph; the wireless; the cables beneath the sea; the automobile; the aeroplane; the great coal- and oil-burning steamers that race the sea; the submarine; the giant cannon; the torpedo; the gasoline- and motor-driven farming implements; the electric motors that do everything from drying hair, rocking babies, churning butter, washing clothes, and sweeping floors to lighting whole cities, drawing long trains, and lifting hundreds of tons. What marvel would surpass the great modern printing press and the Linotype machines? Such knowledge, such superhuman genius spring from the minds of two generations: What does it mean? *The last days!*

"Many Shall Run to and Fro" (Dan. 12:4)

Never in the history of the world has it been so easy or customary to travel to and fro as it is today. Transcontinental trains tear across the country day and night, section after section running within a few minutes of each other. Such trains are taxed to their utmost, and no matter how many more trains are added, officials declare that travel increases more than ever. Everywhere one goes, railroad depots, docks, or ticket offices, thousands of people are on the move. Thoroughfares and subways are blocked with automobiles, and everybody is intent on running to and fro as though life depended on it, till it seems that all the world's on wheels.

Well, did the Prophet describe the automobiles when he said, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against the other, they shall run like the lightnings" (Nah. 2:4)?

Wars and Rumors of Wars

And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass but the end is not yet.

Matthew 24:6

All adown the years, since these words were uttered, there have been wars and rumors of wars. From the conquest and fall of Jerusalem in AD 70, to the warrings of the Saxons and of Napoleon Bonaparte, to the French Revolution, to the separating of the United States from Great Britain, down to the last generations where those still living remember the Civil War between North and South, the struggle in the Philippines, the Boer War, the Boxer Rebellion...one international upheaval has followed another. There have been rumors of war with Japan (the Yellow Peril), rumors of war with Mexico, et cetera. But "When ye see and hear of these things," says Jesus, "be not troubled, for the end is not yet."

The Cry of Peace and Safety

But when they say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape.

1 Thessalonians 5:3

Matthew 24:7 says, "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places...and there shall be blood and fire and vapors of smoke."

For many years, the teaching of the Second Coming of Christ has been revived and taught by some of our most earnest Christians and Bible students. They who taught this wonderful truth declared that according to God's unfailing Word, certain things must come to pass ere He appeared: There must be a great world war, they said, and the Jews must go back to their native land. Jerusalem must again open its gates to the wanderers. Earthquakes, famines, bloodshed, and mighty upheavals also must precede and herald that day of days.

The declaration that there must be another and a greater world war than was ever known before was met by derision.

Well, well! The very idea: another war...why, the thing is unthinkable, preposterous! What does the Bible (old-fashioned book, written hundreds of years ago) know of the twentieth century! What did this Jesus of Nazareth, whose feet walked by the shores of Galilee, know of this present age! Of course He had prophesied the war, but we, we of the present day, we financiers and politicians are the people to decide this question, they cried.

Indeed there could not be another great war, declared others; we are too civilized now to think of entering a barbaric, bloody contest. The pen is mightier than the sword, and international arbitration is destined to settle all difficulties between the civilized nations from this time forth. "War?" scoffed the businessmen. "Ho! Ho! Never again. We will have naught but peace and safety from this time forth."

But First Thessalonians 5:3 says, "For when they shall say, peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them...and they shall not escape."

For years, learned men in the financial, political, and educational worlds had declared that a world war would be impossible and that only a weak or morbid mind could seriously entertain such a thought. Who was this Jesus of Nazareth, whose feet walked by the shores of Galilee over nineteen hundred years ago, that He should predict calamities that should envelop the world today? What did the Bible know about our policies, treaties, and amendments? We, we of today are the people to decide these questions with our superior knowledge, our embassies, and our foreign legations, they said with finality.

And so, the cry of peace and safety sped its way throughout the world. The subject soon became one of international discussion. Newspapers and great journalists devoted pages to the theme of everlasting, universal peace. The army and the navy took it up and decided that the best way to keep peace was to prepare for war, to so strengthen their forces with money, men, ships, and munitions that no other nations would dare to speak of war.

"Peace," said the king upon his throne and settled himself in comfort.

"Peace," said the magnate in his office and went on to amass his millions.

"Peace," said the farmer at his plow, "things will be always as they are."

"Peace," said the rosy wife as she kissed the sleeping son upon her breast.

"Peace," cried the youth and danced in the gilded hall.

The Peace Palace

"Let's build a palace unto peace," said the nations at their meeting. "A palace that is built by us all, where leaders of our governments can come together and settle all disputes amicably with the pen, which is much mightier than the sword."

And so they built at The Hague the great Peace Palace, the most supreme effort ever witnessed, and costing several million sterling. Each nation vied with the other in making costly gifts and donations for its erection. From England came stained-glass windows for the council chamber; from France, Gobelins tapestries; silk tapestries from Japan; priceless porcelain from China; a vase of jasper from Russia; costly rugs from Turkey; exquisite marbles from Italy; a marble throne from Greece; a marble statuary from the United States; and the massive gates of bronze, for the park entrance, came from Germany; and many smaller gifts from less influential nations.

A marvelous library, consisting of some seventy-five thousand volumes upon the subject of international peace, was installed. Every international disturbance, its cause, and the method in which it was adjusted was codified and indexed for immediate reference in future arbitration.

A body of eminent judges was brought together from various parts of the earth and elected to sit as a permanent jury upon each difficulty between the nations. There was to be no more war, they said, as all would now be settled amicably by international arbitration.

The palace was completed; the flags of the nations were triumphantly unfurled to the breeze from its turrets and domes; the bands blared forth the national anthems; marching soldiers drew to attention and saluted; all hats were off as thousands cheered, "Hurrah! Hurrah for peace and safety!"

But what was that you said, Lord, in your Word: "When they cry peace and safety, then cometh sudden destruction."

War

Then the blow fell.

Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, like a tornado on a summer's day, as destruction from the Almighty did it come.

Feasting was turned into mourning, songs into lamentation. Sublimely unconscious of the slowly rising scepter of death, the godless, dancing, merrymaking multitude went on unheeding, till in one swift moment the placid sea of peace and safety was turned into a tempestuous, seething cauldron of hate and war and fury.

Thirteen declarations of war were made in one month. Six out of eight of the greatest world powers were tearing at each other's throats. And as the German hordes went swarming through ravished Belgium, crying "on to Paris," people began to recall the words of the Lord: "For nation shall rise against nation, kingdom against kingdom" (Matt. 25:7).

Our own fair USA stood for a time beneath its unfurled Stars and Stripes, gazing with fascinated horror on the bloody carnage of a world gone mad. Wider and wider swept the vortex of the war tornado until we were picked up bodily and plunged into the center of the fray.

And There Shall Be Blood, and Fire, and Vapors of Smoke

Blood? Ah, yes! No need is there to remind the still—torn and throbbing heart of the world of the blood of mothers' sons that stained the fields of Flanders with a deeper dye than the poppies in the dell.

And fire? Yes, there was the fire of the belching cannon, the gruesome fire of funeral pyres, the lurid flame of burning towns and villages, the fire of burning forests that licked the blackness of the night with crimson tongue. Fire? Why, the men even fought each other with sheets and curtains of liquid fire.

And smoke? There rise still before our eyes hazy, smoke-filled battlefields, and the smoke of guns that were never silent, the smoke of burning homes, and homes that lie like ashes smouldering in the dust. On land men fought with vapors of smoke and poisonous gases, and on sea men wrapped their men and ship in curtains of smoke to hide them from hostile eyes.

"And there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in diverse places" (Matt. 24:7).

"But how could this prophecy ever be fulfilled to any marked degree?" protested the Bible critic in the prewar days. "Look at our fields of waving grain, our gigantic elevators, our cold storage food supplies, our reserve of this and that—" But like every other prophecy in the Word of God, this, too, must come to pass. Who is there amongst us who has not shuddered with horror at the pictures and accounts that our daily papers contained, depicting the faminestricken sufferers of Armenia and other famine-stricken lands?

And pestilences? No! We will never have another great world epidemic, they said, for our learned medical doctors have discovered serums and antitoxins to destroy almost every known germ, et cetera. But think for a moment of the plagues of the last generation! Think of the thousands of beautiful children, and grown boys and girls, stricken down with infantile paralysis, and of the influenza plague that came sweeping around the world, leaping the sea on the wings of the wind and beginning its work without a boat to carry it. From the burning sands of African desert to the icy borders of Alaska, through city and country, through the homes of rich and poor, this pestilent, relentless messenger of death spread his wings. Without respect for person or place, it swept on. They with strong, well bodies succumbed as quickly as the weak. No medical skill has been able to determine from whence it came or whither it went. And yet it took more lives, and devastated more homes, than all the war. Caskets could not be made quickly enough, and in large cities scores were buried in one long grave, awaiting such time as death should stay his hand and a proper burial be made possible.

It has been well and truthfully said that prophecy is the mold of history. Today, the multitudinous signs foretold in God's Word are being fulfilled on every hand and, speeding like swift ships of the air, are heralding the coming of Christ. Today, awakened hearts are throbbing as never before, pulsating with new life and comfort—the near fulfillment of "that blessed hope." The last prayer in the Bible is being breathed from earnest souls, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Multitudes are crying with Rutherford, "Oh day, dawn! Oh time, run fast! Oh Bridegroom, post fast, that we may meet! Oh heaven, cleave in two, that that bright face and head may set itself through the clouds!"

For centuries our fathers have foretold and looked forward to this day wherein we live, the day of prophecy fulfilled, the cup of the Gentiles all but full, and the clarion assembly call to Israel's scattered host.

Should anyone ask, however, "Which of the multitudinous signs which are now being fulfilled do you consider the most marvelous and convincing?" we would answer without hesitation (and I am sure that other writers and thinkers will agree with us) the sign of:

The Fig Tree Putting Forth Her Leaves

Now learn a parable of the fig tree: when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh. So likewise ye, when ye see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors.

Matthew 24:32

The fig tree, as every Bible student knows, represents the Jewish nation and is the emblem of Israeli prophecies concerning Christ's coming, which cluster more thickly about the Jew than any other people. Students of the Word have always realized that, before His appearing, many great changes must take place with regard to these people in accordance with the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy concerning them in this day and age.

They must needs increase in number; the gates of Palestine must again swing open to admit their weary, wandering, exiled feet. The unspeakable Turk must be unseated from the citadel of his power, and his spell of fear and terror broken. The Promised Land, long since but a desert waste, must needs spring forth into new fertility and literally blossom as a rose beneath the latter rain. Great wealth must come to this race. Jerusalem must be restored, the seaports opened to make her the center of commerce, and the temple rebuilt.

Improbability of Prophecy's Fulfillment

For generations these prophecies have been read and pondered, but how unlikely their fulfillment seemed with the many seemingly insurmountable barriers in the way. How could they be brought to pass, and this scattered, despised people ever again become a nation, with the Son of David as their King? And even if Turkey's grip were broken, and they should return, how could they eke out a living from those barren, sun-bleached hills?

Skeptics laughed the idea to scorn. Infidels held such prophecy up to ridicule, a proof that the Bible was not only infallible but had openly, flagrantly erred. "The Promised Land!" laughed Darwin. "Ho! Ho! To think of calling that narrow strip of land, those barren hills by the open sea, a Promised Land!" Evidently Darwin had not read the Bible enough to know that the Promised Land is one-fifth larger than France, and had he ever had a glimpse of California as it is today, he would have seen what a little irrigation can do for a few barren hills by the open sea.

But how could the captivity of Jacob be turned? Jacob, persecuted, beaten, crucified, bruised, driven, kicked as a football by the nations—yea, even crucified! How could they be restored to power and influence and home?

In the light of today's illuminating chain of events, let us see if these questions are not being answered and the problems solved one by one.

The Dispersion and Persecution of the Jew

So evident and worldwide has been the dispersion and persecution of the Jew that little need be said along this line. For centuries, beginning with Isaiah, first of the major prophets, to Malachi, last of the minor prophets, holy men who spoke the oracles of God had foretold great calamities and catastrophes that were to engulf Jerusalem and the nation.

Higher and higher piled the towering prophetic wave, threatening to break upon them at any moment unless they repented. Yet, in the face of it all, they rejected the God of Abraham, stoned His prophets, and, as the last great culmination of wickedness, crucified His Son, Jesus Christ.

Then the wave broke! The judgment of an outraged God fell upon the masters of that infamy. How little did the murderers realize the meaning of their own words when they mockingly said, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

Awesome indeed was the fate of those instrumental in the Crucifixion of Christ. His betrayer, Judas Iscariot, hanged himself. The rope broke, and the falling body was burst asunder so that his bowels gushed out. History tells us that Herod, who participated in it, was dethroned by Caesar and left to die in infamy and exile. Annas and his household were mobbed and ruined, and his son dragged through the streets, tied to a whipping post, scourged, and slain. Pilate, who like a weakly coward sat back and allowed it for fear of losing Jewish power and the favor of the people, was stripped of the very things he sought to hold and banished from his country. Tradition says that he soon went in anguish to a suicide's grave from the insufferable shame and ignominy that relentlessly pursued him.

In AD 70, Jerusalem was captured by the Romans, and darkest prophecy began to be fulfilled. From then till now, the weaving of Palestine's history upon the loom of life has been shaped in the pattern of a cross upon a skull, and wrought in somber and sorrowful colorings. Wrath and retribution gripped its people with a mailed

fist of steel, and they were made to drink to the dregs the cup of bitter gall and vinegar that they had but a little time since placed to the Saviour's lips. Multitudes were sold into slavery, many for a more miserable pittance than the thirty pieces of silver paid the traitor Judas for betraying the Son of God into their hands.

Many were crucified and tortured as brutally as the Saviour they despised. Their portion has been famine, oppression, dispersion, and bloodshed. They who cried, "Crucify Him," have been hated, driven from their own land, hissed, spurned, and ostracized by the nations. Their beloved city has been the storm center of war and conquest, political and religious, all adown the ages. Someone has said that they who desire to follow the Jew through his years of dispersion will follow a trail of blood. Truly, His blood has been upon them and their children.

Scattered! Yes—according to prophecy they were to be scattered like corn through a fine sieve. Could their dispersion be more adequately described? Go where you may today; you will find there the scattered sons of Jacob. So persecuted and ruthlessly slaughtered were they that one hundred years ago, there were estimated to be only some two hundred thousand Jews in the world. But adown the centuries hear the voice of Jehovah, who changeth not: "What have I here? My people are taken away from Me, they that rule over them make them to howl, and My name is continually blasphemed. But My people shall know My name. They shall know in that day that I am He that doth speak; behold, it is I."

Startling Increase in Number

That they have entered upon a new era can be readily realized since statistics of *The World's Almanad* today rate their number at fifteen million. Stating this conservatively at fourteen million, what a startling increase it is!

In the Middle Ages, when the great Jewish traveler Benjamin of Tudela made his visit to Jerusalem, he found there just four Jews. Today they form the majority of its population. When the Jews gain a foothold in a city, they soon increase and spread, till former residents and merchants are pushed back and out, and a Jewish colony is formed and firmly rooted.

Russia, despite her slaughter and cruelty, is said to contain more than six million Jews today; Turkey, seventy-five thousand; Austria-Hungary, two million, two hundred and fifty-eight thousand; France, one hundred thousand; Germany, six hundred and fifteen thousand; and Morocco, three hundred thousand. There are Jewish colonies and synagogues in the cities of China, in the heart of Africa, and in the desert itself. When the Portuguese settled in India some years ago, they found three distinct colonies there. When England took possession of Aden, she found more Jews than Gentiles. London, England, is essentially a Jewish city. New York contained one and a half million Jews at the close of the war; Detroit, fifty thousand; Chicago, two hundred and twenty-five thousand; Philadelphia, two hundred thousand; Cleveland, one hundred thousand. Our own country contains some three and a half million of these wandering exiles.

Among the Oldest Nations on Earth, Yet Distinct and Unassimilated

Without a doubt, they are the greatest, the most absorbingly interesting nation in the world today, existing without a king, without a queen, without a flag, without a government, without a country.

They live in our midst as one of the oldest races on Earth and, refusing to intermarry, have kept their blood the purest. The religions of the world have not made the slightest impression upon them. One writer declares, "There now exists a nation on the earth which, for forty centuries, alone of all the peoples of the world, forms one family and has descended from one father, the only one which has kept

its nationality in the midst of upheavals, of massacres and of expulsions, through all the ages, under Nebuchadnezzar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and under the empires that have passed away as a shadow, leaving only their names. These empires have perished, their places know them no more, but the Jew remains, standing apart from all other nations, distinct, unique, a thousand times despoiled and yet rich, constantly slain and yet ever increasing in numbers, dispersed to the ends of the earth but more and more united."

Thus, going back to Jerusalem, they will be thrown up on the shores of Palestine, a separate, distinct nation, intact and unassimilated as was Jonah from the belly of the whale. Ordinarily, the great fish would have assimilated the body of Jonah, but he was chosen, foreordained, protected, chastened by God, and thrown back whole to do His bidding and fulfill His Word.

So the Jewish nation, though swallowed up in the angry, insatiable maw of the nations subjected to the acid tests of the world with its manifold religions and intermingling of races, has been kept intact as a nation and will be thrown up whole on the shores of Palestine, a living testimony to the truth of God's immutable Word.

The Jewish Question and How To Solve It

The world has always had a Jewish question and always will have till this persecuted, scattered nation finds a resting place in its own land, and gathers around the throne of David.

The high notes of pathos, truth, and logic were struck most convincingly by the Jewish writer, D. de Solo Pool, when he wrote in 1916, "What does the world mean when it talks about the Jewish problem?"

"The people of Russia talk of a Jewish problem in Russia. The Poles talk of a Jewish problem in Poland. Englishmen talk of a Jewish problem in England, and the people of the United States are beginning to talk of a Jewish problem in the United States.

"Why should we Jews everywhere be a problem to the rest of the world? The Russian is not a problem in Russia, the Pole is not a problem in Poland, nor the Englishman in England, nor the American in the United States. No people is a problem in its own land. It is only the people of foreign race in a land who are a problem to that land. For example, the Japanese and the Chinese who are settled in the western states of the United States constituted no problem while in their own lands. But since they have come in large numbers to California and other western states, they have become a serious problem to the United States.

"The situation is rendered the more painful for us because of the fact that we have no homeland of our own in which we can settle without being a problem to someone else. In whatever remote corner of the world we choose to settle in appreciable numbers, we are always strange to the people of the land so long as we remain Jews, and we are therefore everywhere generating local outbreaks of the Jewish problem. In this way, as we have been scattered north, south, east, and west; we have carried the Jewish problem with us all over the world. Whither can we go to escape persecution? Whither can we flee to be free of anti-Semitism? Wherever we go, prejudice and anti-Semitism follow us. We are a people without a home, a race of wandering Jews looking everywhere in vain for rest. If a Japanese is not welcomed in California, he may go back to Japan. If a Hindu is not permitted to enter Canada, he may return to India, where he is at home. Other peoples of the world can escape becoming a problem to their neighbors by the simple expedient of staying at home in their own lands. We only are compelled to be a problem to our neighbors everywhere, because we have no homeland to which we may retire or in which we may remain."

Dr. Theodor Herzl and other Jewish thinkers who founded the modern Zionist movement therefore said to the nations of the world, "The real solution of your Jewish problem lies in giving back to us Jews our homeland. Not all the Jews would return to this land

and you would not rid yourselves of all your Jews. But you would relieve yourselves of your acute Jewish problem by making it possible for many Jews to emigrate to their homeland in order to escape ill will...We wish to avoid being driven 'round the world in a vicious circle, like schnorrers who are sent on from village to village and from town to town because no one wishes them to stay and no one gives them a welcome. If therefore, you nations of the world really wish to know how to solve this Jewish problem, which seems to you to be so difficult and which troubles you so sorely, we can tell you how this can be done very simply: give to us or sell to us our own homeland so that we need not crowd into your lands. You will then be the happier and we shall be the happier...There is only one land that we call ours, and that is the land of our hope, the land of our ancestors, the land made sacred by our past and by our Bible, by all our traditions, by our prayers and our tears, the Promised Land, the land of Palestine. If we can be given the opportunity to make that land our own, we shall solve for you the Jewish problem of which you complain."

Fionistic Movement

Since the destruction of the temple nearly two thousand years ago, the longing for Palestine has been ever present with the Jew. They have never ceased to recall their past, mourn for its loss, and daily pray for a future that should bury the very memory of that calamity in the glories of a restored national life. It was the hope of a return to the land of his fathers that buoyed up the Jew amidst persecution, and for the realization of which the devout ever prayed. Until a generation ago, this was a hope merely—a wish piously prayed over but not worked for. But the rebirth of the Jewish nation is no longer a mere dream. It is in process of accomplishment in a most practical way, and the story is a wonderful one. We gaze today upon the fascinating spectacle of a nation buried for two thousand years in

dispersion and martyrdom, shaking off the grave clothes and rising from the dead.

From the midst of this death, Israel, two thousand years dead, has arisen, no longer a race among the races but once more a nation among nations.

To Chaim Weizmann, more than to any other one man, fell the task of conducting the negotiations that brought the British Empire to its outright Zionistic public pledge.

There has gradually come about a change in the outlook of the Jew—a change that can be more easily felt by those who are in touch with Jewish affairs than it can be measured by facts and figures. This change is illustrated most concretely by the growth of the Zionist organization itself, with its two hundred thousand adherents in all parts of the world, its biennial representative congresses, its network of financial institutions, its press in many languages, and its incessant and extensive propaganda by the written and the spoken word.

The possibilities of a Jewish resettlement of Palestine, the land that forms the connecting link of three continents and three religions, are incalculable, whether looked at from the political, economic, or religious point of view.

In our own generation, we have lived to see the birth and rise of the Zionistic movement—its purpose being to restore Israel to Palestine. Jew and Gentile alike are digging deeply into their pockets to abet the cause that but a few years ago was pronounced unlikely and even impossible. The smouldering hope cherished in the heart of Israel, Zangwill, and countless thousands has today burst forth into leaping, exultant flames of joy. Hopes long deferred are being realized at last. A quota of ten million dollars is even now being rained for the express purpose of rebuilding Jerusalem and restoring a national Jewish home in Palestine. Over two billion dollars have been raised for the relief of suffering and famine-stricken Jews in Armenia and other lands—thirty million from greater New York alone.

The Fig Leaves of Education

The fig leaves of education are budding forth. One Jewish writer discussing their progress in the educational and business world says of his brethren, "They have wormed their way into appointments and into the free professions by dint of pliancy, mock humility, mental acuteness, and clandestine protection. If struck or spat upon by 'Aryan' students, they rarely ventured to return the blow or the insult. Through all the sweat and all the grime of their daily scrambles on the slopes of their slippery ghetto pit, they have won out and up to ideas and ideals. Beyond all proportion, the Jews of today are the financiers, politicians, artists, chemists, inventors, musicians, scientists, university professors, ambassadors, and congressmen."

Six of our most prominent members of Congress are Jews—representatives from New York, Chicago, Indiana, San Francisco, et cetera. Among the many prominent, leading men of today and yesterday might be mentioned the following ex-members of Congress: Levy, Simon, Strauss, Wolf, and Yulee. In passing, mention might also be made of the following Jews, well-known in the "who's who" of today: Abram Elkus of New York, ambassador to Turkey, 1916–17, now judge of the Court of Appeals of the state of New York; Louis Marshall of New York, chairman of American Jewish Relief, trustee of Syracuse University since 1910, to which he presented a law library, also president of New York State College of Forestry; Cyrus Adler and J. Henry Schiff, founders and professors of theological seminaries and colleges; Louis D. Brandeis, Washington, DC, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, counsel for the government in the Riggs National Bank case of 1915, scientific manager of labor problems and trusts; Simon Wolf, minister to Egypt under Cleveland's administration; Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, civic philanthropist and supporter of educational enterprises, and who contributed \$700,000 to the University of Chicago alone; and Baron Sonnino, minister of foreign affairs in Italy.

We will not take space to enumerate others famous in history, chemistry, art, and music, though such names as Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Isaac D'Israeli, Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, and Efrem Zimbalist will ever be recorded on the annals of great geniuses.

England has a Jewish chief justice and governor general.

It is said that eight chairs of the Chicago University are filled by Jewish professors and that half the faculty of Columbia University are of this race.

There are seventy-six national Jewish organizations in the United States.

Some of the greatest modern scientific discoveries of the day have been made by Jews. We are told that when England first entered the recent war, she had not the formulas for the much-needed high explosives. A prominent Jewish scientist provided her with them, and when asked to name the price for so valuable a gift, requested only that should Great Britain and the Allied armies capture Palestine, they would restore it to the Jews.

The Fig Leaf of Finance

The fig leaf of finance is being put forth upon this tree today. Though millions of them are still suffering and poor in Europe, the Jews are rapidly becoming the people of greatest wealth and influence in the world.

Some realization of their financial status and strength was brought forcibly to mind during the trying of the Dreyfus case in Paris some years ago. A second trial was demanded; France refused it. But so thoroughly do they control the wealth of Europe that stocks and bonds suddenly began to drop and French financiers to tremble lest the financial backbone of the country should be broken across the knees of Jewish financiers. As a last resort, the trial was given, and stocks and bonds came back to normal.

Aimee Semple McPherson

How Is He Coming?

If you are ever in lower Broadway or Wall Street on a Jewish holiday, you will be startled into a realization of the tremendous grasp they have upon the finances of our country—business, markets, and the Stock Exchange are practically at a standstill.

It is a common saying that the Jews own the United States. Even before the war, there were said to be in New York City fifty-three banking houses owned and controlled by the Jews, and 115 millionaire Jews. Rothschild alone is estimated to be worth four hundred and eighty-two million.

Three Major Fig Leaves Appear in Recent World War

Among the manifold leaves appearing rapidly upon the fig tree, there are none, perhaps, which can be considered of more major importance than:

- (1) The routing of the unspeakable Turk.
- (2) The capture of Jerusalem by Great Britain.
- (3) The unfurling of the Union Jack that now floats triumphantly over Jerusalem.

The recent world war surely marked the beginning of the end of the times of the Gentiles. Had it accomplished nothing else than the elementary simmering down of the old Roman nations to the ten toes of Daniel's image, and the opening of Palestine's gates to the Jew, the world conflict would have been a most marvelous fulfillment of prophecy.

The Ninth Day of Ab

It is pointed out as an historic fact that everything of importance affecting Jerusalem has taken place on the ninth day of Ab (August). On this date, it was destroyed by fire while Nero played upon his

fiddle. On the ninth day of Ab, its temple was overthrown. On the ninth day of Ab, it was plowed by the wicked king.

How significant then is the fact that the first gun to be fired in the recent war that has affected Jerusalem in a more important, material Bible way than anything else since the days of Christ should be fired on the ninth day of Ab—the ninth day of August—1914.

The Capture of Ferusalem

Through the long-drawn, tortuous months, which dragged leaden footed into years—years of anguish and death—the battle went hard and long. To and fro, back and forth surged the weary lines, now gaining, now losing, grimly, fiercely hanging on.

Meanwhile, the fighting spread and encompassed the Holy Land. The dislodgment of the Turk from Europe became one of the great subjects of the day, entailing as it did Jerusalem and the fate of Israel. 'Twas then that Honourable Arthur James Balfour, British foreign secretary, and other men of influence, made the promise that "If the Allies conquer, they will stand pledged to the erection of a Jewish state in Palestine. His Majesty's government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object."

Thus spoke England to the Jews on November 2, 1917. And on February 12, 1918, France said so be it. Italy followed on May 9, 1918, and other Allied governments and men of light and leading the world over said, "Amen," and the dream of the Jewish people thus became one of the war aims of the Allied powers. The doubters smiled and said of the British Declaration, "A scrap of paper! Will the act follow the word?"

But this was the turning point of the war. Within one month, General Allenby and his troops encamped without the city walls, waiting for the break of day and the formal capture of Jerusalem. The morning broke. The battalions fell into line. Airships buzzed and roared as they circled overhead. "Forward, march!" rang the command.

Then, as with fixed bayonets and uncovered heads, the Allied soldiers entered the gates and marched through the streets, the Turks fell back unresisting, step by step. Not a single shot was fired nor opposition offered. "For thus hath the Lord spoken unto me, like as the lion and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of his voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them; so shall the Lord of Hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof."

How wonderfully God had staged the whole setting for the wondrous drama enacted that day. Was not even the presence and the battle formation of the aeroplanes that encircled Jerusalem and filled the sides like a cloud of huge and angry birds foretold in the Word of God? "As birds flying, so the Lord of hosts will defend Jerusalem; defending also He will deliver it; and passing over He will preserve it" (Isa. 31:5).

It was on December 10, 1917, that the Allied army, led by the British, captured Jerusalem and later conquered the southern half of Palestine for the Jewish people. British Jews and those of other Allied lands were enabled to join the Jewish Legion and take part in the liberation of their land for their people. Even now, in Palestine, a Jewish administrative commission acting under the authority of the British government and with the assistance of the British military staff is organizing the foundations of the Jewish homeland.

Thus, with one breath from God, the whole thing was accomplished. With one turn of His hand did He direct the wheels of His chariot, prophecy and history running neck and neck, swift, surefooted, obedient steeds beneath the guidance of His eye.

The Bible is indeed the most up-to-date book in the world. Its news is accurate, reliable, and nineteen centuries ahead of time.

Man thought he had made a new and remarkable discovery when he found that the world was round, but God's Word had known it all the time, plainly declaring that at Christ's Second Coming, "Two shall be sleeping in one bed." On the side of the earth where it will be night, while on the other where it will be broad daylight, "two women shall be grinding at a mill."

Again, in the case of Sargus and its king, Bible critics derided the term and description, boldly affirming that there never had been such a place or king. They were rather chagrined, however, when during recent excavations, a portion of the old city was unearthed and tablets of stone bearing record of the king himself were found. The Bible is verily the most up-to-date book in the world and nineteen centuries ahead of the latest editions of the most modern scientists and learned men.

And so it is in the history of the Jew, if you would be abreast of the times, well informed, able to speak wisely, with assurance and certainty of their future, read the Bible, and thus get the advance news, the most authentic information.

The Return of the Jews to Jerusalem

Today the gates stand open wide; a welcoming hand is extended. All adown the centuries, the longing of the Jews to return to their own land has lived on and on from generation to generation. A very significant item appeared in a recent publication: "The next time you are in London," says the writer, "go along by Hyde Park, and look at the second house by the gate. Notice the marble pillars and the cornice above; one of them is unfinished. This is the home of Lord Rothschild, perhaps the richest man in the world. He is an Orthodox Jew, and every Orthodox Jew, when building his house, leaves a portion unfinished, bearing testimony to the fact that he is but a pilgrim and knows that he is not in a permanent abiding place."

Will the Jews return, you ask? Yes, indeed, for even today the Word of the Lord is being fulfilled before your eyes. Ships are being chartered to speed them on their way. Russia and now Germany are taking active steps to expedite their departure.

"Therefore fear thou not, oh my servant Jacob, saith the Lord, neither be dismayed, Oh Israel: for, lo, I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity: and Jacob shall return, and be quiet, and none shall make him afraid. For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee: though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee; but I will correct thee in a measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished" (Jer. 30:10–11).

"Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations; publish ye, praise ye, and say, Oh Lord, save thy people, the remnant of Israel" (Jer. 31:7).

"Behold, I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, a great company shall return thither. They shall come with weeping and with supplications will I lead them...for I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn.

"Hear the Word of the Lord, oh ye nations, and declare it in isles afar off, and say, He that scattereth Israel will gather him, and keep him as a shepherd does his flock" (Jer. 31:8–11).

Palestine Idea Sweeps Breadth of Land as Restoration Work Engages All Jewry

The following clippings from the press of recent issues give some idea of the tremendous movements of the Jews toward Jerusalem and the fulfillment of biblical prophecy (from *The New Palestine*).

"Half a Million Siberian Jews Eager to Migrate to Palestine"

Over 90 percent of the entire Jewish population of China, Japan, Siberia, Russia, and Manchuria anxiously await an opportunity to migrate to Palestine, according to Samuel Mason, Jewish Relief Commissioner to Siberia, whose report on this remarkable situation was made public by the Zionist Organization of America.

"The same tense yearning is found among the Jewish communities of Siberia proper, and the Ural," says Mr. Mason.

"In Japan there is no Zionist organization of any description, yet there are hundreds of Jews, comprising 95 percent of the entire Jewish population, impatiently awaiting the time when they may have their passports vised, so that they can embark on Mediterranean steamers for Palestine. This mass desire to emigrate to Palestine, which I found everywhere in the Far East is not due to propaganda, but is an expression of deeply ingrained Jewish sentiment."

The thousands of Jews in the Far East, waiting for the opening of Palestine through the establishment of the League of Nations or the signing of the treaty with Turkey, are roughly grouped into five classes by Mr. Mason: investors, traders, farmers, laborers, and idealists.

"The traders embrace a large proportion of men with extensive export and import business experience, which they purpose to utilize on a large scale in Palestine. Several corporations with capitalization of millions of rubles for the purpose of exporting and importing materials to Asia Minor via Palestine have already been formed at Harbin and Irkutsk. A shipping company has been established at Harbin.

"The farmers want to convert their Russian currency into agricultural implements, as soon as they know they can proceed and that there is available land for them."

"Estimates Million Jews Preparing to Leave Russia for Palestine"

Dr. Alexander Salkind, former president of the Jewish Community of Petrograd, at present member of the Jewish National Council of the Ukraine, and now visiting America, brings with him fresh news of Jewish conditions in Russia.

"Those who have not lately been among the Jews of the Ukraine and White Russia can hardly form an idea of the feelings that dominate them. Rich and poor, old and young, women and children—all are carried away by the idea of going to Palestine. The rich want to invest their capital there; the poor hope to be able to find a market for their labor; and the intellectuals hope to be able to apply their knowledge to the building up of the new Palestine. Many have liquidated their property, settled their accounts, and made themselves ready to go. The offices of the Palestine Commission established by the Zionist Bureau in Kieff are always thronged with hundreds of Jews inquiring as to the possibility of going to Palestine. Deputations that came to Kieff from various communes in the Ukraine while making the usual inquiries declared that other communities had decided to emigrate to Palestine en masse with all their institutions—cantors, rabbis, dayanim, charities, et cetera; and that they only wanted to know when the first steamer would leave. Similar deputations are being sent to other big towns, more especially to Odessa, by the smaller places in the Ukraine.

"There is no risk of exaggeration in assuming that several thousand, perhaps a million people are preparing to leave Russia at the first opportunity; and, in order to prevent a catastrophe, effective measures must be taken to check the stream of immediate emigration by propaganda and publications of a general character; to organize future emigration on a large scale by creating suitable institutions for carrying on the work, and to prepare Palestine for receiving the largest possible number of settlers."

The following is clipped from an article by Morris Rothenberg in *The Maccabean*.

"Palestine: Their One Hope"

"That the Jews in Eastern Europe realize their intolerable situation is clear from the fact that the largest majority of them are beginning to look toward Palestine as their only hope for the future. From indisputable sources it appears that hundreds of thousands of Jews in Poland, Ukrania, Galicia, and Austria are ready at a moment's notice to migrate to Palestine. In the large centers of Warsaw, Cracow, Odessa, and Constantinople, there are tens of thousands of Jews who have poured in with their families from the interior of these countries, having sold all their belongings on their way to Palestine. And the very serious problem has arisen to hold back these great numbers until Palestine is ready to receive them. But it is like holding back the waves. The irresistible tide of events is sweeping them from their old moorings toward a new haven of rest, for their present lot is no longer endurable.

"A homeland for the Jewish people is therefore not only a spiritual need but an immediate physical necessity. Some have looked with discouragement upon the fact that Palestine is a denuded and a devastated land. But that is precisely the most favorable circumstance for the building of a truly Jewish country. As if by the hand of Providence this land of our ancestors has not wedded itself to any of the numberless races and tribes that have been in Palestine during the past twenty centuries. They have all come and passed through the land and left it undeveloped. The soil would not respond to alien hands. Not until the first Jewish pioneers, thirty-five years ago, came into Palestine and laid their fingers to the soil did it become fertile; for it felt again the tender touch of those who loved it and cherished it throughout the ages, even while in distant lands. Because Palestine is uncultivated, it will be possible for the Jews to build in such a manner as will lay the foundations for a truly Jewish life. It will not be necessary to unmake or to dislodge old institutions that have their root in the ground, nor to compel the withdrawal of those who have planted their traditions in the soil. It will be possible to fashion such a life as the Jews desire, to create those forms that are of the essence of the Jewish soul."

To Preserve Ferusalem as a Shrine for All the World

Experts of the Zionist Commission are already engaged in planning a modern scientific city outside the walls, while preserving and beautifying the sites sacred to civilization within the ancient gates. Expert and experienced city builders, under the direction of Professor Patrick Geddes, have been sent from England to supervise the work, and unlimited means are being placed at their disposal by the wealthiest Jews in the world. Excavations are already being made, reaching down to the old, original floor of Solomon's Temple, which is to be rebuilt.

From the *Washington Times*: "A brilliant plan to make ancient Jerusalem the most attractive and prosperous city in the world is already in process of execution.

"Under this scheme the incomparable features of the ancient city will be preserved absolutely intact, while around it will be built a thoroughly modern city of the American type, with skyscrapers, trolley cars, modern hotels, drainage, water supply, factories, theatres, and everything that could be desired.

"Thus the resident or visitor will be able to enjoy the opportunity of examining when he pleases the world's most sacred and picturesque city, while living under conditions of modern comfort.

"The location of Jerusalem was chosen in incalculably early times on account of its defensive position at the summit of a range of high hills. It has never had any drainage system or a satisfactory water supply, and it would be nearly impossible to give these desirable adjuncts. In the surrounding territory, where the modern city will be built, it will be quite easy to furnish these things.

"The International Zionist Commission, of which some leading Hebrews of England, France, and America are members, has

general control of the work of rebuilding Jerusalem. They are very broadminded in their views, for they have chosen Professor Patrick Geddes, of Saint Andrews University, Scotland, to be chief director of the work on the spot.

"Professor Geddes and Dr. Weizmann, head of the British Zionist Commission, have already left for Palestine and are working out plans for rebuilding not only Jerusalem, but also Jaffa, Haifa, and other towns. Professor Geddes is an expert in town planning, sociology, and civics. He has already carried out successful town planning in India.

"Professor Geddes will establish a university in rebuilt Jerusalem on the lines of a Scottish university.

"The Zionist Commission intends to send Zionist colonies to Palestine, some of which will be settled in the rebuilt cities and others in the rural districts."

It need hardly be said that the rebuilding of Jerusalem is a work of unparalleled interest to the whole civilized world, for this city witnessed the supreme act of the Christian religion and contained the sacred temple of the Hebrews, after whose destruction they were condemned to become wanderers upon the earth.

The walls of the city remain much as they were in Hebrew times, although they have been several times moved in some localities. And the Golden Gate still stands, through which a legend says the Saviour will return to rule the city. The enormous foundations of the temple walls and their ramparts are likewise intact.

Without the walls the old features are still less changed. There stands the Mount of Olives practically as it was in the days of the Saviour, and on it is still preserved the Garden of Gethsemane, scene of the most fateful mental agony in the world's history, and legend even identifies the sacred footprints.

The Mount of Olives, treated as a park, will form the most beautiful feature of the modern city to be built around the ancient one.

Many experts admit that Jerusalem can be built into a prosperous capital and commercial center. It is a convenient point for the

Aimee Semple McPherson

How Is He Coming?

handling of commerce from large parts of Asia Minor. Palestine itself promises to be very productive under suitable cultivation, and in parts of the country, there are deposits of oil, which is the most desirable natural product in the world today.

Schools and Colleges in the Holy Land

A complete system of Hebrew education has been developed from kindergarten to high school. The diploma of this high school (the Hebrew Gymnasium of Jaffa) is accepted for admission to Columbia and other American as well as European universities. In addition, there is a technical school at Haifa, the Bezalel Arts and Craft School at Jerusalem, and a music school at Jaffa. Every colony has its elementary schools, hospital, library, and assembly hall. Plans are completed for the opening of a Hebrew University at Jerusalem to be established as soon as practicable on the Mount of Olives.

Hebrew, a Dead Language for Two Thousand Years, Now Resurrected

Perhaps the most extraordinary achievement of Jewish nationalism is the revival of Hebrew. The Hebrew tongue, called a dead language for nearly two thousand years, is now once more in the Jewish colonies and in Jerusalem, the living mother tongue. The effect of this common language is very great in unifying the Jews, for the Jews of Palestine came literally from all the lands of the earth, each speaking either Yiddish or the tongue of the country whence he came, and thus each remained almost a stranger to the other Jews.

By common consent Hebrew became the language of the colonies. It was the one language that Jews from all parts of the world revered and of which they knew at least a few words in common. From this, by a perfectly natural process, it has become the language

of daily life. Men use Hebrew in their commerce, and children use it in their play.

The Fertility of the Land

But what of the barren land? Can it ever be made to yield, and the field to bring forth her fruitage again? Verily, indeed, for here again is prophecy being fulfilled: "Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field: for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength. Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former and the latter rain in the first month. And your floor shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil" (Joel 2:23–24).

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose...The parched place shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water" (Isa. 35:1, 7).

Today, water piped a great distance is supplying the city of Jerusalem, and aqueducts long unused have been discovered. Besides this, the rainfall is being gradually increased, month by month. At times, the increase will be an inch, an inch and three-quarters, two inches, et cetera, but ever steadily increasing.

There is enough fall to the river Jordan to permit the building of five great dams the size of those now used for the irrigation of California. The river Titus flowing high along the ridge, and the snow of the northern hills, can easily be brought down by a simple irrigating process, and the desert land, ever fertile and rich in soil, be caused to literally blossom as a rose.

The first pioneers forty years ago struggled with barren and swampy soil and fought malaria, death, disease, and the wild Bedouin. So marvelously did the Palestinian soil respond to the touch of loving hands that even before the war, forty-eight flourishing Jewish colonies had been established, producing wines, olive oil, bamboo, rubber, cotton, tea, oranges, almonds, and all kinds of cereals. The Jewish Colonial Trust, through the Anglo-Palestine Company of Jaffa, with its branches in Jerusalem, Haifa, Bairuth, Hebron, Safed, and Tiberias, and its capital of over one and a quarter million dollars and deposits of over two million, has been effectively financing agricultural and industrial needs. Jewish agriculture in Palestine is experimental, adventurous, and scientific.

Aaron Aaronsohn is the head of the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station at Athlit. It has created five new species of wheat and of barley especially adapted to the climate of Palestine. It has developed a grape that will ripen three weeks earlier than the grapes of Smyrna and of Cyprus.

Among the products of the country were wines of such excellence that they have been awarded at French expositions, and this in competition with the French products. The value of the vineyards in 1914 amounted to 2,800,000 francs. The wine cellars of the colony Rishon LeZion, built through the munificence of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, are among the largest in the world. The value of its olive orchards in 1914 amounted to 1,380,000 francs. The oranges of Palestine found a ready market in Marseilles, Liverpool, and London, and in the same year the orange orchards were valued at 10,780,000 francs. The value of almond groves for the same period amounted to 6,550,000 francs.

The whole flood tide of prophecies as to this very fertility bears us to one sure and certain end and to one inevitable conclusion: the fig tree is, in this day and generation, putting forth her leaves; the summer is nigh, and the coming King is even at the door. With uplifted, wistful, yearning hearts, we are crying, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Beyond a doubt, we are living in the last days. Man has almost crossed the great continent of time lying between Christ's ascension and His coming again. We press today to the further verge of the present dispensation, and scanning the sea of space that stretches between ourselves and the eternal shores of the New Jerusalem, we look for the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In the hands of the faithful, waiting church and of the awakened Bible student is the Word of God. The eyes of those who look for the Lord are upon it. It is an hourglass, through which the sands of prophecy concerning His coming have nearly all passed. A great bulk, they lie in the bottom of the glass. Those yet to be fulfilled are very few and are slipping with an infinitely steady, swift precision, without a moment's hesitancy, like a silver stream through the narrow space of present fulfillment, adding their weight to those who have gone before.

There is a great stir going on among the children of the bride-chamber. The months of preparation in oil, myrrh, and frankincense are almost over. The bride is soon to be summoned to go in unto the King. White robes, inwrought with fine needlework of gold of Ophir, are being put upon her. There is a great filling of lamps with Holy Spirit oil. The flame of their lighted truth flashes the message to the dormant worldlings round about; earthly ties are being severed, and weights and shorelines laid aside; longing eyes are lifted skyward, knowing well that soon from the sea of heaven's infinite vastness, they will hear the bursting music of myriad angel harps, that soon will come sailing to Earth the glorious, majestic golden ship of state, bearing the Kingly Bridegroom with ten thousand angel hosts to take His loved ones home.

But in spite of the well-run sands of the hourglass, in spite of the flashing lamps and warning cries, millions of sleepers lie rapt in the drunken torpor of revelry and sordid things of Earth. The piercing cry of the watchman means naught to them. They grin stupidly, uncomprehendingly, when in letters of fire:

"Jesus is Coming Soon: Get Ready!"

"Jesus is coming soon—get ready!" is flashed across their sky. They have lived so long in the world of jests and unreality that this, too, seems but mockery, vague before the dullness of their comprehension.

The great King of heaven, whose wedding supper is being sumptuously spread, has noted the numbers of awakened and ready guests all down the ages. He speaks today from heaven, saying, "Go out into the hedges and highways and compel them to come in that My house may be full."

What is to be done must be done quickly, for soon, oh, soon, will the prophecy be fulfilled wherein our Lord shall reign upon the throne of David. The cup of the Gentiles full; the catching up of the bride to meet the Lord in the air; time, time, and half a time of tribulation such as the world has never known; the deception of the Jews by the anti-Christ (for they will be grossly deceived by the anti-Christ, through the rejection of their true King, Jesus Christ, and their present great expectancy of the Messiah)—and then will the Lord return with His saints to reign a thousand years, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

"Awake, awake! Put on thy strength, oh Zion. Shake thyself from the dust: arise, and sit down, oh Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, oh captive daughter of Zion" (Isa. 52:2). But alas: never as a nation will they believe or be loosed from their bands of unbelief and its dark consequences until He shall visibly, literally return in the clouds of heaven, the mighty King of heaven and earth—the King of the Jews.

What will be the feeling in the heart of the Jews when, after all their centuries of doubt, disobedience, rejection, and punishment, they shall see the Christ whom they crucified, returning in glory that outshines the sun in its dazzling noonday splendor!

"Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven: and then shall all tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (Matt. 24:30).

"Behold, He cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see Him and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen" (Rev. 1:7).

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of Jacob forever: and of His kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1:32–33).

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever" (Isa. 9:6–7).

Then shall He say, "Break forth into joy, sing together, ye wasted places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted His children, He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God" (Isa. 52:9–10).

"Now learn a parable of the fig tree: when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh. So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors" (Matt. 24:32–33).

The Holy Spirit: Who Is He	
and Why Receive Him? ———+ X X W	

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HAT DO YOU know of the Holy Spirit? Is your knowledge of Him theoretical, or has it come through personal acquaintance? Have you learned of Him through the letter only, or does He dwell within you, the Spirit who maketh alive? Have you but a hazy conception of Him as a spiritual influence, or do you know Him as the third person of the Trinity, the promise of the Father, the abiding Comforter whose mission it is to reveal Jesus; the One who endues the believer with power for service and guides him all the way from the door of salvation to the starry portals of translation and bridehood with the King of kings.

The office work of the Holy Spirit is precious, glorious, all-important. What a pity that so many know nothing of Him, as to who He is or why He should be received!

Who Is He?

He is the third person of the blessed Trinity. Since the Edenic fall, God in His work of redemption has expressed Himself to the world in His threefold love and power.

First Jehovah walked, talked, and pleaded with His people in Israel for four thousand years. But though a little remnant followed, and obeyed His Word, the Father was rejected by the world.

Next came Jesus, God's beloved and only Son. In human form, He walked this earth in closest relationship and dealing with man. But

though He displayed the power of God, forgave the sinner, healed the sick, and relieved the oppressed, shed His blood on Calvary, and rose from the dead, He, too, was rejected, and His deity was denied by the world. Only a little company, compared with the millions of Earth, believed upon Him and followed in His steps.

Then came the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Godhead—God's last call to the sin-laden world, which had rejected the Father and crucified His Son.

Terrible warnings preceded the sending forth of this last representative of the Godhead. Men were warned, lest they sin against the Holy Ghost, and told that they who sinned against the Father and against the Son should be forgiven, but that He who sinned against the Holy Ghost should never be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. Why is it that sin committed against the Holy Spirit is unpardonable? Because the world at large has rejected the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit is God's last call to the world. Men reject and sin against Him to their peril.

A Rushing Mighty Wind

In the second chapter of Acts, His coming was like "a rushing mighty wind that filled the whole house where they were sitting." He is the mighty breath of God that sweeps across the threshing floor of our Christian lives, fanning the chaff away and leaving the wheat and grain.

He it is whose coming is as the gales from heaven stirring the mulberry trees, and giving heaven's signal to Jehovah's hosts that God is with us, and the victory ours. When David was surrounded by the foe, knowing not whither to turn in sore oppression, the message of the Lord commanded him to bow himself lowly to the ground and to tarry until the rushing wind came from heaven and caused the sound of going to be heard in the tops of the mulberry trees. David, with all his people, tarried till the signal came from heaven, and the victory was theirs through the power of the Lord.

When Christ the Chief Shepherd had been slain and the sheep were scattered, not even daring to meet together for fear of the Jews, and it seemed as though the battle would be lost, Jesus commanded them to tarry in Jerusalem till the Holy Ghost should come, filling, enduring, strengthening, and guiding each waiting heart. He is still speaking to His people today and saying, "Bow low before Me; tarry until ye be endued with power from on high." Oh, come; let us tarry till the sound from heaven and the moving of the Spirit is heard. Tarry till He has filled the whole house, and overflowed with praise and glory, and a mighty going is heard amongst the children of the Lord, who are "trees of His planting."

When Ezekiel stood in the midst of the valley of dry bones, wherein he was to be the instrument in God's hands through which a revival of life and power was to be brought, God commanded him to "prophesy unto the wind, saying, come, oh breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." When he had prophesied unto the wind, the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

We stand today, in the midst of an exceedingly great valley of dry bones, bones that are very dry, too dry to testify, or shout, or say "Amen"—bones so dry that the question has come to many that was put to Ezekiel in the days of old: "Son of Man, can these bones live?" What this world needs today is Ezekiels who can pray down the mighty, rushing wind, even the Holy Spirit from heaven. Then breath shall enter into those spiritually dead and dry, and they shall live and praise the Lord. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," cries the psalmist. Amen! Come, oh breath, and fill us today, we pray!

When Elijah prayed for a revival of rain and fertility upon a dry and barren land, it came to pass that the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. The earth is dry and barren today. God has promised that in the last days, He will pour out of His Spirit upon all flesh (Acts 2:17). Let us pray like Elijah till

the mighty, rushing wind comes sweeping from heaven, bringing with it clouds of latter rain.

Tongues Like as of Fire

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." The Holy Spirit is as a brightly burning and consuming fire. Some there are who thought that when John the Baptist said concerning Jesus, "He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire," that the fire referred to was a punishment of the wicked. They who have received the Spirit, however, and have walked in His paths, can testify to a baptism of fire. Fire that burns the dross and consumes self and selfishness with a fiery zeal for souls, fire that kindles love and melts the ice of coldness and formality, fire that falls from heaven and consumes the sacrifice, fire that falls upon rebuilt altars and wood that is put in order under a whole burnt offering, fire that proves Elijah's God still lives today and answers still by fire.

But though the Holy Spirit is as the rushing tornado and the burning flame, sweeping debris and impediments from His path, devastating the strongholds of sin, confusing and routing the enemies of Christ, He is also a gentle dove.

The Gentle Dove

When Christ was baptized in the Jordan, the Holy Spirit descended upon Him in bodily form as of a dove. And though He comes to the heart of the yielded and the consecrated as the mighty power of God, who is able to shake the whole house, move entire communities, and make the weakest worm victorious over all that may be against him, He is also a gentle dove, easily grieved, easily wounded. He withdraws into the innermost recesses of the being who has been made His temple, silent and sorrowful.

With the sobbing out of a repentant prayer, there comes again the glad fluttering of His wings and the cooing of His blessed voice praising the Lamb for sinners slain.

The Rain: Former and Latter

"Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil" (Joel 2:23–24).

To the gentle, life-giving rain that falls from heaven above, Joel compares the Holy Spirit. How applicable the comparison is: as the earth needs the rain so the church needs the Holy Spirit! Have you ever passed through a drought? Have you seen the ground dry, parched, and cracking like a panting living creature opening its mouth for rain? And have you seen the well-nigh distracted farmer flush with joy when the rain began to fall from heaven's windows above? Oh how the earth drank, and drank, and drank till it was full and overflowing, drank till parched, drooping plants came back to life and lifted up their drooping heads and hands, now dripping with refreshing blessings from above, drank till the gardens were filled with fragrance and the wheat and the barley came back to life and the harvest was saved!

All that the rain is unto the earth and the harvest, so is the Holy Spirit unto the church. Like the rain, the Spirit comes from above, from God, out of heaven, bringing life, hope, and fruitage. The former rain fell, on and after the day of Pentecost, upon the new-sown seed. We are today living in the time of the latter rain. In abundant, copious showers of blessing, it is falling on the earth, hastening the ripening of the harvest grain. In order to receive the spiritual latter rain, we must "ask of the Lord rain, and he will send bright clouds and give to everyone grass in field." Hallelujah! Are you dried and

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parched and barren? Then, oh thirsty heart, lift up your heads to the heavens, ask for the rain of the Holy Spirit, open your mouths wide, and praise Him, for He will surely answer with showers of blessing.

Power from on High

Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

Luke 24:49

Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

Acts 1:8

A Christian or a church without the Holy Spirit is like an automobile without gasoline. The machinery is there, the body, the mechanism, and the wheels are all in place, but the gas tank is empty. Mankind may unite in federations, raise their millions of money, organize their wheels within the middle of other wheels, build costly edifices, and install priceless organs, but if they have not the power and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, it is as hard to move that church for God—yea, harder—than to push an automobile uphill single-handedly. "Tarry until ye be endued with power." Oh but, you say, I am so busy with my class, preaching, teaching, and work I have not the time to get alone and wait on God. Ah, brother, sister, you would gain time by tarrying. When your car runs dry of gas, you stop and get it filled again. You know more time and power is gained in twenty minutes of smooth running with the power of the gasoline than twenty hours up a steep grade without power.

Oh Christian, you need this power of the Spirit in your life: power to testify, power to pray, power to praise and glorify the Lord, power to win souls, and to pray for the sick and the afflicted. The Holy Spirit is the instigator of the last-day Holy Ghost revival of which Joel spake, saying, "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh. Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy" (Acts 2:7).

When this Comforter who is the Holy Ghost comes in to abide, He will take the things of Jesus and reveal them unto you, and a deeper, truer note will be struck in your Christian experience than you have ever known before. It is impossible to overestimate the need and value of the Holy Spirit in the life of a believer. When the sinner comes to Jesus and is born again, he leaves the Egyptian fleshpots and crosses through the Red Sea. When he receives the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he has just crossed Jordan and stands at the gates of the Promised Land. All Canaan lies just beyond. There is a land flowing with milk and honey, and vines that hang low with an abundance of precious fruit. Instead of being the apex in the Christian life, salvation and the baptism of the Holy Spirit are just two legs upon which to walk into God's best.

To live without the indwelling Spirit is to live upon a plain far below God's standard. Receive ye the Holy Ghost; begin to seek Him today. Consecrate your entire life, open your heart, and let Him come in, making your body His temple. Oh blessed experience—don't stop short of the real Biblical Pentecostal experience; tarry until you, like the hundred and twenty in Acts 2:4, are filled with the Holy Ghost and begin to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance. Then go on in God; yield to His tender guidance. Jesus wants to use you, to make you a winner of souls and a fruitful tree, ready and waiting for His coming.

Why Receive Him?

Let us now look to His Word for the answer to the latter question: "Why receive Him?" When we speak of receiving the Holy Spirit, we

refer not to conviction, conversion, subsequent blessings, or anointing, but to the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Who among us has not heard Christians make the remark, "Well, of course if there is something else for me that I have not received—if there is something God has more for me, but I have had such wonderful blessings, and so many baptisms, why should I seek this Pentecostal experience or blessing?"

Wait a minute—wait a minute, Christian! One question at a time! First, with regard to those "ifs" of yours: is it possible that you could seriously believe for one instant that you have all God has to give you—have reached the highest apex of power, faith, and service that is possible to a believer? Have any of us reached the place Christ spoke of when He said, "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father"? Have you struck the "waters to swim in," the river that "cannot be passed over"? Take away the "ifs" and the "buts," dear heart, throw away every excuse, and doubt no more that God has much land ahead to be possessed, and is longing to lead you forth into a Spirit-filled land that flows with milk and honey.

Now, as to the wonderful blessings you have had in the past, these are precious beyond money and price and must not be discounted for one moment; but when you say that you have had "many baptisms" of the Spirit, allow us to remind you that God's Word says there is but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." When the Holy Spirit takes possession, He comes to abide and makes the believer His temple.

As to referring to the incoming of the Holy Spirit as an "experience" or a "blessing," dear heart, this is more than a blessing: this is the Blesser Himself, more than a passing experience; this is the coming of the Spirit of God, who is to abide forever. The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire is a distinct, positive, never-to-be-forgotten incoming of the third person of the Trinity, which will be so unquestionable and real that you will know the day and hour of His

arrival. In fact, He has his own unique, inimitable way of announcing His arrival and will speak through you heavenly utterances of glory and praise to Jesus. His coming cannot be likened unto any "former blessing" any more than Mount Shasta could be likened to an anthill, or the sun unto candlelight. There are many reasons why every Christian should "tarry until" the Holy Spirit has been received. First, Jesus himself commanded it.

Fesus Himself Commanded It

Jesus said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." This was as definite a command as the Lord ever gave, and if we love Him, we are told to prove our love by keeping His commandments. The solemn and impressive importance that Christ placed upon the coming of the Spirit is perhaps nowhere more strongly emphasized than in John 16:7: "Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." Plainly, Jesus thought it more important that the Holy Spirit come than that He Himself remain in the world. But why? Why was it more important for the Spirit to come than for this dear Jesus to stay upon the earth? There were many reasons, the more evident of which being that, whilst this loving Saviour in His resurrected body was in one place at one time, the Holy Spirit, being omnipresent, could be in many hearts and many places all the time. Then, too, this was to be God's third and last call to a sinful world, and the Holy Spirit was to strengthen, establish, and endue the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus to preach His gospel.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," instructed the Master in Mark 16:15. In Luke 24:49, He said, "But tarry first in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

That We May Be Endued with Power from on High

The Holy Spirit is the strength and power of the believer and of the church. To attempt to make great conquests without Him is like trying to run a railway train without an engine. He is the moving, drawing force. Even Jesus Christ, the Son of God, needed this enduement of power, and before He began His ministry, received the Spirit, who descended upon Him, from God out of heaven, in bodily form as of a dove. Before our Lord preached one of His mighty sermons, healed a sick body, or performed any of the recorded miracles, He received the Holy Ghost. Then, with the mighty power and authority that manifested itself in every phase of His ministry, He went forth a triumphant conqueror, and yet He plainly said, "The works that I do, I do not of Myself; He that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the work."

When Jesus ascended into heaven, He prayed to His Father and sent down the Holy Spirit, that His little children who were to take up the work where He left it off might be endued with the same power as He Himself had possessed and demonstrated. They tarried in the upper room, until the Spirit came with rushing wind and tongues like as of fire. Then "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:4).

Then they had power! Power to preach the gospel, power to heal the sick, power to pray and perform mighty miracles in Jesus' name, power to "turn the world upside down" for Christ, and to lead their thousands to the throne of grace.

What a timid, shrinking preacher Peter was before the Holy Ghost had come! Think how he ran from the questions of a little maid and fled in the hour of trial. Think how he failed in Gethsemane and had not the power to watch and pray. He, without the Spirit's power, had failed the Lord in testimony and in prayer, and yet just turn the pages and consider Peter with the Holy Ghost—"Peter standing up" (Acts 2:14). Consider Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost, after he had received the Holy Ghost and spake with other tongues,

preaching with a holy boldness that carried conviction to the astonished throng, Peter declaring that only through the name of the crucified and resurrected Lord (whom these people had hated and nailed to the tree) could they be saved. Consider Peter in the loathsome prison, praying and singing, all the livelong night. What a change! What had caused it? He had loved the Lord before, he had preached His gospel, and even prayed for the sick and they had recovered, but through it all, there had been a great, great need in his life, a great weakness, a great need. Now this weakness is gone, the need has been met, and that which met the need was the coming of the Holy Ghost. Yes, unquestionably, the baptism of the Holy Ghost was the secret of Peter's power. And oh, dear Christian, it will be the secret of your power, too.

Jesus wants to endue you with this power from on high. Jesus wants to endue you for service in these closing days before His Second Coming. Can you not hear Him speaking to your heart now, saying, "You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you"? Why, this is the very thing you need, the thing the church needs—power. Power to pray the prayer of faith, power to preach the gospel in such compelling power and beauty that thousands will come running to the Christ, power to reach the hard hearts round about you, power to lead your girls and boys to Christ, power to claim the promises of God and to cause His strong right arm to be laid bare. "Tarry until," says Jesus still, "tarry until ye be endued with power from on high."

You also need the Holy Ghost, because when He is come:

He Will Glorify Fesus

Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come...He will glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you.

John 16:1

Oh Hallelujah! One scarcely knows what real praise to Jesus is till the Comforter has come. A little "Amen," and an occasional "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord," were the best we knew. But oh, what a revelation of the praise life when the Spirit came in to abide! Then, in the words of the blessed Master, "out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water"—and this spake He of the Spirit whom He would send. The moment the Spirit has taken up His abode, the rivers and floods of praise begin to roll up to the throne in heaven's own language.

Never will the writer forget that Saturday morning, kneeling by the Morris chair, alone in the parlor, when the Spirit came in. Jesus was so near, and I was drawing closer, closer to Him every moment. How real and precious and inexpressibly dear He was! So beautiful, so wonderful, that it seemed as though my heart would break for love of Him, and my mind was in anguish because I could not find words, with my puny intelligence, wherewith to praise Him! Oh, if I could only praise and adore Him as I ought! Then suddenly the Spirit came.

Like the rolling billows of the sea, He swept in, and in, until it seemed as though my body was so filled that I would burst, and then they began to run over, these rivers of praise, not in my own language but in the language of the Holy Spirit. I lay there at the feet of Jesus, lost in wonder, love, and praise, and listened with awe and rapture as the Holy Spirit, who had filled me with Himself, took possession of my tongue, my voice, my lips, and vocal cords, and praised the Lamb for sinners slain in the tongues of men and of angels, praised and exalted Him who sat upon His throne, who liveth forever and waiteth for the praises of His saints. Oh glory, glory, glory to Jesus! Tears fill my eyes, and His praises burst forth afresh as I think of that sacred hour.

But listen, reader dear, the best of it is, this abiding Comforter has come to stay. It was not just a short visit that He paid me, nor was this a blessed anointing that soon did lift—ah no! Even now He wells within me as I write, and praises Jesus still in other tongues. "And verily, He giveth thanks well" (1 Cor. 14:17). He has given me

songs in the night, He has taught me to rejoice in the Lord, not in circumstances, or in people, or conditions, but to rejoice in the Lord. Hallelujah! You also need the Holy Ghost, because when He is come:

He Will Pray through You

For we know not what to pray for as we ought, but when the Spirit is come, He helpeth our infirmities by praying through us with groanings that cannot be uttered.

Romans 8:26

Ah, Brother Paul, you knew what it was to have the Spirit pray through you, didn't you? For in 1 Corinthians 14:15 you wrote, "If I pray with an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. What is it then? I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." And in verse 2: "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God: for no man understandeth him; howbeit in the Spirit he speaketh mysteries."

How wonderful! And yet one may read and reread Paul's wonderful description of the Spirit's praying through him (and Paul spake in tongues more than all the other Corinthians put together; verse 18), and yet though he tries to tell us how wonderful this prayer life becomes when the Spirit is there to make intercession through us, with groanings that cannot be uttered, it is impossible to understand the real wonder and holy sublimity of it all till you have the same experience yourself that Paul is relating. Oh, there will be hours of prayer, alone in your closet, when the world is shut outside, hours (after you have prayed all that you knew to pray in your feeble way) when the Holy Spirit, who now lives within, having made your body the temple of the Holy Ghost, will rise up within you and, taking hold of the tongue, pray through you and talk to God in mysteries (1 Cor. 14:2).

"But will I understand what I am praying for?" you ask.

No. That is why Paul says, "No man understandeth him; and if I pray in an unknown tongue, the Spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful." This is a private telephone line, connected to the Father's throne, and the devil cannot listen in. In speaking of this wonderful experience, and lifting the curtain on his own prayer life so as to make us hungry for such a life with God, Paul also instructs that we must pray in our own language, or, in other words, "with the understanding also" that the unlearned who occupy the room may say "Amen" at our giving of thanks. There are times after you have received your baptism of the Spirit that you will feel the agonies of soul travail, as the Spirit agonizes with God, times when the perspiration will roll from your brow as you groan in spirit for a lost world. Then when the Spirit has prayed through, you will be conscious of a burden lifted, and a great flood of rejoicing will pour through your lips as the Spirit gives utterance, praising and glorifying God, for answered prayer.

The Spirit speaking in other tongues, Paul explains, however, is seldom of use in preaching the gospel unless accompanied by interpretation (as it says in 1 Corinthians 14:5) or as a sign to the unbeliever (verse 22, same chapter). And though Paul gratefully thanks God (17) that he speaks "in tongues more than ye all," yet he explains that in the church (or in other words, while preaching in the pulpit), he would rather speak five words with his understanding than ten thousand words with the unknown tongue. Why? So that by his voice he might teach others. Yet, here is this great praise and prayer channel, the two most important channels in a Christian's life, presided over and directed by the Spirit Himself.

He Testifieth of Fesus

But when the Comforter is come, He shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness.

John 15:26–27

Here is a double witness, one of which originates in your own spirit and strength, the other from the Holy Spirit, who in positive and authoritative clearness beareth witness of the King of kings.

How the disciples and followers of Christ needed this power! Stephen, Peter, Paul, on trial, falsely accused and outnumbered by thousands, had this double witness. And when they came to an end of their own ability, they obeyed the command of Christ concerning the Spirit. "Take no thought what ye shall say, for the Holy Spirit shall teach you in that hour."

We, too, need the Spirit within today, bearing witness of the mighty power of Jesus, and to accompany our witnessing, or preaching with signs following, as in Mark 16:20. Ignorant and unlearned fishermen were changed by this dear Holy Spirit's witnessing through them into flaming evangels whose oratory outshone that of kings and statesmen. From out of their innermost being flowed forth rivers of living water. Not out of their head, or something they had studied up, or copied from some book, but from their innermost being flowed this clear, refreshing, inspired, eloquent stream, warning, exhorting, edifying, comforting all who heard.

And so it is today: God is not looking so much for the big and full heads as he is for the empty, cleansed, and yielded hearts. Jesus wants us to be an empty channel in His hands, with one end at the Father's throne, where the living waters flow, and the other end away out yonder in the dry and barren wilderness, where millions droop and pine for the Spirit of God. "But what are these waters that flow, and how do we get them?" you ask. Why, this spake Christ of the Spirit, whom He would send. In this closing hour, before Christ's Second Coming, the battle is not to the strong, but to they who in their weakness look and cling to Jesus. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Oh, let Him fill and use you, and bear witness in such power that the world may see how God can take a worm to thrash a mountain, the weak to put the strong to flight, and the things that are naught to confound the things that are.

Then, too, you need Him because "when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

"He Will Guide You into all Truth" (John 16:13)

Oh! What a faithful guide this Holy Spirit is! Convicting the sinner of his sin, He leads him first to the cross of Jesus and there bears witness with the spirit of the newborn soul that he is a child of God. Then on and on He guides him to the upper room, where He, the Spirit of Truth, comes in to abide. And then, this guide truly begins as never before to guide. The Bible is like a new book. Page after page, book after book, "He opens and illuminates, till new beauties stand revealed, of which our hearts had never dreamed." He will teach you all things. He guides us in our everyday walk, checking us quickly when we unknowingly begin to err or miss the Saviour's best and perfect will. He guides us in our ministry and work for Christ, opening and closing doors that lead to different paths, and guides us in our dealings with the problems that arise. With the spirit of discernment, He guides us in dealing with our fellowman, and at last if we obey and follow His leadings here on Earth, He will guide us through heaven's starry floors into the Bridegroom's arms.

"And He Will Show You Things to Come"

There are so very, very many reasons why you should receive the blessed Holy Ghost that it would be impossible to enumerate them all here and now. But the seventh and most blessed reason I wish to give is that which Jesus himself gave: "He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come" (John 16:13).

The most important thing that the Spirit shows us that is to come is the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Just as John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ, and came to announce and herald His first

advent, so the Holy Spirit is showing us things to come concerning the Second Coming of the Lord, heralding his near approach, and making straight paths for His feet.

"Shall show you things to come." Ah! How real He makes the coming of the Lord, how precious, how much to be desired! Many who have not received the Holy Spirit know the doctrine of the coming of the Lord theoretically, but oh, when He comes in and shows one the glory of that hour, the coming Bridegroom, whose face is brighter than the sun at noonday; when he shows the things that shall shortly come to pass upon the earth, the darkness, the sorrow, the famine for the Word of God, the great beast and the powers of anti-Christ that shall rule; when He shows us the things concerning the Rapture, and the catching up of the saints—then, oh then, the coming of the Lord is more than cold theory; it is the most-to-be-desired thing in the world...It is the blessed hope that fills and thrills the heart, until we cry, "Even so Lord Jesus, come; come quickly!"

Christian, Jesus is standing right by your side even now. He is looking down deep into your soul with those compassionate, all-seeing eyes. He sees your need, your tests, your weakness and solves the whole problem by saying to *you*, as He said to the disciples of old, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

February 1921

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7:13–17



HAT A GLORIOUS vision John must have beheld: thousands and thousands of redeemed saints, sweeping triumphantly over the last stretch of the journey, clad in white and glister-

ing garments, palms of victory in their hands and crowns of joy upon their heads, upturned faces, suffused by the light that streams upon them through wide-flung gates.

And just beyond, through gates of solid pearl, lies the celestial city. Its bejeweled walls, encrusted with emeralds, topaz, jasper,

amethyst, and many rare and precious jewels, sparkle and flash like the stars of the firmament. The streets of the city are paved with pure gold, clear as transparent glass. And yonder are the heavenly mansions, row on row; the trees of life, the flowing fountain; the pearly throne, surrounded by myriads of angels with golden harps, who fill the balmy perfumed air with music. The light of God is on the walls, flooding the streets, and tinting every spire and dome with a far more brilliant glory than any earthly sun.

And into all this glory the saints are coming. They have been caught up to meet Jesus in the air. Shouts and songs and glad "Hosannas" make the heavens tremble as they near the beautiful gates.

Jesus Christ has gone to meet them. Descending with a shout, He has called unto Himself His living and His resurrected bride. He is bringing this bridal body to present them to His Father without spot and without wrinkle. How they are singing—singing of Jesus and His precious blood, through which they overcame!

Blessed, happy, honoured people, they were true in the midst of test and tribulation. Now they shall sit upon the throne and reign with Jesus. Faithfully they bore the cross; now they shall wear the crown. Ever believing, nothing doubting, though the night was dark, the valley deep, and the pathway rugged, led by its faith that never wavered even though it could not see or understand, a faith that whispered, "Faint not, fear not, but believe, though now, through the mist that hangs between, you see but through a glass darkly, you shall soon see face-to-face. The Sun of Righteousness shall soon arise with healing in His wings. Then shall shades of night and the gathered mist be rolled away."

And now here they are! John sees them coming in their robes of dazzling white, sees them stand, "a great multitude, which no man could number before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in their white robes," and hears them cry with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Glory,

honour, praise, and dominion belongeth unto Him forever and forever! Hallelujah!"

They shout till the sound is as the rolling of tears from their faces. Tears are over; sorrow is over, poverty, death, misunderstanding, all, all over! Christ has come, and He has said, "Well done."

Glory! Glory! Glory to Jesus! What a vision. What a hope! Why, it dims our eyes with tears and melts our hearts with adoration and with longing that we, too, may be a member of that bridal body when the saints go sweeping in.

Oh, that we may be ready! *Ready*, did I say? Ah! How much that little word means! How it sobers our hearts and sends us flying to our Bibles and our knees, crying, "Jesus, search me. Jesus, fill me. Use me. Make just what Thou wouldst have me to be, that I may be ready, steadfast, immovable, waiting for the coming of the Lord." *Ready*: how solemnly Christ inscribed the Word in burning letters all along the path of life.

"Be ye also ready for in such an hour as you think not the Son of Man cometh." Ready! Why methinks the greatest calamity that could befall mankind would be that of being found unprepared when Jesus swings heaven's portals wide and comes to claim His own.

Full well we know, the Bridegroom is not coming for a cold, backslidden, worldly bride, a church whose garments are besmirched with earthly pride and sin and merrymaking, whose heart is cold, whose eyes hang low with slumber, whose lamps have gone out for want of oil, and upon whose altars the fires of holy love and praise and zeal have died, leaving but the ashes of dead forms and ceremonies.

He who once trod the sands of Palestine in his pure and seamless robe is purer than the lilies, and fairer than the dawn, holy, loving, sinless, true. He will call unto Himself a bride, whose adoration and tireless running after, this the Christ, have wrought a marvelous transformation in her life, as His own attributes have been wrought out in her. His loving tenderness of souls...His patience and forgiveness...His calm, sweet, powerful Word...all have now become a part of her. For by His Spirit and her obedient love, she has been transformed into His own image. Clad in pure garments of righteousness, whose fine needlework is wrought in gold of Ophir, she shall be brought unto the King and reign by His side in everlasting joy.

Once they were sinners, unlovely and far from God; now they are saints of the Most High...many members, from many lands and climes, made one in Christ, baptized into one body.

They are awakened virgins, whose vessels are filled with the oil of the Holy Spirit, and whose brightly burning lamps are as a city set upon a hill, dispelling the darkness, lighting the gloom, and guiding the wanderer home.

These are they who love His appearing, whose ready, waiting hearts have throbbed forth the soul cry of the blessed hope: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

They are the overcomers, whose feet have learned to walk triumphantly o'er the raging sea of life.

Roll high, ye storm-swept billows of the sea! Rage and howl, ye tempests of the deep! But o'er thy heaving, ever-changing bosom, o'er the waves of daily tests and trials and tribulations that sweep the sea of life, come God's fearless, trusting Peters. Their arms are outstretched toward the Christ who walks to meet him from the distant heavenly shore. Their undimmed, luminous eyes, in which faith has lighted a lamp and held it with a steady hand, are fixed on Jesus.

Through Christ they are victorious. In Him are they strong. By Him do they overcome. He is their all in all: Saviour, sanctifier, healer, pilot, friend, and lover. Soon, they look for His returning as heaven's Bridegroom, the eternal King, whose government is on His shoulders.

Happy, happy people! What matter if thy pathway leads o'er land or sea? If thy journey o'er the waves be rough, full well thou knowest that on heaven's glassy sea, there reigns eternal calm. And oh! That harbor is at hand; the Lord is near. What matter if thine earthly path is strewn with thorns that pierce the feet and cause quick tears to

spring unbidden to the eyes? Full well thou knowest that, in yonder city bright, the streets are paved with gold. What matter if the nights be long, and lone, and dark? Tomorrow's sun will never set—its light will never fade.

"Come!" says the Spirit.

"Come!" says the bride.

"Come!" cries the Word of God.

Come, whosoever will, and join this happy throng who go with spotless robes and burning lamps to meet the coming King. They came by the way of Calvary, by way of the upper room, by way of a yielded, godly life, and tribulation's way. They are the overcomers, who abided day by day.

Oh sleeping heart, awaken! Make haste, rise up, and shake thy garments from the dust. Jesus is coming. In an hour such as ye think not, He shall appear. Wash your robes in the blood of the Lamb. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Then spend each waiting moment in winning other souls for Christ, that when He comes in the clouds of heaven, bringing all of His angels to welcome you home, you may be found ready and waiting, bringing with you the precious jewels that you have won for Him. Amen.

The Scriptural Relationship of
Divine Healing and Salvation ——+ ★ ▼ ₩————
——+ ⊀ ▼₩—
April 1921

N GOD'S GREAT plan of redemption, salvation for the soul and divine healing for the body were united in holy matrimony and destined to walk together, hand in hand, through the ages. Unbelief has sought to divorce this heaven-born pair, but prayer and faith still prove they are united.

Healing for the body was included in the atonement made by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Beaten with cruel stripes, He purchased healing for the body. Wounded for our transgressions, He bought redemption for every soul who would believe in Him with their whole heart.

In the Beginning

In the beginning, man, through disobedience, transgressed the law of God. Believing the words of Satan, rather than the words of God, the inmates of the garden did exactly what God told them not to do, and through their disobedience opened the door to that inseparable pair, sin and suffering. Man had sold himself for naught and engaged himself to be the bond servant of the devil. Banished from the garden, sweating through the toil of the day, groaning in labor and pain, how hopeless was their state!

But hark! The voice of God spoke to them, and with His promise came a shaft of light from the Son of Righteousness, falling athwart the darkness of the night, cleaving it asunder and promising the opening of a new and living way, spelling deliverance from sin and its awful consequences, and the regaining of that which they had lost. For His unfailing Word had promised that the seed of the woman was to come and bruise the head that bruised His heel. Hallelujah!

Through the centuries of the Old Testament, the faithful received forgiveness of their sins and healing for their bodies by believing in Him who was to come and bear their grief in His own body on the tree. And thus it was, though plagues were rampant all about them, that the Lord said, "If thou wilt diligently harken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Exod. 15:26).

In Moses' Day

When Miriam fell ill of leprosy, because of criticism and backbiting, repentance and faith in the Lord brought forgiveness and healing. The cry in Exodus 12:13–14, "Alas! My Lord…we have done foolishly, we have sinned…Heal her now, oh God, I beseech Thee," brought the answer down from heaven: forgiveness and healing came forth together to reign in the stead of sickness and sin.

When the children of Israel committed a grievous sin before the Lord, sickness and plague followed hard on its trail till they died and fell in heaps. And Moses said, "Go quickly, and make an atonement for them: for there is wrath gone out from the Lord and the plague is begun. And Aaron ran into the midst of the people and made an atonement for the people. He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed" (Num. 16:46–47). Again, sickness and suffering follow the offspring of the devil—sin. And again, salvation and healing follow repentance, obedience, and faith.

And when, through disobedience and sin, they lay dying from the bites of fiery serpents, pardon and healing came together. When from the depths of repentance and sorrow they cried, "We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee: pray for us unto the Lord, that He take away the serpents from us," the Lord bade Moses, "make a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live" (Num. 21:8). And to our own hearts, the blessed hope is born, for as the serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, so Christ was lifted up on the cross, bearing our sin, carrying our sorrow, cruelly smitten, and bearing the stripes for our healing.

When the angel of death was passing over Egypt, the children of Israel found peace and safety through the slain Paschal Lamb. The broken body of the lamb provided food and strength for their bodily needs; whilst the blood on the door procured their deliverance and protection. And so it is with Jesus, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Through the stripes and sufferings that He bore, He brings us healing, whilst His precious blood, upon the lintels of our hearts, brings pardon and the passing over of the wrath of God.

In the Day of David and Isaiah

On and on through the pages of the Word walk salvation and healing side by side. On they walk through David's day, and, seeing them, the psalmist catches up his harp and sings, in a rapturous thanksgiving, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases: who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Dear, precious Redeemer—with every turned page His coming is nearer and clearer, till Isaiah 53 is reached. And, beholding Him through tear-dimmed eyes of faith, the Prophet cries, "He was wounded for our transgressions…and by His stripes we are healed."

Everywhere, confident, undisputed, cooperative relationship and unity is found existing between the salvation of the soul and healing for the body, which our Redeemer should purchase on the cross for all who would believe with the whole heart.

In Jesus' Day

With the coming of the Lord, the two were even more visibly and inseparably bound together. He came to destroy the works of the devil, and through his years of ministry upon the earth, our Lord went about forgiving sin and healing all that were oppressed of the devil. With what sweet and gracious benediction fell His words upon the troubled heart: "Thy sins are all forgiven thee—go in peace and sin no more," or "Thy sins are forgiven thee—rise, take up thy bed, and walk." Hallelujah! What a Deliverer is this—what a precious double cure for soul and body, praise the Lord!

In Matthew 9:2, a man was brought to Jesus sick with palsy and lying on a bed. Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the man sick with the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee," but, behold, certain scribes who, though forced by what their eyes had seen in the past to believe Christ's power to heal the sick, doubted in their hearts His ability to forgive sin. Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts, for whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise, and walk'?"

The scribes of that day had admitted Christ's power to heal but disputed His power to forgive. Today the attitude of the doubter is quite reversed: many who admit His power to forgive sin doubt His ability to heal the sick. But Jesus asks, "Which is easier?" and the simple facts are that it is just as easy for the Lord to do the one as the other.

Salvation and Healing: Handin Handin Great Commission

When sending forth his disciples in Matthew 10:7–8, the Lord commanded them, saying, "As ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the leper...freely as ye have received, freely give." In his great worldwide commission, under which we live and work for Christ today, Jesus said, "Go ye into all

the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues...They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Not once is there an intimation that salvation and healing are to be separated, but only the constant assurance that Jesus is the very same yesterday, today, and forever, and His promise that "the works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do because I go to my Father."

In the Acts of the Apostles

In the Acts of the Apostles, divine healing is still the handmaiden of the gospel. "And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following. Amen."

The healing of the lame man in Acts 3 resulted in the conversion of five thousand men in Acts 4:4.

When surrounded by the hosts of darkness, unbelief, and fierce opposition, the prayer of Bible-day believers was that healing for the body might be the advance guard of faith in the spoken Word: "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word, by [note the connection between the two] stretching forth thine hand to heal, that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy Holy Child, Jesus."

In Acts 5:12–16, salvation and divine healing are so closely interwoven as to seem almost inseparable: "And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people... and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes, both men and women. Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter, passing by, might overshadow some of them. There came

also a multitude out of the city round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits; they were healed every one."

On and on they journeyed together, to the last chapter of Acts, where Paul, on the Isle of Melita, healed the sick in Jesus' name as freely as he preached the glorious gospel.

According to Fames

In James 5:14–15, salvation and healing are still united. And in the apostle's instructions to the church, and the tribes scattered abroad, we read: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and [note the connection] if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." What a close harmony is here existent between salvation and healing! Who would dare cross out the forgiveness and leave the healing, or cross out the healing and leave the forgiveness?

Note the sweet union in the next verse also (verse 16): "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed."

And now, God's Word still stands as sure and true as ever. Not one of His good promises has ever crumbled in the dust. They who come to Christ in full surrender, forsaking the world and seeking Him with all their hearts, in faith and obedience, still find His power the very same.

On Calvary's cross, the great Redeemer carried not only our sin, but "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sickness" (Matt. 8:17). While many stand in doubt, thinking that His healing power has been withdrawn and that His saving grace alone remains, thousands are laying hold of the promise, taking Christ at His Word, and being healed of their disease.

Oh, the wonderful miracles that our eyes have beheld in the past few months: the blind receiving sight, the deaf ears unstopped, the lame and paralyzed standing and leaping for joy! And how these miracles have brought the sinner weeping to the cross! Hard, sneering skeptics have turned pale and fallen to their knees. Proud women have sobbed and given their hearts to Christ, and oh, we *know* that Christ is just the same today as in the days of old.

His saving and His healing power are just the same, if only we believe. Whilst some content themselves with telling only what Christ used to do in days gone by, others are rising up and pressing through the throng to touch His garment now. And by their faith they are made whole. What a blessed privilege! What a real and practical gospel of power that cannot be gainsaid! What a wonderful Saviour is the Christ, "who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

Questions Frequently Asked
Regarding Divine Healing ———+⊀▼₩———
April 1921

What Is Divine Healing?

T IS THE divine power of Jesus Christ to heal the sick and the afflicted in answer to the prayers of His people, without the aid of medicine or surgery, even as He did almost 1,900 years ago when He walked upon this earth.

Is It for Today?

Many of God's dear children have the mistaken idea that the day of miracles is past and the Lord Jesus no longer heals the sick. They have honestly believed, and some have even preached, that these things were only for Bible days, that Christ has now withdrawn this power (which they say was only given for a sign unto the Jews), and that we now must do the best we can for these human bodies, looking for help from doctors, surgeons, medicines, herbs, massage, morphine, quacks—in fact, to anybody or anything except unto the Lord Jesus Christ, who is now either no longer willing or is too far away to be troubled by such minor matters as the healing of the physical infirmities of His people.

But there is not one verse or passage in the dear old Bible to substantiate such a teaching. Not only were the sick healed in the Old Testament by looking to the Christ, who was to come, and not only did Jesus heal the sick when He walked this earth, but He left explicit instructions with His disciples and followers that they, too, were to

declare the good news of healing for the body as they preached the gospel. "Into whatsoever city or town ye enter, preach the gospel and heal the sick that are therein...And He said unto them, go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover" (Mark 16:15–18).

The disciples prayed for the healing of the sick throughout their entire ministry and, in closing, left instructions for the church to the effect that, if there were any sick among them, they were to call for the elders of the church, saying, "Let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James 5:14–16).

There are hundreds of promises as to the continued power and unchangeableness of Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever, as to the abiding power of His Word and assurance that no good gift is to be withheld from them that walked uprightly, but never a hint that His arm was to be shortened or His power no longer available for the healing of the sick, with the passing away of the apostles.

Beyond a doubt, divine healing is for today. If we preach the same gospel of power that Peter preached in Acts 5, we can see the same signs and wonders attending the preached Word. If we preach the same miracle-working Jesus whom Philip preached in Acts 8, the multitudes will still be made to wonder and believe, beholding the miracles that are wrought. If we are endued with the same Spirit of power that filled Paul on the Isle of Melita in Acts 28, we will still

see sinners turning to Christ and the sick healed even as did this man of God. The same resultant signs and wonders shall attend our ministry.

The Word of God, therefore, whilst lifting our hope mountain high through reading of the power of Jesus to heal the bodies, as well as the souls of *His* people, gives us no occasion to teach that this power was but a transitory, flitting ray of sunshine, shining for a moment through the gloom and then departing, leaving us in greater darkness than as though we had not seen the light. Whilst the Bible gives every encouragement of healing through Jesus in Isaiah 5:3, Psalms 103, Matthew 8:18, Mark 16:18, James 5:14, et cetera, there is not a verse of scripture which would indicate that Christ had now closed this door of hope and healing for suffering bodies to the knockings of His children.

The reason that so many have tried to hide behind Paul's thorn in the flesh (though they have never been able to quite decide just what it was, and although the conjecture runs all the way from poor eyesight or stammering utterance to an unbelieving wife) is that they feel some explanation should be made for the lack of this power in the church today. Ministers have sometimes sat up all night during our meetings, searching the Bible and reading between the lines in the hope of finding some verse or passage suggesting that divine healing had been done away with, thus forming an alibi and explaining to their flock the failure to teach this truth or to pray for the healing of the sick.

What Is the Difference between Divine Healing and Christian Science?

Christian Science teaches that there is no sin and no sickness, that such thoughts are error, and that all that is needed is the power of mind over matter to overcome. Their foundation for this statement is based upon the scripture which tells us that without

God nothing was made that was made, that God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good. Whereas, they say there was nothing made except that which God made, and whereas He made neither sin nor sickness, there is, therefore, no such thing as sin or sickness. Train your mind to believe this, disregard sickness and pain, exert your mind to correct this error, and all is well.

This, however, is not the teaching of the Bible. Sin and sickness were brought into the world through the Fall, when Satan entered the Garden of Eden, and through disobedience to God, the curse of sin, suffering, thorns, and thistles.

The Bible teaches us that there is not only such a thing as sin, but that it is exceedingly sinful, and that no amount of correct thinking or turning over of new leaves or cultivation of self-righteousness can cleanse us from its stain. We are told that there is but one remission of sin and that that is the shed blood of Jesus Christ, the only Begotten of the Father.

The Bible tells us that there is such a thing as sickness and that "Himself (Jesus) took our infirmities and bears our sicknesses." In making provision for our healing and deliverance, the Word of God does not tell us to call in a practitioner who will help us concentrate the power of mind over matter by telling us that we are not sick and that there is no such thing as sickness or pain, then charges for treatment, but said, "If there are any sick among you, let them call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Will Turning to Medical Aid Keep Me from Heaven?

No, it is sin that bars us out of heaven. Divine healing is not a law; it is a blessed privilege.

Questions Frequently Asked Regarding Divine Healing

Divine healing is like a beautiful flowing well of cool, crystal water on a hot and dusty day. You do not have to drink it—you can drink the brackish water of the pond or go thirsty if you would rather. But the well is right here, and the water is cool, refreshing, and free, and here is the dipper of believing prayer with which to draw, hanging right by the well.

Divine healing is like a beautiful shade tree in a weary land, or an oasis in the wilderness. There is no law forbidding you to walk in the broiling sun at noonday, but 'tis your privilege to rest beneath the shadow and healing wings of the Almighty. Thousands who have found the arm of flesh to fail them have now come to lean hard upon Jesus as their all in all for body, soul, and spirit.

Coming to Christ for divine healing is like taking your watch to a watchmaker for repairs. You could take it to a blacksmith, of course, or to an automobile mechanic, and they might clumsily do their very best for you, but after all, 'twould only be second best, and you have the privilege of taking the watch, with its delicate mechanism, to the very one that made it and knows just how to repair it.

When we bought our automobile, a salesman kindly said to us, "Now, anytime your car needs fixing up or servicing, we will be glad to have you come right in. We will fix it free of charge; this is our own make of car, we understand it thoroughly, and our system of service is included for a certain length of time without any additional cost to you." Now, of course, there was no law to hinder our taking the car to some other garage, where we would pay a large sum for service and perhaps find a mechanic who knew more about a Ford than he did about the mechanism of an Oldsmobile. But a few weeks later, when some adjustments were needed, we were glad to avail ourselves of the privilege of going freely to the people who had made the car and having it there adjusted and made perfectly fit again.

So it is with our blessed Lord. It is He who made us and not we ourselves. If you would prefer an earthly physician to the Great Physician, or you feel that you could trust him more, then go to him. But it is your blessed privilege to come to the Lord who made us, who understands our frame and knows just how to heal us without pain or suffering.

What Is Your Attitude toward the Medical Fraternity?

"Do you fight the doctors?" we are sometimes asked. Not at all, some of our most blessed Christian friends and brethren are in the medical profession, but the very best of them have told us that they could only do "just so much" with their powders and pills and that the Lord must do the rest. Though they may be clever with their scalpel and knife, there comes a day when they must say, "I can do no more; you will have to look to a higher power; only God can help you now." We have known doctors who have much more confidence in God than in their medicines and who kneel and pray with their patients, seeing Christ conquer where they have failed.

The one is natural—the other is supernatural.

The one is of man—the other is of God, who made heaven and Earth and all that in them is.

The laws of our country have made it almost impossible for one to die without medical advice being called in that a death certificate may be given. We sometimes hear in reproachful terms: "Oh, there's Mr. So-and-So. He trusted the Lord, refused medical aid, and lay right there and died." But do you know that, with all due courtesy to the medical profession, dying a natural death is not such a terrible thing after all when compared with the suffering that we have seen people endure under surgical and medical treatment?

Surely doctors should be the last ones to oppose the power of Christ to heal the sick. Blind people have come into our meetings whose eyes had been put out through the mistake of a physician, who dropped some acid into the eye instead of eyewater. One man, in Dallas, Texas, declared that while he cried aloud with almost unendurable agony, his eye had bulged from his head (after the mistake had been made) and burst; the other went out from sympathy.

A lady in Colorado groped her blind way to the front and told a similar story. She had suffered from weak eyes and went for treatment. By some mistake the physician put something into her eyes that burned like liquid fire, and in five minutes, she said, the sight was gone. The liquid had eaten right through the cornea and into the pupil before it could be gotten out.

We have met people who suffered agony, in whose abdomen a roll of antiseptic gauze had been sewed up by mistake. No, I do not think the medical profession, with all their splendid hospitals and sanitariums, should oppose healing through prayer to the blessed Lord Jesus. I never heard of Him making a mistake such as these just mentioned, did you?

A man in San Jose, California, came into the meetings for prayer, whose toes had all been amputated because of gangrene that had set in as a result of putting G—— I——, a much-advertised remedy, on a corn. And oh, the number of dope victims who have wept and mourned at our altars with shattered nerves and broken bodies, having become drug addicts through having taken constant hypodermic injections during an illness following an operation. Doctors were now unable to break the chains or, outside of drugs, give their patients rest and sleep, without which they would go insane. But bless the Lord, Jesus broke the fetter and set them free.

Splendid physicians and surgeons have sat with us on the platform in our meetings, have brought patients for prayer, and have written letters praising God that He had accomplished that which their skill and power could not do.

Doctors, hospitals, and sanitariums, with their wonderful facilities, are just the thing for those who have need of them or have not the living faith in Jesus' power to make them whole. But we who believe do claim the God-given privilege of praying to our Lord for healing, thus escaping the knife and the pain.

Then, too, there are so many for whom the doctors can do no more or who are too poor to afford specialists and tremendous doctor bills. Take, for instance, Mrs. Sisson's little baby that was healed of two hundred sores.

Baby Sisson Healed of Two Hundred Sores

This sick little baby was brought in the arms of its mother at the close of service in Denver, Colorado. She had braved the crowds for hours, with this tiny, pale, and wasted mite of humanity clasped to her breast. Her own face, white and haggard, plainly bespoke her anxiety and suffering for the little one. At last she had almost reached the steps, but there a large, tightly packed crowd were even yet between herself and the platform.

"Oh God," she whispered, "if I can only get my baby through! If the sister can only take my baby in her arms and breathe one prayer, I *know* he would be healed of this terrible affliction! Oh God! Oh God!"

As we turned to leave the platform after hours and hours of steady prayer (expecting to go into another room, where the crippled and bedridden were awaiting us), our eyes were irresistibly drawn to those of that dear mother. Dark and troubled, framed in a brave white face, they flashed their message. But how could we stop now...There were thousands of others who were also waiting!

Then it was that with the instinctive appeal of one mother heart to another, she unfolded the baby from her breast, lifted it high above the heads of the people, and held it out to us. Involuntarily, our mother arms shot out to take it. The crowd parted to let her through, and the child was in our arms.

"Just what is this disease, mother dear? And don't cry so hard! Jesus will heal the little lambie," we encouraged.

"Sister, it is virulent eczema; he's had it ever since he was four weeks old. As many as two hundred sores have eaten their way into that little form at one time. Every time I dress baby, the blood runs from the little body. And, oh Sister, he is so brave; he tries so hard not to cry," she choked, "and just holds his breath and shudders."

"There, there, mother dear. Forget that frightful nightmare of seeing baby suffer what you would have borne for him a thousand times if you could. Jesus bore that pain for you and baby, too, dear. He will help you."

"Oh, I know it! I know it! I know He will, just now."

Anointing the baby with oil, we pressed it close and prayed earnestly, returning it to the young mother as she dried her tears, and the sunshine of her smile suddenly revealed the beauty of her face before these months of sleeplessness and suffering had blanched her cheeks.

She took her baby and departed, but returned a few days later to testify at a mammoth children's service. She declared that her baby was well, and, indeed, its flesh looked perfectly whole.

Pressed on every hand that morning with some five thousand children, sick and well, we could not stop to question her. But the next morning, waking early, the writer jumped up and into her automobile (a beautiful Oldsmobile sedan that the Denver Olds Company had loaned her during the revival) and went in search of the little mother to hear the rest of the story.

Out and out we went, beyond the suburbs of the city, and then over some very bumpy roads, to Downing, in search of our number.

"Why, that must be it over there," we puzzled, "and yet it's so tiny—is it a house at all?" The weest little dollhouse of a place it was, about as big as one ordinary room. But it wore a fresh green coat of paint, and a humble little window box made from four boards, in which struggled some tiny plants. "Why, I believe it's the smallest, humblest, and yet, the neatest, little house in Denver!" we exclaimed.

Suddenly, having heard the motor and auto horn, Mrs. Sisson was at the door, the baby in her arms. How she loved that frail little life! In a moment she was at the car.

"Oh Sister! I am so happy! I'm singing all the day long. My baby is all well. Instead of some two hundred sores ranging from the size of a pinhead to large open holes, my baby's flesh is sound and whole.

"When I came home from meeting, he slept like a top. No itching or burning at all! When I gave him his bath the next morning, I found that every sore except four of the deepest ones had disappeared, and this morning, in the baby's bathtub, the last scab of the last four sores fell off, and oh! My baby is well! Thank God! Thank God! Christ has visited our little home."

"Little" home, indeed! It was little more than a sweet bird's nest. These dear people must have been very poor and struggling hard. What this must mean to them; why, this is the very home of all others Christ would have surely visited in Denver, we mused. And surely He had visited it, this blessed man of Galilee; surely His own dear feet had crossed the threshold of that door, bringing balm of Gilead to a fevered, tossing babe and a mother's bleeding heart, and lit the lamp of salvation and blessing on the altar of that home.

"Yes," she replied to our question, "I took him to Dr. ——, and he did the best he could for baby but finally told me that he had grown so bad I would have to take him to a specialist in the city and have each sore treated every day. But [here a brave, twisted little smile told the struggle] my husband is only a substitute in the post office, you know. Some weeks he brings home ten dollars, sometimes ten dollars in two weeks. It takes some planning to keep soul and body together, and clothes and doctor bills. So even though baby bled and suffered so cruelly each time I changed or bathed him, I couldn't afford the specialist, but walked the floor and wept.

"Then one day came the ray of light! We had heard of a revival meeting being held in town, but did not give it much thought, until word came that Jesus was healing the sick today just as He did in olden days.

"Here was my door of hope, for it was true that Jesus still healed the sick; I had found a 'specialist' to whom I could take my baby free of charge. Had He not said, 'Suffer the little children to come'? Was not this salvation and healing without money and without price?

"That day I just dressed and wrapped up my poor baby and went...The rest you know. Only look, Sister, see how his little arms are filling out! He is eating everything and putting on weight. Oh, I'm so happy!"

And so were we as we backed the car to turn and drive away. We wiped the tears from our eyes, to see the ruts better, for the road was full of them, and wiped them again several times on the way to town.

"Oh, Lord, I'd rather have you visit that tiny box of a house, with its coat of fresh green paint, its brave little window box, and its poor young family, than the richest mansion in the land," I whispered and drove back into a day brim full of duty and demands.

During the months that have elapsed, the mother writes that her baby is well, gained pounds in weight, and that her husband has secured a permanent position in the post office at splendid salary. Surely none could object to the joy of salvation and healing being brought to that humble home.

What Should Be the Attitude of the Church toward Divine Healing?

There is only one way in which to rightfully answer this question, and that is from the Word of God.

The attitude taken by the church today should be identical with that taken by the children of God in Bible days. It should be the attitude that Moses took when the Lord spake unto him concerning the children of Israel and said, "If thou will diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of the diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Exodus 15:26).

He took the Lord literally at His word, and, when sickness and plague did come as a direct result of sin and disobedience on the part of his people, he cried unto the Lord, and the plague was stayed. When his sister Miriam was stricken with leprosy, he knew just how to pray the prayer of faith: "Heal her, oh Lord, we beseech thee," and it was done even as he asked.

The attitude of the church toward divine healing should be that of Elijah toward the widow's son, and of Elisha toward the Shunammite's son, and of Naaman, the leper—that of faith and power in prayer to the living God.

But such miracle-working faith can only be had from God through a very close walk with Jesus. It does not mix well with concerts, plays, moving pictures in the parish house, bridge parties, and smokers.

The attitude of the church toward divine healing should be the attitude of David when he cried, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies" (Ps. 103:1–4).

It should be the attitude of Isaiah, when he said of Christ, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The attitude of the church toward divine healing should be the attitude of the Master who went about doing good, delivering those that were oppressed of the devil, and who said, "As you go preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. 10:7–8), and who also gave the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel and these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name they shall cast out demons...They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Ours should be the attitude of the early church, of whom we read, "And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, confirming the Word with signs following. Amen."

And of Peter, when he said, "Look on us: of silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." When Peter had spoken these words, he took the man and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength, and he, leaping, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping, and praising God.

Ours should be the attitude of the early church when encompassed on every hand by worldliness, sin, and unbelief. The disciples knew the secret of awaking interest, silencing unbelief, and tearing down the strongholds of doubt and indifference, and cried, "And now, Lord, behold their threatening: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word. By stretching forth thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness."

Our attitude should be that of Peter when, in the fifth chapter of Acts, by the power of Jesus, the healing of the sick and the working of signs and wonders through his prayer, the entire country was shaken for miles around.

And of Philip when, in the eighth chapter, a whole city was turned to Christ because they saw and heard "the miracles which he did" (verse 6).

And of James when he left explicit directions for the healing of the sick through the prayer of faith.

It should be the attitude of John Wesley when successfully he prayed for the healing of the sick and saw many diseases among the people, and even the lameness of his horse healed in answer to prayer.

Is There a Grave Danger of the Church or Individual Being Puffed Up and Exalted by the Power Manifested in Their Midst?

The danger to be feared from this source is not nearly so great as one would at first suppose. The Lord has some very effective methods of keeping His children humble today, even as He had in the Bible days.

Take, for instance, the story of the most wonderful revival of healing on record. It is found in the fifth chapter of Acts. We read that "By the hands of the apostles there were many signs and wonders wrought among the people, and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women. In so much that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities 'round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them that were vexed with unclean spirits; and they were healed every one."

How wonderful! One would expect the entire city to be in love with Peter and his gospel. They were, too—that is, almost all of them.

If ever there was any likelihood of Peter getting puffed up, it was on this day, but the Lord had a strong preventative ready. Opposition was raised up, not from amongst the common people, who heard him gladly, but from the most unexpected quarter you could have imagined: the clergy!

"Here! Here! These people are taking away all our crowds, emptying our synagogues, and stirring up altogether too much excitement!"

And so we read in the very next verse that "Then the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him, and were filled with indignation, and laid their hands upon the apostles, and put them in the common prison. But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, 'Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

They were obedient to the heavenly vision, but before the day was over, they were called to stand before the council, beaten, humiliated, and "commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name; and daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ."

History repeats itself in this as in other things, and often the only opposition (in sight at least) comes from this, the least expected quarter.

Take again the experience of Paul and Barnabas in the fourteenth chapter of Acts, after the healing of the impotent man of Lystra: "In a loud voice, seeing that the man had faith, Paul had commanded him to stand upright on his feet. The man who had never walked in all his life, leaped and walked, and when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter, and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them" (Acts 14:11–18).

If ever Paul and Barnabas had reason to be puffed up, 'twas in this city where multitudes were ready to fall down and worship at their feet. Then, though they remained humble and gave the honour

to Jesus, the Lord saw fit to send along the great preventative after all this praise and commendation of the people. And the next verse showed the fickleness and changeableness of the multitudes: "And there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and, having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead. Howbeit, as the disciples stood 'round about him, he rose up and came into the city: and the next day he departed with Barnabas to Derbe."

And so it is through the whole Book; fire and water are equally mixed, that the children of the Lord do not become puffed up or vainglorious, and that God may have all the honour and praise: for His glory will He not give to another.

There is nothing to be puffed up over in the praise and fawning adulation of the crowds, for they who today cry, "Hosanna," and scatter palm branches may be the very ones who will tomorrow cry, "Crucify."

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and unto the world."

Do not expect that the path, seemingly so strewn with roses, will be without a thorn. It is enough for the disciple that he should be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?

Who Can Pray for the Sick and Afflicted?

The Afflicted. The Lord has so conveniently arranged the availability of His power and suited it to our helplessness and need that should we be left alone in the wastes of the desert or far away on the country farm, in need of the Great Physician but with no one to pray for us, we could still be healed by His gracious power.

Questions Frequently Asked Regarding Divine Healing

Is any afflicted? Let *him*! (the afflicted one) pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms. The little mother wakened in the night by the choking of her little babe, with a sudden attack of croup, may live so close to Jesus that she can reach out her hand in faith, lay it upon the afflicted throat, pray the prayer of faith, and claim instant relief and healing. It is doubtful whether there is a more helpless moment in a mother's life than this when she is far away in the country, isolated from medical help or friends. Is this not a practical religion wherein our Saviour, the Great Physician, is ever within call to those who believe upon His name and walk uprightly?

The Elders. Again, if the pastor is busy or unavailable, we are told to call for the elders of the church and let them pray over us, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord and that the prayer of faith shall heal the sick and the Lord shall raise him up.

To be truly Biblical in our selection of elders, we should select men who are filled with faith and the power of the Holy Ghost, whose hearts and minds are stayed on God. 'Twould be a terrible thing if a hurry-up call were sent for the elders and one had to be brought from the pool hall, another from the theatre, another from the club, and another from the card table; how could they be in the Spirit of God to pray the prayer of faith and claim the holy promise?

The Minister of the Gospel, the Evangelist, the Pastor, or any earnest Christian should all be able to pray the prayer of faith for the healing of the sick, whether they have received the gifts of healing or not. "Pray one for another that ye may be healed."

What Is the Difference between the Prayer of Faith and the Gifts of Healing?

The prayer of faith, as we understand it, is just what its name indicates, a prayer of faith: "Oh Lord—Thy Word is true. Thy

promises are yea and Amen to everyone that believeth. And now, dear Jesus, we bring our brother or sister in the arms of faith unto Thy throne. Be pleased to lay Thy hand in healing and blessing upon this afflicted one that they may be made whole from this very hour."

The gifts of healing, coming as a special function from God at special times, in special cases, usually according to the tide of faith, cries, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, be thou made whole. Rise up and walk." It commands the blind eyes to be opened and the deaf ears to be unstopped. 'Tis as though the power and authority of God, through the Holy Spirit, had descended upon and enveloped one for the time being, even as the mantle of Elijah fell upon and clothed Elisha.

Fust What Benefits to the Church Are Derived from Divine Healing?

The practical benefits that the church derives from the healing of the sick are substantial and manifold:

- (1) The minister and the elder must walk close to God and be men whose sober, godly, Spirit-filled life enables them to pray the prayer of faith.
- (2) It awakens the interest of entire communities and convinces infidels who have heretofore cried, "Where is your God?" Like the dynamic challenge of Elijah—"the God that answers by fire, let him be God!"—it brings down the power from heaven.
- (3) It draws multitudes unto Jesus, causing them to repent and make Him their Saviour, who were erstwhile cold and indifferent to revivals or religion of any kind. The very act of preparing for healing, as set forth in this volume, leads the

Questions Frequently Asked Regarding Divine Healing

- petitioner to Calvary's fountain and places him upon the altar of consecration.
- (4) It is a death blow to indifference and sets thousands to the unaccustomed task of reading the Bible to see whether these things be so.
- (5) It packs the church that has been heretofore only occasionally filled by some gigantic entertainment or special effort, and gives you the opportunity to pour the blessed gospel into open, receptive hearts.
- (6) It is God's answer to Christian Science and as such will help you win back the members you have lost when they turned to the only church they could find that expressed any interest in the physical welfare of the people.
- (7) It will benefit the blind in that, when healed, they can read the Bible, the deaf in that they can hear the preached Word, the lame knees in that they can again kneel in prayer to the Lord Jesus, and stimulate your own faith insomuch that you can see and feel the hand of the Lord working with you, confirming the Word with signs following.

May It Not Be That Much of Our Sickness Is

Sent from the Hand of the Lord To Make Us Better

Christians or to Keep Us from Wandering Away?

This is an old and oft-advanced theory but is without foundation in the Word of God.

The thought of our tender, sympathizing Jesus planting within His children cruel cancers to burn and gnaw and eat their way into the very heart of the sufferer, or paralysis to the limbs of little children that they can run and play no more, or blindness to the eyes of the father that he can no more earn his daily bread, or venereal diseases to children that they will be made imbecile and crippled is hideous and to be unthought of.

This is not the work of our Lord but of the archfiend Satan, whose work Jesus came to destroy. When the Lord made the world, it was pure, innocent, free from sin and sickness. 'Twas the devil who sowed these seeds, but there is deliverance through the triune God for body, soul, and spirit.

"Well, but there is Brother M——. He is such a holy man. He has been seated patiently in that chair for over twenty-five years! Do you not suppose that the Lord sent that stroke of paralysis to him? Who knows but that he might have been a wicked sinner or a backslider had this blow never come."

"Indeed, Brother M—— is a dear, precious Christian, a striking example of patience, fortitude, and strength, but I cannot believe that God tied him to that chair for twenty-five years for fear he might run away from him and become a sinner. 'Tis not enforced service or conscription our Lord demands but free-will enlistment. If, as you say, the Lord sends diseases, and creates suffering bodies and sorrowing homes to make us better Christians, why not get some vials of germs, diphtheria, TB, infantile paralysis, et cetera, from the laboratories and scatter them over the congregation to make us all more patient and Christlike? If a little is good, would not more be better?"

Is It Then a Sin to Be Sick?

No. Some of the most godly men and women you know are saints of the Most High and will soon be over on the glory side. And there are some for whom, for some reason, deliverance does not seem to come, and, as we have already said, divine healing is not a law but a blessed privilege for those who can press through and touch the Master's garment.

Is It Wise to Teach Our People to Endure with Meekness the Chastisement as Something Sent to Teach Us Patience? This question brings a case of little Miss J——, of Los Angeles, to mind. For some twenty years, the consolation of the church to her had been along this very line.

"This is your cross," she was told. "Bear it patiently and with submission."

Poor, frail little body, she had quivered under the surgeon's knife again and again, but the old trouble would still return.

After being confined to her bed for eighteen months after the last abdominal operation—the shades had been kept down because of her nervous prostration and suffering—she heard, through a friend, of the meetings and of the power of Christ to heal the sick.

She was almost ready for another operation to be performed, but grasped the idea of deliverance through Christ as a dying man might clutch a straw, only this wasn't a straw. 'Twas to her a life buoy firm and strong and sure. She laid hold upon it and held it fast, determined to arise, attend the meetings, and have prayer offered for her healing. Her dear pastor came and talked to her sweetly again about being patient and submissive to the will of God, but she had tried that way for so many years and had suffered so many torturous crucifixions worse than death, that it seemed as though she just could not go through it all again. And though he at last told her there was nothing to divine healing and that he disapproved of her going to the meeting for prayer, Miss J——, herself the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, pressed in and claimed the promise.

She was wheeled into the meeting in a rolling chair, healed, shouted the praises of the Lord, and in a short space of time was testifying and praying for sinners at the altar. Tests came later, but the Lord took her through triumphantly, making her a shining light and a winner of many souls.

The dear minister seemed to be put out and almost angry when the sister returned home, discharged her nurse, sang, and rejoiced in the newfound strength and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. But I don't see why he should be angry, do you?

Do You Hold the Theory That We Can Live Forever in This Mortal Body?

Not at all. A man's years shall be three score and ten in the plan of our heavenly Father.

But there is protection for the saints of God, for "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wing shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways...Because He hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him; I will set Him on high, because He hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer Him; I will be with Him in trouble; I will deliver Him, and honour Him. With a long life will I satisfy Him, and show Him my salvation."

The action takes place in ancient Jerusalem, about eight years after the Pentecost of Acts 2:4.

 $\mathcal{A}\mathit{ct}\,\mathcal{I}$ $\mathit{SCENE}\,I$

(In which Peter triumphantly returns, all aglow with the news of a great revival and spiritual outpouring upon the Gentiles; he is put on trial in the question box; he gives a defense, and there is a verdict; the results are the Magna Carta of Gentile freedom under which we live today.)

(A room in ancient Jerusalem containing certain circumcised Jews, apostles, and brethren, wearing the long robes of Eastern custom, shaking their heads and talking anxiously together.)

BROTHER A, entering the room and looking from one to another. Why so troubled, my brethren? What ill tidings have come to so distress each countenance? Grieve ye over Stephen, who was stoned...or over Paul's departure into Caesarea? Or has another of our number been thrust into prison, for the gospel's sake?

BROTHER B. Nay! Nay! 'Tis quite another matter that distresses us! Hast thou not heard? Shocking news has reached our ears! Our Brother Peter, who had seemed to steady down in recent years, lose his impetuosity and be guided by the wisdom of the Lord, has done a most foolhardy and unprecedented thing.

BROTHER A. Alas! I grieve to hear it! He has not backslid, left the faith, or cut off another ear, I hope?

BROTHER B. Oh no, nothing of that nature, but almost more farreaching in its effects, I fear. Leaving Joppa, where he was being blessed and used of God, he has gone down to Caesarea, and gone in unto the Gentiles, eating with them in the household of one named Cornelius.

BROTHER C. Surely, surely, someone must have misinformed thee! Peter being himself a Jew, and having imbibed the training of Jewish parents, could never so forget the racial superiority and difference God hath set between them and us! Throughout countless generations, a walled barrier has risen, grim and insurmountable, between the Jew and Gentile, and are we not already subjected to enough criticism from our Jewish brethren, without this crowning shame that they can ne'er forgive?

BROTHER A. But tell me, brethren...there must be some explanation. Hast thou not heard why he went into their midst?

BROTHER B. Yes, unbelievable as it may seem, we learn that he has attempted to carry them the gospel, preaching salvation through the Lord Jesus and extending them a hope that even the blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit is for such as they. Has no one ever told Peter that the Holy Spirit is but for the Jew and that this mighty baptism of power is withheld from the Gentile world?

BROTHER C. Without a doubt he should be called to account and straightened out in his doctrine. He must be taught the boundary line where God's bestowal of the baptism of the Holy Spirit lies. He must surely think that the Gentile world may "receive like precious gift, as we did at the beginning!"

BROTHER A, listening. Hark.

(A quick, familiar step is heard in the outer corridor; a hand lifts the latch, and a tall, kind-faced, smiling man is framed in the doorway. His long robe shows traces of recent travel, and his sandaled feet bear the dust of the highway. His face is flushed with the holy, triumphant joy that only the soul winner knows, and he has come with breathless haste to bring good tidings. Striding across the room, he lovingly salutes the brethren one by one.)

PETER. Peace to thee, my brethren. Peace and joy be multiplied through our risen Lord and the blessed Holy Ghost whom He hath sent (*joyously*). My heart doth sing within me glories and Hallelujahs to His matchless name. Ah! I bring to thee such good reports: our God has opened heaven, and...(*Thus far, his enthusiasm has carried him along and made him oblivious to the shadow of disapproval on the faces of his brethren. The vague consciousness that all is not well is growing upon him now, however, and he looks anxiously from one to another.) But why so troubled, my brothers? Hath someone brought thee an ill tiding?*

BROTHER B. Ill tidings indeed, Brother Peter.

PETER, quick sympathy showing in every line of his kind face. Indeed, I grieve to hear it, but God can give thee comfort (with a look of quick understanding). Whom doth this evil tiding concern?

BROTHER B, *sadly*. It gives us great sorrow to say that it concerns thyself, dear Peter, and thine actions since we last beheld thy face.

BROTHER C, perplexed and troubled but determined to do his duty. Peter, we must deal straightly with thee in this matter! Wherefore didst thou go in unto the Gentiles and eat meat with them, and wherefore didst thou lead them to believe that they might receive the "like gift," as we did in the beginning?

BROTHER B. Rememberest thou not, dear Peter, the sacred glories of that early Pentecost, and how with the rushing wind and tongues of flame the Spirit fell upon us till we were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave us utterance? And, dost thou not remember that during these past years of power and glory, this salvation and baptism of the Holy Spirit has been for the chosen people of the Lord, the Jews? It is strictly against our teaching and traditions to believe in, practice, or condone such acts as thou are guilty of.

BROTHER A, *hopefully*. Canst thou not tell us the report is false, or (*seeing Peter shake his head*) mayhaps there be some explanation? Let us reserve our judgment, brethren, till we have given Peter opportunity to defend himself. What sayest thou? (*Turning to Peter.*) Hast thou a word to speak?

PETER, *wistfully*. Indeed I have! My heart is full to overflowing with good tidings that shall make your hearts rejoice. Be comforted, my brethren. Let the troubled waters of your hearts be calm, for the same Jesus who called me from my fishnets to be a fisher of men is the same who called me to the Gentiles. Rememberest thou how, when the Master walked to meet us on the stormy billows, our fears were quieted by a voice that said, "It is the Lord"? Just so, I know that even now, when I recount to you the wondrous workings of the Lord in Caesarea, you will surely hear the Spirit say, "It is the Lord," and walk to meet him, too.

BROTHER C. What! (*Wonderingly*.) Thinkest thou that we could so far forget ourselves, our teachings and traditions, as to break through the wall and go in unto the Gentiles? Peter, thou shouldst have consulted them who were older, wiser, deeper in the Lord before taking such a rash, unscriptural step. These things are for the Jew alone, not for the Gentile world without the wall.

BROTHER B. Nevertheless, send, call the rest of the apostles and the brethren together, that we may hear together this story, question him, straighten him out in the doctrine wherein he hath erred, and give him opportunity to repent.

BROTHER A, with an encouraging smile to Peter. I myself will call them.

(BROTHER A leaves the room and is heard rapping upon the others' doors. Steps are heard on the stair and in the corridor, the door reopens, and a company of brethren enter, saluting each other and seating themselves).

SEVERAL VOICES. Praise the Lord, Brother Peter, we welcome thy return to Jerusalem. Strange tidings have been carried to our ears concerning thee, but we trust thou shalt be able to clear thy skirts of this reproach.

PETER. Brethren, I do both hope and pray that I may be enabled to tell you of God's leadings to me and of the wondrous showers that have fallen from His clouds of blessings; for, verily, it is the Lord. I am convinced that instead of mourning at my tidings, you will all rejoice, and praise the Lord. Before you question me and I give answer to the charge, shall we not kneel and pray?

(All drop on their knees together, and Peter lifts his face and voice in earnest prayer.)

PETER. Oh Thou dear, Thou ever-present, resurrected Lord, we praise Thee for Thy love and guidance. We praise Thee for Thy precious blood, so freely spilled on Calvary, and for the Holy Spirit, shed abroad, not only on the Jews but on the Gentiles, unto even as many as the Lord our God shall call. Help now Thy servant, Lord. With Thy voice didst Thou speak, and with my might did I obey. Give utterance, therefore, that my brethren may see the open door that Thou hast set before the Gentiles in this day. Then fill us with such a spirit of evangelism and zeal for soul winning as we have never known before, and send us out together to sow the seed and reap the whitened harvest, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

(All rise, and take their seats. Peter rises also, brushes the tears from his kindly, weather-beaten face, and speaks with voice grown husky with emotion.)

PETER. Now I stand ready to answer the charge that has been brought against me.

BROTHER B. It grieves us to the heart that it should be found necessary so to call thee to account, our dear brother, seeing that God hath so wondrously led and used you through the recent years. This shocking familiarity and lowering of the bars between Jew and Gentile, however, demands an explanation. What made you do such a rash, unlawful thing?

PETER. If I might receive your kind permission to rehearse the matter from the beginning, perhaps my seemingly rash offense against the tradition of my fathers may be more clearly explained.

SEVERAL VOICES. You have our permission, Brother Peter; let us hear your version of the unfortunate affair and expound the matter to us, in order, from the beginning.

PETER. Brethren, I was in the city of Joppa, praying. As I prayed, the Spirit of God came upon me, and I fell in a trance beneath His mighty power and saw a vision: a sheet let down from heaven filled with all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, wild beasts, creeping things, and birds of heaven. I heard also a voice saying unto me, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." But I said, "Not so, Lord; for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered my mouth." But a voice answered the second time out of heaven, "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common." This was done thrice, and all were drawn up again into heaven. And behold, forthwith three men stood before the house in which we were, having been sent from Caesarea unto me. And the Spirit bade me go with them, making no distinction. These six brethren also accompanied us, and we entered into the man's house, and he told us how he had seen the angel standing in his house, saying, "Send to Joppa, and fetch Simon, whose surname is Peter, who shall speak unto thee words, whereby thou shalt be saved, and all thy house."

And as I began to speak, the Holy Spirit fell on them, *even as on us at the beginning*. And they of the circumcision that believed were amazed, as many as came with me, because that on the Gentiles was also poured out the gift of the Holy Spirit—

BROTHER B, *interrupting incredulously*. Just a moment, Peter, but how can this thing that thou tellest us be true? Do we understand you to say that not only thyself but six other Jewish brethren were with thee and all convinced that the Gentiles had received the Holy Spirit? Upon what did you base this conclusion? Upon what authority or happening was this positive assurance felt? How did they know that they had received the Holy Spirit?

PETER. The brethren who were with me were as amazed as your-selves but had no room left for doubting, "for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God" (Acts 10:46). In other words, the

Holy Ghost had fallen upon them "as on us at the beginning." Then, remembered I the Word of the Lord, how he said John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit. Forasmuch then, as God who knoweth the heart, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith, what was I, that I could withstand God (Acts 11:17; 15:8–9)?

BROTHER B. Blessed be God! Tell us once again, Peter, are you sure there is no mistake? Received they as we did in the beginning? Was His incoming attended by the same supernatural witness, and did the Spirit bare witness for Himself as through us, as in Acts 2:4?

PETER. Yea, as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning, and being filled with the Spirit they began to speak in other tongues and magnify the Lord (Acts 10:46).

BROTHER B, radiant with joy. What say ye, brethren, what think ye of this thing? It seems the gospel chariot has left the ruts of age-old teaching and tradition and has cut a new pathway leading through a higher, wider harvest than our hearts had ever dreamed. Surely salvation hath come to the Gentiles (Rom. 11:11), and shall we not all say with Peter, "Who am I that I can withstand the sovereign will of God, who hath sent a light to lighten the Gentiles?"

BROTHER A. Praise be unto God, and unto the Lord Jesus Christ, who in His mercy hath bestowed "glory, honour, and peace to every man who worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile." I now perceive that "there is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. 2:10–11).

BROTHER C. Amen! Glory to God, so say we all! The light is dawning on our hearts today, for now, "there is no difference between the

Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." God is indeed visiting the Gentiles, to take out a people for His name.

BROTHER B. Yes, the light grows brighter each moment; for some time have I pondered the Word of the Lord, which came to Brother Ananias regarding Saul (who is now Paul) at the time of his conversion, saying, "He is a chosen vessel, to bear My name before the Gentiles." Can it be possible that, since the great rejection of the Son of God by the Jews, the church age of grace will stretch out its arms and embrace a greater number of Gentiles than of Jews?

SEVERAL VOICES. So it would seem. As Brother Peter hath declared: It is the Lord. God hath also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life. Let us therefore hold our peace and glorify God, and say no more that salvation and the baptism of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal fullness is but for the Jews! Would to God that every church throughout the earth, in the years to come, have the same inscription carved upon its doors by the finger of the Lord: "The Holy Ghost fell upon them, as upon us at the beginning."

ALL THE BRETHREN, in unison. Amen! Amen! God grant that it may be so!

(Much moved, the company rises, saluting one another joyously as the curtain of the years falls softly 'twixt their day and ours.)

ALL THE BRETHREN. Then pleased it the apostles and elders with the whole church to send chosen men of their own company to the Gentiles of Antioch, Syria, and Cilicia, bearing letters, instructions, and the Magna Carta of Gentile freedom, under which we live today (Acts 15).

Like Gift "As On Us at the Beginning"

ACTII

Scene I

(The United States, AD 1921, but still the dispensation of the Holy Spirit or "Church Age.")

(The church parlor is furnished in luxurious but quiet taste and refinement; certain church conferences and ministerial gatherings are in session.)

(Enter learned doctors and brethren who have met to discuss rumored revivals upon certain "Cornelius Households" of present-day Gentile believers, and mayhap put a stop to it, if it is judged to be not of God. Dressed in faultless ministerial garb, or quiet business dress, they talk in subdued tones and gravely shake their heads the while.)

MIXED VOICES, with snatches of conversation. Why, I never heard of such a thing! These things are not for this day...Supernatural manifestations and demonstrations of the Holy Spirit were only for the Jewish world of olden days...Preposterous and most unscriptural to think it necessary to receive just "as they did in the beginning"... Those were patterns for the early church and were soon discontinued...The way these people mix the Scriptures and fail to differentiate between those promises for the Jew and for the Gentile is truly lamentable.

(A hum of agitated conversation comes in modulated yet agitated tones from various little groups about the room. Then the chairman enters and takes his seat behind the polished oak table, pad and pencil before him. Doctors and ministering brethren are seated, prayer is made, minutes are read, several pressing matters are settled, and the topic turns to the real subject they have met to discuss.)

CHAIRMAN, wiping his glasses, clearing his throat. Brethren, we have gathered together today to talk over, in private, certain problems

that have arisen as a result of numbers of our people seeking and receiving what they term "a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in like manner as the one hundred and twenty in the beginning." A number of us have felt it necessary, and I believe that I express the thoughts of all, that we should meet together at this time to sift and settle this matter and decide just what attitude and course of action we should take relative to the same.

BROTHER H., *rising*. Mr. Chairman, permit me to make the suggestion that, for the benefit of the brethren and that they may have a clearer understanding of the matter in hand, that it might be advisable for you to relate the happening of the things that are troubling our hearts and to state concisely your knowledge of the matter.

CHAIRMAN. The subject in hand, brethren, is of almost too wide a scope and too far-reaching in its effects to be stated as concisely as I would desire; but, briefly, the case is this: For some time, a spirit of discontent with what they term "dry formality, dead forms and ceremonies, and worldly substitutes for the real power of God" has been making its appearance among a large percentage of our most spiritual members. In the wake of this discontent has followed an ever-growing something that they describe as "a deep hungering after God, a return to the old-time religion and the power of our fathers' days, as known by John Wesley, Charles Finney, Peter Cartwright, and, even more imperative, a return to such power as was received in the early church age and on the day of Pentecost." Such people labor under the impression that, because we still live in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, whose official opening was marked by such power and demonstration, that it is still possible, nay, even God's highest will, that as His people, they should receive the "like gift," as they did in the beginning.

Refusing to be contented with the formal mode of kneeling at the altar rail, receiving the laying on of hands with a "take-it-by-faith,

believe-you-have-it-and-go-on experience," they insist upon tarrying until they are endued with power from on high, a searching of heart and life, a digging down to the depths and a making things right, and a complete consecration to God. They demand a real baptism of power that they can know about and of which they can speak positively and with assurance. Such a baptism, they claim, will give them power to pray, testify, glorify the Lord, and lead men and women to Christ. Now, on the surface, this sounds commendable and good, but when we explain that these good folk expect the Holy Ghost to enter His temple according to His Pentecostal pattern, manifesting His power in the same miraculous gifts and operation of the Spirit in the church today as in the Bible days, you will realize at once, they are bordering upon fanaticism; for although we have no scriptural foundation for the teaching that the miracles and the gifts of the Spirit were only meant by God to be of short duration and were recalled shortly after they were given, we have always believed and taught our people that such was the case. They insist, however, upon taking literally the scripture that says, "The gifts of God are without repentance"; and they claim that there is a lack of power in the church today; and that this lack can only be supplied at the powerhouse of the Holy Ghost.

When we explain that such teaching engenders discontent with present conditions and stirs things up generally, and that such hunger refuses to be satisfied with picture shows in the parish house or oyster suppers in the basement, but clamors more and more loudly for prayer meetings, the power of God, and the Amen Corners, you will understand a little of the position in which we are placed. Large numbers of these people claim to have received this very thing of which they speak, and seem to think that nothing short of the "like gift," as was received in the beginning, can be considered the fullness of the Spirit. Now, the question before us is this: How shall we handle the situation; what should be our attitude? Shall we open our altars to all who hunger and thirst for more of God, and have a regular time of

seeking His power, and run the risk of someone getting the fanatical idea that it is possible to have all the gifts of the Spirit in the church today; or shall we retain our present attitude, seek to show the people from history and present-day conditions (as we cannot do from the Word) that these things were but for the Jews and are now done away with, and try again to content them with a "take-it-by-faith experience," and put our feet down firmly for the suppression of anything that might look fanatical or supernatural? Let the brethren be free to speak and offer personal experience and suggestion.

(Wiping the drops from his brow, the chairman resumes his seat and waits for others to reply.)

MR. G., rising and clearing his throat and speaking with a pronounced German accent. Undoubtedly, the latter course is the one to take! Stern measures should be adopted! The whole viewpoint of the class of people to whom you refer (and there is a surprisingly large number of them in the world today) is absolutely wrong! To begin with, the great spiritual outpouring to which they refer was for the Jews and the early church. The other great outpouring the Word promises for "the last day" also refers to the Jews. As you will have read in the columns of the paper that I edit, I am persuaded that there is no baptism of the Holy Spirit other than we receive at conversion. Without the Spirit, no man can call Jesus Lord. I believe in growing daily in the Lord, but not in seeking a definite work of grace subsequent to salvation.

DR. T., *impressive in appearance, with a kind face and neatly trimmed beard*. Right there, as many know, is the point where Mr. G. and I take issue. I know the baptism of the Holy Spirit takes place after conversion, and as you will have read in the books and pamphlets that I have written on the subject, I once had a most wonderful experience wherein I fell prostrate to the floor by the chair in my room, shouting, "Glory!" as I had never shouted before.

BROTHER W. There you are quite right: the people of Samaria, in the eighth chapter of Acts, had been converted and baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and filled with great joy under the preaching of Philip, but we read in verses 14-17 that "when the apostles who were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John; who, when they were come down, prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost; for as yet He was fallen upon none of them, only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost in such a vivid, undeniable manner that even Simon the Sorcerer was charmed with its joyous results and in his ignorance offered money for the power to bestow it. Mr. G. is wrong in his doctrine when he attempts to say that there is no baptism of the Holy Spirit apart from a conversion. Dr. T. is right in declaring such an experience is to be had after our hearts have been cleansed through the blood of Jesus, and the eighth chapter of Acts bears him out in his statement. And surely it stands to reason that the Holy Spirit would not enter into a temple that had not been first cleansed and prepared for His incoming.

DR. T., rising a second time. Do not misunderstand me, however, brethren, to say that the people of today will receive the Holy Ghost exactly as they did in the beginning, in Acts 2:4, Acts 10:46, or Acts 19:6. For, though I will not say the same signs and manifestations will never accompany the incoming of the Spirit, and though no one can deny the supernatural evidence and speaking with new tongues that attended the incoming of the Holy Spirit in Bible days, I believe that this gift was abused and that God soon decided to take it away again. Of course, I cannot prove such a statement by the Word, but this is my personal opinion. Then, too, because I have met and heard of many people who have drifted into the movement and called themselves leaders whose lives were not what they should have been, I

have quite come to the conclusion that the movement should be left severely alone, except to expose it.

BROTHER W. Doctor, I am amazed that a man of your intelligence, travels, experience, and ability should advance such poor logic and reason. What reply would you make to a sinner who told you that the reason he was not a Christian was because of his having found so many hypocrites in the world, so many self-professing Christians whose lives were worse than they who made no profession? Would you not tell such a man to get his eyes upon Jesus the Christ and the Word of God? Would you not bid him let God be true and every man a liar, to let the Word of God speak to him so clearly that, though not one soul in the world were living up to the Biblical standards, he could step out upon the promises of God and live the life taught in its pages? Has not your wide experience taught you also that wherever God is moving mightily and His children are surging ahead into higher spiritual life, the devil is aroused and hastens to the scene of action with his emissaries to fight that movement from within and without? Ofttimes out of every twelve, he has one Judas, professing to unite with the company, and though there be a thousand good edibles in the pot, the devil will send some hypocrite or fanatic along with a gourd. But you, dear doctor, with your wonderful knowledge and power, should be an Elisha with a sack of meal, rather than a voice crying, "There's death in the pot."

Then, too, you have made another mistake in your assumption that the majority of those people are wrong and only a few are really spiritual. To my own knowledge, there are tens of thousands of Spirit-filled saints in the world today who have received the Holy Spirit, "the like gift," just as the early church of the Bible days. Their sanity, love, power, and soul-winning, consistent lives could not be spoken of disparagingly; your dear self, I know, could only meet and know them. These people you have wronged by classing them all with a few who were rank impostors and failures, thus putting some

of the most sterling spiritual characters of good standing in home and business life under the classification of those whom you state are immoral, indecent, and other like epithets.

BROTHER R. Yes, there is a danger of being found fighting against God. Saul thought he was right and tried to "squelch" those who had received the power of the Spirit at Pentecost, and in spite of his great learning, thought himself the avenger of the Lord in "exposing and fighting" them in every place, but when he met the Lord, he fell prostrate in the dust of the road as you fell by your chair. Only, when Paul received the Holy Spirit, he was not hostile to the accompanying miraculous manifest of Acts 2:4, but says of his experience in 1 Corinthians 14:18, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than you all." This speaking was not so much in public preaching but in private life of prayer and praise.

BROTHER M., a tall, broad-shouldered man with a clean-cut, spiritual face. Well, as for me, I must say that I have never received the baptism of the Holy Spirit that I know of. And, with hundreds of other preachers, I am hungry for a real baptism of power that will satisfy the hunger of my soul and give me the power of which I stand in need. Not one of us, brethren, but knows the need of a revival and an outpouring of the Spirit, and has groaned upon our knees in our studies because of the conditions existent in the church today. But alas, though many of us seem willing to have this Spirit come, so long as we are not jolted out of our own quiet forms of worship, yet we lift the red flag of danger and denounce even the suggestion that He might come to us "in like manner" and with like signs and accompanying demonstration as He came to the believers in the beginning. In other words, we pray for another Pentecost, but a strictly modern one, with certain rigid reservations and restrictions. Somehow, God does not seem to have one on hand...At least, He has not sent it yet.

REVEREND L. I, too, am hungry for God! My whole heart cries out for a revival of the power of the living God! I feel, however, that I must receive this power and blessing of the Holy Spirit personally before I can help others into the experience that they need. But every time I near the steps of the upper room, there are the red flags and danger signals our doctors and ministers have planted on the stairs. And, as I only want what is considered "safe and sane," I turn away and say, "Heart o' mine, still your hunger; be content with what you have; the power of olden days is gone, and the place thereof knows it no more." But men, I declare to you I still am hungry; my soul pants as a hart for the water brooks! Is this Pentecostal power only for the Jew? Or, if for the Gentile, is it only to be had with certain reservations that can make it pass our board of censorship? Can you answer me these questions and tell me how to go about the getting of a real Holy Ghost revival?

BISHOP B., arising and speaking with great fervor and intensity. It delights and gratifies my heart to hear young men of the ministry speak like this today. Would to God that more of them would turn to Him for power and deeper spiritual enlightenment than to the world and higher criticism. How to get a revival, you ask?

Son, every real revival begins with a Pentecost. Jesus said, "Tarry." Tarry in honest self-examination. Tarry in frank confession. Tarry in earnest supplication. Tarry in personal surrender. Tarry until you have lost the last trace of self-sufficiency. Tarry until the tongues appear. Tarry until the sound of a mighty, rushing wind fills the place. Tarry until ye are filled with the Holy Ghost. This is the era of Pentecost. It is the dispensation of the Spirit. The promise of the Father has never been revoked nor modified. We have absolutely the same right to ask the very presence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts and in our churches as the disciples had at the beginning. If you are to have a real revival, you must first have a Pentecost. Let us put first things first. Before we lift a finger

Like Gift "As On Us at the Beginning"

to organize and advertise the coming revival, let us get into our hearts the hot fires of a genuine Pentecost and a prayer-wrought, quenchless, consuming passion to rescue poor souls now lost and undone! John Wesley said, in 1750, "The grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon withdrawn was not only that faith and holiness were well-nigh lost, but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gifts they had not themselves, and to decry them all as either madness or imposture."

SISTER RUTH. Amen, Bishop! "Real" Pentecost: that sounds good to me. And people are receiving it, too, by hundreds and thousands. The power and glory of God is falling, and there is enough and to spare.

EVANGELIST P. R., an upstanding young man, smooth shaven, with flashing eyes and ringing voice. I must bear witness to the fact that I believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit and have received the same. Never will I forget the day when the power fell on me. It has been the secret of my success from shore to shore and in my great tabernacle in the Middle West. And, though I seldom speak of the fact in public, brethren, I must admit (though such admission be far from popular or largely acceptable today) that I received the "like gift" exactly as the believers spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles received Him in the beginning. When the Holy Ghost came in, He began immediately to pour forth the heavenly praises of Jesus in a language that was not mine, but all His own, according to Acts 2:4. In my world pulpit today, like Paul of old, whose name I bear, I covet to speak with the understanding that by my voice I might teach others. Yet, in my private prayer life, the Spirit prays through me as through Paul in 1 Corinthians 14:15. I also believe in the gifts of the Spirit and in divine healing, though I am not free to preach it as I would. Personally, I preach unto my congregation the need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit but do not specify just how or when they

shall receive, and do not have real waiting meetings for the same. I have not known just what further steps to take lest the brethren with whom I move and work, and who use so frequently the phrase "safe and sane," misunderstand and be offended.

EVANGELIST B., whose recent meetings have been awarded wide interest and success. With my brother P. R., I, too, must say, I know there is a genuine Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit for us today, and have received the same in the identical way as the one hundred and twenty in Acts 2:4, and the disciples of Acts 19:6. For several years in my own church in the Middle West, I have preached fearlessly the baptism of the Holy Spirit and have taught the people to expect the "like gift" as was received in the beginning. I have seen hundreds receive this wonderful power of the Holy Spirit, but in recent months, in deference to the aloof and questioning attitude of the ministering brethren who seem to think "the like gift received in the beginning" to be a liability rather than an asset to the reputation of an evangelist, and to look upon the same with great suspicion, disfavor, and, I might also say, hostility, I have lowered my colors and ceased contending for the point, and now, though preaching still the necessity of receiving the Holy Ghost, admit and rather recommend expecting Him in a different, less demonstrative way than they who received in the beginning. I now suppose that though His incoming may be still announced in His own unique way, as in Acts 2:4, Acts 10:49, and Acts 19:6...another way with another sign, joy, for instance, or with no special sign at all, is just as good. And yet, and yet—down in my heart I know the secret of my power, the healing of the sick, and the revival fires that attend my teaching of the Word is due to the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, the abiding Comforter who dwells within, enduing me with power.

SISTER RUTH. Oh, brothers P. R. and B., never compromise or let down the bars! You know that once a believer has received the Holy Spirit "as they did in the beginning," all doubts and quibbling are over forever. They no longer need to go about asking the opinions of people as to whether they have received the Holy Ghost; they know, for, like the circumcised Jews in Acts 10, they heard Him speak for Himself and magnify God. Reverend C., but is it not true that when the power of the Holy Spirit falls in a church today as He did in the beginning, that there is ofttimes a division, and certain members who have received this blessing pull out and form cottage prayer meetings or open missions and new works?

REVEREND S., tall, slender, keen, alert, and spiritual of countenance, and speaking with a pronounced Southern accent. As the minister of a large church in the center of a large eastern city, and having had the power of the Holy Ghost fall in my church as "He fell upon them in the beginning," I believe that I am in a position to answer this question. The only reason that hungry seekers and Spirit-filled believers would be apt to withdraw from the church would be the fact that the pastor fought or belittled their experience or that the church was so lacking in real spiritual life and power that they went elsewhere in hopes of finding it. Such has not been the case in our church. For over a year, Pentecostal fires have been burning upon our altars, hundreds have been saved, scores have been baptized with the Holy Ghost, as, according to Acts 2:4, sick bodies are being healed continually and our church was never in a better or a stronger condition, spiritually, numerically, or financially. Every Sunday we have our regular services, and each Tuesday afternoon is devoted to praying for the sick. Wednesday night is our weekly prayer meeting, whilst every Friday night is devoted to an on-fire Pentecostal meeting, wherein believers meet to receive the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit-filled Christians wait before the Lord and covet earnestly the best gifts. Gloriously our church has grown. The condition of which our bishop speaks in many places where "our pews are empty, our altars are deserted," is not found here. Our church is packed to the

doors, and the altars filled and refilled with repentant sinners who weep their way to Jesus' feet. Hallelujah! Brethren, this power of the Holy Ghost is nothing to be feared, but something to be coveted and something earnestly to be sought after. When I received the Holy Spirit, I fell, like Dr. T., beneath the power of God and lay for hours, swept with His glory, till the Holy Ghost came and took possession of my lips and tongue to speak the Saviour's praise. Of course, we must expect the enemy to fight...He would be foolish if he did not, for this is the great move of God. The devil does not care how much we talk about what Jesus used to do and how the Holy Spirit used to manifest Himself, but when we talk of what He does now and how He manifests Himself today, the devil is roused to opposition.

Brethren, I am convinced that the ark has been turned aside into the "threshing floor of Obed-Edom" (or missions and cottage prayer meetings) long enough, and it is time that we Davids, the church of Jesus Christ, arise and go forth with music and singing to personally bear the ark back to its rightful place: the temple of the living God.

REVEREND L. Not only in the church of Brother S. is this Pentecostal power abiding but in my church also, and in the churches of Brother C. and Dr. T., who also are pastors of large eastern churches. Church after church is opening its doors and heart to the incoming of the blessed Holy Spirit; instead of bringing confusion, peace and love such as we have never known have rested upon us, and victory has crowned our labors.

BROTHER M. Well, surely we must all agree that the church needs something today, and if this something is the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and God having put no difference between us and the Jew, the Holy Ghost is for this Gentile day, then I, for one, say let us everyone get down upon our knees and receive this power, that we may the better exalt the Christ and point the way to Jesus.

Aimee Semple McPherson

(Suddenly a bright light appears, and in its midst, a wondrous figure clad in white. Upon his shining shield, in burning letters, is inscribed "THE WORD." Gracious, melting, tender is His voice, like the rushing of many waters; we fix our eyes upon His radiance and hear Him say...)

WONDROUS FIGURE. Why do ye always resist the Holy Ghost as your fathers did? Behold: I send the promise of My Father upon you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Tarry ye in Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high. And ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses of Me. In the last days, I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your young men shall see visions; your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit. Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

(Brighter and brighter grows the light; clearer and clearer rings the voice.)

WONDROUS FIGURE. Receive ye, receive ye the Holy Ghost.



May 1921

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and stood on the mountain on one side. And Saul and the men of Israel stood on the other side and set the battle in array against the Philistines...and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion, out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath. And he stood and cried, "I defy the armies of Israel this day! Give me a man that we can fight together." And when Saul and all Israel heard these words, they were dismayed; and when they saw the man, they fled from him and were sore afraid.

1 Samuel 17

I Am Gazing Into the mirror of the Old Testament page tonight, and a battle is fought before me. Soldiers struggle and shout as I write. Army against army, line against line, the battle is set in array; in the types of the old are reflected the new, and I see the church of today. On the mountains of sin, the Satanic host stands, and their champion, Goliath of Gath,

is the love of the world who comes daily to stand to mock at the church, and to laugh,

saying, "I've taken your young, and I've taken your old in my dance halls and theatres gay.

Through my haunts of amusement, moneymaking, and sin, I've emptied your altars today.

I'm greater than God or His armies. I draw; I conquer and break. As a great looming menace, I tower o'er the church till its morale and courage I shake.

And now I defy your armies, dare you to come and fight! You've lost your old-time power, Amen Corner, and glory and light." And as the world is defying the church, taking captive its strength and its youth,

I gaze on the hosts of Israel, who stand on the mountain of truth.

Money and churches and armor, swords and helmets of brass have they,
but the old-time power is missing; faith and power have fled away.

Their knees are smiting together. In dismay they stand helpless and
weak,

as the world walks deliberately into the church, other captives and youths to seek.

But in the fields, God's preparing His David, type of the Spirit-filled few,

making him daily victorious o'er the bear and the lion, too.

Making him faithful o'er those few sheep, and in doing the little things, ere He brings him for great things into the camp, to honour His name before Kings.

God's David: Lord make us "God's Davids" as we gaze on this sweet yielded life,

bringing food to the brethren and hope to the faint, and victory in the strife!

Only a slender lad he was, but over the mountains he sped, in his heart the Father's message, in his arms the life-giving bread prepared by the Father's loving hand and sent to his sons at war. "Bear them my message of comfort," said he, "and see how the battle goes.

Inquire if they're gaining the victory over their deadly foes.

Fresh from the Father's table, hear this bread from my hountiful.

Fresh from the Father's table, bear this bread from my bountiful store to my children who stand and fight today where battles rage and roar." Lifting fearless eyes to the circling hills, for guidance and strength he prayed.

Thus, into the camp at last he came, where the battle was arrayed, to inquire of his elder brethren the victories they'd wrought for the King,

to lift his voice with theirs to shout and make God's praises ring. But he found them, alas, with downcast heads and faces as black as a cloud.

Defeat, not victory, had crowned their toil. They were giving, not gaining, ground.

"Child, what dost thou here?" they ungraciously asked. "With whom left you those few sheep?

Thou art too weak and little positions of trust to keep."

"I come at my Father's bidding. I come in my Father's name.

He bade me bring you food and drink, and for this cause I came.

I come for news of victory, to see how the battle goes,

 $and\ bear\ Him\ word\ that\ your\ chariot\ wheels\ pass\ over\ your\ deadly\ foes.$

But where are the shouts of victory? And where the dance of praise?

 $And \ where \ is \ the \ laurel \ that \ ought \ to \ crown \ the \ smiles \ of \ a \ victor's \ face?$

Why look ye so dejected? Why stand your armies still?

Why do ye not rise and forward go, and scale the enemies' hill?"

"Ha! List to the stripling!" his brethren cry. "He does not understand, and would chide us, in his ignorance, for our fear of the Philistine's hand.

He knows not the long days and nights racked with fear, nor how even hourly defeat draweth near."

"Look, child: See yon mount clad with Philistine's tents?

Their armies in thousands against us are sent!

They care not for God; they boast of their strength.

They take our youths captive and taunt us at length.

And into that valley 'twixt their camp and ours comes a giant before whom the strongest man cowers.

His name is Goliath, and daily is his cry: 'Ha! Hosts of Israel, your power I defy!

Where is your strength, and where is your God, and where is the man I can fight?

I've taken your young and captured your lambs

and broken their will in the palms of my hands.

I've filled you with terror, till your knees quake with fear.

If there's a man left among you, then let him now draw near."

"Look, David, listen! There he stands even now.

Before him the knees of the strongest man bow.

His voice like a lion, his armor of brass,

he towers o'er his fellows and could mow them like grass.

The roar of his voice in the valley and hill

causes faces to blanch, hearts with terror to chill."

"Where is thy God? And where is His power?

Why does He not fight for thee in this hour?

Preach if you like, but your power is fled.

Pray if you will, but your God is dead.

Or, if He is living, then where is He now?

Send a man who can cause me before Him to bow."

Straight, flushed, and quivering at the insult to his God

stands David of Bethlehemite, the seed of Jesse's rod.

 $Righteous\ wrath\ falls\ on\ him,\ transforming\ the\ childish\ face$

 $with\ a\ look\ of\ stately\ grandeur\ and\ the\ calm\ of\ a\ soldier's\ grace.$

"Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that the armies of God he defies?

To God he's but a grasshopper, with foolish chirps and cries.

My God is a God of power, whom the heavens cannot contain,

this man but a puny boaster whose heart is deceitful and vain.

My God can break him asunder, as a twig is snapped from a tree.

A breath from His nostrils, a word from His mouth can set His people free.

Why do ye not go and kill him? Why cumbereth he the ground?"
Hearing the sound of the clear young voice, a multitude gather round, and word is taken by messenger and carried to Saul the King.
"What! Thinkest the lad that he hath power deliverance to bring?
Go, fetch him at once before my face; I'm weary of trembling and fear. If there's one with courage and strength and faith, then let him be brought me here.

The enemy has gotten us beaten. Our young are led captive away. Our knees are smiting together in defeat and shame today. If this lad has a solution to the problem that baffles our hearts, let us humble ourselves and listen, as the knowledge he imparts. Sometimes, God uses the weak things and the small to confound the wise,

and those upon whom the Spirit dwells to work wonders before our eyes."

And thus it was that before King Saul stood the little keeper of sheep, with the power of God upon him and a confidence strong and deep. "Let no man's heart fail within him, because of this Philistine. Greater, stronger, and wiser than he is this wonderful God of mine. Thy servant will go and fight him, and cleave off his head in the fray, and still the voice that mocks and scorns and defies our God today." "But child! Thou are not able; a youth art thou in years! What giveth thee this confidence and dissipates thy fears?" "My confidence is in God, oh King, and not in strength of mine, for I know that He is able to conquer this foe of thine. With vigilance and with tenderness, I've guarded my Father's sheep, and slain the lion and the bear that assayed on the flock to leap. I have walked before God and overcome in the secret place each day. 'Tis victories in the life at home that make victors in the fray. I've proven my God in the little things; my Lord hath never failed. Nor will He fail to deliver me from this boaster who mocks and rails." "Then go, little lad, in the strength of your God. But put our armor on. Our helmet and sword, restrictions, and creeds you now shall quickly don.

God's David

Organization, ceremonies and forms, red tape, regulations, and rules; then go forth and fight for the King today, equipped with our manmade tools."

But God's David was lost in the great coat of mail, the sword hanging down to the ground.

The helmet of brass bowed his head with its weight. In an armor of chain he was bound.

And he cried out, "Oh King, let me put these away.

Let those who have proved them wear them today.

Their weight and size, my soul oppresses; my footsteps they retard.

The helmet is too great for my head. My freedom of vision is marred.

Just as I am in my shepherd's dress, my staff and sling with me,

oh King, I beseech thee, let me go in my simplicity.

The Lord saveth not with sword or spear, for the battle is the Lord's.

He giveth strength, not to the proud, but to them who trust His Word.

If armor and ceremony were enough to win the day,

long since we'd have been victorious and conquered in the fray."

So down in the valley went the shepherd lad, and there, in the lowly place,

he took five smooth stones from the songful brook: faith, hope, love, prayer, and praise.

And putting a stone in his Word of God sling,

he drew near the Philistine, crying,

"Come, thou defier of God and His Word! Come, pit thy strength against mine.

Come and see the end today of these proud words of thine!"

"What! What!" roared the giant. "Insignificant child! Am I a dog to be whipped with a stave?

Thy body I'll cast to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field and cave."

"Nay, but thy flesh shall be riven, till all the assembly shall know, that the Lord saveth not with the sword and with spear, but the victory to Him we owe.

Not by might nor by power is the battle won, but by My Spirit alone, saith the Lord.

Thou comest to me with a great coat of mail, with a spear, a shield, and a sword;

I come to thee in the name of the Lord, the God thou hast dared to defy,

with prayer and with faith, with assurance and power, and Jehovah close by my side.

Thou art great, oh Goliath, and great is thy sway as you challenge us in this hour.

But the armies of God even now shall arise and return to their old-time power.

No more shalt thou stand crying, 'Where is thy God, and the power of yesterday?'

For a revival of faith will sweep our camps; in the dust of defeat thou shalt lay!

Then 'God is with us' shall be our cry, and 'His power is on us today.' Not compromise, or worldly display, but His Spirit shall win in the fray."

And so he drew near, the mighty one, a type of the conquering world, proudly defying the armies of God who stood with banners furled. And walking to meet him came David, type of the Spirit-filled few, baptized with the Spirit, endued with the power God's perfect will to do. So they met in the Valley of Elah in that decisive hour—the great man trusting in his strength, the lad in Jehovah's power. Suddenly through the sunlight whirled the little shepherd's sling. Through the air sped the stone like an arrow, sure as a bird on the wing, till it sank deep in the Philistine's forehead, and he fell on his face to the ground.

There David cut off his head with the giant's great sword that in his own sheath was found.

Then a mighty cheer from Israel's hosts cleft the air with its deafening roar;

the God of their fathers still lived today, and the giant was no more. Confidence lending them wings of faith, down the hills with new courage they sped.

When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they turned to a man and fled.

And the men of Israel and Judah pursued them and shouted that day, till they came to the gates of Elkron, unto Gath and the Shaaraim way. Their tents were despoiled, their power overthrown, and God was the victor supreme,

and David returned to the City of God with the head of the Philistine. With dancing and singing and tabrets of joy, the conquerors return was led.

Women played joyful music and sang as they played, for the hosts that oppressed them were fled.

"Saul hath slain his thousands; David his tens of thousands hath slain."

But the song of the women displeased King Saul, for his heart was jealous and vain.

And the next day he threw a javelin, saying, "I will smite him to the wall."

He was afraid, for the Lord was with David, departed out of Saul.
But God's David twice avoided the spear; its sharp point went astray.
Within the palace and without, he behaved wisely every day.
And all Israel and Judah loved David as they saw his wise daily life.
And Saul set him over a thousand, and gave him his daughter to wife.

"Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands." In other words, David, with the anointing of God, was 90 percent more efficient than Saul, who had lost the anointing and power.

Is it possible that they who have the anointing, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, can be made 90 percent more efficient today than they who have lost the old-time power and glory?

How sad, therefore, that Saul did not repent, seek anew the face of the Lord and the old-time power, instead of allowing himself to be jealous because of the anointing of God's little David, and throwing pointed javelins at him.

Oh, that we, as God's Spirit-filled children, may like David of old deport ourselves daily with such wisdom and righteousness that even the critical Sauls may find us safe and sane, so deep in the love and power of God that they have no fault to find.

The hours have come; the hours have gone; dawn floods the skies as I write.

Through my window, I see the rising sun kissing the hills with light.

Another day has been ushered in with Philistines to kill,
for the church of God and the powers of sin are encamped on either hill.
The world again is defying the church...the church that's lacking power.
Lord, make us "God's Davids"...God's Spirit-filled Davids, to fight for
Thee in this hour.

The Baptism of the Holy Spirit:
the Need of the Church Doday ————+ +
June 1921

HE CRYING NEED of the church today is a real baptism of the Holy Spirit. The hearts of earnest pastors are crying out to God as they kneel in the study, over the lack of power, the indifference and absence of the young people, the cold materialism and unbelief of those that remain, and the lack of revival fires.

The remedy for this ailment, the solution of this problem, is a real baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire upon the church.

With the outgoing of godliness and the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, came the entrance of worldliness and forms of godliness that deny the power thereof, and the cooling off of the white heated love for God and souls. Many have turned to socials, suppers, community uplift, moving pictures in parish houses, and compromise that professes to fight fire with fire and brings the world into the church in order to draw the people from the world, arguing that if they are to have it anyway, they might better have it in the church than without.

This, however, will never prove a satisfactory solution of the problem. There is one sure way back to power, back to the old-time glory, back to Pentecostal conviction, soul winning, and sweeping revivals, one way back to the old-time welling, praiseful Hallelujahs and glory that will draw the thronging multitudes from the haunts of sin, help us arrest their attention, and fix their eyes upon Christ. This one way is plainly described by Jesus: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high...Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you...Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Just as the flowers with drooping heads, who have been bathed in the bright sunlight every day, need the refreshing showers of rain from heaven, so the church of today, having found and basked in the warmth of the Saviour's love, needs the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to refresh, invigorate, and cause its drooping head to lift with strength and courage new.

Just as the electric lightbulb in the finest chandelier in the White House, despite the splendor of its setting, must be connected without a break clear to the distant powerhouse if it would give light, so the pastor and the church of Jesus Christ, though they be in the finest cathedral in the land, must have an unobstructed line and a solid connection with the powerhouse of the Holy Spirit if they would shine and draw perishing multitudes from the darkness of unbelief and worldliness of today.

Just as the finest automobile, in spite of its satin finish, its cord tires, its properly lubricated and well-tuned motor, must have gasoline in its tank in order to cover ground and to make real headway, so the clergy, the laymen, and Christian hearts the whole world over need the power of the Holy Ghost. No matter how much shining polish, lubrication, and well-tuned machinery we may have, if the power of the Holy Spirit is missing, it is pretty hard to push the church automobile up the hill of real revivals.

Just as...but there! We all know that that which we need above all else is a real, genuine baptism of the Holy Ghost! Not just the theory, the "take-it-by-faith, believe-you-have-it-and-go-on experience." We have tried this substitute too long. Not a wildfire excitement that runs to fanaticism, emotionalism, or side issues that cause the recipient to fight and argue and boast, more as to the manner in which the Holy Ghost enters into His temple than of the real, practical power and soul-winning efficiency that His dear incoming brings. Not an experience that causes one to strut about and plume one-self with an "I-am-holier-than-thou, for-I-have-had-an-experience-which-you-do-not-possess" air. Not an experience that boasts only of

its own joys and transporting moments of transfiguration, its attendant signs and evidences (though, thank God, these will attend that incoming), but real, sane, practical, level-headed, mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, such as the hundred and twenty received on the day of Pentecost. Such a baptism will equip the recipient for service, endue him with power as a winner of souls, fill him with a love and passion for the lost akin to that in the heart of the Father, and will help him lift up the crucified Lamb of God to a dying world.

Oh yes, dear Lord, with all our hearts we long to see our church of today tarry until she receives *the genuine baptism and power of the Holy Ghost*. We do not want anything that is foolish, unscriptural, or impractical, but that which is genuine, Biblical, and applicable to the business of preaching the gospel in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, with the same methods and results that attended Thy work in the apostolic days of old.

We yearn not for the spirit of fear but of love and of power and of a sound mind. That love that will draw multitudes to the cross of Christ, that power that can cleanse away sin and heal those that are oppressed, the sound mind of the genuine Holy Spirit who has come to guide us into all truth, to take the things of Jesus and reveal them unto us.

A mountaintop experience is of value only as it equips and fits us for practical service in the valley. The power of Pentecost, with its rushing wind and tongues of flame, was of value in that they who received the Spirit became His temple, thenceforth to glorify the Christ and win the multitudes unto the Lord.

And, Hallelujah, this power is to be had today. God's store is not run short. The gift and power of Peter's time are for us yet today. Let us cease beating ourselves against the stone wall of coldness, formality, and unbelief in our own feeble strength; let us set our faces one and all to seek the power the disciples found on the day of Pentecost.

Let us open our hearts to the searchlight of heaven and cry unto Him, "Strip us, Lord, of everything, of the world and self and sin.

Aimee Semple McPherson

Empty, cleanse, purify these cold hearts of ours. Melt us in humble contrition at Thine own crucified feet. Take doubts and fears away, dear Lord. Help us to forget the giants in the land, to forget the hypocrites who have professed to have had this great experience but have become like vain children, playing with and boasting of a toy that they knew not how to use."

Help us to fix our eyes upon the Bible, the dear Word of God, the promised power, the pattern given; the definite, practical results that lead therefrom; and then, oh, precious Lord, help our poor, faltering feet to find the lowest step and mount the stair that leads us to the upper room.

Baptize us with Thy power; endue us with Thy might. Give us, Master, nothing short of the mighty power of Acts 2:4, not for our own sake but for Thy name's sake, that, as a flaming torch, we may be held within Thine hand to point the way to others, to lead the lost to Calvary, the Christian to the upper room, and the Spirit-filled believer to the harvest fields to glean and work for Thee.

Then will we see the sinners saved, the sick made whole, believers filled with Thy power; then will our altars overflow, our churches be too small. The world is starving for the gospel of power that will meet the crying need of body, soul, and spirit. There is but one way to meet that need; there is but one solution to the problem, one glorious path of victory open: 'tis the baptism and the power of the blessed Holy Ghost.



So David arose, and went with all the people that were with him from Baale to Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of the Lord, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of Hosts that dwelleth between the cherubim...So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet.

2 Samuel 6:2, 15

When David danced before the Lord, The ark was coming up the road. His wife despised him in her heart, But the ark was coming up the road.

And it's coming, Hallelujah!
The ark is coming up the road.
It's coming, Hallelujah!
The ark is coming up the road.

H, BROTHER, SISTER, have your eyes seen the vision? Has your heart caught the flame? Have your ears heard the sound of the shouting, the music, and the tabrets? Do you realize that even in this our day the ark is coming up the road?

For years we had sung the above verse and chorus, and each time they were repeated, the power of God fell in the meetings, and our hearts were strangely stirred within us. We knew vaguely that the coming of the ark stood for the coming of a revival and the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. But it has only been during the past few months that the real vision and understanding of the significance of the return of the ark has been dawning upon us, as the Davidic company, the church of Jesus Christ is everywhere, waking up to their need, demanding the return of the old-time power and glory, and rising up to go forth and bring back the ark, the Shekina glory and presence of God's Holy Spirit to the temple, wherein it rightfully belongs.

When King David ascended the throne, the ark of the covenant was missing. There was in the tabernacle a strangely vacant spot that nothing else could ever fill. The mighty presence of God's Holy Spirit and Shekina glory was absent, and nothing else could ever take its place.

For many years the children of Israel had talked and dreamed of those early days of Moses, when their forefathers had been led through their wilderness journey toward the Promised Land. How the glory of the Lord had rested like a cloud o'er the tabernacle and above the mercy seat! What miraculous, supernatural power had been manifested in their midst! But alas, the glory had departed through disobedience and sin; the ark had been lost to their hosts and captured by the enemy. Thus it was that there was in the tabernacle an empty, vacant spot that no superficial, man-made substitute could ever fill, and the glory gone that no artificial light could ever replace. The Philistines had taken the ark, slaughtered thirty thousand footmen, broken the heart of Eli, slain his sons, and caused the dying wife of Phineas to cry, "The glory is departed from Israel: for the ark of God is taken" (1 Sam. 4:22).

Now, throughout the reign of Saul, the type of those who have lost the anointing, little or nothing had been said about the ark, and no effort was made to fetch it again unto its place. It is doubtful whether Saul had even enough spirituality to seriously miss its loss, and it must have seemed at times as though the place thereof would know it no more.

We, Too, Had Lost the Ark

And thus has it been in our own day. For generations, we have talked and read with bated breath of the olden days of our forefathers when the presence and power of the Holy Spirit rested upon the church in the apostolic day. What supernatural, miraculous manifestations of the glory of God rested upon the tabernacle and above the mercy seat! Ah, blissful, blessed years, wherein the power and demonstration of the Shekina glory had filled the house with rushing wind and tongues of flame and shaken the place wherein they were assembled! What mattered then the whippings and stonings! What mattered then damp prisons and chains! Was not the Lord in His holy temple, and the Spirit dwelling within His people?

But alas, through sin and disobedience there came a day when the ark of His presence in the power of the Holy Ghost was taken by the enemy and carried away by the Philistines, and many were slaughtered in that dark day. Not that the Philistines went unpunished; ah, no, their gods fell down with broken necks, and the true God was triumphant even in the darkest of the dark ages. But oh! His people had lost the vision, the glory had departed from the church, and the ark of the Lord was taken.

Many a Saul, who has lost the anointing and the vision of what it means to see God dwelling in power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit in the midst of His people, has never mentioned or proposed a real, united going out to bring back the ark. Many have declared that it cannot be had today. But, praise the Lord, David is coming to the throne, with the real anointing and the zeal and faith of God unspoiled in His heart, and the first cry of His heart after coming

into power is that the ark should be brought back and established in its rightful place: the tabernacle of the Promised Land.

David and All Israel Go Out to Bring Back the Ark

No sooner had David ascended the throne than his heart, ever tuned to the praise of God, was filled with longing for the return of the ark of the covenant. He declared not only his conviction that the ark could be brought back to its rightful place in the tabernacle, but his determination to go and get it and bring it back with dancing and music. To this end a call was sent forth, and the people were gathered together unto the City of David, from whence they set forth in a body to fetch the ark from the house of Abinadab.

But instead of bringing out the ark in the old-fashioned way, bearing it upon their shoulders, thus making their bodies the conveyance of the ark, they were persuaded that the more modern, upto-date Philistine way of carrying the ark upon a new cart, drawn by "milch kine," was just as good and perhaps even better. Surely God was not tied to one pattern. The methods He used and His way of doing things so long ago must surely have been revised and modernized to fit the new age, they reasoned. Surely they could bring up the wheels of the cart in the grooves of their own chariot ruts and reach their city with greater ease.

The result, you all remember: when the ark came to the threshing floor, the sifting, testing place, the ark began to shake so violently that Uzzah felt duty bound to steady it and hold it down a bit with a restraining hand.

God's displeasure fell upon him like a bolt of lightning from the sky, and he fell dead by the way. David was filled with fear and anger to think that when they were truly seeking to bring about the return of the glory of the Lord, that this shocking, humiliating reproach should be brought upon their work.

Leaving the ark right there, he assayed to take it no further along the road toward Jerusalem, but returned to his city chagrined, humiliated, and hurt.

The ark turned aside into the humble home of Obed-Edom and found a welcome there. Prosperity, joy, and blessing filled his household from the moment the ark entered his open door.

Such blessing and power were his that the news thereof reached even unto the ears of the King in his palace. So David said, "We will go out and bring up the ark to the City of David with gladness."

The Church of Christ Sets Out to Bring Back the Old-Time Power

So the church of Jesus Christ—while they who have lost the anointing and spirituality may not even miss the old-time power of the Spirit and be contented with the superficial imitation of a card-signing, handshaking, oyster-suppering, moving-picturing religion—the Lord's Davids, who have the anointing and are in real touch of heaven, realize the lack of power in her midst and are filled with determination to bring back the ark and put it in its rightful place.

And so it was that, some fourteen years ago, at the beginning of the latter rain, great numbers of churches and people throughout the land began to cry mightily for the return of the Spirit. All-night prayer meetings were held in hundreds of churches. Thousands of letters, praying for a revival, were written; each one who received a letter was directed to write ten other letters and address them to as many Christian friends. Saints fell upon their faces and prayed:

Lord, send the old-time power, The Pentecostal power. The floodgates of glory, Upon us open wide. Lord, send the old-time power, The Pentecostal power, Let sinners be converted, And Thy name glorified.

But though thousands prayed for the return of the old-time power and outpouring of the Holy Spirit, few indeed were there who really expected Him to come, just as He came in the days of our forefathers.

Surely, we were living in a different age, they reasoned, and more modern, dignified, and conservative methods might be employed in the bringing back of the ark!

But someway, the new cart, whose wheels they attempted to keep in the grooves and ruts, which the wheels of their theological chariot wheels had carved, began to be violently shaken, too, just as they came to the threshing floor. Disaster and even spiritual death smote those who would try to hold and restrain the moving of the ark.

Shocked and troubled, the company returned, each man to his own house, leaving the ark to turn aside into the humble, ofttimes dilapidated house of Obed-Edom, the same often being a lowly cottage prayer meeting or mission hall. Here 'twas met with open arms of welcome and thanksgiving.

Now the house of Obed-Edom, by the threshing floor, was not the intended resting place of the ark, whose presence would be a gracious honour and benediction in the finest tabernacle, cathedral, or temple in the land.

The ark has indeed rested by the threshing floor, and there has been lots of chaff and dust of fanaticism and earthiness, which almost blinded and severely tried the more deeply thinking, spiritual, and consecrated Christians in this humble abode. But no one could deny that the ark was in the midst, or that the glory of the Lord and the Holy Spirit of God hovered above the mercy seat. And, because the ark was there with the real truth of the Spirit, many remained

in the house of Obed-Edom and put up with the dust and chaff, because of its presence there.

Undoubtedly, hundreds were being saved, healed, and filled with the Spirit in the old-time Bible way, and the Lord blessed the household till it came to the ears of hungry churches and godly pastors, and they said, "Let us go forth to seek and bring back the old-time power into the tabernacle of the Most High."

And, bless God! There is a great stirring, a great move underfoot to gather the people together in prayer, consecration, the study of the Word, and then, clad in the white linen, which is the righteousness of Jesus Christ, to go forth with singing, music, tabrets, and shouting to bring back the ark of the Lord, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the Shekina glory of the days of our forefathers.

Thus, having learned our lesson, we are going forth, washed in the blood of Jesus, having clean hands and a pure heart, taking the Word for our pattern and guide, that we may bring back the ark of the Lord, not in the new cart, with Philistine methods, in our own ruts and grooves, but bearing it according to God's direction and pattern, making our bodies the resting place and conveyance of the blessed Holy Spirit.

Every church in the land, every tabernacle and temple, be it great or small, needs the power of the Holy Spirit and the glory of God today. The ark can be caused to rest again in the midst of the people if we will go out in the right way to bring about its return. The church and the temple is its rightful habitation. It was not given for the house of Obed-Edom alone, but for the honoured place in the midst of the hosts of Israel.

Today, a great company of ministering brethren and high priests, with their congregations of the righteous, are going out with singing and shouting, and the ark is coming up the road.

Oh, can you not see it coming, brother? Can you not hear the shouting, sister?

"And it shall come to pass in the last days," saith God. "I will pour out My Spirit upon *all* flesh."

Not only upon Obed-Edom, but upon all flesh.

The great revival is coming. The first waves of glory are already here. The ark is coming up the road. The Davids, who have the anointing, are yearning and stretching out their hands in prayer for the old-time power. People everywhere are waking up to the need; the Amen Corner must take the place of pride and formality—the old on-fire testimony meeting, the place of the cantata and charade...the old, glorious prayer meetings, the place of the oyster suppers and moving pictures. Unbelief must go, and faith take its place. Newfangled carts and methods must give way to the old-time baptism of the Holy Ghost, in the old-time way.

It must come! It is coming! The advance guards of blessing, moving before the returning ark, are here already. Jesus is coming soon, and He must find the Shekina glory of the Spirit of God resting in the tabernacle in old-time power when He appears.

Some Will Ridicule and Criticize

"But surely you don't believe that all churches, the proud, stiff, unrelenting churches, many of whom deny the very fundamentals of the gospel and the virgin birth of Christ...surely you don't mean that they all will go out to bring back the ark?" someone cries incredulously.

Alas, no! There will always be the David's wife class, who, like Michal in the days of old, will remain in the house of formality and reserve, behind closed windows, looking out upon the lively enthusiasm of the multitude, who sing, shout, and cheer as David, clad in a linen ephod, dances for joy before the returning ark, and, standing there, looking out upon the scene they themselves are not participating in, will despise the rejoicing company in their hearts.

Poor Michal! Surely, in a way, she was to be pitied! To stand on the other side of a closed window, where no music can penetrate, or be wafted on the breeze; to see only the dance and seemingly foolish antics and not to hear the music; to have an incomplete, contorted understanding of the whole proceeding; surely, these are grounds for pity.

But not only did Michal (the type of those who will not believe and humbly go out to bring back the ark) refuse to go herself, and not only did she despise David and his hosts in her heart, whom she considered to be extremists and fanatics, but she persecuted and ridiculed the whole thing and said, "How glorious is the King of Israel today, in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows!"

In other words: "You made a pretty show of yourself out there before all the people, singing, shouting yourself hoarse, and dancing in a linen ephod! You must be proud of yourself, I must say," et cetera.

And so say the Michals, who stand behind the windows today. Poor dears! Without hearing the music, they only see the antics of those overjoyed with the return of the ark.

"The idea," say they, "of this revival excitement! The idea of men and women trembling with conviction, and running to the altars, and weeping penitent tears! The idea of this rising and shouting with joy, crying, 'Hallelujah!' and 'Praise the Lord!' with a loud voice. What a display they are making of themselves! Why, it is not being done in this conservative day! The idea of people being healed, and baptized with the Spirit as they were in the Bible days. Preacher and people, are you not ashamed?"

"Well, David, what about it? Were you ashamed?"

"And David said unto Michal, 'It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father...therefore, will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight: and of the maidservants, which thou has spoken of, of them shall I be had in honour."

No! Walk in the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind, in the deep consciousness and leading of the Holy Spirit. Live the

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Spirit-filled life at home and in the secret place behind the scenes as well as in the throng, and there is naught for which to be ashamed. "I will do this and more." This is only the beginning, and the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

But in the coming days, even though the glory of God rested upon her husband, David, the criticizing, scornful Michal was stricken barren till the day of her death. So today, those who ridicule and scoffingly reject the returning glory and power of the Spirit are stricken barren. Their altars are deserted, their Amen Corner gone, and the glory departed from their midst.

Yes, oh yes! *The ark is coming up the road.* It is even now on its way to many a temple and tabernacle. Oh, saints, can you see it coming? Then shout for joy! And as for you, dear Obed-Edom, don't be jealous as you see it entering the temple, for you may come right along, too, as a Spirit-filled doorkeeper, and rejoice in the triumph of the Lord.



July 1921

Oh I love to walk, in the hour of prayer, through the Gardens of Father's Word. Spirit is close beside me then, and my heart is strangely stirred. We walk through the Garden of Eden, age-old trees, flowing boughs, and trailing flowers stir softly in the breeze.

There a scene is enacted before me—
a scene I cannot forget,
The entrance of Satan, the Fall, the curse,
sin's bondage, the awful debt.
Then on to Gethsemane's Garden
where my Saviour in agony prays.
Bidding me watch with Him a little hour,
ere the debt of the world He pays.

Then together we journey to Calvary on whose side lies a garden fair;
To whose silent tomb, my Lord is borne and laid with tender care.
Here we watch for the break of the third day 'tis Resurrection Garden now,
And with throbbing heart and streaming eyes, kissing His feet I bow.

A Double Cure for a Double Curse + ▼ ▼ ▼
July 1921

HEN SATAN ENTERED the purity of the Garden of Eden in the form of a serpent, two angels of darkness followed hard on his trail. His coming brought the double curse of sin and sickness.

When Christ came into the dying world to redeem it from the curse, there came in His blessed footsteps two angels of light and hope. His coming brought the double cure, salvation and healing.

In the beginning the world emerged from under the hand of God—good, and pure, and perfect.

In the Garden of Eden, the most perfect spot in a perfect world, He placed the perfect man and woman, Adam and Eve, whom He had formed from the dust of the ground and into whose nostrils He had breathed the breath of life.

In innocence and purity, they dwelled 'neath the flowing boughs and trailing flowers of rich, fruit-laden trees. Busy bees droned contentedly in the perfumed air as the golden, mellow sunlight of a perfect day filtered through the dense green foliage of leaf and branch and splashed upon a floor carpeted with violets, moss, and lichens. Birds of rich plumage flitted from tree to tree, and high above it all, a songful lark sprang high into the open heaven, showering the air with musical praise.

Into the tranquil beauty of this garden that His own loving hand had planted, God loved to walk in the cool of the day, communing with man, whom He had made after His own image and filled with His breath divine. How peaceful their abode! How blessed their communion! How blissful their freedom of body, soul, and spirit! Theirs but one requirement: faith in the Word of the Father and obedience to His command.

But alas! The gleaming, malevolent, calculating eyes of Satan were watching from the distance, seething hatred for God and jeal-ousy of man fermenting in his soul, cunning planning in his heart. Once he had been an angel of authority in heaven, but because of jealousy, disobedience, and treachery, he had fallen as a flaming torch from heaven, drawing a third of the angels with him (Luke 10:18; Isa. 14:12–14).

The burning passion in his diabolic nature now longed for revenge, for a way to strike back. And here, here in this blissful Garden of Eden, with its stately trees, its hanging flowers, its luscious fruitage, and its dancing, sparkling brooks and rivers, where God had placed the children of His own dear handiwork, he had found the place for revenge!

Now whom did the Father so love as these children? Had He not toiled through the days to create the earth for his habitation? And what was there in heaven or on Earth that so grieved and pierced the pure heart of the Father as disobedience and sin? Hath it not been written that God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance? Hath He not said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die"? Full well did Satan know that God in His justice would show no partiality. And though His heart was torn and bleeding, the curse of His disapproval must fall upon the inmates of the garden, and the whole earth must be jolted and shaken with the impact of the Fall.

With fiendish cunning, Satan took upon himself the form of a flashing, scintillating serpent (said at that time to be the most beautiful and subtle beast of the field), and in shimmering, graceful strides, and his most captivating manner, he drew near unto the woman and began to sow the fateful seeds of unbelief within her heart, saying, "Yea, God hath said that if, in the day ye eat of the tree in the middle of the garden, ye shall surely die...but God does not mean that which He said...Ye shall not surely die."

The first lie the devil told the human family, the first seed of doubt he sowed in their hearts, was that of doubting the veracity and absolute, unchangeable truth of God's Word. He has been engaged with the same task ever since. Behind the devil as he enters the garden stand two fearsome demons of night. Our hearts are repulsed and shuddering as we gaze on each cruel face.

Oh, Mother Eve! Could you not see them? Why were your eyes so blinded? On each shield with which they cover themselves is the form of a venomous serpent with a parting, darting, poisonous tongue. In their hands each demon holds a fork with sharp, barbed prongs with which to pierce body and soul with fearful wounds, which no earthly power can heal. Oh Eve! Can't you see them, hand in hand—an invincible, inseparable pair, twin angels of darkness, agents of despair, relentless and cruel? Their names are written on their shields: "Sin" and "Sickness."

But the eyes of Eve were riveted in fascination on the shimmering serpent's form! Her ears hearkened to that smooth deceiver's voice. Thus Eve was deceived, and in obeying the word of Satan, she disobeyed her Lord, ate of the forbidden fruit, and gave Adam to eat also.

Soon came the footsteps of God, walking in the garden in the cool of the evening.

"Adam, where art thou?" His voice rang out in tones of thunder that struck fear and quaking into those guilty souls who sought to hide them from His gaze. Quick as a flash, His keen, all-seeing eye read the story, and His heart was grieved and sad. They had sold themselves to the devil, and the twin demons of darkness laughed as they reached out through the gathering gloom, the more firmly to grip the erring ones on the prongs of suffering and sin.

Hand in hand came sin and sickness into the garden of life. Hand in hand have they walked through the years since that day. But instead of leaving His children in the hands of the devil to suffer the double curse they had brought upon themselves through disobedience, the great, loving Father heart of God began even then to lay plans for their redemption: a double cure for a double curse.

But there and then, even though man must needs be driven from the garden, God gave His first prophetic promise that through the seed of woman should come He that should bruise the head that bruised His heel. All down through the coming years that led by a winding trail, through many lands and many tears, on through the days of Abel, Seth, and Noah, Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judah, and David—even down to the cross of Christ—this promise was reiterated through the prophets and sages.

Thus it was that, as far back as the days of Moses, it was an understood fact that salvation and healing were provided in the atonement through the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. When Moses brought the children of Israel from Egypt and turned their faces toward the Promised Land, God spake to them, saying, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee that I have put upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee."

Clearly the Father signified that with disobedience and sin would come sickness and disease. Later, when disobedience and sin had laid them low and fiery serpents bit them till they died, God commanded that a brazen serpent (brass signifying judgment) should be lifted up in the wilderness, even as Christ was later to pass through the judgment for us and be lifted up on the cross of Calvary. Those who looked upon the serpent that was lifted up in the wilderness had life for a look.

They found therein the double cure: forgiveness for the soul and healing for the body.

When Miriam, through the sin of criticism and backbiting, fell ill of leprosy, white as snow, Moses besought God for the double cure. After pleading the mercy and pardon of the Lord, he cried, "Heal her now. Oh God, I beseech Thee" (Num. 12:13).

Of the double cure for the double curse, the psalmist spake clearly, saying, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, and who healeth all thy diseases" (Ps. 103:2–3).

Notice the first two benefits David mentions are that of forgiveness and salvation, which are to overthrow the powers of sin, and divine healing for the body, to overthrow sickness and disease.

Isaiah, catching sight of the Great Redeemer through the lifted veil, beheld Christ as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. He saw in His glorious coming the double cure for the double curse, and declared of His work of atonement, "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities [notice the word "bruised"; God had said of Him that He would bruise the head that bruised His heel]...and by His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53).

"But does not this promise refer to spiritual healing only?" asks one timid soul to whom the news seems almost too good to be true.

No, Matthew 8:16–17 describes Christ healing the sick, casting out demons, causing the blind to see and the lame to walk, and then tells us that this physical healing is the literal interpretation of Isaiah 53. Read the seventeenth verse and note Matthew's interpretation of that promise: "This was done that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by Esaias the Prophet, saying, 'Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

The coming of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the seed of woman, was the coming of the Great Deliverer to redeem a stricken world from the curse. Speaking of His own mission, Jesus plainly said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted; to preach deliverance to the captives; and, recovering of

sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke 4:18–19).

Oh blessed light that shineth in the darkness, even though the darkness comprehendeth it not! Oh blessed burden bearer carrying our sins, bearing our sickness, enduring our pain, would that the world might see Thee!

Oh look, heart-sore world, canst thou not see the two great blessings that follow the Master wherever He goes, like two bright angels of light, who stand hand in hand, with shining swords bearing the sign of the cross, and holding aloft the Spirit's sword to cut thy bonds in twain? Salvation declares, "Thy sins be all forgiven thee." Healing cries, "Be thou made whole; take up thy bed and walk!" O'er mountain and dale, in valley or plain, within the palace and in the hut, wherever this dear Jesus of Galilee went, He brought with Him this double cure, salvation and healing.

"Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts," said He, "for whether is easier to say: thy sins be forgiven thee, or take up your bed and walk?"

Whether is easier; who is there among us dare to say? For this heaven-born, heaven-sent pair stand hand in hand, shield to shield, a double cure for a double curse. In God's plan they should never be divided.

In the short years of our Lord's ministry, wherein He went about destroying the works of the devil, namely forgiving sin and healing the sick, the hour approached for His torturous death on the cross. Emerging from Gethsemane Garden when the long night was o'er, He was condemned before Pontius Pilate to die on the rugged tree.

But before they led Him up Calvary's mountain, something of great importance must take place, something that makes our cheeks blanch and the teardrops to start at the very thought: they must bare our Saviour's back to the smiters, tie Him to the whipping post, and flog Him with the cruel lash.

Did you ever wonder why?

Blow upon blow fell on the tender, quivering flesh of the gentle Nazarene. The biting whip rose and fell again and again in the hands of the Roman soldier, till the great purple welts stood on the precious back that was so soon to bear the cross, fell till the drops of blood dripped upon the ground. Some forty blows were permissible in those days, and men often fainted or even died at the whipping post.

Tell me, dear Spirit, teacher, and guide, oh, tell me why did they whip Him so? Was He whipped that my many sins might be washed away?

No, child, the blood on the cross was sufficient for that.

Then why did they pluck the beard from His face and beat Him with cruel staves; was that for the cleansing of sin?

No, child, the blood was sufficient for that.

Then why, oh Spirit of God, tell me why did they torture my Saviour so? Was God merely permitting the vindictive, fiendish wrath of an angry mob to be wreaked upon the head of His blessed Son? Else, if His stripes did not cleanse me from sin, then why did they whip Him so?

Why, child! Do you not know the meaning of that lash, the cruel blows of the smiter's scourge? 'Twas thus He bare your suffering, and by His stripes ye are healed. Not a meaningless blow, not a meaningless pain did that precious body bear. At the whipping post He purchased your healing, bore your suffering and pain. On the cross He purchased your pardon, forgiveness, and cleansing from sin. Healed by His stripes, cleansed by His blood...oh, blessed double cure for a double curse, for all who will look and live.

But have not these twain been separated, till only salvation remain? Then His stripes were borne in vain.

Hearken to the words of the Master: "The works that I do shall ye do, and greater works than these shall ye do because I go to My Father. All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the

Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen" (Matt. 28:18–20).

As ye go preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand, cleanse the leper, heal the sick, cast out demons; freely as ye have received, freely give.

"Into whatsoever city or town ye enter, heal the sick that are therein and say unto them, the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." And He sent them to preach the gospel and heal the sick. And said, "These signs shall follow them that believe: in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover" (Mark 16:17–18).

Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever, still brings the double cure for soul and body. There is still life for a look at the Crucified One, and they who touch the hem of His garment may still be made whole.

In the fifth chapter of James, the elders of the church are given instructions to anoint the sick (who call for them) with oil and pray the prayer of faith, having the promise of the double cure...The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he hath committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. What a sweet relationship there here exists between salvation and healing.

This does not mean that we will never die. There comes a day when the sands of the years are run and the child of God is caught up and goes sweeping home to glory. Thank God for that hope! 'Tis not that they who claim the promise of healing fear death. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. But it does mean that instead of suffering, and groaning all the days of our lives with a torturous disease, it is possible to look away to Jesus and take that for which He paid with cruel stripes and the shedding of His precious blood.

Too long have we wandered in weakness and poverty, when we might have had His strength and riches! Too long have we lain starving, when we might have been feasting in Father's banquet hall.

A man in straitened financial circumstances once bought a ticket for an ocean voyage.

"Now I must be very saving of my few remaining dollars," he told himself. "I'll just buy some crackers and drink water with them for the duration of my voyage, thus leaving a small sum for my arrival."

Days wore by, one by one, and the poor man became more and more famished for a good square meal and more disgusted with crackers and water. On the day that the steamer was scheduled to arrive in port, he could bear it no longer. If it took the last cent, he decided that he must have one more good meal.

But when he made his way to the dining salon, its beauty and the fine food that was being served, course after course at the tables, the white linen and shining silver, caused him to doubt. Such a fine dining room, perhaps he would not have money enough after all! Catching the eye of the steward, he inquired, "Sir, would you please be kind enough to tell me the cost of a meal in that dining room?"

The waiter looked at the man with amazement and said, "Why, I don't understand what you mean."

"I want to know how much one good square meal at that table would cost me, please."

"Why, you have a ticket for this steamship voyage, haven't you?"

"Ticket? Why, y-yes," stammered the man.

"Then your meals don't cost you a penny. They are all included in your ticket. Where have you been at mealtimes? Why did you not come to the table? Your place has been set and held vacant for you all the time."

"Why, I've been sitting in my stateroom, eating crackers and drinking cold water every day, because I thought I could not afford the dining room."

Aimee Semple McPherson

And, oh dear ones, many of us have gone almost to the end of life's voyage before realizing the good things included in our ticket. Salvation, healing, the power of the Holy Spirit, and rich life in Christ are yours for the asking. Draw near today and cry, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me. I now appropriate Thy promises, and claim as mine the rich provision Thou hast made for me, even the double cure with its blessings for body and soul."



Given prior to August 1921

HERE ARE THREE parties concerned in your receiving divine healing: yourself, the Lord Jesus, and the one who prays for you. Let us consider just what part each must take in order to bring it about. The first to be concerned in your healing is, of course, yourself.

Yourself

If you would be cleansed and made every whit whole, you have a part to do in pressing through the thronging doubt, hindrances, and materialism of the day and touching the hem of the Master's robe. So often people come for prayer who have only a "passive faith" and are dumbly hoping that I can heal them or do all the interceding on their behalf. Though the hands of everyone about them may be lifted in intercession, their faces wet with tears, and a real prayer of faith in their hearts, such a one stands passively, without any real soul outcry to God, waiting for our prayers to heal him, and "hoping" it will be done. If they are healed, they will be grateful to those who prayed and say that they "certainly had some kind of power." If not healed, they will go out and criticize the meeting, telling the people that they "tried it" or "had a treatment" but that it did them no good.

But do you not see that these did not do their part in pressing through to Jesus with active faith and believing prayer? You can try doctors, try medicine, try science, try baths and electric treatment, but you cannot "try" Jesus Christ. Remember also that neither Christ nor His servants who pray for you give "treatments." That word belongs to doctors or Christian Science but has no place in the Bible or in these revival meetings. The very fact that one uses this word in this connection would indicate that his heart is far from God, and that the truth concerning the atonement and power of the slain Lamb of Calvary is not in him.

The one coming for healing has a real definite part to do in his coming to the Great Physician.

The disciples must needs come to land ere they could be warmed at the fire that Jesus had kindled or partake of the fish that He had broiled. They must needs leave their ship, come to shore, and draw near to Jesus before they could receive the bounties from His hand. You, too, must come out of the ship in which you have gone "a-fishing" for worldly joys and gains, toiling through the night and catching nothing. Let down your nets on the right side, prove the bounty of His goodness, love, and power, and then jump overboard, like Peter, when his Master bade him, "Come and dine."

The prodigal son must needs come home before he could receive the kiss of reconciliation, the ring, the best robe, and shoes for his weary, wandering feet. The father could not carry the best robe to his son when he sat among the swine eating the husks that they did eat. The father could not meet the son on the ground of his prodigality; the son must needs return to his father's home and meet him on his own just and righteous ground. Besides, the best robe would soon have been soiled and besmirched and have brought discredit to his father's name, had he worn it in the midst of his reveling and merrymaking.

Just so, if you want to be made whole, receive the best robe and gifts the heavenly Father has to give, salvation, healing, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit through the Lord Jesus Christ, you, too, must do your part, leave the land of sin and backsliding—your soul is sick of it all anyway—and say, "I will arise and go." Come crying, "Father,

I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight." Through the mist of penitent tears, you will surely see the Father running to meet you, with clothing, with food, and with gladness. Just as the ring which the Father gave the son had no ending but was a complete circle, so the love, promises, and provision of Christ are unending, for He is the same today as He was yesterday and will be evermore.

Naaman must needs dip seven times in the Jordan before he was cleansed of his leprosy. He had his part to do in obedience and humility. Had Naaman failed to do his part, God could not have done His, and he would have gone away uncleansed. Naaman did not go part of the way to the Jordan but all the way; he dipped not three or four but seven times. If he dipped the first two or three times with the thought of a "treatment" in his mind, the thought was surely washed away ere he went down the seventh time in obedience and faith, for he came up every whit whole.

Many come for healing today, just like Naaman went to Elisha. They think they can sit outside in their chariot or automobile and have God's servant run out and heal them. No, no! Rich or poor, bond or free, all must go the same humble road to the Jordan. 'Tis not the servant but the Master who has the power.

The Important Work of Preparation

The importance of the work of preparation cannot be spoken of too highly or be too greatly emphasized.

People who come blindly, rushing into the meetings, saying that they have heard "there is a miracle woman here who can heal them at once," and that they want to be "treated" at once so they can catch the next train for business and pleasure, are quickly disillusioned. First of all, they are informed that there is no "miracle woman" here at all, only a simple little body whom the Lord has called from a milk pail on a Canadian farm, bidding her tell the good news of a Saviour who lives and loves and answers prayers.

Then they are hidden to settle themselves down and take part in the meetings, just as though they were going to Mayo Brothers or any great hospital for an operation and were preparing for it for days, obeying each order, so they are bidden to prepare their house before coming into the presence of Jesus, the Great Physician. They are reminded that if they rush into a hospital, dirty and dusty and travel stained, demanding that a serious major operation should be performed that instant in order that they might catch the next train for home, the doctors would explain to them that they were in no condition to go to the table as they were, lest infection should set in and their latter condition be more serious than the former.

How clean and purged their system would be before going to the operating table! Then, how clean and pure their hearts and lives must be before coming to ask the sacred and holy touch of Christ upon their mortal body.

How clean the nurse would bathe them, how sterile and white the robe she would dress them in before they were wheeled to the operating table! How pure then they must be, spiritually washed in the blood of Jesus, and clad in the white robes of righteousness, beneath which heart and life and soul are made pleasing in His sight before coming for healing.

The results of this preparation are self-evident. They are wonderful. Cancers have disappeared; fibroid tumors have melted like snow before the sun; goiters have gone down like a toy balloon that is punctured; stiff limbs have been made to bend; blind eyes recovered sight; deaf ears have been unstopped; dumb lips have been opened; withered arms have come to life and grown several inches in an hour.

Are you a real Christian, a follower of the Lamb? Have you been born again? Are you taking up your cross daily, denying yourself and following after Him? Is your life counting for God and souls? Even when the wires of heavenly connection are up, you should inspect them carefully before coming for healing; it takes only a little bit of paper in the electric light socket to keep the light from shining. It

only takes a little doubt, hardness, backbiting, criticism, unforgiveness of spirit, disobedience, or grudge to hinder the blessed power of God from flowing into that life of yours. It is a very sacred thing to ask the divine touch of Jesus upon these mortal bodies of ours. There is no question as to the power being in the storehouse or as to our electric lightbulb needing the power, but oh, make sure of the connection!

"Yes, yes," I hear someone cry, "I see that I have a real part to fill if I would receive my healing, but it has been so many years since I went to church or have taken any real interest in religion. Just what must I do to be healed?"

Brother, Sister dear, I trust that the first step you will take will be to fall so in love with Jesus, the Crucified, that the healing of your body will be a secondary consideration. Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Come to the altar, get down on your knees today, repent of your sins, turn to the Lord, and seek salvation.

"Oh, Sister, not at that altar!" someone exclaims. "Not here where I am so well-known! People will talk about it so. I can pray better in my own room by my own bedside, I am quite sure."

Why, that is just what Naaman said: "Are not the rivers of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Yet none other than those lowly, humble, despised waters brought healing to the leper. You have tried your own way and gotten but deeper into sorrow; why not come God's way, the way of the humble and lowly Nazarene who hung on the cross for you? Repent of your sin with a godly sorrow for sin; do not glaze over the surface but go to the depths.

"Seek ye My face," calls the Saviour. Oh, let your heart answer, "Thy face, oh Lord, will I seek." Hear the Master sweetly say, "Draw near unto Me, and I will draw near unto you."

Why, He is running to meet you already with wide-open arms. "Poor, weary, sin-sick child," He is saying, "you have been wandering

such a long, long time; you have been torn by the thorns and bruised by the jagged rocks; none other has been able to fill the hungry longing of your heart. Come closer to me, child. Turn your back upon the world with its bitterness and sin; come closer to my wounded side, and lay your head upon my breast. I will pardon your backslidings; I will forgive you freely; a clean heart will I give thee, and a new spirit will I create within you. Your sins will I cast into the sea of My forgetfulness and remember them against you nevermore; your cup will I fill to overflowing with the joy of salvation, and your head will I anoint with the oil of gladness. Seek ye My face, dear child; let me be thine all and in all."

Glory to Jesus! When you get there, dear heart, the healing of your body will be but a secondary thought.

"Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside, so enchained my spirit's vision, gazing at the Crucified."

'Tis not money, nor arrogance, nor even "hope" that makes them clean and white, but implicit faith, humility, and obedience unto the voice of the Lord.

The railroad track must needs be laid, every tie in place, every rail fastened, and the last spike driven before the great transcontinental express can go through. It takes a great deal longer to lay the track than for the express to pass by.

In coming for healing, make sure of the condition of the track; you are inviting the express of God's unlimited power to come over. Remember that in making railroads, the hills must be laid low, the valleys exalted; pride must flow down before Him, and the rough places be made smooth. Do not spend so much time worrying and scolding because the train does not come more quickly. You care for the track; God will take care of the train.

Take the electric light, for instance. It is not enough to have an electric lightbulb in your possession—the wires must be strung and connections properly made clear back to the powerhouse before the light can shine in your home.

Just so, it is not enough for you to say, "I have a body that needs healing, and I know that the Lord has the power to make me whole." That is like saying, "I have an electric lightbulb in my hand, and I know there is enough current in the powerhouse to make it a shining light." But what about the wires and connections between?

Selfish motives are gone, and you are now drawing nearer every moment to the Great Physician who has power to heal the sick. The all-absorbing love for your newfound Christ and the overwhelming desire to be pleasing in His sight and win jewels for His crown have taken the place of selfishness.

"And does this hinder one from seeking physical healing," you ask, "seeing that our eyes have been taken off our own suffering and fixed upon Christ?" Ah, no! It will help you a thousand miles along the way, for instead of asking healing for a selfish motive only, one now seeks life and strength that he may the more fully and gladly serve and win other souls for this adorable Christ of Calvary.

The conflict is over; the battle ended. There is a "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done" in the soul. "Dear Jesus, if You want me to go to heaven, I thank Thee that I know it is well with my soul; but if, oh Lord, it is Thy will to spare me on this earth, I pray that I may have the strength and health, the power and wisdom to win my family and others for Thee, dear Saviour, and to be a shining light unto those who sit in darkness."

If it is His good will to take one of the children home—Amen! If not, bless the Lord, you can touch the hem of the Master's robe and have healing and strength for His service today, even as did they who lived when Jesus walked this earth. But whatsoever you do, whether you eat or drink, or seek healing and strength, be sure that you do all for the glory of God. You can then look up as you come to the altar and, lifting your hands toward heaven, say:

My body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to Thee, A consecrated offering Thine evermore to be. My all is on the altar; I'll take it back no more. Never, never, never, I'll take it back no more.

Those old-time grudges: "Then remember, if thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And when you stand praying, forgive; make those old-time grudges right. Go make it right with that one you have not spoken to for so long. Ask wife to forgive the harsh words that have so often made the tears spring into her eyes; forgive that enemy the injury you could never forgive before, else how can you pray, "Forgive us this day our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us"?

"But what has all this to do with my receiving healing?" you ask.
"I thought that all I had to do was to walk right up on that platform, be prayed for and healed without further obligation on my part.
What has all this to do with it anyway?"

Why don't you see, this is the stringing of the electric light wires between the bulb and the powerhouse and the making sure of the proper connections? This is the laying of the track across the desert wastes or tunneling through the mountains and making straight paths for His feet, that the mighty express of God's glory and power may pass through.

Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all else shall be added unto you. Put first things first. Spend time in prayer. Read your Bible carefully, prayerfully, more especially Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and the Acts of the Apostles, with reference to those whom Jesus healed in His own and the apostles' day, and see

what part they had to do in obeying His command and in having active faith.

Establish family worship in your home. Do not wait till you are here, but begin to serve Jesus even now, till joy and peace are flooding your heart, faith is rising mountain high, and you have "prayed through" and gotten the witness; every wire is in place between the bulb and the powerhouse, and you are ready for the hand of prayer to turn the switch and let the current of God's power flow through.

Fesus

The next and greatest one concerned in your healing is, of course, the One to whom you are coming for healing: Jesus. Has He the power to heal? Is He willing to do so, and will He do His part?

Yes, beyond a doubt He has the same power today as He had in the olden days. His promises are still yea, and Amen to everyone that believeth. When the leper in the Bible days said, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," and his healing depended upon the "willingness of Jesus," the Master without hesitation said, "I will; be thou made clean." There is no doubt as to His willingness, if we only have the faith and ask for His glory.

As for Jesus "doing His part," brother, sister, it was already done when He purchased our healing at the cruel whipping post almost nineteen hundred years ago, that "by His stripes" we might be healed, for "Himself took our infirmities and bear our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:17).

Just as in salvation Christ has done His part in the finished work of Calvary and awaits our coming to the cross in faith to accept and make this great redemption ours, so with divine healing, the Great Physician, the Son of Righteousness with healing in His wing, has done His part, bearing the cruel lash, carrying our pain and suffering, smitten of God and afflicted as our burden bearer, bore not only our sins but that dire result of sin—sickness and pain. With

Isaiah we can cry exultingly, "He was wounded for our transgressions...and by His stripes we are healed."

Indeed He will do His part. Draw near to Him, and He will draw nigh unto you; reach out your hands in faith and touch the blessed hem of His garment, and He will bend low over you. You will feel the gentle pressure of His nail-pierced hand laid in healing and benediction upon your head: Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever. He who heard the cry of His people in times gone past is just the same today. His ear has not grown heavy that He cannot hear, nor has His arm been shortened that it cannot save.

The One Who Prays for You

The third party concerned in your healing tonight is the one who is going to anoint you with oil, according to James 5:14, and pray with you that you may be made whole. Just what and how important a part does this one who prays for the sick take?

The first duty of the one who is instrumental in praying for the sick is the duty that Christ laid upon His disciples in John 18:40, namely that of bringing the man near unto Him. You remember how the blind man cried, "Thou Son of David have mercy on me." He had faith; he had prayed through and reached the ear of the Master.

He had done his part. Jesus was ready to do His part.

But a blessed duty or part in the healing was granted unto the disciples when Jesus commanded them to bring the man near unto Him.

First then lift up Jesus from the earth; talk of His power; magnify His name.

Many there are who take so much time telling of that which Jesus cannot do that they spend very little time telling of the things that He can do.

Sow the seed of faith in the hearts of the people, and have faith yourself. They who pray for the healing of the sick should themselves first be partakers of the fruit and be a living example of that which they preach, having a sound, whole body, invigorated by the strength and resurrection of the life of Jesus.

Bring the sufferer near unto Christ in prayer, faith, and praise. Make Jesus so real through the preached Word that your audience can see His blessed face through the parting clouds and reach out their hands to touch Him.

Secondly, it is the sacred duty of those who pray for the sick to believe with the whole heart and have the real touch of God upon them, the Holy Spirit dwelling within, and the authority of the Master clothing them as the raiment of Elijah clothed Elisha.

Then "let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways" (James 1:5–8).

One can tell in a moment whether a preacher or the one who is exhorting or praying has faith. Have you ever heard a man preach a long sermon and then say, "Now, if there is one here tonight that wants salvation, will you lift your hand and say, 'Pray for me'?"

Why, right there his faith has wavered, he seldom gets more than the "one" he asked for, whereas the man of faith has won the day and cries, "Let every sinner or backslider in this building lift up your hand, high, and by that lifted hand say, 'Pray for me; I am a sinner and want salvation.' You all need Jesus; let everyone lift their hands and say so." Have you watched the hands go up? And have you seen the hundreds of penitents weeping their way to the altars? Well, so it is in the prayer for the sick. According to your faith shall it be done unto you.

In a recent meeting, where we had come to the closing day, and thousands were still waiting to be prayed for, it became necessary for various groups, composed of some twenty ministers, to be called upon to offer prayer for the healing of the afflicted. Among the long lines of sufferers came a deaf man, desiring prayer that his hearing might be restored. A certain dear minister, who perhaps had never before been called upon to pray for deaf ears to be unstopped, began to talk to the Lord about His power and willingness to hear the prayers of His people. After a few moments, he looked at the man, and, realizing that something definite should be done, he leaned over inquiringly, brought his lips close to the ear in question, and asked:

"Oh deaf ear, are you going to open? Are you?"

Right there he had wavered, and let not that man that wavereth think that he shall obtain anything from God! With the unction and power of the Holy Spirit upon him, he should have commanded, "Oh deaf ear, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to be opened and to hear the Word of the Lord! Thou deaf spirit come out of him in the mighty name of Jesus." Ask in faith, nothing wavering, and it shall be done according to your faith.

Bid the one for whom you pray to have faith also, reaching out and clasping the promise to hold it tightly, and it shall be his, whether healed instantly or gradually, to believe from that very hour.

Thirdly, the one who prays for the sick should have clean hands and a pure heart.

How many ministers you and I know who are using tobacco. Throw it away; let your own heart be cleansed with the precious blood and your lips be sweet and pure before you pray reverently the prayer of faith. Could you imagine Jesus smoking a big cigar and then going in to pray for the afflicted?

Do not expect to spend your time telling or listening to foolish, idle stories or gossip, or being a good mixer in the club, and then rushing into His presence to bring the power down. Keep close to Jesus yourself. Keep the lamp of faith brightly burning. Walk with God like Enoch of old, till your life is swallowed up in His own blessed will. Let triumphant faith mount up and up, till your own face is all aglow, and poor, weak, tempest-driven souls shall see in you that mighty, unwavering confidence and trust in God that will

give new courage and guide them into the calm, safe harbor of the Saviour's strength and blessing.

Do not feel, however, dear afflicted soul, that unless the preacher or elder who prays does his part that you need necessarily go away without healing. Many are healed in answer to their own prayers while seated in the audience or whilst praying in their homes. "Is any afflicted, let him pray."

Even though you are alone, you can reach right up where you are and claim the promise. It is only natural, however, and perfectly scriptural, to want someone to pray the prayer of faith for you and hold up your hands in encouragement as you come to God, for we also read: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Let us, therefore, do our part. Press in close to the Master—the Great Physician—the Shepherd of the sheep, who stands waiting with his cruse of oil to make us whole in body, soul, and spirit. Not a tear so blinding but Jesus can wipe it away. Not a hurt so deep in the heart but He can comfort and bless. Not a body so weary, so weak and sick but His touch can strengthen and heal. Not a load so heavy or a burden so great but His love can lift and bear it away.

Is Jesus Christ "The Great I AM,	,
or Is He "The Great I WAS"? ——+ + ▼ ▼ ₩	
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September 1921

HUT IN MY closet of prayer today, with my Bible and the Spirit, my Guide, I muse awhile o'er its pages and then pray for the world with its throngs who, in teeming millions, walk through this life in need of "The Great I AM."

As I ponder and pray in the stillness, I dream as a dreamer of dreams. A steepled church stands before me...a church with open doors. Within it I see the preacher stand, hear his voice in earnest call. But 'tis the throng that flows through the street outside that holds my anxious gaze.

"Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat," say the hundreds and thousands of feet surging by the church doors of our land.

"Pat! Pat! Pit-a-pat!"...hurrying multitudes, on business and pleasure bent.

From out the church door floats the voice of pastor and evangelist, in an effort to halt the down-rushing throng in their headlong race toward destruction and attract their attention to the Christ.

"Stop! Stop! Giddy throng, surging by like a river, take your eyes from the bright lights of the gilded way," they cry. "Leave the paths of death, enter our open door, and listen while we tell you the sweet though ancient story of 'The Great I Was.'

"Eloquently, instructively, we will tell you of the wonderful power Christ used to have, the miracles He used to perform, the sick He used to heal. 'Tis a graphic and blessed history of those things that Jesus did almost one thousand, nine hundred years before you were born. They happened far, far away, across the sea that you have never sailed, in a country that you have never seen, among people you have never known.

"Wonderful, marvelous was the power that used to flow from 'The Great I Was.' He used to open the blind eyes, unstop the deaf ears, and make the lame to walk. He used to show forth such mighty works, and even manifest them through His followers, that the attention of the multitudes was arrested and gripped in such an irresistible way that thousands were brought storming at His door of mercy to receive blessing and healing at His hand.

"Of course, these mighty works Christ used to do are done no longer, for some reason. Perhaps Jesus is too far away, or is too busy making intercession at the Father's throne, to be bothered with such little things as the physical infirmities of His children; else His ear may have grown heavy or His arm be short, or maybe these mighty works were only done to convince the doubters in that day, and since we have no doubters in this civilized day and age, the miraculous has passed away and is no longer necessary.

"At any rate, the fact remains that the signs and wonders that in Mark sixteen He once declared should accompany His preached Word are seen no longer. The power He once displayed, till the glory of His majesty and love in coming to destroy the works of the devil flashed and played through the gloom like the lightning around Mount Sinai, but is now dark, cold, dead. And, as for the visible manifestation of His power, we are left desolate, as though the light that once shone in the darkness had gone out.

"Come, come to this attractive feast, unheeding sinners. Turn now from your Sunday golf, fishing, theatres, and novels. Come enter our doors, that I may tell you the story of 'The Great I Was,' and the power that 'used' to be."

But, "Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!" On go the thousands of feet, on to the movie, and on to the dance, on to the office, the club, and the bank.

"Pat! Pat! Pit-a-pat!"

"Why don't you stop your wayward feet? Do you not know that you are headed for sorrow? Why is it that the theatre is o'erflowing whilst our pews are empty and bare?"

"Pat! Pat! Pit-a-pat!"

"Oh, stop a moment the maddening, ceaseless, pattering of multitudinous feet, and tell me why you take such interest in the world about you and show such lethargy, carelessness, and lack of active interest in my story of 'The Great I Was,' and the power He used to have, and the deeds He used to do? Why is it that people grow enthusiastic over the ball game, the boxing ring, the movies, and the dance, while we see no revival of interest or turning to the Christ?"

On and on they go, paying no heed, neither turning their eyes from the glittering baubles beyond.

"Why is it, dear Spirit of God," I ask, "they do not listen to that dear brother's call? They do not seem interested in the power Christ 'used' to have. In a steady stream they pass by the church and on into the world of grim realities and the problems that they must face."

"Pat! Pat! Pit-a-pat!"

There are young feet, old feet, light feet, heavy feet, glad feet, sad feet, joyous feet, tired, discouraged feet, tripping feet, lonely, groping feet, straight feet, sick and crippled feet, eager, searching feet, disillusioned, disappointed feet, and, as they pass, a message is somehow tangled up in their pattering, which rises from the cobblestones like a mighty throbbing from the heart of the world.

"'Tis not so much what Christ used to do for the world in answer to prayer in bygone days," they seem to say, "but where is His power *now*? And what can He do *today*?"

"Ah, yes!" sigh the crippled feet from the pavement. "We are not so vitally interested in the sick He 'used' to heal, the limbs He 'used' to make straight and strong. Of course, we are glad to know that somewhere, sometime, in the distant past Christ healed the sick in far-off lands, but we live in the great today, and, ah me! We are very worn and weary! We yearn for healing, hope, and strength today. We

stand in need of succor *now*. But you say these mighty provisions for the healing of the body as well as the soul, which Christ promised in Psalm 103, Isaiah 53, Matthew 8, Mark 16, and James 5, were not at all lasting, but were mainly for the Jews who lived in other days. And in reality your teaching says Christ's healing of the sick, when He walked this earth, was not so much for the demonstration of the tender Saviour's love and sake of relieving the sufferers' pain and a pity for the sick themselves, as to build up His own cause and make the world believe, and, accomplishing this, He withdrew the lifeline of hope and coiled it up again. So, as the church cannot supply my need, I must pass on in further search of help from another source."

"And we," say the tired, discouraged feet, "are also glad that, in a far-off land, He gave the weary rest, and they, who had well-nigh lost the faith and trust in their fellowman, found truth and grace in Him.

"But you say He is afar off now? That we live in a different dispensation? His promises were largely for the Jewish people anyway? Then there's not much for us here, so we walk past your door seeking elsewhere a haven of rest and hope."

"And we," the glad, young, joyous feet send up a rippling echo from the pavement, saying, "we are in search of something that can give us joy and happiness today. You say God 'used' to make His little ones so happy that they danced and shouted for joy. We, too, want joy! Not the joy that 'used' to be but joy of heart today. As it is taken away from the church, we seek it in the world."

"And we," say the heavy, groping, lonely feet, "are bereaved and seek comfort and rest. For us the shades of night are falling. The knowledge that Christ 'once' dried tears and bore the heavy load is blest indeed, but oh, we of today need succor now. Preaching 'The Great I Was' can never satisfy our longings; we need 'The Great I AM."

"The Great I AM"—why yes! That's it exactly! That's what this old world needs. A Christ who lives and loves and answers prayers

today. A Christ who changeth not, but is the same today as He was yesterday, and will be evermore. A Christ whose power knows neither lack nor cessation. A Lord whose name is "I AM" forever, even unto all generations.

When the Lord bade Moses go, call the children of Israel from the fleshpots and bondage, sin, and sickness of Egypt, Moses inquired of Him, "When they shall ask who sent me? And What is His name? What shall I say unto them?" and He said, "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, "I AM" hath sent me unto you.' This is My name forever, and this is My memorial unto all generations."

Oh, what a wonderful name! What a wonderful promise! Glory! Glory to God!

Moses did not need to go about apologetically and say, "'The Great I Was' hath sent me unto you; His name is 'I Was' because He 'used' to do great things—long ago. He expended the last of His power in creating the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. He is quite far off now, and the necessity for this miraculous manifestation of His power is no longer needed, seeing that all things have now been created. He does not do mighty works today, but please come, follow, and obey the message of 'The Great I Was.'"

Why, I doubt whether they would have followed such a call. The message that Moses bore rang clear and firm: "'I AM' hath sent me." He walked with assurance. The solid rock was under his feet. His God was a living God, a miracle-working God. Moses knew his business was to preach and deliver the message God had given him. "The Great I AM" had contracted to back up that message with signs following. "I AM...I AM...I AM!" rang in the ears of Moses every step he took.

Ah! It gives a servant of God some heart to know that "I AM" hath sent him. No more apologizing. No more hanging the head and resorting to earthly means, no more trembling and fear of failure, no dread now that the crowds will not follow! Head erect, footsteps firm and full of assurance, earthly temple clad with a robe of

the majesty and tenderness of the Father, hands pointing unhesitatingly to the way, voice ringing clear and authoritative: "'I AM,' 'I AM' hath sent me unto you!

"'I AM' lives today. He will tabernacle in our midst. 'I AM' will deliver us from our enemies. He will guide us by His hand. 'I AM' will feed us with the bread from the heavens and give us water from the rock. 'I AM' will deliver us from the sickness and the diseases of the Egyptians, saying, 'If you will walk in My ways and keep My statutes, none of the diseases that have been put upon the Egyptians shall come nigh you.' 'I AM' will lead us into the Promised Land."

Oh, the blessed assurance, the authority, the majestic glory of the name "I AM!" No wonder the children of Israel left the fleshpots and the bands that bound them. No wonder the weary eyes of the toiler looked up with new interest and hope. No wonder that hands that had hung down were lifted and the feeble knees made strong when Moses could promise them that when the Lord said unto those who were weak, "Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord will do great things." He meant just what He said. He did not have to say, "The Lord 'used' to do great things," but could triumphantly declare, "The Lord 'will' do great things; for He is 'the Great I AM,' and though heaven is His home, the earth is His footstool, where He answers the prayers of His people."

During Moses' ministry, the sick were healed, the lepers cleansed, the plague stayed.

Oh, Moses, how we envy you, the great commission, *go*! Call my people out of bondage into liberty, out of darkness into light, out of sin into holiness, out of sickness into health! But tell us, just when did the day of supernatural, miraculous manifestation of the power of God end? When did "I AM" become "I Was"?

Why, little children, "I AM" hath never changed! His power is just the same in this thy day as it was in the days of yore. Did He not say, "This is My name forever, even unto *all* generations"? They who have faith shall see the lightning of His glory flash in power of

answered prayer today, as in the days of old. Elijah and Elisha lived in a day when doubters said the miraculous had passed away, and "I AM" became "I Was." But through faith and prayer they proved His name to be "I AM" unto their generations. After the ascension of the Only Begotten of the Father, Jesus Christ, the disciples proved that "He who was dead is alive forevermore"—"The Great I AM," who saves and heals and baptizes with the Spirit's power.

On and on through the centuries, though surrounded by unbelief and skepticism, there have always been the Elijahs and the Peters who have proved that "I AM" is His name even unto their generation. John Wesley believed that Christ was not only to save, but to heal the sick in his day. In his biography he tells of the lame made to walk, cancers that melted away, and even a lame horse made whole through answered prayer, thus proving "I AM" to be the Lord's name even unto his generation.

Then surely He has not changed at this late hour! Surely, He is the same today. Elijah, Peter, John Wesley, and an army of others who had heard and obeyed the message "Thus shall you say—'I AM' hath sent me" were ridiculed and persecuted by those they loved the best. Even so today, though it means being despised and misunderstood, get alone in the wilderness of quiet and stillness before God. Seek His face till your soul is kindled with the flame of love from the burning bush. Get your authority from God. Inquire of Him, "When they shall ask who sent me and what is his name? What shall I say unto them?" Hear His reply, "Thus shalt thou say unto them, "I AM" hath sent me," and let it ring in your soul forever, louder, clearer, more wonderful in its revelation of the ever-living Christ with each new step and turn of the way. Victory is assured, and the only solution to the problem of drawing the multitude is to lift up not the dead, but the living Christ; not "The Great I Was," but "The Great I AM."

Thanks, thanks for that message, dear Lord. The clouds of uncertainty are dispelled, the shades of night rolled back. We see Thee in a new and glorious light, even as the Sun of Righteousness with healing in Thy wings. "I AM" is Thy name today and shall be evermore!

"I AM the Lord; I change not."

"I AM the Lord that hath chosen thee and called thee by thy name."

"I AM come down to deliver thee and to bring thee up into a good land and a large land, unto a land flowing with milk and honey."

"I AM (not I Was, but I AM) the Lord that healeth thee."

"I AM He who was dead but am alive forevermore."

"I AM Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

How the "I AMs" of the Lord come rolling in, like the billows of a full, o'erflowing sea, whose tide rises higher toward down-bending heavens.

Glory! Glory! My own poor heart is running over like a tiny cup that would seek to hold the ocean! God is speaking in my ears, "I AM that I AM." The earth resounds with His voice. The eternal hills and the mountains swell the song, "'I AM' shall be My name for evermore." And away, up yonder, the glorious stars of the heaven echo back again: "Even unto all generations this shall be My name." Angels and cherubim bend low over heaven's balustrade and sing a new song of inspiration: "Go forth, my child, and this thy cry shall be: "I AM," "I AM" hath sent me unto thee."

Again, I see the steepled church, but now the scene is changed. "Pat! Pat! Pit-a-pat."

The street that lies before it is still with people filled. But they are no longer passing by; the crowds are passing in. They fill the pews and the galleries. They stand in the aisles and climb to the window-sills. They pack the doorways and stand on the stairs. The streets and the lanes are filled. The gospel nets are full to the bursting, and there is no more room to contain the multitudes that throng the place.

And out o'er the heads of the people, I hear the message ring: "Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead! The Lord still lives today. His power has never abated. His Word has never changed. The things He did in Bible days, He still lives to do today. Not a burden is there He cannot bear, nor a fetter He cannot break.

"Here bring your sins; He'll wash them away. Here bring your sicknesses; He'll heal you today. We serve not a dead but a living God; not "I Was," but "The Great I AM."

"Come young, come old; come sad, come glad; come weary and faltering of step; come sick, come well! Come one, come all unto "The Great I AM." There is food for the hungry; there is strength for the faint; there is hope for the hopeless and sight for the blind.

"Pit-a-pat!"

Faster and faster they come! The church is o'erflowing; they are filling the streets. Their faces are shining; in their eyes the light of hope has been kindled by the taper of faith through the preaching of "The Great I AM."

They are reaching out their hands for forgiveness, for the healing of the crippled and sick. They are thirsting for the joy of salvation, hungering for the Bread of Life. They are seeking the power of the Holy Ghost and something practical that can meet the immediate and pressing need of the great today, and fit them for the morrow. And they have found the source of sure supply in the church, the house of God, from under whose altar and o'er whose threshold runs the ever-deepening stream of life. They seek no further, through the briars of the world; they have found "The Great I AM," and they sing:

Wisdom, righteousness and power, Holiness forevermore; My redemption full and sure, Christ is all I need.

Aimee Semple McPherson

Burdens are lifted; tearful, weeping eyes are dried; the sick are healed, the crooked made straight. Sin-guilty hearts are cleansed and made holy. Empty waterpots are filled with wine. And the cold, worldly church has risen from the dust in garments glistening white. With oil in their lamps and sheaves in their arms, they worship "The Great I AM."



October 1921

HE BIBLE PATTERN for a model revival is given us in the eighth chapter of the book of Acts.

This revival reaches, as all model revivals should, in three directions, touching body, soul, and spirit. Its teachings ring forth, clearly declaring a triune God for a triune man. Its methods are simple, practical, powerful, and effective in bringing thousands to Christ.

Its threefold theme and presentation of Jesus Christ embraces salvation, divine healing, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. A revival that fails to teach and see results along these three lines is more or less a failure and falls short of the Bible pattern of a model revival.

There were no great committee promotion boards or earthly organizations to assist Philip. There were no mammoth preparations made. In fact, a revival and a turning to Jesus Christ were farthest from the minds of the people of that city. And yet, the logical, Spirit-filled, Christ-exalting preaching of one man, accompanied by the demonstration and power of the Holy Spirit that backed up the Word, brought about such a soul-shaking revival that it turned the city upside down, caused the castles of doubt, superstition, and sin to fall crumbling to the dust, and swept thousands into the kingdom.

There is nothing mysterious, hidden, or beyond spiritual comprehension in the methods Philip used in bringing it about. He had the God-given pattern of the Word. He laid it on the whole cloth of that city, and, with the scissors of the Spirit, it was cut true to form.

Aimee Semple McPherson

God's Pattern of a Model Revival

We are told just what steps led up to the revival, just what brought the crowds of people together, what made them believe when they did come, and that which happened when they did believe. We are given a complete pattern. Why should we not therefore pray God for such a model revival of old-time power today as shook Samaria in the days of old?

Philip Was Prepared

One of the great reasons why the efforts of so many ministers and evangelists fail is either that their own hearts have never been prepared or that they have lost their first love, and their faith has grown dull and cloudy.

Philip Was Prepared in Heart, Faith, and Message

He had a positive knowledge and testimony as to the definite time and place when he first saw the Christ whom he preached. Jesus had "found" him and spoken those two tender, thrilling words from John 1:43: "Follow Me." There and then, Philip had not only become a follower of the Christ, but an active soul winner. We read in the very next verse that Philip found Nathaniel, whom he told that he had found the Christ.

To be a successful evangelist or soul winner, we, too, must have a definite testimony of "know-so" salvation: a definite knowledge of sins forgiven and of the hour when we were born again and all things became new.

Philip had had an intimate walk and relationship with Jesus. For three years, he had gazed into that loving face bending over the sea of humanity that ever thronged His path. He had listened to the tenderness in the voice of the Master, calling the sheep that had gone astray, teaching the multitudes the way of salvation, and gently saying to Mary Magdalene, "Thy sins that were many are all forgiven. Go in peace and sin no more," till His own voice and heart had caught that melting tenderness.

He had seen Christ lift the fallen, cheer the faint; he had seen Him heal the sick and make the lame to walk. He had seen the glad light, like happy dawn after a night of terror, transfigure a mother's face when her sick and crippled child had been made whole and stood upon its feet.

He had seen the indescribable joy of the blind when first they gazed upon the trees, the earth, the birds, and the flowers, till their eyes found and lingered longest on the fairest of them all, "the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star."

He had heard the Master say, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature...These signs shall follow them that believe: in My name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover" (Mark 16). "The works that I do, shall ye do also and greater works than these shall ye do because I go to my Father" (John 14:12).

He had not only beheld his crucified, resurrected Lord ascending into the heavens, but he had tarried in the city of Jerusalem, until, with rushing wind and tongues of flame, he was baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. Thus equipped with a knowledge of Christ as his personal Saviour; a heart filled with the tenderness of the Master, bleeding over humanity; an enduement of power of the Holy Ghost, as an equipment for service; and a mountain-high faith in Christ's ability and faithfulness to back up the preached Word, he went forth in His name to the city of Samaria, which was to be the scene of the coming revival.

His Text: "Christ"

Arriving upon the scene of action, Philip went to work in a direct, businesslike, logical way. We read that "when Philip was come down unto Samaria, he preached Christ unto them."

He did not preach politics, social reform, community uplift, theories, or doctrinal differences, but he preached *Christ*. Not a

different Christ than He who walked the shores of Galilee, forgiving sin and healing the sick. Not a limited Christ whose power had waned, nor a far-off Christ who could not hear, but the Christ whose power was just the same: a Christ who had said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"And preached Christ to them"...What stupendous power is held captive in those words!

"And preached Christ." 'Tis as though mighty hands had firmly caught the curtains of space and intervening years and swept them wide apart to let the glory of the present Christ shine through.

Oh, Philip, how we wish that we could have slipped softly into one of the back seats and heard you "preach Christ!" What did you say about Him, Philip? Did you tell of the virgin birth and the babe of Bethlehem in the manger so lowly? Did you tell of the Christ, clad in mighty power, giving light to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, bringing deliverance to the captive and sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, the hungry to eat in plenty and be satisfied? Did you tell of the joy of salvation? Of the Christ who supplied each need?

Oh, I am sure that you did!

And as the people listened, spellbound by the tale you told, new light, new hope, new visions came to them, flowing like a river from the fountainhead of God.

Philip's Preaching Backed Up by Signs Following

How handicapped would Philip have been had he been obliged to preach a different Christ, a limited Christ. He would needs have said unto Samaria, "Now, dear people, while I am preaching Christ to you and telling of the things He did whilst on this earth, you must not expect to see them now, for the light of supernatural and miraculous demonstrations of the power of Christ has passed away with His ascension."

Somehow I do not believe that the revival would have been nearly as great and wonderful. Do you? But, praise the Lord, he knew no

such handicap, and as he preached Christ unto them, he was able to say, "Come, dear sinner, come to the living Jesus now. Forsake your sin. Give Him your entire being, seek ye His face, believe on Him with the whole heart, and even now He will be your Saviour. He will pardon your sin-sick soul; He will heal your body; He will bear your burdens and be your all in all."

And the people, with one accord, gave heed unto those things that Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles that he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voices, came out of many that were possessed with them, and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed.

Why, how could they help taking heed when they saw and heard the miracles that were done! Notice in this pattern for a revival that the reason for the crowds, the attention, the believing, and the results are attributed to the fact that they saw and heard the miracles, the signs following, the official inimitable seal of divine sanction and approval from heaven, which followed Christ's ministry and that of Peter, Paul, and James. (Read Matthew 8, Acts 5 and 8.)

And there was great joy in the city: joy in the heart of the mother when her blind baby, for the first time, saw her face; joy in the home where once were wrangling and wrath but now reign the altar, family worship, and love; joy in the hearts of the Christians when they see the answer to their prayers; joy in the once-parched desert, now blossoming as the rose.

Philip's Method Brings Awakening and Conviction to an Entire City

You ask, "But what is the good of all this? What is the ultimate result of these healings of the body? Will they not ultimately go down into the grave anyway? Would it not be better to do a work for the Spirit that lives forever?"

But do you not see, dear heart, that this is just what did happen? "The healing of the body brought the people to Christ. And when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the things of God, in the name of Jesus Christ they were baptized, both men and women" (Acts 8:12).

Divine Healing Served as the Handmaiden of the Gospel

Divine healing was the turnkey that went ahead to the doors of Doubting Castle and swung them upon their creaking hinges, that the Son of Righteousness might enter in with healing in His wings, drive back the dominion of night, and set the prisoners of darkness free.

The very Christ whose own ministry had been so marked with His healing of the sick, and who asked, "Whether it is easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk,'" was with Philip confirming the preached Word, with signs following, and there was nothing left to do but believe.

These were not mere empty theories; these were practical, tangible facts and realities. A living Christ was being preached unto them, who had the power and the willingness to change their lives from darkness into light, to lift their burdens, to heal their sick, to banish their sin, and to clothe them with righteousness and joy.

Who could resist such a mighty Christ or withstand such convincing argument? Not Samaria, at least, so the whole city turned to Christ.

Now we, of today, having our hearts cleansed by the precious atoning blood of Jesus, having faith within us and such a baptism of Holy Ghost power as that which Philip received on the day of Pentecost, may still go forth, preaching the Word of God with boldness, and see our Christ confirm the Word with signs following, thus bringing multitudes to His feet. We should be able not only to preach about this power but should see it demonstrated in our

midst, as Philip did in Acts 8:7, as Peter did in Acts 5:14–16, and as Paul did in Acts 28:8–9, when by this means they turned thousands to the Christ.

What a glorious revival it was: multitudes saved, healed, baptized in water—and great joy in the city. Even Simon the Sorcerer continued with Philip and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs that were done.

The baptism of the Holy Spirit: crowning glory upon revival!

Now, many of us would have thought this revival complete, well rounded out, and needing nothing more.

The people of Samaria had had a much greater experience than that of the average congregation of church members today. And yet, though the revival had touched two phases of their life, soul and body, there was one more thing needed, and 'tis this we all need so much today: the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Now when the apostles who were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John, who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost (for as yet He was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). They laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

A revival, in order to measure up to this scriptural model, should clearly teach, and, as far as possible, help believers into the experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which is an enduement of power intended to equip the Christian for service and practical soul winning for the Master.

In recent campaigns, which have grown to such enormous size and intensity, the writer has come to understand, as never before, how Philip, pressed on every hand with sinners seeking salvation, the sick imploring healing, and the toll of bringing the nets to land, was unable to help sweep them on to the receiving of the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

But the Lord saw to it that brethren were sent, whose sole duty it was to lay their hands upon the believers and pray for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost.

So glorious and self-evident was the receiving of the Holy Spirit, whose incoming must surely have been identical with that received in the second, tenth, and nineteenth chapters of Acts, that Simon offered money in hopes that he might be vested with the power to bestow such a gift, believing his fortune would be made forever if he but had the power to impart such joy and happiness as he saw come upon the recipients of this blessed experience. This power could not be bought with money, however, but with repentance, humility, and prayer.

Here Is the Pattern for the Model Revival

The model revival reaches in three directions. It brings:

First: salvation and forgiveness of all sin through the precious blood of Calvary, a genuine born-again experience, a real change of heart, and an identification with the death, burial, resurrection, and life of Jesus Christ.

Second: divine healing for the sick and suffering body, thus fitting the temple for strength of service.

A man, when he has purchased a dilapidated house in which he intended to reside, does not usually leave the shutters and doors hanging by one hinge, the floorboards caving in, the roof leaking, and the cellar damp and musty. He takes his hammer, screwdriver, and nails, rehangs the doors and shutters, reshingles the roof, braces the floor, and airs the damp and moldy cellar.

A good mechanic, buying a squeaky automobile with one flat tire, a rusty body, and in need of a general overhauling, does not usually run it in its ailing condition. He buys new tires, scrapes off the rust, repaints and varnishes it, tightens the bearings, oils the machinery, fills the grease cups, cleans the spark plugs, replaces a few old parts with new, and declares his car ready for efficient service and use.

So it is with our Saviour who has redeemed us with His blood. He has purchased us, not that we might always sit around in the dilapidated condition in which our late owner, the devil, left us, but to repair or make us over new, so that with strong bodies and a willing heart we may yield to Him our glad, glad service.

But some may say, "I would rather be as I am; I know so-and-so, one of the dearest saints, who was always ill."

All right, my dears, according to your faith, be it unto you. If you feel that God leads you in the paths of suffering for His name's sake, obey His voice indeed, but many, at least, have found the Saviour mending the old, leaky roof, truing up the run-down engine, and fitting the temple or the vehicle for His service.

Third: it brings the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The enduement of power for service and practical, level-headed soul winning was needed by the people of Samaria and is needed for the converts of our revivals today. Power to testify, power to pray, power to glorify and exalt the adorable Christ, power to declare the imminence of His Second Coming, and to help the faint on the way.

Here is the pattern; here is the cloth. God's Word is still unchanged. How many will rise up today and, in believing faith, ask the Lord to prepare our hearts as He prepared the heart of Philip, that we may be sent forth unto the surrounding "Samarias" and crown the preaching of Christ with a model revival of the old-time three-fold power?

What Makes a Revival?	
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November 1921

s IT ADVERTISING? Is it organization? Is it the raising of advance subscriptions to guarantee expenses? Is it the training of big choirs, expert direction of music, and instruction of workers? Is it the wisdom and diplomacy of advance representatives to solicit and secure cooperation of the denominations?

Not necessarily so, although all of these are to be desired and are blessedly used of God when directed by the Holy Spirit, as was the case in the recent glorious campaign in Denver, Colorado, with Dean Peck and the Congregational Churches, the dean himself being of national reputation in religious and benevolent circles, and with Dr. Towner of the First Baptist Church of San Jose, being loyally supported and planned by his splendid board of official men six months in advance. In both of these meetings, brains, money, and experienced, capable men were thrown into service in unstinted measure by the churches backing the meetings, and a glorious revival crowned their efforts.

But the fact that these splendid and much-to-be-desired aids are not absolutely indispensable to the magnifying of the name of the Lord Jehovah, and that it is not these alone that constitute a heavenborn, heaven-sent revival, was strangely evidenced in the recent campaign in Canton, Ohio.

It was not the reception committee that brought the revival to Canton.

Stepping from the warm shelter of the sleeping car at 7:00 a.m. on Saturday morning, we stood for a moment shivering on the

platform, found ourselves unmet because of a delayed telegram, and, picking up our suitcases, made our way to the depot, called a sleepy taxi man, and, packed in behind our baggage, sped away to locate the one brother with whom we had corresponded regarding the business of the meeting.

He had secured the building from the councilmen rent-free (we paying the actual running expenses), but there his responsibility ended. Here was the city, here was the city auditorium, and here were we on this frosty October morning. Now, dear Lord Jesus, for the revival you promised when you bade us come to Canton!

Making our way to the Cortland Hotel, rooms were secured, and we hurried to the auditorium for our first acquaintance with the building, which was to constitute the battlefield of the Lord for the coming three weeks.

It was not the careful advance arrangement and creation of revival atmosphere that brought the revival, for when we groped our way through the darkened auditorium, we found a moving picture show for the children in progress. No arrangement of platform, altars, prayer rooms, et cetera, had yet begun—these were arranged after the dance that night.

It was not the advertising campaign that brought the revival to Canton. Outside of a few scattered window cards and a sign above the door of the auditorium itself, there had been little advance advertising done, with the exception of a two-column sermon that one minister was stirred up to preach against the revival before we arrived. His declaration that the day of miracles, healings, and the supernatural power of God was gone, and his announcement that some people were coming to Canton to preach who believed that they were not past, and that Christ had the same power and willingness to do today that which He did yesterday, and warnings against us, were our chief advance newspaper advertisements. They did waken more interest than any paid advertisement of our own could do, we admit, but were not of the nature that most evangelists (ourselves included) would most choose.

It was not the securing of advance denominational cooperation, not in Canton at least, for a chill struck us to the heart when, missing the presence of the one minister we had expected to work with us through the campaign, we drove to his parsonage the next day to inquire just what cooperation and help he could give. We were informed that his superiors had warned him to beware of the meetings, as we claimed to have received the Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit, and that he felt it the part of wisdom to go slow.

By the end of the first week, however, more than a thousand men and women had kneeled at the altars seeking salvation. Clergymen from practically all the leading churches were on the platform speaking, singing, praying, planning, and organizing workers' squads, and the dear brother mentioned came and helped us, too, bringing his choir, orchestra, and workers.

It was not a large, well-trained choir that brought the revival to Canton. On the first Sunday afternoon, we had about twentysix members in the choir, whom we recruited from the audience; many of them were our visiting friends; some were members of local choirs; the majority of them had never met before, consequently having never sung together till that hour.

The platform accommodated some five hundred singers, and when (after praying together in the little dressing room and taking many peeps through the stage entrance at our slowly growing audience in the center of the auditorium) we finally sent in our little choir of singers, they huddled close together in the center of the rostrum and looked lost in its vastness. Hasty word was sent in, bidding them spread their chairs farther apart and make themselves look as much as possible.

Long before the campaign was over, the platform was jammed to capacity, and extra supports were needed to keep it from sagging, but 'tis of the opening days and the bringing about of the revival we are now speaking. Having no other pianist at hand, Dr. Price (a congregational minister of Lodi, California, who, with his wife, is

assisting us on this transcontinental series) took the piano. A brother volunteered to help lead the singing as I sat behind him and anxiously whispered instructions, vainly endeavoring to help him keep the choir and audience together in the vast spaces of the echoing galleries, for indeed it was bewildering to tell which was the choir, which was the audience, and which the echo.

No, we don't think that anyone who was present on that first Sunday would say that it was the big, well-trained choir that brought about the revival! And yet, that first afternoon, the altar was filled from end to end with penitent sinners and backsliders seeking the Christ. And it was filled and refilled, meeting after meeting, day after day, for three weeks and four Sundays.

It was not the advance training of workers; these were volunteer helpers from the audience until the altar calls grew so tremendously that resident clergymen, Salvation Army, and YMCA workers who were with us heart and soul formed committees and brought ten and twenty workers from each of the churches, and instructed them on the moment as to the expert handling of the thronging penitents, and appointed secretaries over these again.

It was not the lending of advance representatives to boost us or our work, or to secure cooperation, for there was no mortal to do this in Canton. Yet the Holy Spirit led the way, softening and warming many the heart through the Bridal Call. It must not be thought that we were friendless in Canton, even that first Sunday, however, for this was our third campaign in Ohio, and the state was well sprinkled with Bridal Call readers and warmhearted children of God, many of whom had been converted, healed, or baptized in our Dayton or Akron campaigns. These flocked from far and near, and at times practically every state in the union—Mexico, Canada, and Panama—was represented.

Was it paid newspaper publicity, as some have suggested?

Positively not! There were wonderful articles in the best positions on the front pages of the city papers every day from the opening until the closing of the campaign for which special press representatives were detailed, but this service was rendered gratuitously, as the revival, presented from their standpoint, was the news of the day and concerned countless thousands.

The revival was the subject of conversation in the streets, banks, restaurants, poolrooms, barbershops, everywhere. At the close of the campaign, the *Canton Daily News* presented us not with a bill for services rendered but with a check for fifty dollars for two chairs in the Echo Park Revival Tabernacle, one for the editor and one for the reporter.

Was it the eloquent preaching of the Evangelist?

Well, not the first Sunday anyway, for we found, to our consternation, that the sparsely filled building abounding with echoes rendered it most confusing for the hearer to distinguish between the speaker and the echoes that seemed to be thrown back from every empty seat in the gallery. These echoes disappeared immediately when the building was filled on the fourth day of the campaign.

Yet, notwithstanding the abovementioned adverse conditions, from the very first hour, the city seemed to be in the grip of the revival, and so marvelously did God undertake that, from the first service to the last, the altars were filled to overflowing with men and women seeking and finding Jesus as their personal Saviour. Many of these were businessmen who had never before taken any interest in religion or confessed Christ as Lord.

No, it was not the preaching of the Evangelist alone, for this was proven daily when, even before the sermon or altar call, those desiring to be saved were asked to hold up their hands and request prayer. At such times, scores, often hundreds, of hands were raised in every section of the building, and almost as many professed themselves ready to then and there come to Christ as filled the altars after the sermon.

Was it the so-called knock-them-down-and-drag-them-out tactics employed by so many, wherein expert fishers are trained to watch the hands or indications of even mild conviction, then go, plead, coax, argue, and finally drag the sinner to the altar against his will?

No, these tactics were not adopted, for every worker was needed on the platform to assist the long lines of penitents coming to the front, and few were left for audience work. Besides this, the aisles were so congested and choked with people who were rising to their feet and with streaming eyes making their way to the front that all the traffic must needs flow in one direction and every worker be on hand to bring out new chairs and find places for those who were coming. Scores at each service were under a gripping conviction for sin that was unmistakable and seemingly inescapable. No, it was not the power or persuasion of man but of God.

Was it then that the devil was asleep and failed to oppose bitterly the inroads into his kingdom, the overthrow of the citadels, of doubt, and the liberating of his captives?

Decidedly *not*, for from start to finish, his Satanic Majesty not only trembled for his hold on hearts and lives, but wove diabolic plans in a vain endeavor to overthrow the work, and cunningly chose and instructed emissaries to do his bidding, through whom he raged and roared like an angry lion.

Plot number one was a deadly attack on the life of the Evangelist, whose system, already worn and weary, by unceasing work and planning for the Master, was suddenly seized with ptomaine poisoning while crossing the continent on the Santa Fe. After hours of torture and intense pain, it seemed that the cold chill of death settled down and that no amount of covering could bring a ray of life or warmth. Steps were being taken to remove her from the train when she suddenly rose up and claimed the promise, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them," and immediately began to recover. Still weak in body, we stepped from the train and first learned of...

Plot number two, in which a minister noted for his pugnacious attitude toward former evangelistic campaigns had risen up and taken his stand against the coming revival, disclaiming any feeling of hunger or need for Canton, also stating that the day of miracles was past and almost defying the Lord to do any mighty works in this present day. This was intended to kill all interest in the meetings, but was only used in arousing it, and some of our best workers later assured us that this very thing made them determine to come and hear us and was thereby the means of bringing them into the revival.

Plot number three was hatched after the first divine healing service found an emissary from the medical profession coming to the aid of aforesaid minister, seeking to help him explain away the mighty works of God that were beyond their understanding. They could not deny the healings or the fact that the lame walked, the deaf heard, and the blind saw, but decided to instill into the minds of the people the seeds of doubt and fear by declaring that since God was no longer working miracles and miracles were apparently being wrought, they must be done by the power of hypnotism. This conference between the medical and clerical emissaries culminated in a sermon from the pulpit. The scribes and Pharisees said that Christ cast out devils and healed the sick in Bible days by the power of Beelzebub, but in this day, they ascribed it to hypnotism.

Plot number four: the third emissary in this cunningly woven net took the form of an uncouth, ungodly, cursing, swearing man. Two young girls, daughters of this man, had attended the revival and been greatly blessed. One of them had said that the songs and the "God bless yous" were the sweetest music she had ever heard and that no one had ever said, "God bless you," to her before.

They went home from the meeting praising the Lord and determined to live a Christian life. Upon entering the door, one said, "Praise the Lord, Mamma," and the other, "Glory to Jesus." The mother, according to her own words, had a wet dishrag in her hands, "let her have it full in the face," and told her, "I'll take the 'Praise the Lord' out of you." This treatment seemed to bring her out of it, she continued, but though cold water was dashed into the face of the older girl, she still continued to talk of religion, praised the Lord,

quoted the Scripture, and desired to attend the meetings. This young lady of seventeen had been something of an artist, and later in the day, she was found tearing up several unseemly pictures of bathing girls that she had made before the revival, feeling now that she did not want them since she had given her heart to Christ. These actions and her unwanted songs and praises to Jesus, coupled with the aforesaid sermon, caused the members of the family to declare that she was under some spell, and persecution became so great and the using of force so pronounced that her arms were bruised. Her hat was hidden lest she come to the meeting, her Bible was taken away lest she read it and quote more Scripture, and having read the article in the newspaper wherein a minister and a doctor had declared the work of God to be hypnotism, they sent for the same doctor who figured in plot number three.

"Upon entering the house," the mother stated, "the doctor asked where the girl had been, and upon being told that she had attended a few of the revival meetings and shaken hands with the Evangelist, who had said, 'God bless you, dear,' he at once pronounced the case as one of hypnotism."

Acting upon his instructions, we were informed, the girl was forcibly taken upstairs, disrobed, placed in a hot bath, and unexpectedly dashed with pitchers of ice water. She was then placed in her bed and kept there for days. It is alleged that when her arms were pinched by the father, who asked her whether she felt it, the girl replied, "Yes, I feel it, Father, and it is not very pleasant, but I don't care what you do to my body; you can't kill my soul," and only quoted Scripture. This being such an unusual thing in this home, it was considered a sign of hypnotism.

The minister and doctor advised the father to send for us, and in company with two prominent ministers of the city, we went to call on the girl with the raving and abusive father, who declared that he had no use for this "Jesus bunkum" anyway and would soon take it out of his girl. Although the family was much excited, we found the girl

happy, quiet, and seemingly normal in her bedroom, her only worry being that she had been continually taunted with being hypnotized. After prayer she kissed us good-bye, and we whispered for her to be brave. We left the house, but sleep was impossible; we could feel the very powers of hell at work.

The Evangelist kneeled in the middle of the bedroom floor and prayed till morning, not knowing what plot the devil would spring next.

But though the oppression of the Evil One was strong, Jesus was stronger, and the next day saw the tide turn. The heart sympathy and feeling of the city swung toward the revival and the power of Christ as never before. The streets were blocked with people seeking admittance; the altars were overflowing with new converts; the healings of the sick were so miraculous and undeniably of Jesus that men and women wept and shouted together. The finest, sanest people healed the week before came back to testify as to the permanency of their healings. Scores were healed while sitting in the audience without being prayed for personally; the blind, deaf, and lame declared that they could see, hear, and walk and stated that they were not hypnotized either.

Professor J. R. Deamude, a great psychologist and authority on hypnosis, and author of a book on Mental Analysis and Psychotherapy, a volume of which is in the Congressional Library, happened to be in the city giving a course of lectures. Hearing of the discussion and attribution of the power of the meetings to hypnotism, he was stirred at the unjustness and utter ridiculousness of the theory and came to our platform and made a statement absolutely proving the difference between the two to all fair-thinking people. Then he unconditionally ascribed the work of the revival meetings to answered prayer and the living Christ. He brought cheers and applause from the great audience. Even the minister mentioned in plot number two was there to hear him and could say no more.

Seeing the turn of the tide and that those before disinterested were turning to our aid, the father realized that he had overstepped his mark and backed out by saying that the girl was now coming out of the spell, though still showing some symptoms of talking about the Bible. Her Bible had been hidden, but she had found it and concealed it in her waist, seeking to read it in secret on the Sabbath morning, but was discovered by her sister, who reported the incident to the angry father.

On the closing night of the campaign, the young lady stole out of her house and came to the platform of the auditorium and told us the whole story, showing the long marks and bruises upon her forehead and telling of the manner in which they had been inflicted. The assembled throng saw her to be perfectly natural, modest, sweet, and Christlike, though she said she was in great fear of what would happen on her return home. She requested prayer and said that she felt she must come to say good-bye, hear another "God bless you," and assure us that she was all right before we left.

The effect on the audience was indescribable. They cheered and clapped and wept together with her. What a complete vindication and overthrow of the enemy's plans. Ere she had left the platform, the furious, raving father, realizing what her coming would mean, was at the door to take her away, but he was too late. The enemy had lost the day, and Christ had won the victory to Himself. Trembling in every limb, the dear girl entered her father's car and said as she drove away, "Oh, Daddy, I do want to be good and to obey you, but I just cannot believe that it is wrong to read the Bible. Don't be cross, Daddy. I will do anything else you ask, but I can't give up my Saviour and Bible." Though frail in her own little body, she had the stuff of which martyrs are made in that stout little heart she had given to God.

But just think if the persecution had tipped her mind, or the threats to put her in an insane asylum if she did not cease talking about the Bible and Jesus had been carried out, who would have been to blame for the little girl victim but the instigator of the sermon denying the power of Christ today and instilling the thought of hypnotism into the mind of that ungodly man, whose daughter was seeking to live a Christian life?

As it was, God turned every arrow so that it fell on alien territory. The wrath of man was made to praise Him, but from these few links in the devil's plot to hinder and raise an impossible barrier in the pathway of the revival chariot, we are sure that none could say the revival came because the devil was asleep at the post. He was very much alive, wide-awake, and active.

No, it was none of these, and yet the revival came—a revival such as none could hinder, sweeping multitudes into the kingdom, making the strongest to quake with conviction, and stirring the country for miles in every direction.

What is it then that makes a revival, you ask?

I. A Messenger with a Message and the Power to Deliver It

Through all the ages God has been seeking and using yielded and believing messengers through whom He could pour His message from heaven to Earth. The messenger must be in direct contact with the Lord and with the people, through a heart filled with love. God wants a revival everywhere and is looking for empty vessels through whom his message can flow. Such a messenger must not only take, behave, and have confidence in the message, but must lose himself in it and be absorbed by it. The message must be in direct accord with the Word of God, not as theologians would explain it but as it reads in its simplicity, power, fullness, and blessing. The messenger must be inspired of God by the Holy Spirit to deliver it, changing printer's ink, paper, and mere words into the living voice and power of the living Christ.

II. The Lifting up of Christ, "I ASN"

And if I (Jesus the same, yesterday, today, and forever) be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me. The messenger must hide away behind the cross in order that the people may see less earthiness and more Christ. Christ must be lifted up until He is made real to the people. The preaching of the great "I AM" instead of the great "I Was" accomplishes this by making real and bringing near to the people the ever-living, loving, unchangeable Christ of Galilee, ready, waiting, longing to do today for the simple, the sick, and the heavy-laden that which He did of yore. The lifting of Jesus high above the earth, Jesus with the loving heart, the tender voice, the nail-pierced hands, Jesus whose ear is not heavy that He cannot hear, and whose arm is not shortened that He cannot save, is one of the great secrets of bringing about a revival.

In order to do this, the one who lifts Him up must have lived and walked with this Christ, sharing in His love, sharing in His sorrow and suffering, sharing in His glory, and be really a reflection of the Christ. Thus He is made no longer a marble God in the far-off yesterday, who neither loves nor cares, but becomes a vital, pulsing, living reality so near that the hungry heart may reach out and touch His robe.

III. The Anointing from Above and the Utterance from Within

In pouring out His revival spirit, God used human instruments. The evangelist should be imbued with power from above—the power of the Holy Ghost and fire—and should be under the anointing and have the holy oil that makes the face to shine, even as Aaron o'er whose head ran the oil that reached to the end of his beard and the skirts of his gown. Even a sinner can tell in a moment whether the preacher has the oil and the holy anointing.

Jesus intends that rivers of living water should flow out of the innermost being of His messengers, and this spake He of the Spirit. 'Tis not so much that which flows from the head as that which flows

from the heart that makes a revival. Keep the joy, the lilt, and the glory of your first love. Make salvation attractive, and the Christian life a heaven to go to heaven in and an example of that which you preach in body and soul.

IV. The Preaching of the Full Gospel

The clipping shears should be put away, and the wonderful story from the old book should be preached with faith and simplicity just as it reads—salvation by faith, healing for the body, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the glorious imminent coming of the Lord Jesus. There must be no hedging or letting down the bars but a fearless presentation of Bible truth in the good old Bible way. A straight dividing line must be drawn between the church and the world, the sinner and the saint; and Jesus must be proclaimed as the only way by which a sin-burdened soul can find salvation and deliverance.

V. A Passion for Souls, Coupled with the Drawing Power of Love

In order to have a real revival, God's messenger must needs have a vision and God-given realization of the value of a human soul; then every song, sermon, testimony, word, and action should be but sure, firm stepping-stones that lead directly to the throne, the goal, the one great important thing towering above them all—the altar call. "Souls, Souls, Souls, Souls, Souls, Souls, all other things being subservient until the battlements of heaven are made to echo with the joy bells, welcoming the wandering ones back home. If one preaches the gospel, 'tis to win souls. If one prays for the healing of the sick and afflicted, 'tis so that they may have more strength with which to go out in turn and win other souls. If one climbs to the mountaintop experience and receives the baptism of the Holy Spirit,

'tis so that one may go forth with the power of God and be a more efficient, practical, level-headed winner of souls.

We, as messengers, must have been drawn so close to the heart of Jesus that the o'erflowing love welling from His own great heart has come trickling down into our hearts, making them to overflow with divine love that looks out in three directions: one, toward God, the Father, in consecrated, abandoned yielding, obedience, service, and zeal; two, toward the brethren, for hereby men know that ye are My disciples; and three, toward a world of lost, sin-benighted, briar-torn, wandering sheep for whom the good Shepherd is seeking and calling through His undershepherds that preach the Word.

VI. Spare Not Yourself

Put your all—personal ambitions, health, life, strength, means, everything—on the altar, and count not your life dear unto death. Keep humble and lowly at the Master's feet, ever being careful to ascribe all the honour and glory to Jesus.

VII. Faith

To bring about a real revival, God's messenger must have faith: faith in God, faith in His Word, faith in the call and in the message He has given you and burned in your very soul; faith to believe that the world is hungry and waiting to be brought to Christ; faith in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the copious showers of blessings that are falling in these last days wherein God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh; faith that if we preach the Word the Lord is faithful to confirm it with signs following; faith to believe that Christ is at the helm; faith to believe that God can bring a revival out of the hardest, most impossible circumstances, make the wrath of man to praise Him, and turn every missile of the enemy back into his own ranks

to work his own undoing; faith to believe that God is greater and more mighty than the devil and, keeping our eyes upon the author and finisher of our faith, never doubt for a moment that He will win the day; faith to laugh at defeat and obstacles and to see nothing but God's power, promises, and sweeping victory.

Divine Healing: How to Get It

November 1921

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

"According to thy faith be it done unto thee."

"Woman, great is thy faith. Be it done unto thee

even as thou wilt."

HESE WERE THE WORDS of the Master when He trod the shores of Galilee.

'Twas faith that made the believer whole in Bible days, and 'tis faith that can reach up and touch the hem of the Master's seamless dress that can make us whole today. For "verily if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," said Jesus, "ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Be thou removed to yonder place and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

In order to get this living, active, mountain-moving faith in Jesus Christ, one must get on believing ground. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. To rightfully understand and feed upon the Word, the heart must be given to the Lord Jesus; we must be washed in the precious blood, be born again, and be no longer children of darkness but children of light.

"Well, if the Lord heals me, I'll believe and be converted," we hear someone say.

But, dear one, this is not the attitude in which to come to the Great Physician, Jesus. He did not heal the sick under those conditions when He was on Earth. Healing was not received first and faith afterward but faith first and then healing, for He said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

But to a sinful nation that seeks a sign, no sign shall be given; neither can one bargain with the Lord and exchange service for healing. Many forget their vows and promises to God after the answer has come.

Be Born Again

Positively, the first thing to do is to be genuinely born again, not for the sake of being healed but because of real heart conviction for sin and the wooing, all-conquering love of Jesus Christ.

Many have been not a little surprised and filled with questioning, when, in our meetings we have made a complete surrender to Jesus, a change of heart, and a bright salvation experience among the conditions under which we would pray for the healing of the sick and afflicted. But, you see, it is Jesus and not ourselves unto whom the afflicted must look for healing. It is unto Him that they must pray.

Think for a moment: How could a sinner pray to the Lord for healing? If he were really honest, he would have to pray something like this: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am a sinner. I know You have long been knocking at my heart's door and that I have never been willing to let You in. Even now I am unwilling to deny myself or to take up my cross and follow Thee, but while I am not ready to live for Thee nor to repent of the coldness and sin that grieves Thy heart, and though I am rejecting Thee and unwilling to do aught for Thee, I would like You, please dear Lord, to do something for me. Please heal my broken body so that I may go out to better enjoy the world; heal my eyes that I can the better see the moving pictures; open my deaf ears that I may enjoy the devil's jokes and gossip; heal my crippled hands that I can play cards or work for my own selfish ends; and heal my feet that I might dance and run in worldly paths!"

Oh no, those might not be the exact words uttered by the petitioning sinner's lips, but 'twould be the language of the heart, wouldn't it? And after all, it is upon the heart that the Lord looketh, and it does not seem possible that the Lord could answer that prayer for the honour and glory of His own dear name, does it?

Make an Out-and-Out Surrender

Give Him your heart freely and gladly; drink deep from the joyous wells of His salvation till your heart o'erflows with the rich fullness of His love. Then come crying, "Dear Jesus—my Saviour and my Lord, Thy name do I worship and adore. By Thy blood have I been redeemed, my whole heart and life flows out to Thee in gladness and surrender for service great or small. Take me, and use me, I pray.

"But, oh, dear Lord—this body is sick and frail. I come to Thee for healing and strength that I may serve Thee better and help lead souls from darkness unto light. Heal my eyes that I may read the blessed Book, my ears that I may hear the preached Word, my hands that I may minister in loving deeds to those in need, and my feet that they may run to do Thy bidding, Saviour dear. Humbly, I ask in faith for Thine own glory. Dear Lord, I do believe and take Thy promise now."

There is quite a difference in the heart language of those two prayers, is there not? And it does seem as though one could pray this latter prayer with much more assurance and confidence.

Do not seek salvation for the sake of being healed; but after seeking and finding the Saviour, then come for deliverance from sickness and pain, that you may henceforth live for Him who died for you.

Having read of the miracles of healing our Lord hath wrought, people often rush into the meetings from distant places, saying, "Pray for me quick, Sister. I've got to catch a train or leave for home tomorrow." But they have not sat long under the preaching of the gospel till, when asked if they feel that they are now ready to go to

the altar for prayer, they almost invariably reply, "Oh no, let me wait a day longer. I have a few more letters to write asking forgiveness, a few more things to make right, a couple more bills to pay, et cetera." Bless the Lord, the Spirit has been working in their hearts, and instead of rushing pell-mell without thought or preparation into the most holy and righteous presence of the King of kings, asking His pure, nail-pierced hands to be laid upon our sinful, selfish bodies, they are coming now with clean hands and a pure heart, entering humbly under the covering of the precious blood.

Do Not Come on Your Own Merits

"But I have been such a wicked sinner," some other heart may cry. "My life has been wasted. Would He ever hear my cry? Would He save, heal, and baptize me with His precious Holy Spirit? Am I not too sinful, sick, and broken of body and soul?"

Indeed, He will hear your cry, dear one. He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. You are just the one that He will hear. When Jesus walked the earth, none were too sinful for Him to save, none too sick for Him to heal.

And it has been a noticeable fact that the new convert, filled with humility and a sense of his own unworthiness, often receives healing much more quickly than they who have been Christian workers for many years, and who now come of their own merits, filled with a sense of their own goodness and importance.

"Why, I am Mrs. So-and-So. I've done this, that, and the other for the Lord for so many years, I am sure that He will heal me." But oh, it is not upon our *own* merits, righteousness, or even service that we can claim the promise, for all that we have done, after all, is but our reasonable service. "Tis the merits and righteousness of Jesus that we must plead. Coming in humility, we find that, indeed, when we are weak, then are we strong, for He resisteth the proud but giveth grace unto the humble.

"Have you faith that Jesus will heal you now?" we often ask the sick who come for prayer. In dealing with old Christians, we frequently meet the following complacent, self-satisfied answer in a tone that would indicate that they almost resented the fact that we felt the necessity of such a question:

"Oh my, yes! Why, I have always had faith."

"How long have you been ill, sister, and crippled up in this wheelchair?"

"About ten years."

"And yet you say, in an offhand, assured way, with a little wave of your hand, 'Oh yes, indeed, I have always had faith.' Why don't you see, my dear, that if you really had faith, that is, the instantaneous mountain-moving faith, for the fraction of a second, the work would be done, and this captive body would be free? Get out of that self-satisfied, boastful complacency, and in humility, heart-searching, and earnest prayer draw near with sincerity and unfeigned faith unto the Lord."

The Difference between "Passive" and "Active" Faith

Having been converted, having made peace with the brother who had aught against thee as far as lieth in your power and having put your all upon the altar in sacrifice, you are now coming to Christ for healing.

Come with radiant, active faith; pray earnestly, pray believing, nothing doubting, and you will feel His mighty hand upon your life. His power will thrill through your being, and the same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead will quicken your mortal body.

"Just what do you mean by 'active' faith? Is there more than one kind of faith?" I hear someone ask.

Yes, there is passive faith and active faith. There is an instantaneous faith that takes the promise now; there is a steady, unwavering faith that can stand the test, and though the vision tarry, wait for it, growing daily in strength as young trees grow in stature.

The one with "passive" faith says, "I will be prayed for, and *if* it is His will to heal me, I will be restored to health"—but right there is an "if," small in itself but a most mighty stumbling block to faith.

Had the woman with the issue of blood sat by the wayside saying, "Well, if it is His will to heal me, I am willing. I will just sit here at ease, and if He happens to come to me and heal me, all right; if not, all right, but I will make no great effort until He does," do you think she would ever have been made whole? It was her "active faith" that pressed through the throng and touched the Master's robe that brought about her healing.

"Passive" faith just stands there and lets someone else do all the praying, hoping to be healed and willing for it if it comes, but making no real effort to reach out and take it by active faith. Hope, however, is not faith, though many mistake the one for the other.

An Example of the Difference between the Two

Let me tell you the true story of something that happened in one of our meetings, which exemplifies the difference between "active" and "passive" faith.

During the great revival campaign in the Memorial Hall, of Dayton, Ohio, the Lord had graciously poured His Spirit upon us in a most marvelous way. Thousands were seeking the Lord as their Saviour, Healer, and Baptizer.

The auditorium was packed, almost to suffocation. The basement also was filled. Policemen and firemen were struggling with the multitudes who thronged the streets without. Well friends who carried the sick who had been crowded out had, in desperation, resorted to cutting out the basement windows and passing in their afflicted on beds to those within. From early morning until late at night, the throngs had continued to stand. And now, within the building, on the great platform, prayer was still being offered for the sick.

Many mighty healings were resulting. Deaf ears were unstopped, and the lame had been made to leap for joy. As quickly as one row of supplicants was prayed for, another would take its place. We who were praying for the sick turned now to the new row.

The first was a man with a stout walking stick in his hand, whose limb was held painfully and straight before him. The man appeared to have absolutely no burden of prayer but was sitting up straight in his chair, gazing about him with wide-open eyes, watching the workers and the people as they came and went. I looked at him searchingly with the thought that is ever uppermost in the mind when praying for the sick. Has he faith—active, mountain-moving faith? I was afraid that he had not.

Second in line was a dear lady with a child who was perhaps three or four years of age seated upon her lap. One arm was pressed tightly about the child; the other was raised to heaven. Her lips moved in audible prayer; tears flowed down her cheeks. Her face: no doubt as to faith there!

The Man with the Cane

Addressing first the elderly man with the inexpressive face and the open eyes, I asked:

"Well, brother dear, have you faith that Jesus will heal you now?" "Why, I certainly hope He will," he made answer.

"But, brother, have you only a 'hope so' faith? No assurance from the Lord?"

"Why, why, I thought perhaps I could be healed; I certainly hope so."

"Just what is your greatest reason for desiring healing, brother?" I asked, trying another tack.

"Why, to be rid of the pain, of course," he answered testily.

"But isn't it even just a little bit so that you could serve the Lord and work for Him with all your heart and strength?" I persisted. "W-w-ell, I suppose so," he spoke hesitatingly, without conviction, as though the thought were foreign. The man had a hard, selfish face, and we could not help wondering whether he had ever made a real sacrifice for the Lord Jesus in his life.

There was nothing to do but to offer a prayer for the man, of course. But, oh, that living, vital faith one so covets when praying for the afflicted seemed to have been sinking away, down out of sight, and all we could do, after we had prayed, was to turn to the man and say, "According to your faith be it done unto you."

"Now, brother"—we tried to smile bright encouragement—"do you take the promise? Come! Rise to your feet in Jesus' name. If you but have faith, you can walk from this platform straight and strong and every whit whole, leaving your cane behind you."

As I spoke I succeeded in getting him to his feet; faith was springing up in my own heart, and I had the assurance that even now, if he could but grasp the promise, he would be made whole.

"Come! Brother—forget the cane, lean upon the Lord, and walk in Jesus' name!"

"Oh-h-h! But I couldn't walk without the cane, Sister! My limb has been sore so long," he cried in a startled voice, without even trying to walk, and taking a tighter grasp upon his cane.

We groaned within our spirits, and the man, clinging to the stick, hobbled away. Only a moment, however, could be spared in following him with a regretful gaze. Hundreds of others were waiting for prayer—hundreds who would have real active faith.

The Mother and the Paralyzed Child

Next in line was the mother with the little daughter who had been afflicted with infantile paralysis.

The mother's lips were still moving in prayer as with closed eyes and tearstained cheeks she clasped her child to her breast and rocked gently to and fro with an intensity of emotion and faith that appeared to be oblivious to all surroundings. Scarcely the need to ask the question here—

"Mother dear, have you faith that Jesus will heal the little darling now and make her walk and run again?"

She opened eyes that were red with weeping but in which there glowed a light kindled by the taper of faith, and cried, "Indeed, I have faith, Sister. I have prayed through. I just know that it shall be done. This paralysis must go. My child will walk in Jesus' name."

Ah, what blessed faith had she! Of such as she it was that Jesus spake, saying, "I have not seen such faith, no, not in all Israel." With every word she had uttered, we could feel our own faith mounting; no long prayer needed here! The praying had been done in advance.

"According to thy faith, be it done unto thee. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, be thou made whole!

"Put the little darling down on her feet, mother dear. Dry your tears, and take your little girl by the hand. She will walk."

And she did, too, only Mamma went too slow, and the pretty little darling let go the mother's hand and ran and danced across the platform, perfectly whole. What a novelty it was to have that paralyzed side paralyzed no longer! How grand to use that little foot! She would run a little, then stop short, lift up the foot, look at it inquiringly and approvingly, then skip some more, like a little lamb gamboling in the field, then stop again and turn the foot in all directions, gazing at it delightedly ere she ran and danced some more. The delighted audience laughed and shouted and wept, all in the same breath.

The happy mother lifted up her clasped hands and cried, "Oh Jesus! I just knew You'd do it: I just knew it! And oh, I thank Thee, Lord. I will give Thee my love, my strength, my all, and ever bring her up in Thy paths, dear Saviour."

Do you see the difference, dear one? Here was a woman with active faith. She cried, and the Lord heard her, and according to her faith did she receive.

Don't Lose Faith If Healing Not Instantaneous

Very often the Lord heals His children instantaneously, and yet there are some who are healed gradually and begin to mend from that hour.

Active faith is more necessary than ever before.

This was exemplified by our dear Sister Fraga, of Dayton, Ohio, whom so many have learned to know and love. She came to the meeting on crutches; she was frightfully deformed, with dislocated hips that had been out of their sockets for years. When prayed for, she reached out to Jesus in simple, childlike faith and said that she could feel the hips snapping back into place. She let the crutches fall from under her arms and, declaring that she was healed, walked away, something that she had not been able to do before.

But though the hips were gradually going back into the sockets, the body was still far from straight, and we used to catch our breath when Mrs. Fraga rose to testify (as she was wont to do at each testimony meeting) and declare that she was healed. Then, gradually, day by day, as this precious sister turned her house into a home of prayer, brought her husband to Jesus, prayed with sinners at the altar, went out for miles to pray for and bring others to the meetings, her lameness began to disappear.

We saw this dear sister one year after she had been prayed for, and she was as trim and as straight as a girl. She was still ministering to the sick and afflicted, walking for miles with perfect ease, for, as she said, only they who have been in trouble, bound with braces of steel and leather, tortured by crutches and pain, could ever fully sympathize and yearn with such a full heart to succor those who walk in the path of affliction.

Here again was active faith that stepped out on the promise, even as Peter stepped out on the water and walked to meet the Lord. She had held fast through sunshine and tempest, believing that He who had begun the good work was also able to perfect it.

Have Faith in God

Remember that faith is not always accompanied by feeling. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Whether you are healed instantly or gradually, hold fast to the promise. In the Bible we read of some who came to Jesus that "as they went they were healed." Just so today there are some who see little visible indication of healing at the moment they are prayed for. But this is the very time to have faith and to hold fast. If they should wait a moment or so without feeling any great surge of healing power and then walk away with downcast face, saying, "Oh, I was prayed for a moment ago, but I feel no different. I guess this is not for me," then, according to their faith shall it be done. Remember, faith is not feeling, and trust is not trace. Keep your eyes on Jesus, who is this very moment measuring and testing the quantity and quality of your faith. Cling to the words of Isaiah: "By His stripes we are healed." Lift your heart to Jesus and say, "By thine own suffering at the whipping post, Thou didst bear my sickness and pain; mine eyes are upon Thee, dear Lord. By faith I lay hold upon the promise. The work is completed in Thee; complete it now in me, oh Lord."

Step Out Boldly upon the Promise

Pray through before you come to Christ for healing; then come with perfect faith in Jesus and His power to heal. When you lay aside that cane or those crutches after prayer, do not put one foot out hesitatingly and say, "Um, now I wonder if I could take a step on that foot. I wonder if I could bear my weight on it? It's been a pretty sore foot! Now...let's see! I'm going to try."

No, no! That is not faith!

Do you suppose that Peter would ever have been able to walk on the water to meet his Lord had he put one foot rather dubiously on the wave and said, "Let's see now...I wonder if that water will bear my weight? I know that the Lord bade me come, but this water is pretty soft, and I'm pretty heavy, but I'll try it and see!"

Why, no, he would have sunk in a moment; 'twas faith that kept Peter up—faith in Jesus; as soon as he got his eyes off the Christ and fixed them fearfully upon the tempestuous waves or circumstances with which he was surrounded, he began to sink.

According to thy faith be it done unto thee. Do not fix your eyes upon your own condition or surroundings. Fix your eyes on Jesus; have faith and walk to meet Him in gladsome love and service, and the answer will come.

Going Home to Heaven

"But supposing that it is not His will to heal me? Supposing He wants to take me home to heaven?"

Well, Amen! That is a different matter; your coronation day is at hand. Blessed are they that die in the Lord.

Paul was in a strait between two as to whether 'twere best to stay to serve and minister unto his brethren or to depart, declaring that to be "absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." If the Saviour has spoken to your heart and is calling you home, Hallelujah, there is nothing to fear if your heart is washed in the blood of the Lamb. For you, death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. When thou passest through the waters, the Lord will be with thee, and the waters shall not o'erflow. But we do believe that the Lord's little children do not need to die screaming with convulsions and pain. We read of our fathers that "they fell asleep."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast; there by His love protected, sweetly my soul shall rest."

If you have the blessed assurance that the Lord is calling you to that golden shore, you will, of course, be longing and ready to go; but if, on the other hand, you still have years to spend below, there is work to be done. Thousands are perishing in sin on every hand. You

can be quickened and healed and made every whit whole through Jesus' mighty power, and can then go forth into service, great or small, be it at home or abroad. *You* may become a soul winner for the Master, that when He calls you, you will not be empty-handed.

In gazing upon the sinner who has just given his heart to Jesus and in his illness is very near the other shore, this verse always comes to my mind:

Must I go and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Bring no soul with which to greet Him;
Lay no trophies at His feet?

How I covet at least a few months of service for them that when the last summons comes, they, too, shall "come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Oh, the multitude we have seen come to Jesus for healing! Our ears still ring with the glad shout of the blind when they received their sight and cried aloud, "Oh, I can see! I can see. Dear people, dear Jesus, I can see again." We still see the overjoyed, almost rapt expression of those whose deaf ears had been suddenly opened, so that they have been liberated from a tomb of silence and enabled to hear the songs of praise to Jesus and the voices of their loved ones. Again we can see the lame, leaping and fairly dancing for joy, crutches, braces, and canes thrown away, and hear the testimonies of those whose cancers and tumors have melted away.

Step into Bethesda's pool by faith today, dear heart, and thy faith shall make thee whole.

December 1921

AVING RECEIVED YOUR healing from the loving hand of Jesus, the next thing is to keep it.

"Oh, is there a possibility of my losing my healing after receiving it?" you ask.

Is there a possibility of a discharged patient who has just recovered from pneumonia going out into the blasts of wintry winds and coming down with double pneumonia so that his latter condition is worse than the former?

"Is there a possibility of a sinner coming to this altar for conversion, being washed in the blood of Jesus and forgiven of his sin, going out into the world among godless companions, and forgetting his yows to the Lord?"

Why, yes, we hear of such things every day.

Then it is also possible for a man or woman to receive the divine healing touch of Jesus Christ upon their bodies, and then to depart from His paths into doubt, criticism, and sin, and not only lose the healing but become more ill than before.

Remember that Christ is the vine; we are the branches. In healing, as in salvation, we have no separate life of our own. In Him we move and live and have our being. Sever the branch from the vine, and it is bound to perish and wither away.

Jesus said, "Go thy way and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The very hour in which your healing has begun, look about you, and begin to minister to those in need. This new light and life and

strength are not given you for selfish purposes but to spend and be spent in His service.

When Jesus touched the hand of Peter's wife's mother, the fever left her, and she rose and ministered unto them. Will you not do the same? For every bit of strength you give Him, He will repay you a hundredfold. Hallelujah!

Walk in the Spirit; spend much time in reading His Word and seeking His face in prayer, but no time in doubtful disputations.

Give not only of your love and service but of your means to Jesus, also. A man came into one of the meetings one time on crutches. He was on his way to San Francisco, there to undergo a surgical operation upon his limb. The Lord graciously healed him in answer to prayer. The man was overjoyed as he hung his crutches upon a nearby post in the tabernacle. His joy, however, was not only in that the painful operation was no longer necessary but in that he had saved five hundred dollars. But oh, could he have poured those five hundred dollars into the treasuries of the Lord for foreign missionary work or the spreading of the gospel at home, how much more blessed a thanks offering that would have been. In fact, this would have been but his "reasonable service." That which he gave above this would have been a thank offering. Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, heaped up, and running over.

Establish a family altar in your home. Keep the light brightly burning. Begin today to win others for Christ. Do not try to see how little but how much you can do and give.

It is, I repeat, a very sacred thing to ask the divine touch of the Lord upon these mortal bodies, and if we would keep our physical healing, we should walk with the Master.

Through correspondence and through the *Bridal Call*, we have been enabled to keep in personal touch with large numbers of those converted and healed in the meetings. A great cloud of witnesses are standing true after several years have elapsed and are still permanently healed.

On the other hand, there are some who were mightily touched by God who have lost their healing. Such a one was a young man in Illinois, whose paralysis was healed instantaneously in answer to prayer in a meeting held there in a Methodist church.

Delightedly he slung his crutches over his shoulder and strode down the aisle, smiling broadly. From the meeting he went to the back room of a worldly place of amusement in which his old companions in sin were playing a game of poker and gambling. After having shown them how easily he could walk without his crutches and having paced the room several times with ease, he sat down at their insistent urging, dealt the cards, procured his stack of chips, played the game, and gambled with them. In the midst of the game, the numbness flowed back into his limbs; the paralysis returned. He not only lost his healing but was worse than before. Go thy way and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee.

The Lord did not promise His blessing and protection to the sinner and the scornful but promised His blessing to "the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

To those who walk closely to Him and meditate in His law (that is, read His Word, the Bible, and think upon it earnestly), He promises, "and he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

But if, instead of walking a holy, sober, God-fearing life with Jesus, he goes back to his theatre, dance hall, card party, seat of the scornful and selfish life not lived for the glory of God, the branch is severed from the true vine, and this protection and abounding life and strength is not promised unto him, for "The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff that the wind driveth away...for the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish" (Ps. 1:6).

I would not dare come to the altar for anointing and prayer for healing unless solemnly, from that hour, I pledged heart and life to do His bidding and I meant to walk in His blessed way.

Avoid foolish talking, idle conversation, gossip, and criticism. There is not a more deadly enemy to the health of soul and body than an ungoverned tongue. 'Tis as though one had pumped and pumped water from the river into a great reservoir, for life and irrigation purposes, and then foolishly opened the gates of the sluice box and let it all run back into the river again.

It is possible to talk, jest, or criticize away, between meetings, all the strength, blessing, and healing one has gained in meeting.

A society woman was one of the many to be healed in Denver, Colorado. Her deaf ears had been instantly unstopped in answer to prayer, and she went away rejoicing.

Sometime later, however, she returned with all the joy and light gone and complained to my mother that the healing had not been permanent and that the deafness had gradually returned after a few days.

The little mother looked thoughtfully at the lady awhile as she stood there, dressed in the height of fashion, then questioned her as to how she had been occupying her time since being prayed for.

"Why, just doing the ordinary things," she replied in a surprised tone, as though wondering what that had to do with the subject.

"Such as what?" questioned Mother persistently.

"Just the duties entailed by my social standing."

"Bridge parties, I presume?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Theatres, parties, a ball, a new fashionable evening dress, a little gossip and exchanging of idle nothings over the teacups?"

"Why, yes," she admitted. "Just the usual things..."

But right there Mother had put her finger on the reason for the woman losing her healing. It means something to keep your healing.

Pray, read your Bible, spend and be spent in His service, testify as to what He has done for you, and resist the enemy when he assails.

Testify

Testify at every possible opportunity as to what the Lord has done for you. "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of the testimony," we are told of those triumphantly sweeping up the glory-way, in Revelation. Exalt the power of the Lord Jesus. Give Him glory and praise for what He has done.

Remember the ten lepers whom Jesus cleansed. Only one came back to bear witness. The Lord said, "Were not ten lepers cleansed, but where are the nine?" Will you not be the one to return with the testimony? You will find indeed that with each note of victory that you sound forth, added strength will be given you.

Resist Temptation

Do not imagine, for a moment, that the devil will allow such a great victory as that which has been wrought in your life to be accomplished without resistance. Every inch of ground will be disputed. He has several methods of attack.

One of his methods is to raise up unbelievers about you who will try to sow the seed of doubt in the heart, just at the time when you stand most in need of help and encouragement.

Another is to bring back the old symptoms and twinges of pain, saying, "Aha! You thought you were healed, didn't you? But look at these waves piling up on every side. You cannot walk upon these waters much longer. Don't you feel that pain? Doesn't that prove that you are not healed?"

But keep your eyes upon Jesus. Lift up your heart and begin to praise the Lord; resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Do not let the enemy corner you in Doubting Castle; keep out in the sunshine of Jesus' smile. Lift your voice in audible praise to Jesus and prove indeed that the "joy of the Lord is your strength." Remember that all things are possible to them that believe and that faith is the master key that opens the door of every promise castle of God's Word.

Another ruse of the enemy is to take the eyes of the Lord's children from off the righteousness of Jesus and the finished work of Calvary, and fix them upon their own imperfections and blemishes.

A dear young lady was taken from a bed in which she had lain suffering for a year and a half following seven abdominal operations. After consecrating her life to Jesus, this beautiful girl (at that time little more than skin and bones) was prayed for. Jesus healed her of intestinal disorders and adhesions. For months she walked in victory, enjoying more liberty and real happiness than she had ever known, for she had been afflicted since a child.

Then came the time when she was preparing to attend a big revival meeting in the very city in which her victory had been gained, there to give her testimony.

Could the enemy allow this without a struggle? No! He came in like a flood with recurring symptoms of old-time pain, and when the dear sister lifted troubled eyes and asked why this had come, the devil began to accuse her, declaring that she must have done something wrong, failed somewhere, or fallen into sin.

Ah, how cunning the enemy is! Full well he knows that if he can get our eyes off the righteousness of Jesus, and center them upon our own unworthiness, we sink like Peter of old. Each time, her tender conscience would cringe and say, "Oh! I must have sinned or have done something wrong, though I do not know what it can be." The lash would fall again on her quivering spirit, and the clouds roll more thickly o'er her sky.

At last she came to us about the subject, asking that we would pray and inquire of the Lord wherein the trouble lay. She stated that she had searched her heart, read the Word, and cried out to the Lord, and that though she knew she must have sinned terribly someway, somehow, she did not know where the trouble lay.

In prayer, the Lord showed me that the devil was still the "accuser of the brethren" today as in the days of old. Gathering the

trembling little form into my arms, I told her that it was the devil and not the Lord that stood over her with the stinging lash and the threatening, intimidating air, saying, "Now, you bad girl, you have sinned somewhere. You have prayed and wept and done the best you knew, but though I will not show you what it is, you have done something wrong somewhere and must suffer for it."

"Oh, darling," I said, "does this sound like the voice of Jesus? No! His voice is loving and tender. When He speaks, He says, 'Come, poor, tired child, and lay your head upon My breast. Let Me enfold thee with My love and wrap thee about with My presence and support. Gaze upon Me. Hearken unto My words till your soul is filled with music and you are transformed into Mine own image.'

"Here you have been listening to the enemy all this time. Every time he spoke, you put your hand to your ear, bent closer to him, and said, 'What did you say, devil? What's that you say?'

"Oh, my dear, listen to him no more! Resist the oppression of the evil one. Throw his yoke from off your neck. He whom the Son sets free, is free indeed! Rise up and take your liberty."

She saw the light through the clouds, rose up in victory—the pain was gone, the enemy fled like vanquished shades of night before the rising sun of the morning—and she was free. The enemy had come in like a flood, but the Lord had raised up a standard against him.

She attended the revival, became an active winner of souls, and by her testimony reached the hearts and ears of thousands.

Hold Fast to the Promise

Hold fast to the promise, seeking His glory. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber" (Ps. 121:3).

"But thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee" (Isa. 26:3).

Aimee Semple McPherson

If you hold fast to Him, He will hold fast to you, for He has promised that, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3:10).

"And now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever, Amen" (Jude 1:24–25).



January 1922

EYOND A SHADOW of doubt, one of the greatest needs of the church and of the individual member today is that of being "filled with the Spirit." And, praise the Lord, because we are still living in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, this blessed promise of the Father is still given without measure.

The gracious gift of the Comforter, whom Jesus said should abide with us forever, has never been recalled; the promise of the Holy Spirit has never been revoked nor modified. It is possible for us of the present day to be "filled with the Spirit" with all the fullness, the attendant signs, wonders, glorious exaltation, and adoration of Christ as were those of the early church in the opening of the age, "for the promise is unto you, your children, them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

The moment the blood is applied to our hearts, our sins are forgiven, and we have been made to pass from death unto life; that moment our names are written in the Lamb's book of life, and should the silver cord be suddenly severed or the pitcher at the fountain be broken, we would be ushered through the pearly gates, saved not by works but by grace, and be with Christ, who said to the repentant thief, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

But, oh, what a pity to go empty-handed. How splendid if having been won to Christ ourselves we could go forth in the power of His Spirit to win others for the Master!

Thus it is that having been convicted by the Spirit, wooed and tenderly drawn to Calvary by this same Spirit whose office it is to exalt and glorify the Christ, and having had the precious shed blood of Jesus applied in cleansing flood to our hearts by the same Spirit who now bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of the Lord, we are exhorted to press on to perfection, "be filled with the Spirit" and endued with power from on high for sweet, godly, efficient soul winning.

"Be filled with the Spirit." This is the exhortation of Paul that rings down through the corridors of time to the heart of every Christian worker.

"Tarry in Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high." This was the command of Jesus given not only to the one hundred and twenty but unto every loyal follower of the Lamb and fisher of men.

"The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call," comes the assurance of Peter.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" tenderly speaks the Master.

If you would receive the Holy Spirit, it is not necessary to struggle and strive and agonize before God. Just come like a simple, trusting, yielding little child; be washed in the blood; surrender heart, mind, voice, and your entire being to God in glad praise and submission. Remember that He is more willing to give than we are to receive, and let Him fill your soul. It is not necessary for you to be in a large prayer service where there are many others praying, singing, and encouraging you. Right by your own bedside, you can lift your heart to the Lord and be sweetly baptized with the Spirit.

The writer has never ceased to praise the Lord, that when the Comforter came in to abide, she was kneeling in a room alone with her heart staid upon Christ. I was able neither at that time nor since to really concentrate my mind on prayer or seeking the face of my blessed Redeemer in the midst of loud outcries or praying. My

greatest blessings have always come as did my conversion and baptism of the Holy Spirit, when alone with Christ my Lord, away from excitement, suggestion, or persuasion of others that might intrude into that sacred Holy of Holies.

We have heard and read of many unseemly, unwise, unscriptural things taking place in certain prayer meetings where hungry hearts were seeking the incoming of the Holy Spirit in His fullness, such as workers who, having zeal without knowledge, having urged the seeker to hold his hands above his head, expect to fall to the floor and seek to speak in tongues, holding two thoughts uppermost in the mind, namely, that they may expect to be prostrated and speak with tongues. Many honest souls have obeyed these instructions and have even spoken a few words in tongues—whether repeating something that had been said to them by others or not, I do not know—whose afterlife would cause one to doubt the assertion that they had been filled with the Spirit.

Such cases, however, are, we are sure, in the minority and are to be deplored. Thousands of other dear, earnest Christian hearts have been gloriously filled with the Spirit, and their lives of sober piety cannot be disputed. They were filled with the Spirit, not swayed by the suggestions or urging of overzealous workers, and the work wrought in their hearts has stood the test and weathered the gale. We do not stand for one moment or approve of exciting, tarrying meetings where people are taught to seek manifestations, signs, and a gift rather than the Giver, but do believe with all of our hearts in the earnest waiting before God of empty, clean, sanctified hearts to be filled with the Spirit even as the one hundred and twenty were filled on the memorable day of Pentecost and sent forth into the field as earnest workers whose duty it is to lift up the crucified Lamb of Calvary.

It is a very blessed and holy experience to be filled with the Spirit. It is something definite, tangible, real. If we would be filled with the Spirit, let us then come to the throne of God under the precious blood, asking humbly that for His glory we may be filled with the Spirit that we may glorify Jesus and be a real soul winner for Him. Do not seek tongues or manifestations; seek the fullness of the Spirit, and let Him manifest Himself in His own way, without any suggestion or help on your part other than the glorifying of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We do not read that the one hundred and twenty or the household of Cornelius or the people of Ephesus sought tongues or manifestations. They prayed that they might be filled with the Spirit. Let us not plan in our own minds any specific way in which the Spirit will come, or fix our minds upon some sign or manifestation. Let us fix our minds upon Jesus, open our hearts to the Spirit, inviting Him to come in His own way, working in us His own good pleasure, using heart, voice, lips, hands, feet, life—all to His glory for the winning of souls as He sees best. Let us be concerned only in the being "filled with the Spirit" and let Him give the manifestation as spontaneously, unstudied, and unthought as He did in the beginning. Pray, "Lord, fill us with the Holy Spirit, not after man's patterns or suggestions but after Thine own sweet will and in accord with Thine own Word as Thou didst in the days of old!"

Then when the flood tides of His Spirit sweep our soul as they did the one hundred and twenty till the multitude thought them drunk with wine, we will know, and others will know, and our afterlife will prove that what we have received was indeed the power of God.

The writer has felt to sound a note of warning. Try the spirits; know that which is of God by its fruits. Remember the Holy Spirit, like His fruits, behaveth not unseemly, does not come to make people fanatical, freaks, extremists, or to create within us a "narrowgauged, single-track mind." The Holy Spirit comes to make us just what the name implies, holy and spiritual. His power comes not to make us ride hobbies, boast of manifestations and gifts rather than

the Giver, ever lauding the Holy Spirit rather than the Christ, for "He will not speak of Himself; He will speak of Me," saith the Lord.

The Holy Spirit does not come to make us boastful, spiritually proud, egotistic, thinking that others are wrong and we alone are right, but comes to work out within us that blessed life whose fruits are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. His great object is not to make people lie on the floor or have peculiar manifestations or do ridiculous, unseemly things, that, instead of attracting people to Christ, disgust and drive them further away, but is to equip us for service giving us not the spirit of fear but of love and of power and of a sound mind. He comes to lead us into all truth, to glorify Jesus in these lives of ours, to make us sensible, sound, clean, wholesome, level-headed, teachable, submissive soul winners.

This does not mean that we will never have manifestations of the Spirit, both when He fills us with His presence and at special times afterward. Daniel did exceedingly quake and tremble and fell upon his face; Peter lay in a trance on his housetop; the one hundred and twenty acted as though drunk with wine; Saul fell by the wayside under the power; John on Patmos said, "I fell as one dead" before God's glory.

The power of God is just as strong today, and man is just as weak, but these were really swept down with the power of God and did not just tumble over at the suggestion of someone who thought that they might be more blessed by lying on the floor. When God's power really sweeps someone down, this is indeed a different matter, and even as in the life of Daniel, Peter, Paul, and John, those blessed saints of God, their afterlives of sobriety, wisdom, power, love, and soul winning will prove to the world that the power was indeed the power of God. In other words, we do not believe in excluding the miraculous manifestations of God's power, but in being filled with the Spirit and made wiser, cleaner, stronger, saner soul winners than we have ever been in our lives before; but do not stand for the fanaticism and

Aimee Semple McPherson

extreme actions of which we have read as taking place in various tarrying meetings in different parts of the country. We firmly believe that the Holy Spirit will fill us in a wholesome, clean, sweet way as we sit in our seats in the church, as we kneel at the altar or in our own closet of prayer as we wait upon the Lord.

Look up to Him, dear heart, and pray that we may all be filled with the Spirit, but let it be God that does the work. Then it will be sound and deep, rooted upon the solid rock Christ Jesus, and cannot be overthrown by the doubts and fears that would assail. And your life and light will shine for Jesus as never before.



January 1922

EING FILLED WITH the Spirit and receiving the enduement of power from on high is not a drastic law nor a test of fellowship in the church or in the skies (for by grace are we saved through the blood of Jesus) but is a blessed privilege, a gate ajar intended to lead us into a higher, wider, more fruitful and effective service.

The pastor of a certain church standing for the fundamentals of the gospel, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the deity of Christ, the blood of atonement, the resurrection, and the imminent Second Coming of Christ, tells me that he has recently suffered untold sorrow because two of his members, after having professed to be wonderfully blessed of God and filled with the Spirit, immediately began to berate the pastor as not being as spiritual as themselves because he had not received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They also, he affirms, whispered about and criticized many who had not been up on the mountain, walking roughshod over the pastor's heart and then withdrawing from the church, leaving bleeding hearts and unpleasant memories behind, both for themselves, the results of a Spirit-filled life, and of all professing such an experience.

But, dear hearts, this was not the right spirit. Had this been a church that denied the fundamentals of the gospel and was filled with higher criticism and worldly affairs, there might have been some grounds for withdrawing if God definitely showed them that there was no hope of that church returning to the old paths of faith. But where a man was standing flat-footed for the whole Word and

hungry for more of God, their action was disastrous as far as getting others to seek a like experience was concerned.

Let us not, when we ourselves have sought the face of the Lord and been filled with the Spirit, climb up on a pedestal or set ourselves upon the judgment seat and draw a line of cleavage between ourselves and those who have not tarried until they, too, were endued with power.

What Meaneth This?

Remember that the eyes of the world will be focused upon us today as they were upon the one hundred and twenty of old. The same question, "What meaneth this?" will be upon every tongue.

If, when filled with the Spirit, we go back into the darkened valley and shine for Jesus with a radiant face, a ringing testimony, and are clothed with humility and power, our lives and tongues being sweetened by the Holy Spirit, our moderation, prayer life, wisdom, and equilibrium known and felt by all men, will they not ask, "What meaneth this humility, this burning zeal and passion for souls, this gentle, teachable, loyal spirit that has entered into this people? Their hearts are filled with joyful praise; their tongues are ever busy with worship to Jesus, but silent to criticism, judging, vainglory, and boasting."

And if we say, "Oh, this is the result of being filled with the Spirit, dear pastor and people. My soul was hungered; I asked the Lord, and He that is more willing to give than we are to receive has filled me to overflowing with the Spirit! And oh, His incoming has made Jesus so real; He has become so great, so glorious, so all supreme, so overwhelmingly holy and righteous that since mine eyes have beheld the King, I have abhorred myself! Oh, Pastor, I pray that it may be no more I but Christ that lives in me. I love Him, adore Him, long to serve Him but am not worthy to kiss His blessed feet or dwell in His holy house.

"Pastor, I know that you are standing in a hard place; I have not been as much help to you in the past as I should have been, but here is my hand, here is my heart, and if you could put me to work somewhere, keeping the door, dusting the seats, teaching a class, or just praying at home—anywhere I can be of service—command me, for I long to help uphold your hands and bring a revival of soul winning down upon this church." Will not their hearts be melted and your beautiful, Spirit-filled, judicious life be commended to all till they, too, shall seek earnestly the face of Jesus and be endued with power for service, and the cause so dear to our heart—even the latter-rain outpouring of the Spirit preparing the church for the coming of the Lord—be advanced and furthered on a solid, wholesome basis?

If, on the other hand, we begin to boast in our spiritual experience, manifestations, and gifts, making all to feel that we are better than they, have more, and have climbed to higher heights from whence we look down upon them, refusing to be governed or advised, will they not say, "What meaneth this arrogance, spiritual pride, division, and pulling out from our midst?"

And if we say, "Oh, this is the result of being filled with the Spirit. I am holier than thou; I have moved up to the mountain and can no longer have fellowship with those mundane, dry, parched fields in the valley; we are going to pull out now and live on the hilltop," will not their hearts be hardened toward the deepening of the spiritual life, and will they not say, "If this is the result—whispering, judging, division, and spiritual pride—I will have none of it"? And will we not thereby thwart the very cause for which we work?

Do you remember the story of Peter, James, and John on the Mount of Transfiguration? They had seen the face of Jesus shining as the sun, and His raiment white as the light. They were enraptured and thrilled to the depths of their being. I can seem to hear impulsive Peter exclaim, "Oh Lord, this is the most glorious place I was ever in! Hallelujah! This is grand! Let us here abide and build three tabernacles for Thee and Thine heavenly guests and ever dwell in

the sunlit joy and exhilaration of this mountaintop experience. Let the rest of the world go by, Lord. Let us forget all about them and withdraw ourselves from their sight into the overshadowing cloud of this great glory. They have not had this experience. They will never understand it and would call us mad. Moreover, they may never accept our testimony when we bear witness of it, may scourge and even crucify us if we do go down unto them, so let us forget them, draw apart, and dwell by ourselves on the mountain."

But this was not the will of the Lord. I can just close my eyes and seem to see Him beckon Peter to the edge of the precipice, bid him shade his eyes from the sun and gaze upon the teeming millions in the valley below, with their sin, their sickness, their heartaches, tears, and burdens sore oppressed, and hear Him say, "No, Brother Peter! There lies our work yonder in the valley. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. They that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick. I have brought you to the Mount of Transfiguration and glory only to prepare you for the more lowly, persevering, practical, level-headed soul winning in the valley. Come, let us go hence. The cry of the multitude is drifting up to me from fields white to harvest. We must not linger longer, even in the feasting of our own souls in this heavenly communion. I must do the work of my Father while it is yet day! Let us arise and go."

Yes, indeed, full well I know that by pulling out and getting a few of like blessing and experience together, we can have a glorious time upon the mountain. Anyone can run away, build a new altar, and agree with oneself, but wait a moment. Is this the reason of our being filled with the Spirit? Did He come in that we might have a good time feasting among ourselves, or was it to make us better soul winners, more loyal helpers, more humble, teachable workers in the harvest field? Grain does not grow on the mountain, my dears, but down in the valley's depths.

Just what memories does your having been filled with the Spirit leave behind? The bitterness of judging, criticism, self-exaltation, fanaticism, erratic actions, division, or the sweet aroma of gentleness, moderation, humility, power, equilibrium, wisdom, love, soul winning, and earnest sincerity of the dovelike Holy Spirit?

The Ministry of Christ and the
Ministry of the Church

Given in Fresno, California, on Saturday Evening, January 21, 1922

ONIGHT I WAS very weary when I went to my room. I dropped down for a moment by my bed, waiting upon the Lord. As I was praying there, these words came to my mind: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke 4:18–19).

As I meditated upon these words and upon the life of my glorious Jesus, who came to this world with a message of hope and life and salvation and comfort, it seemed as though I could feel His power flowing through this body of mine. In a moment I was rested and blessedly refreshed. Suddenly it seemed as though the campaign was just begun instead of being almost over. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour is He!

Tonight, for a few moments, I want to speak to you from this text of the ministry of Christ and the ministry of His church. It was a very wonderful occasion upon which these words we have just read were spoken. Jesus, who was just beginning His ministry, had been baptized in the Jordan and gone into the world preaching and healing the sick. Now returning to His own people, the news had gone before Him. What a wonderful Saviour! He had been used in revivals, in winning souls, and healing the sick.

Out of courtesy they handed Jesus the Book that He might read on this Sabbath day. And we read that "there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me,'" and began to read aloud that scripture. Oh, would not we have rejoiced to be in the little synagogue that morning and have seen that beautiful Man of Galilee just as He began His ministry, going out now into the world, healing the sick, comforting the brokenhearted, giving light and joy to those who mourned, forgiving the sins of those that had wandered afar, loosing the burdens, and bringing happiness, sunshine, and joy to all who would receive Him?

I would fain have been there and have looked on His face. It must have shone with the glory of the other world as those prophetic words fell from His lips!

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor"—the good news to the poor. "He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted." What gracious words! "To preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord...And He began to say unto them, this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears...And they were astonished at His doctrine: for His word was with power."

These words that Jesus spoke in reading from the prophet Isaiah, prophecies concerning His own dear Self, were the keynote of His glorious ministry in this poor, old, sin-stricken world.

Jesus was with His Father from the very beginning of time. The Triune Godhead were together when the world sprang into being. At the utterance of God's command, the stars of the morning broke forth into singing, and the silver moon and the golden sun were hung in the sky. When this earth was made, it was beautiful, pure, and glorious. As He gazed upon it, He saw that it was good. There was no evil; there was no sin; there was no selfishness there. He made this world one of wondrous beauty with trees and flowers and

rippling streams and songful birds. Happy, happy world with the sun shining down upon it.

God made Adam of the dust of the ground and put him in the Garden of Eden, then brought the helpmeet, Eve, and put her by his side. Here these twain walked in innocence, and God came down and walked with them in the cool of each day because they were pure, sinless, obedient children.

Sin and Suffering Enter

But those of you who have read the Word of God remember how that one day Satan came into that garden, with deception in his heart, came in the form of a serpent, saying, "Yea, hath God said? But God's Word is not true. Disobey and turn away from Him; reject Him; you will never suffer for it."

You remember how they disobeyed God, having been deceived by Satan and led captive by him, how guilt fastened itself on their hearts. "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, saying, 'Adam, where art thou?'" God saw the sin in his heart. Out of necessity He put them out of the Garden of Eden and set an angel with flaming sword to guard the door.

The Father had said, "Alas, you have become disobedient, sold yourselves to Satan, sold yourselves for naught. My poor little children, you have been disobedient by hearkening unto Satan rather than unto God. You have sold yourselves to the bondage and slavery of sin and disobedience." And they were put outside the garden, and the angel stood at the door with a flaming sword.

Oh, I know their hearts were nearly broken. I can hear Eve saying, "Alas, my Lord! We have shut ourselves out from Your presence, have brought sin into our hearts, sickness and sorrow upon our bodies. We have brought hardship and tears upon our race. Oh Lord, what shall we do? The burden is more than we can bear!"

The Perfect Redeemer Promised

And even then the Father spoke, and I can hear Him saying, "Don't weep so bitterly, Eve. This is the greatest calamity that could befall, but hearken, there is a ray of hope, for though the wages of sin is death, the gift of God is eternal life. You have sold yourself for nothing; you have plunged yourselves into the depths of sin and woe; you have brought suffering and sickness and tears and heartaches down upon the race. But I will not leave you in this hopeless place. I will send the Redeemer to span the great gulf that sin has made twixt God and man." And though God was so pure and so holy that we read He could not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, and though we had sold ourselves for naught, the Father promised He would send a Deliverer. That Deliverer was to be the Son of God, the Seed of the woman to bruise the head that bruised His heel. He was to tread upon the head of that serpent, Satan, who had deceived us, buy back that which we had sold for naught, purchase again our redemption by His own precious blood, and bridge the gulf twixt God and man.

We had sold ourselves to be the servants of sin, but He was to buy us back. The ransom price was the precious blood of Jesus Christ. It was a tremendous price to pay, an awful price to pay, but the Father God did not hesitate a moment because He loved us so, for "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And so away back there God the Father said, "Don't you cry; don't break your heart; don't sorrow and moan as those that have no hope. I am going to send My Son, who will also be the Son of humanity, the Seed of the woman who will bruise the head of that serpent. He will lead captivity captive; He will be your Redeemer; He will buy your pardon; He will bear your sickness and suffering. In fact, He will bear in that redemptive sacrifice everything that was brought in by the curse, for He will bear that curse in His own body on the tree." Praise the Lord!

And so the promised Deliverer was to come. When Eve's first little boy was born, she thought that was He. And when the second little boy was born, she thought he was the Deliverer. But many years were to pass ere He should come. The centuries began to roll by. Sin was waxing greater and greater. Old Satan was getting more and more of a grip, and this world was sold out to him, became his kingdom. Jesus spoke of Satan as the prince of this world, and of the principalities and powers of the air. But never mind, "The Messiah is coming," said the ancient writ. "One is coming whose name shall be Jesus, and He shall save His people from their sin." When the children of Israel were being led out of the darkness of Egypt into the light and glory of the Promised Land, they had redemption by looking forward to the Christ that was to come.

Looking Forward

From the very beginning in the period of the first sons through Adam and Eve, we see the blood of lambs shed as a type of Jesus who was to shed His blood. When the children of Israel were brought out of darkness into light, there was again the type of the precious blood of Jesus; the blood of the slain lamb was sprinkled upon the doorpost and lintels. When the angel of destruction passed over, he left unharmed those who had the blood upon their door. What did this blood mean? That the great Redeemer was coming who was to be the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world in whom was no sin. Just as the blood of this little lamb was shed, so the blood of Jesus, the Lamb of God, was shed on Calvary to take away the sin of the world. Just as that blood was put upon the door of the earthly house, so the blood of Jesus was sprinkled upon the door and lintels of our hearts. We were redeemed. The judgment of wrath and indignation was to pass over us and leave us unharmed.

Then they were led out through the Red Sea across the wilderness journey. As they walked they looked forward toward the Redeemer who was to come. They looked forward to Calvary, looked forward toward the coming of the Redeemer, that glorious Jesus Christ, the Ishi of our souls. Not only did they have forgiveness of sin by looking unto Him who was to come, but they were to have healing for their sickness, because it was an understood fact that when Jesus came, He was not only to purchase salvation for the sin-sick soul but healing for the bodies, sickness being just as much a part of the curse as sin, having come by the entrance of Satan. Jesus was not only to take away half the curse but was to bear our sickness as well as our sins, bringing the double cure for the double curse, praise the Lord!

Not only did He take our sin and sickness, but thorns and thistles (Gen. 3:18), which were brought in through the curse, were woven into His crown and put upon His brow. When He comes back again to reign, the thorns and thistles will have to go, and Satan give up his dominion on Earth, Hallelujah! But he has to give up dominion in our lives now when we are under the blood of Jesus Christ, who carried our sins and our sicknesses, praise His name!

Every Signpost Points to Calvary

All through the Old Testament, we read the promise of this coming Deliverer, this glorious Redeemer. The Jews looked forward to His coming. As we turn the pages, we find the promise of Jesus in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and on through the Psalms, and we find that when this Jesus comes, He is to be wounded in the house of His friends, taken up to a cross upon the hill of Calvary, and there He is to be nailed to a tree. This Jesus whose coming was so clearly prophesied was to be buffeted and spat upon and was to be even as a lamb that was led to the slaughter before her shearers, dumb.

My dear Jewish friends, of whom there are so many here tonight, to whom do you think that Scripture refers in Isaiah 53?

"I cannot believe the New Testament, but I believe the Old Testament," you have told me. "I am sick, I want to be good, and I want to be healed, but I do not want to come up to that altar and confess Christ. I believe in God, but I do not need to believe in Jesus, do I? Can I not be saved and healed without Jesus?"

Do you not see that sin and sickness came into the world because of unbelief and disobedience? And that it was Jesus Christ who came to bear away that sin, Jesus Christ who came to heal us by His stripes? It was not God the Father who died for us; it is not the Father by whose stripes we are healed. Salvation and healing come through Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, the Messiah of whom your people have spoken and longed for through the centuries. Oh, but that you could realize that Jesus is the Messiah, that Jesus is the One of whom the prophet spake, saying, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. He was taken from prison and from judgment...He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth; He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, He opened not His mouth." How can you turn these pages without seeing the finger of prophecy pointing straight to Calvary? And no man cometh to the Father but by Him. Every Old Testament Bible story we read, every page we turn, is a clear signpost pointing straight through the centuries to the cross of Calvary, declaring that the Redeemer was to come bearing our sin, carrying our sickness, taking away the curse we had brought upon ourselves by becoming the servants of Satan, selling ourselves for naught.

The Deliverer

Turning the pages rapidly, we come now with throbbing heart to the story of the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ. Angels, unable to keep silence a moment longer, burst through the clouds of glory, singing, "Peace on Earth, goodwill toward men, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And His

name shall be Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. A little baby has been born, oh shepherds of Judea; your fathers and mothers looked forward to His coming. Abraham looked forward, too. Isaac and Jacob talked about Him. Isaiah spoke of the Messiah who was to come and bear our sins and carry our sicknesses to take away the result of that dire and dreadful curse.

And there He is, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. But oh! He did not look to be so very much: a little Baby born in a manger. Dear ones, that little Baby in that crude manger was Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. His mother was the Virgin Mary, but she was a virgin who had been overshadowed by the Holy Spirit. Jesus was not the son of Joseph; He was the Son of God, the only Begotten of the Father!

You say, "I believe in His Divinity." I believe in more than His Divinity, I believe in His Deity. I believe He was the only begotten Son of God. You say we are all sons of God, made sons through His precious blood, but Jesus is the only Begotten of the Father. He is the Son of God. He is the Messiah, the Deliverer, the One who is bearing away every curse that the devil had brought in the Fall in the Garden of Eden.

So Jesus came, and you remember how He was subject to His parents. He spoke in the temple the words of wisdom given Him, the words of wisdom put in His heart. Then He went back to His parents till He was baptized in the Jordan and filled with the Spirit who came down out of heaven in bodily form as of a dove and did abide upon Him. Then Jesus Christ began His ministry.

The Ministry of Christ

What was the ministry of Jesus Christ? His ministry was going about doing good. More than that, His ministry was to destroy the works of the devil. What works had the devil wrought in this world? Sin, suffering, sorrowing hearts, tear-filled eyes, pain-racked bodies. It was not God who was the author of cancers and tumors, leprosy, plagues, and

pestilences. The devil brought these in in the beginning as a result of the curse. But Jesus came as the great Deliverer, Hallelujah! How much that word means, the great Redeemer. We have a triune God for a triune man, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for body, soul, and spirit. Jesus did not come to redeem from only one phase of the Fall; He came to redeem us from head to foot, body, soul, and spirit from the curse, praise the Lord!

The first thing He did was to teach and preach the gospel to the people, and as they listened to Him, we read that those that sat in darkness saw a great light. The people who sat in darkness, poor old world, you had been under the shadow of darkness long enough, under the power of the devil, under his hold, with hearts that were broken! Into this darkness of sin, misery, suffering, despair, into this world quivering under the lash of Satan, came Jesus, "the Great I AM." Jesus the great Deliverer. Jesus the Light of the world. And the people who sat in darkness saw a great light, and unto them who sat in the region and the shadow of death, light is sprung up. And from that time Jesus began to preach and to say, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in the synagogues, preaching the gospel (gospel means good news, praise the Lord, not the sad news), the good news of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and of disease among the people. He came with a double cure for the double curse, and His fame went throughout all Syria, and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with diverse diseases and torments, and those who were possessed with devils, and those who were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and He healed them. He did not say, "I am too busy to bother with you. This is a revival meeting. Keep quiet." No. "He healed them."

Oh Jesus dear, I wish you were here tonight. Praise the Lord! Oh, I wish you were here in the flesh! Would you not love to see Him? I wonder what would happen if He stood here suddenly, if out of the shadows Jesus stood before us. What would you do? I believe we would all rush to the front of this great auditorium to clasp

His blessed nail-pierced hands and sob out our hearts to Him, the Forgiver of sin. We would need healing of disease, binding up of broken hearts, opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

My dears, that was the ministry of Jesus. Jesus came to buy back that which we had sold for naught; oh Lord, we do love you so. "And there followed Him great multitudes." And wherever this full gospel, full deliverance is preached, I believe there will be great multitudes to follow Him.

"And there followed Him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain, and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him, and He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

And now Jesus had gone about through these days saving the sinner from sin. "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven you," the first work which Jesus came to do. Then He said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. You are free from this curse of the devil, from this penalty which came as a result (in the beginning) of sin. I set you free by My mighty power." And now He is teaching in this little temple yonder in His own home.

"Oh yes," someone may say, "Jesus had a wonderful ministry. Think of Him coming to open the gates to those who were bound, preaching deliverance to the captives, Jesus Christ, who came to make blind eyes see. Oh, I wish I had lived in the days of His ministry!" But, dear ones, Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever. His power has never changed. Man has changed by his unbelief and variance, but Jesus has never changed,

The Ministry of the Church

You say, "My dear, Jesus is gone with this great power to His Father's Home." Yes, but praise the Lord, when He went He gave that ministry to His church without moderation, without limitation. He gave

it into the hands of His people and said, "Now, children, I want you to take up my work just where I have left it off. Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. The works that I do shall ye do also. Go, little children. I have shown you My ministry. I am the great Redeemer; I go now to Calvary; for this cause came I forth."

And oh, glory to His beautiful, beautiful name. This Jesus whom you love and whom I adore tonight with all my heart, this Jesus whose goodness and tenderness and love just melt these hearts of ours, did what He came to do. He went and paid the price. We often sing, "Jesus paid it all," and we really mean Jesus paid the half. Jesus just purchased forgiveness of sin but left all the rest of the curse unlifted? No. Jesus paid it all, not for just a few very fortunate people who lived nineteen hundred years ago, but for us. Hallelujah! The people way back in Moses' day had forgiveness of sin and healing of sickness by looking forward to Jesus, who was to come. Elijah prayed and also Elisha, and the Lord answered prayer and raised up those widows' sons in answer to prayer. Glory to Jesus, He is the very same today! They had deliverance for body and soul by looking forward to the Christ who was to come. We have deliverance for body and soul by looking back to the Christ who did come.

But Calvary is the center of the whole Word of God and of all the world, praise the Lord, since sin came until the final redemption when the Son shall hand back all into the hands of His Father. When He rode into Jerusalem triumphantly, the people shouted His praises and acclaimed Him King. I mean the common people, who heard Him gladly. It wasn't the high priests, scribes, and Pharisees, for they had no use for Jesus, but sat around in His audience trying to pick flaws, twisting His words, and making them sound differently. They just watched Him to see if they could find any cause of offense in Him. But the common people heard Him gladly. I don't believe the common people crucified Jesus. I believe the other people railroaded Him to the cross, kept Him guarded with soldiers. I believe if the common people had known it in time, they would have come in, and broken the whole thing up, and rescued Jesus because they loved Him so. But He must needs go to the cross for us. He was condemned under Pontius Pilate. As a condemned man, he opened not His mouth. They told Him He was a sinner, a rogue, a rascal, an imposter. They said many things against Him, but, blessed be His holy name, He opened not His mouth. Don't you love Him?

The Whipping Post

And then after they had condemned Him, they took Him out to a whipping post and tied Him there. Dear Jesus, they did not need to tie Him there. He would have stayed there of His own accord for you and me because He loved us so. The people were all for hurrying up the hill. "Don't stop. We want to get Him up to the cross. We have to get back into our synagogue services and have the feast. Away with this Man!"

"Oh no, not yet. Wait a minute before you take Him to the cross. There is something to do."

"But we are in a hurry to get it over."

"You must not take Him yet. There is something that must be done before He goes to Calvary. He must be whipped at the whipping post."

Why? Because He not only bears our sins, but He carries our sorrows and pain. He has not only been wounded for our transgressions, but at the whipping post, by His stripes, He has purchased our healing. And so they bared His back to the smiters and tied Him to the whipping post.

Dear, dear Jesus! See them lift up that cruel lash. See it curl in the sunlight, whistle through the air, and fall upon His back. Up and then down again. Some forty blows were permissible in those days. Men often died at the whipping post from shock; men often fainted from the loss of blood.

Oh, Father God, why did You let them whip my Jesus like that? Oh, Father, was it because I was such a wicked sinner?

"No, child, it was not only because of your sin. Calvary's blood was enough to atone for your sin, child. The blood on the cross for sin atones. If there had never been a whipping post, you would have been forgiven your sins just as quickly because of the work on the cross."

"But if they did not whip Him for my sins only, why did You let them lay those cruel stripes upon Him? Was it because they had a spite at Jesus and were taking it out in this manner?"

"No, child, not one blow fell unnecessarily." He did not just let people take their spite upon Him and beat Him and hit Him with staves to take out their animosity upon Him for naught.

"But Father, if they did not whip Him because of my sins only, or because of their anger, if they did not whip Him to secure my forgiveness of sin, why did they do it?"

"Daughter, do you not know that 'tis by His stripes ye are healed? By His stripes He purchased healing. Jesus did not come to bear a little bit of the curse. Jesus paid it all; all to Him we owe. Why, He was the perfect Redeemer—and so He went about forgiving sins and healing the sick, casting out demons, and destroying the works of the devil."

"Now," they said, "take Him to the cross." They placed the cross upon that dear, lacerated back and led Him up the hill of Calvary. Now they are driving the nails in His hands, now in His feet, and now they are lifting Him. Jesus. Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, Thy face marred more than the face of any other man, they whipped Thee, plucked the beard from Thy face! Why did He

suffer so? Because He bore our suffering, our sicknesses as well as our sin.

"Oh Sister, I cannot believe that because it sounds too good to be true. Have you any scripture for it?"

Yes: "When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils, and He cast out the spirits with His Word and healed all that were sick. That it might be fulfilled, that was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, 'Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.'" He bore your sin, your sickness. He bore your suffering, dear. You don't need to have that broken heart anymore because Jesus died for you.

Oh, wait a moment. What is that you said, Jesus? He said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And today is the day of salvation; now is the accepted time.

Jesus Paid It All

Oh, how my heart melts in love as I see that beautiful Jesus coming all the way from the Garden of Eden. Can you see Him, too? Can you not hear the footfalls of the glorious Deliverer coming down through the corridors of time, coming over the tops of the mountains, crossing life's storm-swept seas, journeying through the deserts and the valleys, bringing deliverance to the captives and comfort to those that mourn, and sunshine unto those that sit in darkness, and unto those that sit in the region and shadow of death, a light is sprung up. Oh dear heart, there is hope for you; there is comfort for you; there is forgiveness; there is healing; there is pardon, a lifting of the curse through Jesus Christ, who bore it all.

It is only because our faith has not been great enough to lay hold on the promise that we have not had as in the days of old. It is there wrapped in a package. All we have to do is to come and call for it, praying, however, with submission to the will of God. Jesus paid for it. Praise His name.

See Him on the cruel cross of Calvary, as at last He bowed His head and said, "It is finished."

Oh, praise the Lord, "It is finished." I love the words of Jesus: "It is written; it is finished." It was written of Him that He would be the great Deliverer and that He would come leading captivity captive, and we read that He did lead captivity captive and ascended on high, giving good gifts unto men. And now He declares, "It is finished." I have carried your sins and your sicknesses. I have borne your suffering and come to heal the broken heart, and to preach deliverance to the captives.

The door is now open. You do not need to be bound with those habits and chains another moment. Some may say, "But, Sister! I cannot break these chains and habits—the devil has me bound."

I know it, but Jesus can and will break the chains and set you free if you will call upon Him. He came to preach deliverance to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bound.

The Church to Carry Forward Christ's Ministry

The most important thing is to have our sins forgiven, for then we are ready for heaven, whether our bodies are healed or not. There is, however, a glorious provision made in the Bible for the healing of the suffering body as well as for the sin-sick soul.

Jesus went to Calvary, and He is living now, risen from the dead. Ere he departed, He told His disciples that they were to take up His ministry where He laid it down. The ministry of Christ was to forgive sins, heal the sick, set the captives free, bind up the broken heart, bring light to those that sat in darkness, and to open the prison doors to them that are bound. With His departure His ministry was not to end, but to go right forward through the ministry of His disciples and the ministry of the church.

"Now, my little church, my little disciples, I am going home to glory. I am leaving these new converts in your hands. I am leaving the task of evangelizing the world all unfinished. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, knowing that the signs shall follow them that believe. Feed my sheep, and shelter the lambs of My fold, for I am leaving them as sheep in the midst of wolves." Oh, how Jesus must have felt in this hour of His departure. I have a taste of that heaviness every time a campaign comes to a close. As I look into the faces of the dear people, a love that is not of myself but of Jesus rises in my heart and yearns over those newborn converts with unutterable yearning that they may be kept true in the midst of the temptations that will surely come when the lights are out and the campaign over. I just feel as though I have fallen in love with the whole audience and wish that I could put my arms around them and lift them all up closer to the Christ and give them a glimpse of that beautiful face. I know how Jesus must have felt when, ere taking His departure, He looked out on the people for whom He gave His life and would fain have gathered them under His wings.

Jesus was not to stay. He must needs return to His Father. He therefore turned the ministry into the hands of His disciples, the little church that He had formed. The work that He had begun was to go on without cessation or limitation: "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do also because I go to My Father.

"As you go preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely ye have received; freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses." Don't worry about salary or expenses. "Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not; neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Don't worry about what you will eat, drink, or wear. You go, and preach the gospel, and heal the sick in My name. You go, and tell the good news of the great Deliverer. I will take care of you."

Will Supply All Needs

Will the Lord Jesus do a thing like that? Of course He will. "Has He clothed you?" you ask. He certainly has, and fed me, praise the Lord! "Have you ever had a test?" another may inquire. Not recently, since the Lord said, "Take no thought," I have learned to simply trust. I remember one time when I was to preach in a church in Rhode Island, and I thought, "I haven't a thing to wear. I will go to a store and see if I can find something." Everything was eighteen or twenty dollars. I could not afford that. I saw some dresses that were short and lownecked, but I didn't want to wear them preaching the gospel. "Oh Lord, what shall I wear?" the eternal question came as I was walking up and down the aisle. "Lord, I wish you would help me so I will have something to wear to that meeting. I must be presentable."

"Of course I will. I would have helped you before if you had asked Me," the ever-present Counselor replied.

"What shall I wear, Lord?" I asked Him.

"You are a servant of all, are you not?" came the startling and seemingly disconnected thought.

"A servant?" I replied. "I have never been a servant except as a servant of all in the gospel. But Lord, I want to be a servant of Thine, indeed."

"Then go upstairs to the servants' department and ask them to let you see the servants' dresses."

I had never known there was such a department but after inquiry went up to the counter and asked, "Is this the servants' department? Have you any servants' dresses?"

"Yes."

"What color do you have?" I asked.

"White and black."

I did not want to be a crow, I wanted to be the Lord's dove, so I asked to see the white. They brought one out, just the thing, neat and plain.

"How much is it?" Surely I could not buy it, I thought, as I had only seven dollars.

They replied, "Three dollars apiece or two for five dollars."

"Thank you." (They were cheaper then than now.) I took them and had two dresses and money left over. From that day to this, I have taken no thought as to what I should wear, but have been wearing maids' uniforms, servants' dresses, ever since.

"Now," Jesus said, "little children, I have completed My ministry; I will show you the way to go and what kind of gospel to preach and what kind of results to expect. As ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick...And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, preach the gospel, and heal the sick that are therein. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak: for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

The Same Spirit

Oh, isn't that beautiful? "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, and He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel." Don't you see? The same Spirit that was on Jesus was to be upon the ministers and upon the

evangelists, upon the pastors, upon the Christian workers, upon the deacons and elders. Not a spirit of worldliness and of bitterness and of coldness, but the Spirit of gentle love, preaching the gospel, and healing the sick.

"I go to my Father now," said Jesus, "and I am going to leave the ministry and the evangelization of the world in your hands. Lovest thou Me?" Jesus is asking that of all who are preachers tonight, "Lovest thou Me?"

"Oh Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee."

"Then feed My lambs, My church." They are such little lambs, just come to Jesus, such new converts, they need shelter and protection from the much evil that surrounds them, the wolves of temptation, of worldliness, of sin, of disease. "Oh, feed My lambs. As I have gone through this world, so go ye through it now. Follow in My footsteps; take up your cross and follow Me. Do the very same things I have done, preaching the same gospel, and heal the sick. Preach with the Spirit of the Lord upon you, deliverance to the captives, sight to the blind, opening of prison doors, and the acceptable year of the Lord. Remember, children, these signs shall follow them that believe. In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

"So then after the Lord had spoken to them He was received up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following" (Mark 16:19-20).

Signs Following

I would rather have the Lord working with Me than the greatest band of workers in the world! Now how did the Lord work with them? The same way He wants to work with ministers and evangelists today,

namely by "confirming the Word with signs following." And then what is the next word? "Amen." That means "So be it."

On the day of Pentecost, Peter, demonstrating what the ministry of the Spirit-filled church should be, began to preach the gospel, and as he preached, three thousand souls were added to the Lord. Then He went up to the temple to pray. Hallelujah, take time to pray, even in the midst of a flaming revival.

As He went he had time and compassion to pray for the sick. We of today cannot afford to lock the doors of our hearts against suffering and misery. In a certain city some time ago, a US narcotics officer and a city commissioner came to me at the close of a service. They said, "Sister McPherson, what are we going to do? There is so much sin in the hearts of our people, especially the young—why, our high school pupils are forming secret societies; sin is rampant that you know nothing about. This sin in the heart of our young people is resulting in sickness and disease that is spreading through the whole community. If the church of Jesus Christ can do nothing about it, what in the world are we going to do? How are we people of the world going to handle this thing? Sister, what a wonderful and practical thing it would be if Jesus Christ could do something about it—if the church had some power to help or a solution to offer instead of folding our garments about us and saying, 'I don't believe Jesus can heal the sick, now, and cleanse from disease today. You must go to medical aid."

But we all know that doctors are often forced to say, "We can do no more. We are doing our level best; we are at our wits' end and don't know how to cope with the situation. Only a higher power can help you now." Who is this Higher Power? Why, Jesus, to be sure.

Awake Thou That Sleepest

It is time for the church of Jesus Christ to waken and take up the ministry the Lord gave us. When Peter and John went through the beautiful gate on their way to the temple that day, they found a man sitting there who was lame from birth. He was a beggar, ragged and poor, who asked for alms. Peter's reply gives us the keynote of what the attitude and ministry of the church should be today:

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee."

Do not we of today say, "Silver and gold we have—our coffers are full; our walls are covered with gorgeous paintings, our floors laid with marble and rugs; silver and gold we have—but power to cope with the needs of the spirit and soul and body of our people, we have none."

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." Oh, Peter, what did you have? He had faith in Jesus Christ; he had faith in "the Great I AM," "the same yesterday, today, and forever." He had seen the ministry of Christ, the mighty Deliverer, and had carried it over into the ministry of the church.

"But such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Taking him by the right hand, Peter lifted him up. Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. If Peter had never stepped out in faith, the man never would have walked.

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name: ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full." Peter asked and he received, so the man received strengthening. How he must have felt as he went into the temple skipping, leaping, dancing, praising the Lord.

But healing is not important, you say. Salvation is the greatest thing. Of course it is, but do you not know what that one healing accomplished? It was the means of converting how many? Just five thousand! Five thousand souls saved through one man's healing. Is a miracle to be laughed at and disregarded that will be the means of bringing five thousand souls to Jesus Christ?

The ministry of Jesus Christ should be the ministry of the church today. Someday we are going to give an account of our stewardship. Someday He is going to ask us how we used that ministry in the care of the little lambs. We say that we love Him, and He replies, "Feed My lambs. Feed My church. As you go preach the gospel, heal the sick."

You say, "I wish I could—what would I have to do to be able to go out and preach the gospel and lay hands on the sick and pray for them and see prison doors open and captives set free?"

How to Get This Power

We must live the life, believe that Bible from one end to the other to be the inspired Word of God, put every bit of higher criticism out of our hearts, take the Book word for word, as it reads, and get back again to that precious fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins. We must needs get faith in our hearts, leave a lot of our worldly clubs and lodges, and boast no more, as some ministers do, of being a hail fellow well met—a good sport and a good mixer. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." We will have to stop telling foolish stories, and gossiping, jesting like the world. We must be holy, sober, godly, and walk with the Lord Jesus. We must come with clean hands, clean hearts, and clean lips. It means throwing away cigars and pipes, playing cards, novels, everything, and cleaning up. It would mean going straight back to the Book, back to God, back to the ministry of the church. They took it up as He handed it into their hands, so were we to carry it on.

And oh, today the need is urgent. Our government says something ought to be done. Our city hospitals say something needs to be done. Surely the church of Jesus Christ ought to be able to help cope with this situation. Instead of having services only on Sunday morning and night, and a Wednesday evening prayer meeting with the church building locked the rest of the week, such a revival ought to sweep this country from one end to the other, that our churches

would be ablaze with the light of revival fires, our prayer meetings be overflowing, the gospel preached and altar calls be given, affording men and women a chance to come and accept Jesus Christ and testify and go out and live the life.

Oh Jesus, we read of your ministry, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The ministry of Jesus Christ should be the ministry of the church today, praise the Lord. Whether we have oratorical eloquence and have studied in great seminaries and academies or not, the great, important thing is to be able to look up into His face, then back into the faces of the people, our faces reflecting His glory, our hearts mellow and tender with His love, and be able to say truly, "Yea, verily, the Spirit of the Lord is upon me." Can we say it today? If Jesus needed the Holy Spirit, we need the Spirit ourselves. We need more than education; we need more than study; we need more than being taught by earthly schools. We need the Spirit of the Lord upon us, the same Spirit that came down upon Peter, that uncouth, unlearned fisherman.

"He hath anointed Me." How had Jesus been anointed? By the power of the Holy Spirit. We, too, can be anointed by the same Spirit and receive power from on high. "He hath anointed Me." Can you truthfully say that you have the anointing tonight? One can easily tell whether a worker has the anointing. It will give one oil to make the face to shine, and power to work for God and win souls for the Master.

Dear ones, it does not matter, whether we be only a little child, a farmer's daughter, or fisherman's son, as He puts the Spirit upon us and anoints us, there will be an authority that emanates not from

Aimee Semple McPherson

the person but which is of Jehovah Himself. Lord, give us the anointing that opens prison doors, dries the tears from eyes that weep, and brings light and gladness to darkened homes.

Then the people who sit in darkness will again see a great light, and unto them which sit in the region and shadow of death will light be sprung up next.



February 1922

HE MOMENT WE have given our hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ, we should become soul winners. "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." Oh, the moment I gave my heart to Jesus (how that day stands out as the highlight of my whole life!), there came into my very being a yearning to win souls for Him. It was a longing of such intensity, such white heat, such earnestness, I had never known anything like it before. I wanted to be a soul winner. 'Twas the Lord that kindled that desire in my heart, for I never could have put it there myself. But it seemed a discouraging outlook. Who was I? Nothing but a little country girl, a farmer's daughter. How could I be a soul winner? But oh, I did want to win souls so very much for Jesus, and even though I was nothing, I just determined that I would give that little nothing to the Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised to take the things that are naught to confound the things that are. And I cried, "Jesus, make me a soul winner."

Sometimes, almost discouraged, it seemed as though I never could be one because I was so far away in Canada, so far out on the farm. I did not know where to begin. But oh, if I only could! There would sweep over me sometimes in prayer the fear I would never be a soul winner. I thought that would be the most terrible calamity that could ever befall a Christian and used to sing that song:

Must I go and empty-handed, Thus my dear Redeemer meet, Not one soul with which to greet Him, Lay no trophies at His feet?

As I prayed I seemed to picture the harvest day, that great, grand day when the gates of the beautiful city would be opened. I pictured Jesus standing at the gate of that celestial city, the Saviour with whom I had fallen in love, the Master to whom I had given my heart. I used to picture Him standing there, welcoming the soul winners home, the angels grouped behind Him, ready to crown them with crowns set with many stars, souls they had won for Jesus. And yonder was the Victory Way leading up to the gate. Oh, I could see the warriors coming, Hallelujah! Every one of them was coming with rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. I thought that I would feel so very badly, my heart would be hurt with a hurt that would never heal should I go to heaven empty-handed, not a soul with which to greet Him, no one that I had won for Jesus, while all these other folk were cheering and bringing in their trophies. I feared that should I be empty-handed on the day when the saints come marching in, that I would draw back, almost ashamed to go through the gates, and how troubled I would be, and that when He gazed questioningly upon me I would have to say, "Dear Jesus, I love You. Jesus, I have been serving You, oh, really I have, Lord. I love You better than anything in all the world, but I have not won a soul for You. My life has been wasted as far as soul winning is concerned." I determined then and there by His grace to be a soul winner. I never expected to preach, did not expect to do the great things. Oh, if I could but do the little things! I was so in earnest that I remember telling the Lord I would willingly go across the continent, from Atlantic to Pacific, and say to one sinner, "Jesus loves you," and to lead him to Christ. Oh, thank God that in a little measure at least He has made me a winner of souls.

I think that being a winner of souls is the most blessed calling, the most sacred calling, the highest vocation, the most honourable occupation a man or woman could follow. Have you ever won a soul for Jesus? If not, it is not too late. You can begin right now, praise the Lord!

As I was coming to this meeting this afternoon, the chauffeur who is kindly driving for me, said, "Oh, Sister, it was wonderful to see those people going to the altar last night. I was standing at the back of this building, and I saw a young man there, under conviction. When you asked everyone who wanted to be a Christian to lift their hands, he lifted both hands. But when you asked them to come forward, he sat down."

"Why didn't you go to him?" I asked.

"I did not have a chance," he replied. "He was clear across the building. Several times he tried to get up, then sat down, but before I could reach him, he unbuttoned his overcoat, took it off, threw it across the seat, got to his feet, and fairly ran to the altar."

Praise the Lord, Hallelujah! You have wonderful opportunities in this meeting to become a soul winner. There is somebody sitting next to you now; I wonder if they are a Christian. Have you tried to find out? Somebody sitting right behind you, somebody sitting right in front of you. You can win souls this afternoon for the Lord Jesus Christ.

When we set out to be a soul winner, so very often we look away on yonder somewhere in the future. Distant fields always look more green. But right here, now, the waters are troubled; seasons of refreshing are coming front the presence of the Lord. A mighty flood tide of revival is rolling over our heads.

"He that winneth souls is wise." Thank God for the opportunity of being a soul winner! It is a wonderful thing to be an artist. It is a wonderful thing to be able to paint great, beautiful pictures on canvas, but it is a much more wonderful thing to be a brave soldier in the army, to be a captain that leads his troops forward into victory, to catch up the flag from the hand of some fallen comrade and plunge forward in the fray, winning great victories for one's country. But it is a still more wonderful thing to be a victor for the Lord Jesus

Christ, going into the enemy's ranks, taking captive soldiers from its ranks, and leading them as love slaves of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would rather be a winner of souls, a brave soldier for Jesus, than I would to win the greatest earthly conquest and receive great medals.

Oh, dear hearts, have you ever won a soul for Jesus? Have you ever really led anyone to the feet of the Saviour? If not, praise God, now is your opportunity. The Lord wants to help you. "He that winneth souls is wise."

The Unwise Barber

If you want to be a soul winner, you are going to need skill and wisdom. You are going to need the faith and the power and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ. You have all heard the story of the barber who wanted to be a soul winner. He was converted at the meeting so happily. They said, "Now, brother, you have been saved, but you are not saved to yourself alone; go out and win other people for Jesus."

"Oh, I hope I can," said the man.

"Of course you can," they replied. "You have a barbershop, and people will be in there all day long. When shaving a man, you have a wonderful opportunity to tell him to prepare to meet his God."

"All right," he said. "I will certainly do so."

The next morning a man sat in the barber's chair. All the time, his heart was going thumpety-thump, jumpety-jump. How was he to talk to that man about Jesus; what should he say? He took his barber's brush and stirred up the lather, and all the time he was thinking. "What can I say to that man; how can I get up my courage? Here is a man whose soul is worth more than all the silver, all the gold, all the rubies in the world put into one. Lord, give me courage to say something." But he had the man all lathered, had not thought what to say. He took up his razor and began to strop that, getting it sharper and sharper. "What in the world can I say to that man?"

Finally he drew a long breath, straightened himself, and determined to make a plunge before his courage waned.

He went over to the man with two leaps and a bound and, waving the razor over his head, cried, "Brother, are you prepared to die?" The poor man was so alarmed he leaped to his feet and ran out the door with the lather on his face, thinking the man was intending to kill him.

Now, we cannot go at it like that. If we want to be a winner of souls, we must be wise; we must have skill, tact. Oh yes, it takes skill to be a winner of souls; it takes tact; it takes wisdom, praise the Lord! But it takes more than any of these, more than skill and wisdom and tact.

The Silver Net of Love

One of the greatest things you need in order to be a soul winner is love. If you want really to be a soul winner for the Lord Jesus Christ, you need to have on a robe of love that will cover you from head to foot—the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. You must first of all have given your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ and have put your hand in the hand of the Master. You must have sought His face, not only singing it but meaning, "Draw me nearer, nearer to Thy blessed, bleeding heart." Oh, it is when we get close to that bleeding heart, that heart divine, broken for mankind, that, Hallelujah, some of the love that overflows from the heart divine comes a-trickling down and fills these little hearts of ours, and praise God, ere long, they are running over.

Oh, we need to get close to the Lord Jesus Christ; we need such a baptism of love for souls as Jesus had. Then we should see through the eyes of Jesus and feel through the heart of Jesus. You say people would not know it? Yes, they will. Love bears a message all its own. The greatest secret of soul winning is that of having the real love of God and the love of souls upon our hearts.

I know so many precious ministers winning souls for Jesus who have the baptism of love. I know other dear Christian workers who have not, or they have effectively concealed it if they have. We may have our training, our theology, and we need it, praise the Lord. True, we have training in the Bible; true, we may be just as straight as a die. Our teaching, our doctrine, may have the ring of solid gold. We may stand for the fundamentals of the gospel, for the inspiration of Scripture, the virgin birth of Jesus Christ, the atonement, the resurrection and our Lord's return; we may preach it right from the shoulder. If we just make our preaching theology, even though our theory is absolutely correct, and have not the love, someway we do not get the results.

You can tell if you have that love when you are winning souls for Jesus. It seems to me sometimes when preaching, I have not the love I ought to have. I do want more. I am nothing; I am not setting myself up as an example. Jesus is the example. Yet with that little love that He has given me, it seems to me sometimes when I am preaching to sinners, my heart is bleeding for them, I am trying to blink back the tears, trying to keep on smiling at them, yet my heart is breaking with longing to see them come to Jesus while I am talking about Him and His goodness, glory, mercy, and love. I feel while I am speaking in the Spirit as though a beautiful, shimmering silver net was going out, out, out. Then at a certain time in my sermon, I see the shimmering silver love net dropping and going around the people, then at altar call fairly feel the tugging of nets full to the bursting as strong and willing hands help me pull these souls to land.

If you want to be a soul winner, get the love of the Lord Jesus in your heart. "But, Sister, how will I get it if I don't feel it?" Just come close to Jesus; seek His face, put your all upon the altar, ask Him to draw you so very close to His heart that love of His just fills your heart for a lost and a dying world. And oh, when He fills you with His Holy Spirit, you know the first fruit of the Spirit is love. It doesn't matter what other gifts we have—speak with tongues, heal

the sick, raise the dead, perform every miracle; if we haven't love, we are nothing. Oh, Lord, give us a love like Thine. Have you that love, sister? Have you that love, brother? If not, let us come and get it. It is the love of Jesus, the Christ.

If you want to be a soul winner for Jesus, don't start with a hammer or club. Don't start talking against churches and ministers. Refuse to see anybody or anything but the Lord Jesus Christ. "I know, but so many are against me," you say. Never mind. If God is for us, who can be against us?

The Middle of the Road

If we want to be a soul winner, we will have to be a middle-of-theroader, glory to Jesus. Especially when we come into a citywide revival campaign, lots of us have our own ideas, theories, particular sideline of doctrine. If you want to win souls in the greatest, widest sense of the word, drop everything for a little while; just fix your eyes upon Jesus, the crucified Lamb of God, bleeding, dying, hanging on the tree, saying, "Come unto Me all the ends of the earth and be ye saved."

How I long to stick to the Bible—close to Jesus Christ. One time a man was going to a certain place and was in a great hurry to get there—rather late train, about ready to pull out. He got a ticket, saw the first car, got on it. It was packed full of people, and many were hanging on to straps. He looked at the car and said, "This is no place for me." He went through, and the last car was empty, not a soul in it. "I am smart to find this out." He congratulated himself and patted himself on his chest, for here he had elbow room and could spread himself out—a private car all to himself. He waited for a while for the train to go. Waited for twenty minutes, looked at his watch. Ten minutes more. To his amazement the rest of the train had gone, and he had a private car all to himself. Indignantly calling to a railroad official, he demanded an explanation as to why he was left behind.

The Private Car

"Why," explained the man, "that car was not going with the rest of the train. It had been placed there so that if there was too big an overflow from the other cars, they could hook it on at a moment's notice. You thought you were better than the rest, wanted to have elbow room and a private car. You have it now, and you can sit in it for three hours and wait for the next train."

So many of us want to have a private car, teach our own little doctrine, nonessential feasts, Sabbaths, forms. We can have a nice big private car all to ourselves and sit around till the next revival comes. If you want to be with the moving train, keep in the crush, praise the Lord. Keep with those who believe in Jesus Christ, the Saviour who died to cleanse us from sin. Lift up this bleeding, dying Lamb of Calvary, this resurrected Lord. Make the cross the theme and the blood the test of fellowship and nothing else, Hallelujah! Oh, then, glory to Jesus, we are going to see souls saved, people washed in the blood of Jesus and brought to Him. But let us make souls the great important thing all of the time. If we want to win souls for Jesus, I believe we need to be filled with the Holy Spirit to equip us for service and endue us with power from above.

Power from on High

"Mrs. McPherson, do I understand you to mean by that I should not attempt to win souls till I have received this enduement of power?"

Not at all. The moment you become a Christian, that moment, turn around and help bring the one next to you to the Lord Jesus Christ. Don't wait for anything; become a soul winner right there and then. But oh, how this blessed incoming of the Holy Spirit will strengthen you, guide you, fill you with wisdom and love and holy zeal to lead men and women to Jesus. I believe the filling of the Holy Spirit ought to be intensely practical, glory to Jesus. Ought to be something to make us more level-headed, sound, sane, wholesome

soul winners for the Lord Jesus Christ than ever in our lives before—not something to put us up on a pedestal where we say, "I thank God I am not as other men! I thank my Lord I am holier than others! I have been filled with the Spirit."

No, that is not the idea. When we come to Jesus under the blood, with open hearts, praying, "Breathe upon me, Holy Spirit, with Thy love my heart inspire," and are filled with the Holy Spirit, praise God, we are going back down amongst the people, not making ourselves holier than they because we have gone a little further, but we will return to practical soul winning for the Lord Jesus Christ.

You remember the three disciples, Peter, James, and John, how they had been closer to Jesus than the other nine. We read that Jesus took them up into a high mountain apart. They had been climbing hour after hour. At last they had reached the summit; there you know what happened. Jesus was transfigured before them, and oh, His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light. They were so blessed that all of them fell down under the power, and God the Father spake, saying, "This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him." Peter was so delighted.

"Oh, Lord, this is a grand experience, the most wonderful place! Jesus, do you know what I would like to do?"

"No, Peter."

"I would like to build three tabernacles up here, one for Yourself and two for Your heavenly visitors. Oh, Lord, let us stay up here on the mountain. This is a grand place."

"No, Peter, you are wrong. I have not brought you up the mountain of blessing, Peter, for you to stay up here, and hug yourself, and consider what a grand fellow you are, and separate yourself from the throng. That is not the idea, Peter. I have brought you up here, glorifying Myself before your eyes, to make you a more practical, level-headed winner of souls down in the valley. Peter, come here a moment."

"What is it, Lord?"

"What do you see down there, Peter?"

"I see a valley deep and wide."

"Look closer. What do you see in the valley?"

"Lord, I see a great multitude of people in the valley."

"For whom are they waiting, Peter?"

"They are hungry for You, Jesus, Thou blessed Bread of Life."

"For what are they thirsting, Peter?"

"For the water of salvation, Jesus, which only You can give."

"Look, Peter, who is at the front of that great audience?"

"Why, there is a man with a little demon-possessed son in his arms. Poor man, his son is bound by the devil. Oh, Jesus, isn't that too bad?"

"Yes, it is, Peter, but who is able to set him free?"

"Only You, Jesus."

"Whom else do you see, Peter?"

"A mother with the dearest little girl in her arms, whose face is flushed with fever, her eyes bright as two little stars."

"Who can heal her, Peter? Can the doctors do it, Peter?"

"No, Lord, they are able to do lots of things, but are not able to help that little girl."

"Who can do it, Peter?"

"You can, Jesus, for unto You is given all power in heaven and in earth."

"What else do you see, Peter?"

"Oh, such a lot of folks, Lord, all bowed down with burdens, some people with a great big load of sin more than they can bear, some that are motherless, fatherless, friendless, discouraged, just on the brink of giving up. Jesus, don't let us stay here any longer. Come, let us go back into the valley and bring them the message of Jesus the mighty to save, able to deliver, able and willing to break every chain of the devil and set the prisoner free."

They went their way on down from the top of the mountain into the valley. They did not boast, "We have got to pull out from you people and start a new place because we have this deeper experience. You have not been up on the mountain as we have. We cannot associate with you any longer."

No—but let us go back to our various posts of duty when this campaign is over, so filled with the Spirit that the fires of the Lord's altars will be revived, people saved, healed, and demons cast out, and those taken captive by the devil delivered. Don't you want to be a soul winner, dear? Then you had better come up on this mountain; you had better take time to pray, to seek the face of the Lord till He is just glorified before you, for it is only when Jesus is glorified in our own eyes that we are able to make Him glorious to others. We must ourselves have had the vision before we can make the vision real to others. We must have the glory in our heart before we can give it to others. You know it is not out of your head the waters flow that really bring souls to Jesus. It is when we have been filled until out of our innermost being there flows rivers of living water, and "this spake He of the Spirit."

In the Humble Place

Dear little children, it does not matter who you are. You may not have a great education, you may not have the great opportunities, but if you are only a farmer's daughter or son, if you are even a coal miner like Evan Roberts, just a baseball player like Billy Sunday, a poor common laborer sweeping the streets, a wife whose babies come at eventide and put their paddies up and pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep," there is an opportunity for you to be a soul winner, praise the Lord.

"Mrs. McPherson, you make me feel so sad. I wish that I could be a soul winner, but, Sister, I am a mother. I have my children to care for. I haven't time to go out and hold meetings." Of course you haven't. But you can work for Jesus right in your homes, right in your church, right in the Sunday school, and right among those darling children. Some time ago a minister went to call on a certain mother who was mourning, "Oh, Pastor, I feel so discouraged!"

"Why, my dear sister, you have always been so happy. What makes you discouraged now?"

"Because it seems to me as though I have never had to do anything for the Lord. I did want to be a soul winner, Pastor. But all my life has been taken up with sewing, washing the dishes, sweeping the floor, and tending the family. Now I am old, my hair as white as snow. Soon I'll be laying my head upon my pillow for that last, long sleep. Oh, Pastor, I wish I could have done something for Jesus."

"Wait a minute, my dear sister," replied the kindly old minister. "Where is your oldest son, George, now?"

"Why, you know where he is, Pastor. He's on the Yunnan River in China as a missionary."

"And where is your next son, Benny?"

"Why, you know where he is, Pastor. He just sailed eight months ago to go to China to be with my eldest son. Why, Pastor, you must be forgetting."

"Um-hum, and let's see now, where is Sammy today?"

"Sammy went to Africa, out there in the midst of those people in darkest heathendom, teaching them about the Light of the world that is Jesus."

"Yes, and where is your youngest son, your little boy you have loved so?"

"Why, Pastor, you know where he is. He is right here at home with me. He said to me the other day, 'Mother, I want to tell you something. I think it will make you happier before you go, Mother. I am never going to leave the little old home with the roses climbing over it until the Lord has taken you home. I am going to stay here and look after you. The other three boys have gone, Mother, but I think you need me. I have always been your baby, Mother. But I thought it might make you happy to know that when you are gone, Mother, I am going over to Africa and work with Samuel. I am going

over there and stand with him because he says he is alone and needs more help, and I am going to help him.' All of my boys are doing well, but I wish I could do something."

"But, Mother, don't you realize those boys are winning souls every day? They have had a family altar, they have felt the caress of a mother's hand, they have heard you pray, they have seen your tears, and now your children have gone out to do the work of God. Oh, Mother, don't you realize you are to share their reward? God bless you."

She clasped her dear, old, wrinkled hands together; on her face was that beautiful look of peace, that peace that passeth understanding, the joy that only a soul winner knows. She thought that she had given nothing, but she had given everything to be a real soul winner. Even as Christ gave His life for us, so we must give our all for Him. You cannot have a selfish heart and be a real, successful soul winner. Give your all to Him, and He will give His all for you.

Two Men Who Gave

Some time ago, a minister, whose daughter was called to go to China, felt as though his heart were torn and desolate; he could scarcely bear it. He tried to be brave, but his friends saw his heart bled. At last the beautiful daughter, his only child, that had filled the home with smiles, music and joy, was leaving for China. Next day when the friend went to visit him, he found the father smiling and happy. "What has happened?" he asked. "When I was here before, you looked so downcast. I almost feared to come today."

"I will tell you," he replied, "when I went down to the big ocean liner this morning to see my daughter set sail for China, a man came along. Both of us stood watching the boat go out. The man stood there with his hands in his pockets, whistling. His face lit up with a smile. He must have someone he loved on that boat, too. 'Brother,' I asked, 'whom have you on that boat that is going to China?' 'Why,

don't you know? I have just given one hundred thousand dollars to send to the missionaries over there. Going to build mission stations, help them spread out their borders, win many souls. Yes, sir, I gave one hundred thousand dollars, and it's all on that boat."

The other man said, "I did not have a hundred thousand dollars to give, sir, but I have given my daughter, that little ewe lamb I loved so and cherished close to my heart. She is going to China."

"Oh," said the other man, "I thought I had given something, but sir, I have given nothing. My hundred thousand dollars is not as much as your daughter's little finger. It is you who have given all." Oh, if we want to be soul winners we must be willing to give our all to Jesus, to make a wholehearted surrender, body, soul, and spirit.

I remember when Jesus had called me first to go and preach the gospel, my darling little mother has always stood back of me, God bless her. Isn't it a wonderful thing to have a praying mother? When I was going out into the work, Mother said, "Aimee," (I was just to be married to the evangelist under whom I had been converted) "Aimee, who is going to buy your things? You know Robert hasn't any salary."

"Mother, I know it."

"Who is going to buy your shoes, your dresses, and look after you?"

"I don't know, but I will ask the Lord about it." I prayed before my open Bible; Jesus spake from the pages, "Child, take no thought of what you shall eat, drink, or put on. The Lord knows you have need of these things. Consider the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

I said, "Oh, thank you, Jesus." And from that day to this, I have never worried one second about what I had to eat, drink, and wear. Many a time we have gotten down to the last five-cent piece, then given that away. For two years I lived in a tent, without a board floor under my feet. Oftentimes I would get up and put on my clothing

wet with the dews and rain. But Hallelujah, Jesus always protected and supplied. It is glorious to be a Christian, glorious to be a soul winner. Oh, if I could just take a little bit out of my heart this afternoon and sow the seed in your hearts, my dears, kindle the flame of love and zeal for souls during this revival—till from the altar of every life exultant flames would leap high into the open heaven—how happy I would be.

Oh Jesus, speak to every heart this afternoon, and burn this text upon every mind. Let us repeat it aloud together: "He that winneth souls is wise."



April 1922

HERE WAS A prophet in the land! The fame of His doings had gone broadcast through the country. A prophet sent from Jehovah was he, whose torch had been fired at the altars of the living God. The pitch-black midnight of unbelief, closing in like some impregnable, smothering pall, succeeded not in extinguishing or diminishing that light, but in making it shine the brighter. The lashing winds of doubt and idolatry but fanned and scattered it abroad till other torches caught the flame, and the schools of the prophets were formed.

A prophet of God was in the land. And because of the darkness of unbelief that shrouded the sky, and because of his faith in El Shaddai, he loomed as a great central character, radiating light, and trust, and firm, unshaken confidence in the everlasting, omnipresent power of "the Great I AM." As flashes lightning through the gloom, so flashed the miracles and the fulfilled prophecies of this man of faith. His every word and gesture was a burning rebuke to a backsliding, idolatrous nation, which called upon gods of stone and clay. His very name, Elijah, was a challenge meaning "Jehovah: He is God."

His prediction of the drought, his preservation, and the miraculous manner in which he was fed by the brook Cherith, his raising of the widow's son to life, his rebuilding of the altar and calling down fire from heaven on Mount Carmel, his confounding of the worshippers of Baal, his praying down the abundance of rain on the parched fields, his fearless denunciation of Ahab and Ahaziah, and

his consistent, valiant stand for Jehovah flashed and glowed through the darkness and were enough, it would seem, to attract and convince the whole nation; but he was like as unto the Master Himself as "the light that shineth in the darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

For a wonderful type of the Christ is Elijah, of the Christ whom men called a mighty prophet sent from God, as they listened to His burning messages and gazed upon His miracles, but who was in deed and in truth the very Son of God, the only Begotten of the Father. How it towers, that wonderful life of the Lord of Glory, towers as a light, a hope, a beacon, bidding men look up from their groveling in the darkness and the mire of sin's unbelieving night, arise, and loose them from the bands and burdens of despair. Look and believe, ask and receive, and then leave all to follow Him up the shining road that leads to home and glory. Oh, blind of eye and slow of heart, why could they not believe?

There were those, however, who believed on Elijah, even as there were many who believed upon Christ of whom he is so wonderful a type, and became disciples studying in the school of the prophets at Bethel and at Jericho.

The Call and Consecration of Elisha

There were others, also, who believed, and but waited for his call, and such a one was Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was plowing in the field. Long, straight furrows lay behind; skillfully and with straight eye he guided his twelve yoke of oxen that went before, when suddenly, a man passed by—the very man, methinks, who occupied his thoughts—and cast his mantle o'er the shoulders of this tiller of the soil.

Turning and catching a glimpse of Elijah's face, the heart of Elisha must have leaped for joy, for the words that burst from his lips were these: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

Ah, how sacred memories stir within our breast as we read of Elisha's call! How the tears spring to our eyes unbidden, and we feel a tug at our hearts, as we remember the day, oh, happy day of days, when our Elijah, Jesus Christ, the King of heaven, passed through the field of life in which we toiled and cast His own dear mantle o'er our lives. And that face! Oh, brother, say, do you remember how it shone fairer than the morning, brighter than the dawn? And that voice sweeter than the rushing waters, and His smile! Oh, sister, do you remember how our hearts melted and brake, when He said, "Follow Me"? And how we cried out, "Good-bye, dwelling place of unbelief and sin"? Good-bye, land of doubts and haunts of pleasure; farewell, seat of the scornful and counsel of ungodly men; farewell, bright lights and empty tinsel, gaiety of sin's delusive path! I've seen the face of Jesus, the heaven-lit face of the wondrous Son of Man; I've seen His smile, I've heard His voice, and my being thrilled as He cast o'er me His mantle of mercy, love, and power; henceforth will I follow Him!

"Oh, tarry just a moment, Master dear, till I bid adieu to every earthly tie, for I love Thee more than father, or mother, or houses, or lands, or money, or rubies, or honour, or fame, and by Thy grace I will follow Thee!"

Let me love Thee, Jesus; Take my life forever. Nothing but Thy service, My soul can satisfy.

Quick farewells were said to home and kindred, farewell to the new-plowed fields and broad meadows that had been the border of his horizon, and he was ready to follow the stranger with the light of heaven on his face, and the peace of God in his eyes.

But wait! One thing more: every bridge must be burned behind him, the consecration complete.

"And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat."

Elisha did not leave the gateway of the past ajar. He closed it tightly and destroyed the key. No halfheartedness here, but a mighty determination to follow all the way! No arranging to leave the plow handy by the fence and the oxen in the stall, so that if he regretted the step or failed, he could return and be none the loser! Oh no, he slew the oxen and boiled their flesh upon the flames of the burning plow handles, harness, and instruments of the oxen. No prevarication here! No playing with the past! No turning back now, praise the Lord! And he "gave unto the people, and they did eat."

There will always be food and strengthening for the people to be rendered from 100 percent consecration such as that of Elisha.

His Discipleship and Training

"Then he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him."

Why, these very words might be written over the lives of Peter, and John, and Matthew, and Paul, and you, and me, and any other follower of the meek and lowly Jesus!

"Then he arose." Thank God that we did, too!

"And went after him." Yes, "since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside, so enchained my spirit's vision, gazing on the Crucified."

"And ministered unto him." Precious life, art, oh, ministering life: ministry of prayer, and praise, and service, love and devotion, strength, time, talents, loving words, self-sacrificing deeds, living the life, treading in the Master's footsteps, sharing the cross, drinking the cup, fellowshipping His sufferings, tasting the power of His resurrection. A life that pays a hundredfold both in this world and in the world to come!

O'er mountain peaks of transfiguration glory, down deep into valleys where the shadows lie, o'er fertile fields, o'er deserts bare and waste, Elisha the disciple pressed hard after Elijah the master—even as the disciples of Jesus followed daily the footsteps of their Lord, gazing into His face, drinking in His words, inscribing His teaching upon the tablets of their hearts, beholding His miracles, imbibing His faith and power, and receiving commandments and instructions as to the carrying on of the work when He should be caught up unto His Father's throne.

But at last, the ministry of Elijah, even as the ministry of Christ Himself, was to come to a close, but His work was not to end, for another, even Elisha, was being fitted to take up his ministry where he had laid it down, and go out and go on with the work even as the disciples had been taught and fitted by the Lord Jesus Christ to take up His ministry and carry the glorious gospel to the ends of the earth.

The knowledge of his master's coming ascension was not kept secret from Elisha but was revealed to him, even as the message of Christ's coming glorification and ascension was made known to the disciples. And the same great longing filled his heart that filled that of the adoring disciples and fills the heart of every true follower of the Lord Jesus:

Oh, to be like Thee! Oh, to be like Thee!

Blessed Redeemer—pure as Thou art!

Come in Thy sweetness, come in Thy fullness;

Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

And so as the master departed from Gilgal and made His way to Bethel and Jericho, there to give final instructions and comfort to the members of the school of the prophets who he had formed, Elisha pressed hard after him. Oh, methinks I can see that set determination to go all the way written upon that strong, spiritual face. Talking little but following hard, heart aching at the loss he was

soon to sustain, but pressing on with that quiet, unswerving purpose that none could dissuade and none could move, lips firmly set with his fixed resolution to press on to the very end.

But though from his lips there come few words, the cry in his heart is as a great shouting that rises from between the lines of this second chapter of 2 Kings, and fills the heavens, and sets the hills to echoing: "If I have been chosen to do my master's work, I must have my master's power! If I am to carry on His ministry, I must keep my eyes fixed upon Him till I see Him go, and His mantle falls upon me!"

Oh, dear heart, you and I, even as was the early church, are called to carry on the ministry of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, of whom Elijah is such a glorious type. But if we would do His works, we must needs have the same power by which the Lord and the disciples wrought them: the power of the Holy Ghost. There is but one way to receive, and Elisha, surmounting every difficulty, true in every test, unfalteringly took that way.

From Gilgal to Bethel

The first test came when Elijah said unto Elisha, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel."

Methinks I hear the enemy whisper, "Stay here, and take things easy, Elisha. Let down a little on your praying, and seeking, and following hard upon the footsteps of the master. Would you not rather consult your own feelings and the desires of the flesh a little, Elisha? You know one must look out for one's self not to overdo. The day has been hot, the journey long. Would you not like to take back just a little of the consecration vow you made o'er the burning plow handles and boiling oxen where you pledged body, soul, and spirit in unstinted giving and discipleship?"

But no! In the cry that is wrung from the lips of Elisha, is poured forth the determination and the longing that is surging and filling his heart to the bursting: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

Oh, can you say it, brother, sister? Is this same cry in your heart?

Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; Perish every fond ambition, By Thy grace I'll follow Thee!

It matters not that the world fails to understand; it matters not that to them the cross is but a reproach; it matters not that I am leaving ease, public opinion, worldly standing, fleshly desires, and earthly store behind; as the Lord liveth, I will not leave Thee! I am going on to Bethel, which means the House of God.

And the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha and said unto him, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today?"

And he said, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

Oh, I see that white, set determination of his face grow stronger: "Yea, I know it, sons of the prophets, I know it! And my heart is aching with the sense of loss I shall soon sustain. But do not talk about it, and do not ask me to come in and talk with you. I desire not to talk and visit, or even hold friendly conversation. My soul is burning with earnest prayer; hold your peace. Do not distract my thoughts from my petition, or take mine eyes from off my master, till I receive of His power and His mantle descends upon me."

Bethel to Fericho

The second test came when Elijah said unto him, "Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho."

Has the test ever come to you, dear child of God? "You have done well; you have turned your back upon sin and have followed the Lord to Bethel, the House of God. He knows that you love Him; you are a Christian and doing your duty. Tarry here, and go no further up the

Aimee Semple McPherson

The Descending Mantle

hot and dusty road of heart searching and earnest petitioning; here is a cool and restful place. The other sons of the prophets are here; if they are content to here abide and do not follow further, why can you not do the same? Tarry here and sleep a little."

And have you cried out, as did Elisha, the second time, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee!"

I'd rather walk with Jesus alone,
And have for my pillow, like Jacob, a stone,
Living each moment with His face in view,
Than turn from my pathway, and fail to go through.

Then it can be said of you as of Elijah and Elisha, "So they came to Jericho," which means "a fragrant place." Be willing to go through with Jesus o'er the hot and dusty highway, and you will find yourself in the shadow of His great love, in a fragrant place. Fragrant? Ah, yes! With such fragrance as only the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley can give forth! Fragrant, with new vines that put forth dewy leaves and tender grapes, as He leads you through the garden of His grace and there gives you of His loves, mandrakes, pomegranates, apples, and shows us at our gates all manner of pleasant fruits both new and old, laid up for His beloved, His overcoming bride.

So they came to Jericho, a fragrant place. And oh, it is only they who really go through and press on with the Lord, with hearts that pant like the hart after the water brooks, that really reach the fragrant place, wherein our own lives are made as "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed; where the plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices."

And it is of such persevering, consecrated overcomers that the Lord can say, "I am come into My garden, My sister, My spouse: I have gathered My myrrh with My spice; you have shared with Me the myrrh and bitterness of My sufferings and known of Me in the

spices and frankincense of My resurrection. Oh, precious place of fragrance, how sweet is thy reward!" Oh, blessed, blessed Jesus, all along life's pilgrim journey, let me ever walk with Thee!

"And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha, and said unto him, 'Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today?' And he answered, 'Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

It is as though they had said, "There is no need of your going further, Elisha. Your master has now completed his ministry, his miracle-working days are o'er, the clouds will soon receive him out of your sight, and you would be left away out there in the wilderness somewhere, all alone. Better stay with us, Elisha, for our master is going down, down to the chilly waters of the Jordan, you know, and this will be the greatest test of all."

Twixt Fericho and Fordan

"Tarry, I pray thee, here," added Elijah, "for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan."

And for the third and last time, Elisha settled the question, stood the test, and steadfastly declared, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

Oh, how the next five words thrill our beings, set themselves to music, and make our hearts to sing!

"And They Two Went On"

Let the rest of the world take their ease in peaceful habitations, but "they two went on!"

Let the sons of the prophets fail to follow to the end of the way and "stand afar off," but "they two went on!"

Let those whom He loved, criticize, misunderstand, and declare that his white-heated zeal was fanaticism, but "they two went on!" And oh, the unspeakable joy of sacred companionship as they traveled that road together, hand in hand, heart of master and disciple throbbing as one! Who can lift the veil or fathom the depth of love and confidences exchanged between Jericho and Jordan? Who can tell the intimate glimpses into the soul of the prophet that Elisha caught, the final words of instruction and advice that he received, or how his heart burned within him as they walked by the way, even as the hearts of the disciples burned on Emmaus' way, when their Master, Jesus Christ, walked and talked with them, before His ascension into the clouds of heaven?

"And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan."

Brother, sister, in which company are you? With which of the three groups do you stand?

In the first, far away, lie the worldly, sinful, unbelieving masses in home and field, busily occupied with the things that are of the earth, earthly, totally unaware, uncaring, and unappreciative of the opportunity to walk with the Master.

In the second, separated from the world by their faith and love of the Master, are the sons of the prophets. They are students of the prophetic Word. They know and cherish the law of the Lord and worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Yet, instead of pressing close and following hard, they "stand to view afar off." And not only do they stand afar off themselves, but they sometimes seek to discourage and dissuade Elisha from going on.

How many do we know today who "stand to view afar off"—stand back and say, "Well, I am going to watch this thing, and see which way the matter will fall, and then get in on the winning side"? Are you one who stands to view afar off, as a mere spectator, and an onlooker upon those who teach and seek a deeper life of consecration and the descending mantle of the Master?

In the third, are you in the third company, of whom we read, that while the sons of the prophets "stood to view afar off, they two stood by Jordan"?

Multitudes in the world, fifty devoted lives standing afar, but only two that pressed on to the Jordan. And ah, my dear hearts, they who go through and receive the mantle of power will find that as they press on, there will be many a time that the company will be narrowed down to two: "My Lord and I."

Walk Thou with me, nor let my footsteps stray Apart from Thee, throughout life's threatening way; Be Thou my Guide! The path I cannot see; Close to Thy side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.

The number who press on all the way are ofttimes pathetically few:

But one Noah, just and devout, when the floods came down!

But one Lot in Sodom, and even his wife turned back!

But one interceding Abraham, to whom God could reveal this coming catastrophe, and who could pray for the city's deliverance!

But one Joseph in Egypt, who stood for the true God and there declared His Word!

But one Moses to lead the children of Israel forth!

But one Daniel in the kingdom, who dared stand for the right and be true to the courage of his convictions!

Thanks be to God, however, the number need never be lessened to one! We need never walk alone, for even they who view from afar off will ever see "they two" going to the Jordan.

Going Down

Jordan means "going down," and there will ever be a "going down" before the "going through" and the receiving of the mantle of power. But no matter how precipitous the descent, or how lowly and humble the pathway through which our Lord may lead, let us ever remember that it is the pathway of humility that leads us to the place of power;

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The Descending Mantle

the "going down" that leads to the "going up," the going down into the realization of our own need, and that emptying out of self, that brings down the mantle of power, and the filling with the Spirit of Elijah—the Holy Ghost. Falter not, beloved, and if the depths affright, just

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

"And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground."

Elisha could not take himself through the Jordan; Elijah, the master, parted the waves and took him through. Just so, we cannot take ourselves through into the Spirit-filled land, or fill ourselves with the Spirit, but He will take us through.

There are two waters the Christian pilgrims must cross, which must needs be miraculously opened by the Lord. The first is the Red Sea, so blessed a type of the riverside, the rent veil, the crimson blood of Jesus, opened for our salvation. The Jordan also, which leads to the Promised Land, whose boughs hang low with an abundance of fruitage of the Spirit-filled life, must be divinely opened for us.

Take, take me through, Jesus,
Take, take me through;
You know the way better than others do;
Whate'er the cost, whate'er the test,
I'll keep close to Jesus,
And He'll do the rest.

And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." So spake the Master to His little ones ere He went away: "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John 15:7).

Oh, if Jesus could stand before us in the flesh today, and speak again these words, I wonder what our petition would be? Would we ask riches, fame, popularity, higher earthly standing? I wonder!

The Petition of Elisha

Elisha had but one petition that burned his heart, and fired his soul, and glowed within his eyes! Surely he must have been rehearsing that petition o'er and o'er in his heart, for his request was right on the tip of his tongue as soon as the question was asked: "And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy Spirit be upon me."

Elisha was to take up his master's work—he must needs possess his master's power. Even so, the disciples of Jesus were to take up the ministry of evangelizing the world and preaching the gospel to every creature, just where Jesus laid it down. And they must needs have His power, even the Holy Spirit, who dwelt within the Master, and by whose power He did His mighty acts, and of which He spake, saying, "The works that I do, I do not of Myself. He that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works."

Small wonder Elisha pressed on across the Jordan with his cry, "Let a double portion of thy Spirit be upon me!" Small wonder that the disciples pressed on a Sabbath day's journey to Jerusalem, and climbed the steps to the upper room, with the fixed determination to "tarry until" they be endued with the power from on high and the mantle of Jesus should descend upon the waiting church. Tossed and driven, helpless and needy, hardly daring to meet together for fear of the Jews, who had smitten the Chief Shepherd, and would fain have scattered the sheep abroad, realizing that soon their Elijah, Jesus, the tender and glorious Lord, would be taken away, and they would be left alone to carry on the work, they knew that they simply

must have the Spirit, be endued with power from on high, and that they would receive this power after the Holy Spirit was come upon them. And their waiting hearts were throbbing,

Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit; Bathe each trembling heart and brow; Fill us with Thy hallowed Presence. Come, oh come, and fill us now.

"And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so."

"A hard thing?"

Some think it a very light and easy matter to receive this holy mantle of power.

"Just take it by faith, and try to believe you have it," say some, "and you have it."

"You received all there was for you at conversion and did not know it. Every Christian has this mantle," say others.

But ah, 'twas only the Elisha who pressed on all the way, who really received in Elijah's day. 'Twas only the hundred and twenty that pressed on to the upper room who received the baptism of power. Not the fifty sons of the prophets standing to view afar off—who received the mantle of Elijah!—not unto the three hundred and eighty who, out of the five hundred disciples to whom Jesus appeared, yet who stood afar off, but unto the hundred and twenty who pressed on and followed hard, came the rushing wind and tongues of flame.

It means something to receive this mantle of spiritual power, and you will know it when you have received it. Why, if one could receive the mantle and never know it, one could lose it and never miss it.

"Thou hast asked a hard thing." It is going to mean self-denial, self-sacrifice, heart searching, a fullness of consecration and abandonment to the will of God of which you never dreamed, a dying out to the opinions of the people and the desire to go with the crowd,

a willingness to go on with the Master alone, and a crossing of the Jordan—"Nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so."

The sons of the prophets, standing afar, saw not the ascension. They doubted the report, and thought to find Elijah in the mountains, and received not the mantle. Elisha saw him go, and the spirit of Elijah fell upon him.

Many there are today who wonder why they have not the power of the Spirit to sweep communities and bring revival fires. It is often because they have not seen the Saviour go; His resurrection, His ascension, His aliveness from the dead has never really been revealed to their dear hearts. They worship the dead and not the living Christ—"the Great I Was" and not "the Great I AM." They fail to realize that this Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses, and hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear—fail to understand that He hath ascended on high, leading captivity captive and giving gifts unto men.

And praise the Lord, even as Elisha saw Elijah go, so the believers saw Jesus go and received of His Spirit.

The Fiery Chariot

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and darted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

Up, up into the opening heavens, ascended Elijah, as Elisha, the disciple, steadfastly beheld till the billowing clouds unfolded him, and he saw him no more.

Such a sight had never been witnessed! The air fanned with angels' wings, the rushing of fiery steeds, the farewell words of Elijah, the ascension and the disappearing flame of attendant glory must

have swept over and ravished the soul and body of Elisha as though a tornado had passed o'er him, and thundered by into the distant horizon, leaving him prone in the desert in that strange hush that always succeeds the passing of a swift-moving storm.

Tears and laughter and shouting must have filled his heart. Trembling must have laid hold upon his very bones. Excitement, joy, sorrow, wonder, loneliness, responsibility, need, expectancy—he must have run the entire gamut of emotions to behold such a sight and live. But though he cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," and though his heart must have pounded, and the wind of the chariot wheels have sung in his ears, that one great cry was still in his soul: "Let a double portion of thy Spirit fall on me."

Hands upstretched, face lifted to the heavens, lips moving in earnest prayer, eyes devouring every movement of that departing form in the fiery chariot—he is looking, he is waiting for but one thing. He is believing and expecting it to descend upon him at any moment, for was it not the promise of the Master, was he not to take up the Master's work, and must he not needs have the Master's power?

Ah, there he goes! The fiery chariot is disappearing through the gateway of the clouds, and heaven drops her misty curtains o'er the opened sky.

He is gone! Elisha, your master has taken his departure, and you are left alone without the power.

The Descending Mantle

But wait a moment—what is that? The fixed, unwavering eyes of Elisha are shining now. The uplifted hands reach higher, his face is illuminated, and, following his upward gaze, we see it, too—a little speck in the distance first, and then, unfolding, fluttering, down, down, down from out of the heavens, light, confident, sure, as though 'twere the pinions of a dove, descends the mantle of Elijah

and comes to repose at the feet of Elisha, where all he must needs do is to put out his hand and take it.

Oh, what did you do, Elisha? Did you impulsively reach out your hand in faith, seize the mantle, and throw it on over your own garments?

No, indeed! We read that before he clothed himself with the mantle, "He took hold of his own clothes and rent them in two pieces." Then, "He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan."

What a picture! What a type of the ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the descension of his mantle, even the power of the Holy Ghost upon the early church and all who will press on to the Jordan and receive the Spirit.

In the last verses of the last chapter of Luke, we read of the Lord Jesus that, "He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them." His last words being, according to St. Luke in verse 9: "And, behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

In Luke 24:51–52: "And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." Note the striking similarity of this verse to that of 2 Kings 2:11: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and *parted* them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

In the first chapter of Acts, we also read of the words spoken by our Lord just before His translation, when He promised the mantle of His power to the church, saying, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

And as they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, they were reminded by heavenly visitors that the Lord would someday come again; they bethought themselves of the work to be done ere His return, and hastened to Jerusalem, there to receive the mantle of His power before taking up the ministry He had entrusted to their hands.

With rushing wind and tongues of flame descended the Holy Ghost upon the hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost and filled them with His Spirit. They had seen the ascending Christ; they had received the descending Holy Spirit. The mantle of power that had descended from God out of heaven, and fallen upon Jesus in the Jordan, had now descended upon, and did abide upon, the believers who were to carry on His work.

Even as it was necessary for Elijah to be caught up before his mantle could fall on Elisha, so it was necessary with our Lord and Master, who said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

The perseverance, going through, and expectancy of Elisha were rewarded.

The obedience, prayer, and ten days' waiting of the disciples in the upper room were also rewarded, as will be the earnest following after the fullness of the Spirit by every truly consecrated child of God.

Farewell, My Way; Welcome, Thy Way

But before Elisha put on the mantle of Elijah, he rent his own clothes in two pieces. And the only way in which we as a church or an individual can successfully put on the wonder-working mantle of the Holy Spirit is to first rend our own garments, our own plans and methods, ideas, desires and schemes, red tape, regulations, and rules, in two pieces, and strip them away, and then put on the mantle of power

that our Lord has sent down and which lies within the reach of all who will pay the price and go all the way with Jesus.

As we rend our robes in two pieces, we cry good-bye to our own man-made planning and ponderings, our futile efforts of the flesh, our forming of committees to get up concerts, entertainments, and suppers to bring the people to church, our thinking and scheming as to how to get sensational subjects to hold the crowds; good-bye to man-made strivings to work up a revival in our own strength, and, as we take up the mantle of power and are clothed with the Spirit, we cry, "Welcome, Holy Spirit of God! Have Thine own way and wield Thine own dear scepter o'er my life! Be Thou my guide, my wisdom, and my strength! Plan Thou each hour and lead the way! Speak through my lips, and fire my tongue with praise! Burn in my heart with white heat, oh, faith and love, till self and dross be burned away, my plans and wishes, ashes on the altar of Thy holy will! Come, Holy Spirit, mantle sent from the Christ of God; oh, let a double portion of Thy Spirit fall on me, that all the world may see 'tis no more I but Christ that lives in me, and seeing Him, may love Him, and the oldtime power descend.

"Clothe me, fill me, o'erflow, not that I may strut, or boast, or live within the mantle's joy alone, but that I may return to a world of sin, suffering, end grim realities, to tell that world of Christ, my living Lord."

True, there may be those who will despise and forsake you, but they left the Saviour, too. True, the enemy may fight and bitterly contest each step of the journey, but lift your eyes to Him who "always causeth us to triumph," and sing,

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba Father;

I have stayed my heart on Thee; Stormy clouds may o'er me gather; All must work for good to me.

The Lord caused to descend on Elisha the mantle of Elijah, not for his own pleasure or joy but for practical service and ministry, and we read that "He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, *and went back*."

What a message to the believer, who has attained unto great spiritual heights, is contained in those last three words: "and went back."

Elisha's Return

Though this spot by the Jordan must have been the most hallowed spot on the face of the earth to Elisha, he did not set up his abode on the scene of his transporting, rapturous experience. He did not say, "Well, I have journeyed farther than any of the others, and will now exclude myself from their company, and give myself to deeper teaching and feeding my own soul upon the riches of my experience. They would not understand me anyway." No! He went back, back to the brethren who stood afar off, back to a world of need and aching hearts, a world that dwelt in the darkness of unbelief and hunger, back to a sphere of practical service in the commonplace dwellings of life. But oh! He took the mantle of power with him as he went! And so should we ever return from the highest heights of transfiguration glory to the valley of upstretched hands and needy lives.

We read of the shepherds to whom the host of angels appeared, announcing the birth of the Saviour, that "they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger." It had been to them a day of transporting glory. Their souls had been swept into heavenly places by the rhapsody of praise that the angels sang. They had run swiftly and beheld the face of the infant Messiah, but the Word is careful to state that "the shepherds returned, glorifying

and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen," and then returned to testify and "made known abroad that which was told them concerning this Child."

The Wise Men followed the star and found the Babe and rejoiced with exceeding great joy as they opened their treasures and presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and fell down and worshipped Him. But they arose and departed into their own country, witnessing of the Christ.

The one hundred and twenty were filled with the Holy Spirit in the upper room. 'Twas a place of unspeakable blessedness and joy, where they might have closeted themselves for many days and feasted on manna from above, but they went back down the stairs from the upper room, back to the thronged streets and busy marts of life to "noise abroad" the story of the risen Lord and win the hearts of multitudes unto the Christ.

Elisha "went back and stood." Thank God, it's a wonderful thing to go back and "stand."

"By the bank of the Jordan"—how that Jordan, which means "going down," is mixed up and interwoven through the deepest Christian experience!

"He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Elijah was gone, but Elijah's God still lived. Elijah, the worker of miracles, was gone, but the day of miracles was not past.

Elijah was gone, but there were still rivers to cross, and hearts to gladden, and lives to cheer, lepers to cleanse, hungry to feed, and chains to be broken.

So, standing there by the river's edge, he cried, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Oh, Elisha, prophet of God, your lips have been long-since silent, but how your words keep ringing and ringing, echoing and reechoing across the waters of Jordan, and on across the sands of life, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"—words that span the gulf of

time and pierce to the depths of our being, clear, keen, insistent, demanding an answer, and are as a two-edged sword that searches our innermost heart with a double message: the first being that of rebuke that we have so far lost sight of the fact that Elijah's God still lives today, with power as unlimited and unchanged as in the days of yore; and the second, an exhortation that we lift up our faces unto the heavens even now and believe right this moment in the living, loving, resurrected Lord, and in the God of Elijah.

"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Well, indeed, may we stop and ask ourselves the question today! Where are His miracles? Where is His power? And where is the glorified Jesus who declared Himself to be the same yesterday, and today, and forever? If these prophets of old saw such mighty miracles wrought by faith before the coming of the Messiah, the opening of the new and living way, the outpouring of Pentecostal power, and the birth of the church, why should we not stand by the river of humility and see them through faith today?

"And when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over."

How eloquent in the verse just quoted is the word "also," like the opening for a moment of a gate that gives a comprehensive glimpse of the vistas of similitude between the ministry, pathway, and life of servant and master—the following in His footsteps, the doing of His works. Elijah had parted those waters before, so Elisha smote them "also," for he had become the recipient of the master's mantle and was to carry on the master's work.

And how it calls to mind another "also" used by Jesus ere He went away: "The works that I do shall ye do *also*."

There were those in Elisha's day who would have rebuked him for thus stepping in his master's footprints and doing as he had seen Elijah do—but the Lord did not rebuke him.

There were those in Peter's day who rebuked him for leaping out of the boat and walking on the waves as he saw the Saviour do, but the Lord, instead of rebuking him, reached out His hands and spake just one word: "Come."

There are those today who would rebuke those who would seek to claim the promises the Saviour gave, and follow close in the steps of His ministry, but the Saviour smiles and answers, "Come:

There is a Guide that never falters, And when He leads I cannot stray, For step by step, He goes before me, And marks my path; He knows the way.

"And Elisha went over." After all, that is what real overcoming is, a going over, not under, or around, but abundantly and triumphantly over.

"And when the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho saw him, they said, 'The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.'"

Ah, would to God the world could say this of the church today!

And would to God that the ministering brethren from the schools of the prophets, (or theological seminaries), many of whom are standing to view afar off those who are seeking the power of the Holy Ghost, might see the Spirit-filled Elisha's return to the field of practical, wholehearted soul winning with such transforming glory that they would be forced to cry, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." The same Holy Spirit who descended in bodily form as of a dove and abode upon the matchless Son of God, the only Begotten of the Father, the same Spirit that filled the one hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost doth rest upon this Elisha company, causing them to show forth not the spirit of fear but of love, and of power, and of a sound mind. And they would cry,

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pentecostal pow'r! Thy floodgates of blessing on us throw open wide!

The Descending Mantle

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pentecostal pow'r, That sinners be converted and Thy name glorified!

"And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him."

Many there be who are fearful of going all the way with Jesus lest they be shut out of the presence of their brethren and be put out of the synagogues, loving the praise of men more than the praise of God. But when Elisha returned with the mantle and the spirit of Elijah, his brethren recognized that spirit and ran to meet him. Why, there are thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of brethren in the world today, who are just starving for the old-time power, yearning for some solution of the problem that will meet the needs of a cold, backslidden, worldly minded church; bring them back to God; make the desert bloom and the barren field to yield her increase; thousands who will run to meet and welcome those who are really filled with the Spirit and can help solve the needs of the hour, as did Elisha of old.

He was now qualified for service and following in his master's steps. His plow and oxen burned upon the altar, his consecration complete, he had followed all the way to Jordan, received the spirit and mantle of Elijah, and returned for practical service. His first act was to heal with salt the waters that had caused to be barren the land of his people, and oh, God's spiritual children are the salt of the earth, and when they are plunged into the brackish waters whose spirituality has been lost, there must be a revival and a healing of the spring from whose fountainhead will flow forth streams of blessing that will cause the desert to blossom and the words of Elisha at the spring to be reechoed: "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land."

True, there may be children who will come forth by the way to mock and scorn, but the bears shall devour them, and the victor go on his way unharmed. The first task in the ministry of Elisha was as the first duty in the ministry of the church, the healing of the waters and causing the barren land to yield.

The second task in the ministry of Elisha was that of filling the empty vessels with oil—even as the next duty in the ministry of the church is the preaching of the necessity of the virgins having their vessels filled with the oil of the Holy Spirit.

His raising of the Shunammite's son, his curing the death in the pot, his feeding of the one hundred men with twenty loaves, the healing of Naaman's leprosy, the causing of the iron to swim, the Syrians to be struck blind, his prophecy of plenty in Samaria when besieged by the foe, his anointing of Jehu, his death and the miracle of his bones in the sepulcher causing the dead man to live and stand up on his feet are all blessed types of the ministry of the church that should be as much a reflection of the life of Christ as was the ministry of Elisha, or that of Elijah.

Come, dear hearts, let us leave all and follow Jesus, the Lamb of God. He is calling us from the fields of sin and selfishness; He is passing by this very hour, so close you can put out your hand in simple faith and touch His seamless robe, His nail-pierced hand. See! He is holding His mantle of mercy, and love, and power, ready to cast it o'er each surrendered and consecrated life. Oh, why should we tarry a moment longer? Will you not look up into the down-bending face of Jesus just now and say, "Let me kiss my father and my mother good-bye, and I will follow Thee! Let me burn the oxen upon the handles of the plow, and give my neighbors to eat of the fruitage of my yielded life! Then take me with Thee to Bethel, Jericho, and beyond the Jordan! Let my life be lost in Thee, and a double portion of Thy Spirit descend upon me, that I may do Thy bidding and glorify Thy name!"

Saviour, 'tis a full surrender, All I leave to follow Thee;

Aimee Semple McPherson

Thou my Leader and Defender From this hour shalt ever be.

No withholding; full confession; Pleasures, riches, all must flee; Holy Spirit, take possession! I no more, but Thou in me.

Oh, the joy of full salvation! Oh, the peace of love divine! Oh, the bliss of consecration! I am His, and He is mine.



April 1922

HE PREACHING OF the full gospel, and the winning of many souls, cannot help but draw fire from the Philistine enemy on the one hand, and pointed javelins from the jealous Sauls on the side where our brethren have lost the anointing or failed to stand for the full gospel.

All manner of evil may be spoken against us, falsely, for His name's sake, but the very fact that the preaching of the whole gospel stirs up the enemy, proves the Word we preach. And the Master commands us to shout in that day and leap for joy, as great is our reward in heaven.

Yes, and one can shout and rejoice under fire from the enemy, knowing that it is the enemy. But the heartbreaking thing, enough to break the finest spirit and most indomitable courage, were it not for the sustaining grace of Jesus Christ, comes when our brothers in the gospel, the King Sauls who have lost the anointing, whose pews are empty, and whose altars are deserted, but who have sharp javelins in their hands, join forces with the devil's army and seek to down the power of the full gospel and the spirit of revival. And yet, this is the very thing our Lord came up against every day of His ministry. And He had more sympathy and understanding from the world than from the high priests of the synagogue and the scribes and Pharisees who were wont to come and sit in His congregation, not hoping to find some good but hoping to find some flaw and rejoice when they thought they had it.

When the Lord graciously filled me with His blessed Holy Spirit—ah, will I ever forget that day?—lying at the blessed nail-pierced feet of my Lord and Master, billows of glory rolled over my soul as He filled me to overflowing. Calvary's scenes were brought before me: those nail-pierced hands and feet, that wounded side and thorn-crowned brow. It seemed as though my heart would break for love of Him. And oh, the depth of those dear dark eyes, the unutterable love and sorrow and yearning reflected there as He bowed His head and looked down upon me, I shall never forget. Hallelujah! How I wept and sobbed out my heart before Him and gave Him my life for all time to come, pleading that He might use me in some small way to His own honour and glory, and asking Him to give me a vision of the need.

And then, another scene before me 'twas of a field white unto the harvest. I was a farmer's daughter, and the Lord spoke to me in terms of the farm that I could comprehend. As I gazed steadfastly upon the whitened grain, it waved and billowed 'neath the summer's sun, so overripe that a multitude of kernels fell upon the ground.

Then, as I looked, a strange thing happened. Every little leaf became an upstretched hand and arm, and every head of wheat, a human head and face. And as the wind, which was the Holy Spirit, swept o'er and moved upon their surface, I heard them cry, "Come, come, and gather in the fields of ripened grain."

Oh, how great the fields were! How they swept on and out into the immeasurable distance, over mountain and plain, till the whole "world is the field." One could never hope to reap a millionth part of it alone, but if a great army of workers should enter, how much could be garnered.

Suddenly, as I still gazed in fascinated wonder and enlarging vision upon the human field of grain, I felt something put within my hand and, looking down, beheld the Lord had given me a strong,

sharp sickle. And he said, "Go, My child, into the harvest fields of life, and reap the whitened grain. I have put within thy hand the keen, sharp sickle of the Word, but take heed that ye never use it to cut thy fellow reapers. To many a reaper I have given the sharp sickle of the Word, and they have used it for a while with strong, firm arms and done much service. But after a while, alas, they have lifted their sickles from the grain and have taken them to fight and cut each other. And oh, no one in the world can cut so deep and sharp as a Christian worker. No other sickle is so sharp as the sickle of the Word, whereby one worker has cut another to the very heart and left him bleeding. Go, my child, with your sickle, bright and sharp and strong, but always remember, use it only to cut the grain and never to cut another reaper."

The vision faded, and I rose and wiped the tears from out my eyes, but I never have forgotten the hour when at His feet I lay, and then went forth to serve Him in a humble way. But through the years I have never forgotten the lesson, or the purpose, for which the sickle was given.

The world is full today of workers who use their sickles to cut and slash their brother and sister fellow workers. Sometimes 'tis done in preaching sermons, sometimes through articles in church magazines. Sometimes as Christian workers, we come in for our portion of the cuts of our brethren's sickles, indignant and unjust, exaggerated misrepresentations of facts. Our readers often write to know why we do not reply and why we answer not a word. Then once for all, here is the answer:

One, because Jesus told us never to cut a fellow worker, whether we see eye to eye with him or not.

Two, we are too busy cutting the whitened grain, which is perishing for need of workers, to spare the sickle.

Three, we are so inexperienced, and have made so many blunders and mistakes, that if we did not need the cut for the purpose it

Aimee Semple McPherson

was given, we probably needed it for something else. Anyway, take it as a chastening from the Lord and seek to do better next time, striving as much as possible to give offense to none of our fellow laborers, but to live peaceably with all men, as far as is possible, without compromising or losing the strength of a stroke with the sickle the Lord hath given us.



April 1922

HERE DO YOU shop, at Woolworth's or Tiffany's?

"Oh, I would like to be a Christian, but the price is too great! I would have to give up the world, with its gaiety and pleasure, and what could ever take its place?" said a certain young

pleasure, and what could ever take its place?" said a certain young lady to me some time ago after I had spoken to her about giving her life to Jesus.

Then I told her the story of the jewelry: Woolworth's imitation and Tiffany's genuine. She decided for the genuine, for Jesus, the pearl of great price. Shall I tell you the story, too?

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived in a certain humble little home a young lady who was very fond of jewelry.

Now as she was the daughter of poor parents and could not afford the genuine, she made her way to Woolworth's and bought his spangle-dangles. She purchased a string of "pearls," which were made out of glass but which she fondly hoped her friends would mistake for the genuine article, a brass ring with a red glass stone that she flour-ished upon her finger, hoping it would be mistaken for a ruby, glass diamond earrings, and a brass bracelet set with colored glass that she hoped would be mistaken for genuine, but they never were.

After she had worn and paraded this array of imitation jewelry for some time, she almost succeeded in deceiving herself by her powerful imagination and the game of make-believe that they were real.

But she did not succeed in deceiving her friends. They all knew the tawdry, cheap imitation for its true value, tarnished worthlessness, and laughed behind her back. Her fiancé, son of wealthy parents, being possessed of means, refinement in taste, and a deep love for the girl, was secretly irritated by the cheap jewelry that marred rather than enhanced her beauty, but said nothing about it for a long time.

At last, however, after one of her friends had spoken of the matter, remarking that they liked the girl immensely but certainly did not like the jewelry she wore, he determined to speak to her upon the subject. That evening whilst seated before the fireplace, he said, "Darling, I do wish you would take off that cheap imitation jewelry and throw it into the fire. You know that it is not real. Why do you wear it anyway?"

Indignantly she cried, "Throw it into the fire? Indeed I won't! Why, I love jewelry, and if I gave this up, I would have nothing to take its place!"

Quietly the young man dismissed the subject, soon said, "Good night," and was gone.

The next evening when he returned, his pockets were bulging with several odd-shaped packages, and the girl's eyes were wide with curiosity till the wrapping was removed. Then a beautiful morocco leather case came to view, and upon a bed of satin and velvet lay a matchless string of pearls, shell pink in the firelight; and in other boxes lay costly earrings, a beautiful bracelet of fine workmanship, and a ruby ring whose flashing fire rivaled the glowing embers on the hearth. Her rapture knew no bounds. In happy little cries, she gasped, "Oh! Oh! They are wonderful, simply wonderful! I never knew there were such jewels in the world! Oh, let me touch them!" And then with bated breath: "Who...who are they for? To whom do they belong?"

With a slow, whimsical smile, the lover said, "My dear, they are all for you—upon one condition."

"And that?"

Breathlessly she waited. Oh, was it going to be something too hard? Something she could never do?

"And that is, my dear, that you throw away the imitation before I give you the genuine."

Did she throw them away? Indeed she did! Off came the glass beads and earrings, off came the brass bracelet and the tawdry ring, and into the fire they went.

Then with fingers that trembled, she lifted the shimmering pearls from their bed and clasped them about her throat. She fastened the earrings in her ears, slipped the real bracelet and ring on her hand almost reverently, and exclaimed rapturously as the ruby caught up the fire glow and scintillated its glory at every turn of her hand. She had no more desire for the sham, don't you see, for she now had the genuine.

"And, oh, that is just the difference between the world and the Lord Jesus," said I to the young lady to whom I related the story. "You say that you cannot give up the world and its gay pleasure, dear, just as that foolish girl said that she could not give up the ten-cent-store gems, but oh, just wait till you see Jesus, the great Lover divine! Wait till you see the pearl of great price purchased by suffering divine, the ruby that has never lost its light and power and life, even the crimson blood of Jesus Christ, the gold of His divine nature, the glory of His love, the riches of His grace, and the joy unspeakable that He has purchased for you. Remember they are yours for the asking if you will but give up the world and turn to the Christ. One glimpse of the genuine and you would never be contented with the tawdry gilded tinsel of the make-believe."

And, as I said, she accepted Christ and is rejoicing in the gems divine.

Dear reader, which will you choose, the genuine or the imitation? The pleasures of the world that last for but a moment and turn to ashes in your hands, or the pure celestial joys of a born-again, Spirit-filled life adorned with the gems of the kingdom?

Samson and Delilah	
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An Exposition of Judges 13, 14, 15, and 16 May 1922

AVE YOU EVER stopped to think what a wonderful type of the church of Jesus Christ is Samson of Zorah?

Invincible, supernaturally strengthened, bursting bands and bearing imprisoning gates to the top of victory's hill, surrender and defeat were unknown to him when the Nazarite vow of separation was kept and the Spirit of the Lord moved mightily upon him. Weak, helpless, blinded, he became, bound by fetters of brass, and grinding out a miserable existence at the mill in the prison house, scorned and mocked at by even the unbelieving Philistines when, through slumbering upon the lap of Delilah, his locks were cut away, the Nazarite vow of separation broken, and the Spirit of the Lord departed out of him.

How striking in similarity is Samson's former condition with that of the early apostolic church on and after the day of Pentecost—strong, courageous, doing exploits, unheld by prison gates, bursting Satan's bands like threads of tow that touched the Spirit's flame, and marching on to victory. And how like is Samson's latter condition to that of the church when, after laying its head in slumber on the lap of the enchanting and deceitful world, the seven locks are shorn away, and blindly the church did grind in the prison house, without the power to overcome the dread outnumbering foe, because the Spirit of the Lord, the secret of Samson's power, the secret of the apostolic power was departed from it.

First conditions surrounding the birth of Samson were like unto those existent in the birth of the early church. His birth was foretold by the angel of the Lord even as the birth of the church was foretold by Jesus. He was born of an erstwhile barren mother even as the church was brought forth from the world, barren Jewish after the shedding of Jesus' precious blood, and the opening of the new and living way.

The threefold command of temperance, purity, and obedience were laid upon the mother of Samson (Judg. 13:14), even as upon the collaborators with Jesus in bringing many sons to glory. Samson was destined by the Lord (even as was the church of Jesus) to be a Nazarite unto God, filled with strength and the power of the Spirit that was to come upon him from on high.

Samson was destined by God for a certain purpose, namely that of delivering Israel out of the hands of the Philistines, even as the destined purpose of the church was to lead captive sinners from bondage into freedom, by preaching liberty to the captives and the opening of prison doors to those that were bound. The very definition of the name Samson ("like the sun") is an unparalleled definition of the likeness to the Son of God, which the Lord would have His church reflect after that the glory of the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon them.

Oh, that we as members of His church body could, by His Spirit's power, measure up to God's ideal and purpose and be His Samson, *like the sun*, to shine in this world of darkness, as different from the child of sin as is night from the brightness of day.

"And the woman bare a son, and called his name Samson: and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him. And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Daniel between Zorah and Eshtaol" (Judg. 13:24–25).

"The child grew...And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him." How fittingly could these words be written o'er the history of the early church! But power can only be proven by opposition, and victory be gained by conquest.

From this on through the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters, and the first three verses of the sixteenth of Judges, the oppositions,

tests, temptations, conquests and continuous victories of Samson depicted, are as the oppositions, tests, temptations, conquests, and victories of the early church in the Acts of the Apostles—constantly met by the attacks and plans of the enemy, yet constantly overcoming by the Spirit of the Lord.

"Then went Samson down...and came to the vineyards of Timnath [led thither by the Lord who sought an occasion against the Philistines], and, behold, a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand."

The Lion

Even so did the devil, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, go out against the early church as they went forth into the vineyards of the world. We read in Judges 14:4, "it was of the Lord" who led Samson to Timnath, and the "lion roared against him." And so with the early church, "it was the Lord" who led them into the very ranks of the Philistine enemy of God and righteousness. It is not when we bide at home in the safety of the fireside and easy chair that the devil wars against us, but it is when we are up and doing and pushing the battle to the gates.

How mighty and strong was that apostolic church! Peter's first sermon brought three thousand to the Saviour's feet. The healing of the lame man at the gate called Beautiful brought five thousand to Jesus. Now the devil could not let this pass and lose so many captives without a battle. So as a lion he came forth and roared against them, but as they prayed "And now, Lord, behold their threatening: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word, by stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus" (Acts 4:29–31), the same thing happened then as happened to Samson when the lion roared. The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon

them, "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness...and with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all."

The lion of opposition, which would have crushed and killed them, was himself rent as though he were naught and the carcass was left by the wayside as a monument to the victory. Yet there was nothing in their hands, no carnal weapon, no earthly javelin or poisoned arrow; the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon them, and herein lies the source of victory.

The Bees

"And after a time he (Samson) returned...and he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion; and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion. And he took thereof in his hands, and went on eating, and came to his father and mother, and he gave them, and they did eat; but he told not them that he had taken the honey out of the carcass of the lion."

When His people walk in the path of His Spirit, not only does the Lord give victory, but He makes their enemies bread for them till out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong is brought forth sweetness. Here, indeed, is a riddle the wisdom of man cannot declare, yet to the overcoming Christian, who has learned that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His promise," it is a very precious and blessed fact that "the wrath of man shall praise Him." Our enemies become the very bread most needed, and out of the bitterest fight comes a sweetness of overcoming, victory, and joy we never knew before. It is sometimes most difficult to see this comforting truth at the time one is passing through the test, but invariably when one returns that way, and turns aside as did Samson to find the carcass,

and review the scene of conflict, one finds the carcass filled with honey, meat, and sweetness, praise the Lord!

Ofttimes there will be a sharp attack from the bees who guard the honey, and their sting be sharp and fiery to prevent one getting it, but go through and take it. It is yours, and there will be enough to divide with them of your household as did Samson. For there is sweetest honey in the winning of every battle, not only for ourselves but those of our household, even as did the early church by reason of their victory o'er the roaring lion, Satan. Take honey from his carcass by being driven nearer to God by faith, prayer, and humility in their extremity and give it to the household of faith forever.

The New Cords

First the lion, then the bees, then with the new cords did the enemy come. For by now the Philistines were genuinely aroused and incensed against Samson, for he was defeating them at every turn of the way. He had taken their long-tailed foxes (and the enemy has plenty of foxes with long tails: criticism, backbiting, falsifying, and prevarication around when there is a revival) and tied their tails together and put a lighted firebrand between them (would that we could all do the same!) and sent them through the standing corn of the fields.

How infuriated must the devil have been in the early church when the very souls he had sent to fight the church turned into Pauls and scattered the flames throughout the field!

One morning the men of Judah opened their eyes to discover the tents of the Philistines pitched in Judah and spread in Lehi in most businesslike and formidable array.

"Why are ye come up against us?" they tremblingly asked.

The reply of the Philistine enemy, so truthfully given, comprises the very reason for the hosts of the world and the devil being brought against the church; no prevaricating, no beating about the bush here: "To bind Samson are we come up, to do to him as he hath done to us." Thus is the enemy ever on the alert to bind the church or the pastor, evangelist or individual who has the power and the glory.

The Philistines themselves, finding Samson on top of the rock Etam, were unwilling or unable to get him themselves, so persuaded Samson's own brethren of the house of Judah to bind and deliver him into their hands. Oh, can you not hear Samson's brethren talking to Samson and sternly rebuking him, saying, "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? What is this that thou hast done unto us?" Or in the words of certain professing Christians, "You have gone too far with this revival! You have rapped and stirred the enemy too much, talked too much of the old-time power and faith, and brought down a hornet's nest of opposition from the world and Satan! Do you not know that the world rules over the church, and we must live peaceably in their sight to get their support and save us from their opposition?" But ah, it was not so in the olden day!

And so, though Samson's brethren bound him with new cords, and delivered him into the hands of the enemy, he fought them not; this should surely be our policy today, even though our brethren should seek to bind us, write articles and preach sermons against us, or sit in our audiences hoping to find some flaw or occasion against us. Not so much ofttimes because they believe in our report but because they are unwilling to pay the price of the Philistine wrath. Let us, like Samson, answer not nor lift our voices in reply.

But when they delivered him into the hands of the enemy, and they shouted against him, then "the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith...heaps upon heaps."

Hallelujah! So had the early church triumphed. No weapon that was formed against them could prosper as long as the Spirit of the Lord was upon them. With the most unlikely, unlearned-in-school weapons, picked up from the wayside, the tables of the money changers, and the seaside, the Lord had smitten the enemy with a great slaughter. And nothing in the world can so stir the enemy and galvanize him into action as the victory of the Lord's troops routing the hosts of darkness. As long as we remain dead and backslidden, we will be unslandered by the foe and permitted to become as popular as we please among the people of the world. But the moment the revival of power, soul winning, and the slaughter of the enemy begins, his wrath and antagonism are aroused. Especially is this true if the revival is brought about by some despised jawbone of an ass, as is often the case, because God, being a jealous God and not willing to give His glory to another, loves to take a worm to thrash a mountain, and things that are not to confound the things that are.

"And he was sore athirst, and called on the Lord, and said, Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant: and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised? But God clave an hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit came again, and he revived: wherefore he called the name thereof En-hakkore [i.e., of him that calleth], which is in Lehi unto this day."

Just so, after the mightiest victory of the church of Jesus, there always comes the test, the hunger and the thirst, and the need of renewed strength. The strength and food of God is not stored up within us, as in a reservoir, but given day by day that we may feel the need of Him and call upon His name. Just as from the carcass of the lion that would fain have devoured us we find sweet honey when that enemy is overthrown, so after the heat of a battle there will come out water from the hollow place cleft out by God. If anyone in the world needs to drink and be encouraged, it is the peculiar few of the Lord's believing Samsons: strong in Him, weak in themselves, constantly being plotted against by the enemy, and without the cooperation of their own brethren who often bind to the best of their ability. But the secret is in En-hakkore, of him that calleth. Learn

not to lean upon man's strength, support, or understanding but to call upon the Lord; drink deep from the hollow He has cleft, and your Spirit will revive and supernatural strength flow back again.

The City Gates

After twenty years of judging Israel, Samson went to Gaza, the Lord still seeking occasion against the Philistines to deliver Israel out of their hand. "And it was told the Gazites, saying, 'Samson is come hither.' And they compassed him in, and laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, 'In the morning, when it is day, we shall kill him.' And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of the hill that is before Hebron."

Even so with the early church when filled with the Spirit, neither lion nor bees, nor cords, nor gates could bind their spirits nor still their fiery message. When shut in by gates and hemmed in by difficulty, they did as Samson of old, picked up the gates on their shoulders and bore them to the hilltops of a new and glorious victory. Even prison gates fell back before them because of the Spirit of the Lord.

The Green Withes

"And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah."

Ah, Samson, here is the greatest danger you have yet faced. And likewise with the church, when we begin to fall in love with the world in the valley of worldliness, money getting, popularity, and compromise, we have come up against a far more subtle foe than lions, or armies, or flames, or floods could ever be.

"And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her: 'Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver."

Ah yea, that is the secret the enemy longed to wrest from the early church. Afflict and bind them as he would, they rose to higher heights of victory, and their influence spread the further in such mighty power that the unbelievers cried, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." Ah, that we might hear it said of our spiritual powers today! At last, in desperation, the devil set himself in cunning determination to find the secret and overthrow these men of power.

Then with seven green withes did Delilah bind Samson, crying, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.' And he brake the withes, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known."

Day and night, with the persistence of which only a Delilah is capable, she pleaded, "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound."

New Ropes

This was the secret the devil wanted to wrest from the early church: how to stop the revival, how to still those songs and praise that filled the prison in the night, how to hush the Amen Corner and empty the house of prayer. Ah, how he still loves to bind those who have real power with God and souls.

"Delilah therefore took new ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.' And there were liers in wait abiding in the chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread."

How many green withes and new ropes the devil has used to bind the power of the spiritual church; new plans, new methods were plotted day by day, but through Christ they triumphed.

The Pin and the Web

Then wove she the seven locks of his head and "fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.' And he awaked out of his sleep, and went away with the pin of the beam, and with the web." And again the invincible, unconquerable Samson was free.

"And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death; that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, 'There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me."

At last Samson has weakened, and betrayed the secret of his power! Samson the mighty, whose strength knew no defeat, called Chosen, blessed of God, and moved upon by His Spirit to do exploits in His name, is now in love with Delilah, a daughter of the enemy, and placing his secrets in her power.

But what a strange secret it was! On his head grew seven locks, bespeaking the vow of the Nazarite unto God. Even so did the Lord speak to his children, saying, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. 6:17–18).

The Seven Locks of Samson and the Seven Locks of the Church

Seven locks that, growing on his head, meant strength, courage, and continuous victories against outnumbered foes. Seven locks, which, if cut away, would leave him helpless, shorn of his strength, and weak as any other man. What a revelation! At last Delilah had the secret. Samson was worn-out from her long urging, and she found little trouble in causing him to sleep upon her knees. Then

called she for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head.

"Snip! Snip!" came the subdued sounds of the scissors, muffled in the long locks of his hair. Softly, softly, the razor passes again and again o'er his head.

But while they are so busily and skillfully removing the locks of the man who sleeps upon Delilah's knees, let you and me consider for a moment wherein lay the strength of the early church, and wherein lies the strength of the church today, and of the individual who doeth exploits for God.

First, what is this Nazarite vow?

"The Nazarite [one separated] was a person of either sex separated wholly unto the Lord, whose devotedness found its joy in the Lord. The long hair, naturally a reproach to man (1 Cor. 11:14), was at once the visible sign of the Nazarite's separation and of his willingness to bear reproach for Jehovah's sake" (Scofield Reference Bible).

As a result of this separated life grew seven locks of perfection upon the spiritual head of the church. These seven locks growing upon the head of the church mean strength and constant victory, but if cut away mean affliction, bondage, weakness, defeat, and imprisonment.

Undoubtedly one of the first in importance of the seven locks that grow upon the spiritual head of the church, or its individual member, is the knowledge of a genuine born-again experience of salvation through the saving grace and by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Salvation

Strip away the preaching of the old-time conviction for sin, sincere and deep repentance, a changed heart, and transformed soulstirring, joyous change-of-heart experience, and leave in its place an empty nothingness, a miserable "hope so," joyless profession

without possession, and we have suffered the loss of strength indeed.

A second lock, which it is impossible for the church to lose without tremendous loss of strength, is the power of the Holy Ghost, of whom Jesus spake, saying, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you...Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

Power of Holy Spirit

Strength. Power. Every time Samson did new exploits we are told the secret of that power: "The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him [the lion]"...The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon big arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, et cetera.

Likewise was the power of the early church derived from the dynamite of God, the power of the Holy Ghost. They preached sermons that moved the multitudes, prayed till the earth quaked and prison doors did burst asunder. By the power of the Holy Ghost did Stephen look through the opening heavens and see Jesus standing at that right hand of God, even as the cruel stones rained upon the quivering flesh of his mortal body.

Ah, they had the power that created within them that indomitable spirit that knew no defeat, that prison walls could not restrain, nor floods, nor fire, nor shipwreck, nor tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword retard. They were possessed with such courage and power of the Spirit that they were persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature should be able to separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

And what could the devil do with a proposition such as that? Stone or kill them? Their souls leaped, exultant, through the opening

heavens, and their faces shone as the faces of angels till they who stood by were stricken with conviction. Burn them at the stake? They kindled such a flame as Satan could not put out. Imprison them? They sang all night in the stocks till their jailers were converted, and there seemed no loophole anywhere, no stopping their onward march of havoc to the enemy's hosts. No wonder that with Delilah of old he cried, "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound."

Take away this lock of the power of the Holy Spirit, and a great percentage of the strength of the church is departed. The fire, power, and fervor is gone, which, though we organize, form committees, and try to work things up as best we can, we can never replace.

A third lock of great importance, wherein the strength of the church, and the individual child of God lieth, is that of faith.

Faith

Faith in the Word of God, and in the inspiration of Scriptures; faith in the incarnation, the virgin birth of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of the Father; faith in the sinless, miracleworking life of His ministry; faith in the atonement wrought by Him who loved us and gave Himself for us; faith in the resurrection and the ascension of our Lord; faith in the coming third person of the Trinity, whom He said He would send; faith in the promise of Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever, that He who has gone to prepare a place for us will come again and receive us unto Himself.

Such faith in God and of God, praying the prayer of faith, can move mountains, burst bands and cords and ropes, carry gates to the top of the hills, and carry pins and webs and beams away. Such faith can smile at Satan's ruses and gain every victory.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, And looks to that alone,

Laughs at impossibilities, And cries, It shall be done!

Take scissors and razor and cut away this mountain-moving, miracle-working faith in the promises of God, as yea and Amen to everyone that believeth, bring the church or the individual down to the materialistic level of believing or claiming only those things that the finite mind can see and understand, and you have shorn away a source of strength that no wisdom nor plan of man can ere put back again.

The fourth lock, which is also a mighty source of strength, is that of which the Master and the apostle Paul speak with such frequency and such emphasis: love. "Faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love." Love that springs from the heart of God, who is Love personified, love that flames white heated from the heart in which God dwells...melting, kindling, devouring, exultant love. There is no lock upon the spiritual head of the church in which there lieth more strength than this same love.

Love

The love of God in the believer is as God Himself, threefold in character and looketh in three directions.

- (1) Love looketh unto God in loving worship, full-souled devotion, and a great surrender. Love's first duty is to love the Lord with all one's heart, soul, mind, strength, and one's neighbor as one's self.
- (2) Love looks out upon the brethren with a wealth of patience, grace, and charity unto them all. It looketh not for faults, for flaws, or motes within their eyes, and thinks no evil. "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly,

seeketh not her own, is not provoked, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

(3) Love looks out upon a sin-cursed, heavy-laden, sorrowing world, and when the heart of man has drawn so close to the heart of God as to catch the overflow from that great, throbbing heart of love, his own poor, puny heart is filled well-nigh to bursting and just overflows to all the world of lost and perishing humanity. Here, love becomes the very strongest power of winning souls. It will move and melt and draw and win the day for God, where thundering wrath and threats and fear and laws have only turned the heart to stone or driven it afar. Love of God and souls—who can resist it? If any power on Earth or in the heavens above hath strength and power to move, 'tis love.

"Snip! Snip!" said the scissors of Delilah. The razor follows in its wake. Another lock is cut away! But oh, it is a sad day for the church of Christ when it has lost the lock of strength and power of love.

Consecration

A fifth lock, whose cutting away means loss of power, is that of full consecration. By full consecration, I mean wholehearted, 100 percent devotion and abandonment to the will of God, that consecration that is true midst test and trials; true in sunshine and in rain; that hears, obeys, and follows without questioning why; that is content to know He leads the way; and in its glad devotion cries, "Nor place I seek, nor place I shun, Lord, let Thy perfect will be done"; consecration that needs not the bands, the flags, the crowds and cheering to ensure its following on, but is willing to go through Gethsemane's shade, and o'er Golgotha's rugged steep alone, judged but answering

not; that is misunderstood but still unmurmuring and unfaltering, content to know the Master has gone before and leads the way.

When the lock of consecration is shorn away, naught else can take its place.

Prayer

A sixth lock, and one whose importance and necessity were taught by the Saviour and attested by the saints of the Testaments, Old and New, is that of prayer.

To realize the source of strength derived therefrom and the indispensable value of prayer, one needs but to remember Jacob wrestling with the angel of the Lord; Abraham pleading for Sodom; Joshua, who commanded the sun to stand still upon Gideon; Elijah calling down fire and praying till the heavens rent with lightning and rain; the Hebrew children in the fiery flame; Daniel in the lion's den; our Lord and Master in mountain, and desert, alone in prayer all night to God, in the garden with the sweat drops on his brow; the disciples of the early church giving themselves steadfastly unto prayer and calling upon the Lord until the house wherein they were assembled together was shaken, and to see above them all in flaming letters of fire written by the finger of God, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

When the lock of old-time prayer and intercession is taken away, and the old-time prayer meetings, and the old all-nights of waiting upon God, when men and women were wont to fall upon their knees and faces and call upon Jehovah till revival fires fell fresh from heaven and kindled a flame that swept the land, are shorn from the church and naught but the emptiness of a weekly (and more often "weakly" in more senses than one) prayer meeting, wherein coldhearted professors sit in their seats lest garments be soiled, or knees inconvenienced, or someone be made to look askance at us for bending our knees, repeat a sentence prayer and then betake of the

advertised chicken supper that has become necessary to offer as an inducement to get people out to prayer meeting...Delilah and the camp of the Philistines have ample cause indeed to rejoice, for another of the greatest secrets of the Samsonic strength of the church and believer has been discovered and shaved away.

There! With a sigh of relief, Delilah saw the last lock fall front the head of the sleeping Samson, who lay upon her knees.

Why! How different is his appearance! Is this the mighty Samson who made men flee and armies quake in terror? So indeed is the appearance of God's Samson church changed when sleeping with its head in the lap of the world, when the seven locks—the knowledge of salvation, the power of the Holy Spirit, faith in the Word of God, love in its threefold sense, consecration unto life and death, prayer, and praise—are clipped away.

Then "She began to afflict him."

There was nothing strange in the affliction itself; he had been afflicted many times before, but how sad are the words that follow: "And his strength went from him." Heretofore Samson had been able to laugh at affliction, snap his finger at the outnumbering foe, triumph o'er the lack of cooperation, and taking up the first weapon that came to hand, triumph gloriously. But now, denuded of his strength, his Nazarite vow to Jehovah broken, his strength went front him.

"And she said, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." Oh, that we might shout it from the housetops: The Philistines be upon thee, oh church! Awake from your slumber and ease, rise up, and call upon Jehovah! You are surrounded on every hand by the foe!

"And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, 'I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself.' And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

Poor Samson! How many a church and individual have done this very thing since that time, saying, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself."

"Oh well," they say. "If the old-time power is missing, we will find a substitute. If the old-time glory is departed, the burning revival Spirit, the Amen Corner, the old-time altar calls, weeping for sin and rejoicing over sins forgiven, the ringing testimony meetings, and soul-stirring, city-shaking, community-moving power is gone, we will simply go out and shake ourselves.

"Instead of calling on the Lord, our vows unto whom we have broken, we will shake ourselves, form our committees, leagues, and organizations, and go forth in our own strength. We will shake ourselves and, in order to fill our empty pews, get up some entertaining concerts, suppers, socials, and moving pictures in the parish house, build on a smoking room, lay a dance floor in the basement, and put a gymnasium above the social hall to hold the young. We will shake ourselves and get up a chicken dinner to get our people out to the Wednesday night prayer meeting."

"And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

Oh, the pity of it! The humiliation of that painful spectacle! His Nazarite relationship to God broken, shorn of his seven locks of supernatural power, deprived of divine strength and guidance, and yet asleep to the wretchedness of his fallen condition!

How many there are today who have lost the old-time power of the early church? Lost the strength to meet and grapple with the problems and increasing strength of Satan's hosts, and stand wondering o'er the lack of success, their empty pews and deserted altars, their failing membership and decreasing spirituality, and wish not that the Lord is departed from them because their heads have been laid upon the lap of the world, with her luxury, popularity, flattery, money, and ease, till the seven locks of power have been stripped away.

"But the Philistines took him." When the connection that derives divine strength from heaven is broken, but a little time is needed for the Philistines to take a Samson or a church.

"And put out his eyes." Even so doth the Philistine enemy of the church put out the spiritual eyes of the believer, closing their eyes to the will and purpose of God, and blinding them to that keen, clear perception of right and wrong, and the seeing of things in their true value and worth as God counts and apprizes them, shutting out by an illimitable space of inky black the nearness of the face of Jesus, which once seemed so clear through opening heavens as He stood smiling, encouraging, interceding by the throne of God.

"And brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house."

Ah, Samson! Since that sorrowful day many another spiritual Samson has been "brought down" from a state of high spirituality and power to the depths of coldness, formality, emptiness, and helplessness, and bound with fetters of worldliness, love of public opinion and favor, money getting, fashion, and pride, and made to "grind in the prison house" of earthliness, ever grinding, grinding, grinding, the same old story in the same old way—"Forty years ago I was saved way down in the meadow behind an old pine stump," or "Forty years ago the power used to fall in our little log church till sinners were slain, and God triumphed gloriously," or "Forty years ago, et cetera."

But oh, what of the last twenty years? The last ten years? Where is that power today? What new battles are fought and won? What new revival brought down from heaven to Earth by reaching hands of mighty faith? We boast of the power of Wesley and Finney, but the power of which we speak is the power of yesterday, and we grind in the prison house.

New Hope for Samson, New Hope for the Church

Not a very hopeful outlook, you say? No, that is true, but God's message never ends with the dark clouds of hopelessness and pessimism settling more deeply. His is not destructive, but constructive, criticism, and man's extremity is always God's opportunity. There

ever falls from the bountiful hand of love a ray of optimism, hope, and cheer that pierces the obscuring cloud and points the way back to a home recovered strength and victory. Just when the hour is darkest and the battle a losing fight, there ever falls from the o'erhanging battlements of glory the clear, firm clarion call of God, checking retreat and crying, "Speak unto My people that they go forward."

"Howbeit." Thank God there is always a "howbeit" with God, no matter how far we have fallen from divine strength to human weakness and depravity.

"Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again." Grinding in the prison house, doing the work of a menial, mocked by the enemy, and made the butt of their jests and jokes. Poor Samson! The once proud and mighty warrior who had sunken so low had plenty of time to think and reflect on his folly. Surely he must have become a sincere penitent, and have renewed his Nazarite vow. Surely his hair must have grown with his repentance, and his strength with his hair.

Praise the Lord; there is always hope! He who caused the long locks of separation to grow in the beginning is able to cause them to grow again. "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 3:7).

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

No matter how cold, dead, and backslidden the church has become today through the denying of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the deity of Jesus Christ, the miracles of the Bible, the necessity of the atonement, the resurrection, the power of the Holy Spirit, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, and the bringing in of higher criticism, materialism, and the preaching of psychology instead of the Book, the door is still ajar. The Lord bids us return to the simplicity of faith and trust of the old-time religion that He may return to us with old-time power and blessing.

Oh, that today He would come and cleanse the temple as in the day of old, casting out the money changers, the supper tables, the moving pictures, the concerts and vain nothings that have been brought in through our futile efforts to "shake ourselves" and work up a revival instead of returning to God and "working it down" on our knees.

Longer and longer grew the hair upon his head. Stronger and stronger Samson became as out of the agony of his heart he turned to God in the prison house, until at last, one day, when the lords of the Philistines were gathered together to worship and offer sacrifice unto Dagon, their god, and to rejoice, saying, "Our god hath delivered Samson, our enemy, into our hand," he was taken out of the prison house and led forth into their midst.

"And when the people saw him, they praised their god, for they said, 'Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us.' And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, 'Call for Samson, that he may make us sport.' And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars."

Could any spectacle of shame and degradation be greater! Could any condition of affairs be more shameful! And yet is this not the very condition of affairs the devil is seeking to bring about today? The belittling, ridiculing of the power of the church of Jesus Christ? Think of the unholy laughter of Satan as he peers into the fashionable church: cold, dead, dry, formal, not an Amen, or Hallelujah, or tear, or a penitent to be heard or seen, and hear him confer, saying, "Our enemy, the church, that once had power to turn the world upside down and convert five thousand in one day, has been delivered into our hands. The destroyer of doubt and sin and paganism that slew many of us is shorn and helpless and weak enough to please even ourselves now!"

"And Samson made them sport."

Oh, do your cheeks not burn at the thought of such an indignity, such a slur and reproach that brings the power of God into question?

Yet how much sport has been made by the devil and his followers at the helpless condition of the church today! "Where is your God?" they cry. "Where are His miracles, and the power He used to have? Perhaps He is dead, or asleep, or taking a far journey? Where are the revivals you used to have? And where the conquest of souls? Money and style and worldly standing you have, but you are shorn of your power and dwell in the prison house. Why are you dead and barren? Why are your young people in the dance halls and the pool halls and your members full of the world? It is because we have shorn away your seven locks of perfection and taken you captive." And Samson made them sport.

Oh, God, too long have Thy people made sport for the world! "Awake, awake, put on strength; oh, arm of the Lord, awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old" (Isa. 51:9).

"And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, 'Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them."

For the house of the Philistines was supported by two pillars, even as the household of Satan is upheld by two pillars: sin and unbelief.

"Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women that beheld while Samson made sport."

Gropingly, blindly, guided by a little lad (even as the returning church will ever be guided by a childlike simplicity of faith and trust), Samson reached out, felt of the pillars and took hold upon them, and then pulled upon them with all his might.

Oh, no, indeed, he did not; he had learned the futility of trying to accomplish such miracles by his own strength or shakings, so before he attempted aught, he prayed, and this was his cry: "Oh Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me, I pray Thee, only this once, oh God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes."

Oh church of Jesus, when we remember from whence we have fallen through the loss of our first love (Rev. 2:4–5), do we not feel

like sobbing out that same prayer, "Oh Lord, remember me! Revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

Oh priests and ministers of the Lord, do you not feel like weeping between the porch and the altar? Do you not feel like, girded in sackcloth and ashes, calling a solemn assembly, and lying all night before God as you behold the meat offering and the drink offering cut off from the house of our God? Do you not feel like gathering all the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord and crying, "Spare Thy people, oh Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them, saying among the people, 'Where is their God?'"

"Oh Lord, remember me. I pray Thee." What humility is here bespoken! "And strengthen me." What a realization of the need of divine strength and help! "Only this once." Oh, what a yearning to feel just once again the old-time power, invincible strength, and triumphant victory! "That I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." The loss of his eyes had been the bitterest loss of all to Samson, as is the loss of spiritual sight and vision to the church or individual believer.

"And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left. And Samson said, 'Let me die with the Philistines.'"

In this moment, Samson reached the highest step of his return to God. His penitent and prayerful spirit, his returning faith and confidence had been the first stepping stones, and now the height of self-sacrifice is reached when he is willing to die for the cause he is espousing, willing to give his life to be avenged of his eyes and to prove to the world that Jehovah still liveth and is mightier than the Philistines or all that could be against him.

He stood also upon the highest step in the intercessory prayer life, the step upon which Moses stood when he cried, "Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin: and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which thou hast written." And upon which Knox stood when he cried, "Give me Scotland or I die!"

"And he bowed himself with all his might." (No halfheartedness or cold, formal indifference now.)

"And the house fell." Oh, that the house of the enemy might be brought low today by a repentant, consecrated church whose outstretched hands lay hold upon the pillars of sin and unbelief! Oh, that the lords and the people that are therein, even the hosts of the power of darkness, might go down beneath its fall!

"The dead who he slew at his death were more than they who he slew in his life."

Aye, and ever will it be true that with the death of our own aims, ambitions, and desires, the going down into seeming despair and defeat of our own ends and wishes, there emerges a greater victory than ever we had dreamed, a greater scattering of the hosts of darkness, a greater surge of victory and divine accomplishment than ever we had thought or asked. Latimer, when burning at the stake, spake thus to Master Ridley, whose spirits seemed to droop: "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Divine recklessness, divine abandonment, being careful for nothing, throwing all on the side of the Lord, a putting of the entire trust in Him as did the Hebrew children when they were in the fiery furnace, the die was cast, and they cried, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace…but if not, be it known unto thee, oh king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up" (Dan. 3:17–18). This is the divine secret of winning mighty victories, doing marvelous exploits, and the "greater things than these."

Oh church of the living God, church who was once a Samson, who with flashing eye and courage bold, went forth in constant triumph o'er outnumbered foe, breaking withes, bands, ropes, and

fetters, carrying city gates to Hebron's hill, rending the roaring lion with thy naked hand, and striding away with the weaver's pin and web that would entangle thee; oh church, once flashing with the fire of God, filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, taking cities, conquering unbelief and making the monarchs of Earth and hell to tremble with the ringing of thy gospel-shod feet; oh church of the gifts and fruits and graces, the signs, the wonders and the miracleworking, hell-confounding, doubt-dispelling power that flashed like jewels and adorned thine armor. Oh church who fell in love with a woman in the valley of Sorek, who went a-courting after the love of the world, the fawning enticements and smooth words and smiles of the children of Belial. Oh slumbering church, backslidden, wandering, far from God. Sitting down in a far country with thy head upon Delilah's lap, shorn of thy locks, divested of thy power, afflicted, blinded, bound, imprisoned, mocked, and put to scorn; oh church, awaken! Church arise; the Lord will give thee life! Too long have we dwelt in darkness, fettered by weakness.

'Tis time, through repentance and calling on God, that the hair of our heads began to grow again.

Rise up! Come forth! The people are gathered together to scorn our God and ourselves as weakly representatives of Him!

Look up, oh downcast church. Throw back thy head and fill thy lungs with the breath of God that wafts from heaven's shore! God lives; His power is still unchanged. Reach out, stretch forth thine hands, feel the pillars upon which the house of Satan stands, lay hold upon the pillars of sin and doubt. Call thou on God and bow thyself with all thy might! Surrender self, ambition, pride, and all to God, and thou shall hear the creaking of the timbers, the crashing of the main supports, the falling of the strongholds of Satan, and the victory shall be thine.

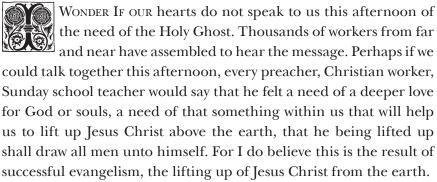
Our people are in bondage, hungry, and needy, and longing for deliverance. We are God's people. He has called us for a purpose. Though we have wandered, He has never left His throne. Though

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we have doubted, He remaineth true. Though man has changed, He has never changed. His power, His supernatural strength, His miracle-working, ever-present Holy Spirit is still outpoured and longing even now to move in might upon the church, and lead the troops of Christ to triumph, and His battalions unto victory, liberty, till Satan's hosts are vanquished, the banners of the Lord unfurled, and King Immanuel reign.



Municipal Auditorium, Denver, Colorado, June 16, 1922



The reason that more of us do not bring more men and women to the feet of Jesus Christ, we have so much earth, we know so much, we believe this and that, and we cannot endorse that, and we are so full of our own thoughts and ideas that are of the earth—earthy that we cannot ever succeed in getting Jesus Christ above the earth until we are out of sight and he alone is busy, when we can just seem to melt, away, melting, melting, until it is no more I but Christ that lives in me. When the capital **I** is gone down, and the Christ is lifted up, praise the Lord, you have found the success secret; you will no longer have empty altars, deserted pews. This is a secret.

In order to glorify and lift up Jesus Christ and be a successful soul winner to the fullest degree, we need the power of the Holy Ghost. You remember that yesterday afternoon we traced down the promises of Isaiah through the prophet Joel to John the Baptist, and now we come to the messages of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and

we considered the church a very, very needy little company of disciples who were to go out and preach the gospel to the ends of the earth.

They had seen the demonstration of the power of the gospel; they had seen someone come from heaven, the Son of God, had heard his sweet voice reaching over the multitudes. They beheld his outstretched arms and beheld his miracles, and then after three blissful years of feeding the hungry and opening the prison doors, there came a day when Jesus spoke certain things to the disciples that almost made their hearts stand still when he said, "Little children, I am going to leave you; now it is expedient that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send you another Comforter, even the Holy Ghost."

Jesus said, "Good-bye, little children. I am going away very soon now; soon you will see me no more; but as I am leaving you, my work is not completed; my ministry is not fulfilled; the winning of the world to Jesus is not completed; you are to go forth and take up the work just as I have left it off. Even as the Father sent me, so send I you; preach the gospel that I have preached; do the work that I have done; tell the people of the forgiveness of sins through the precious blood; that Jesus is able to heal their sickness just as much after He has gone home to glory as He walked this earth. And these signs are to follow you as you preach the message. You shall speak with new tongues; you shall lay hands on the sick; and they shall recover."

Jesus said that you need the Holy Ghost. He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. If you love Me, keep My commandment, and I will pray the Father, and He shall send you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, whom the World cannot receive. When He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

The first ministry of the Holy Ghost is to convict of sin. The first office work of the Holy Ghost is to begin in our hearts when we are yet outside of Jesus; when we are a poor sinner, the Holy Ghost comes and brings a sharp two-edged sword, and that is the Word

of God, and he applies that sword very near to our hearts and says, "Son, daughter, you are wrong, you are wrong, Jesus died for you; come away to Calvary; leave your sins behind; turn your back upon the world and come to the foot of the cross where Jesus shed his precious blood."

The Holy Ghost convicts us of sin, and then as we yield to his gentle wooing, because no man cometh unto the Son except the Father draw him, as we yield to the Holy Ghost, we begin to go with him, and then we find ourselves kneeling at the cross, and we find,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

And kneeling at the cross, the sinner says, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner. Jesus, wash my every sin away," and as we kneel there, calling on the Lord to forgive us, the burdens roll away, the chains are broken, old things pass away, and all things become new. The things you once hated you now love. We used to hate prayer meetings; we used to hate to have to sit down and read the Bible; but we now love it; we are born again; we are made over.

The Holy Ghost that was here to convict us and say, "You are wrong," is here at the cross now, only his office work is changed from convicting of sin to convicting of righteousness, and he is saying, "There, there, it is all right now; your sins are cast into the sea of my forgetfulness to be remembered against thee no more." And then his Spirit bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

He is with us as a sinner (to convict) and as a Christian to convict and convince of righteousness, and also with us to judge us. There falls upon us a great white searchlight from heaven. He wants us to judge our lives, and he puts his finger on things that are displeasing to him. He cuts away the branches that do not bear fruit.

You need the Holy Spirit, said Jesus. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." For the Lord said that when He is come, He will not only convict the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, but he is to be a Comforter. How the church was going to need the Comforter. Jesus was going to go away, and John the Beloved, who had lain his head upon the Master's bosom, was not to have that head any longer, but the Comforter. Now Mary and Martha, into whose home he had been a comfort was to come no more, but there was to come a teacher who would never depart.

If I could only tell you what a Comforter He has been to me. It is a wonderful thing to have the Holy Spirit sometimes, when your eyes are blinded with tears, when your heart is heavy and lonely, and you would give anything in the world to have somebody to stand with you in the hard place. Anybody will stand by you when the flags are flying and the bands playing. But he will be with you in the garden. We know he is a Comforter.

Never did I feel this more fully when some years ago the Lord took my beloved husband home to himself. How good he had been to me, and fought my battles. He had been to me like a great oak tree, and I was like a little vine clinging to something strong and firm. He had brought me to Jesus Christ. But one day the Lord took that oak tree home and left me a little crumpled vine right down to the earth. It seemed I never could lift my head up again—there in Hong Kong, China, on the other side of the world—but that night when I knelt by his side and Jesus took him home, and I was so desperately alone, how the Comforter rose up in my heart, and I was saying, "Hallelujah: the Lord gave, and the lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." From that day to this he has been my Comforter, and it seems from that time on, everything that I have tried to lean on has been taken away. I am certainly not in myself, as I am not the kind of person to stand up and fight in a lone fight, but God has made me to stand, and having done all to stand, and stand alone. Sometimes lashed by

the raging tempest, and yet, clinging, clinging, I am clinging close to Thee. Jesus said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

He was not only to be a Comforter but a guide. "When he is come, he will guide you into all truth." The moment that Jesus saved me, he sent the guide, the Holy Spirit, and began to guide my feet by prayer and Bible study, and I went with my hand in that of the Holy Spirit, and the first I knew he had guided my feet to a pair of steps—Humility; and the next step was called Consecration; and the next step the step of Praise; and the next step brought me to the upper room, Hallelujah! He will guide you as He guided me into that upper room. I began to wait upon the Lord until the heavens opened and there came the sound of a rushing, mighty wind and tongues of flame, and he filled me with the Holy Spirit.

"He will not speak of himself but of me." That is one reason we need the Holy Spirit. "He will glorify me." Why, brother, sister, you will just strike a gusher when you receive the Holy Ghost. There will be the oil and joy and praise and thanksgiving, and it will be just as easy for you to say, "Praise the Lord," as to breathe. And when you hit your hand with the hammer, you will say, "Praise the Lord...Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

"He will glorify me." What a peculiar expression: There are people all over the world who may say "Amen" or "Hallelujah," and you may even find a church that will say "Praise the Lord." But "Glory to Jesus" is peculiar to people who have been baptized with the Holy Spirit. When he is come, he will bear witness, and you shall bear witness also. When the Holy Spirit comes in, there is a double witness. He shall bear witness—supernatural witness—and you shall bear witness also. He will not only be a Comforter, a guide, one who will glorify me and witness, but, praise the Lord, He will show you things to come: He is a teacher; and we know that when Jesus fills us with the Holy Spirit, He will send flowing through us these rivers of praise that will help us preach the gospel, and when we are held to

account and stand before governors and people who are asking us all sorts of questions.

One day I had about two hundred ministers of high degree asking me questions, and I said, "Lord, help me now!" How clear He made my mind. I just felt like a twelve-cylinder Packard car, with every cylinder that day. Jesus declared that when He is come, "Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living waters," not stagnant water.

How dead and dry some of our sermons are; we don't know what to preach, so we try to preach psychology, political economy, social reform, et cetera. We need the rivers of the Holy Spirit. This old world is thirsting and hungering...not for psychology, materialism, not for higher criticism, social reform, and community uplift, but for the genuine power of the Holy Ghost.

We also need the Holy Spirit because when He is come, He will pray through us with groaning that cannot be uttered. Are you a praying man or woman? You may say, "Now to be absolutely candid, I want to pray, but when I get down in my secret chamber, I pray for Jack, Eleanor, my minister, ladies aid, et cetera, and cannot think of anything else to pray for." I know it; you come to a jump-off place.

Now there is one of the strongest arguments for being baptized with the Holy Ghost, for "He helpeth our infirmities," and when we know not what to ask for, He will just pray right through us and with groaning that cannot be uttered. How many times I get down on my knees and begin to pray and call upon the Lord for this, that, and the other, and then, when I know not what else to pray for, and I feel inadequate to know, the Spirit takes my lips and tongue and prays in a heavenly language through me. Paul said that he knew not what he said, but "My Spirit prayeth, but it is the Holy Spirit praying through me. My understanding is unfruitful." Then it is I feel I am praying for a revival.

Oh, that wonderful prayer in the Spirit! Some of these foolish little people who condemn this or that, and they haven't the least idea what they are talking about. Paul said that he would rather speak five words in the church with his understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue, and yet, nevertheless, he says, the Spirit speaks through him more than all of them put together. When did Paul speak like this in the Spirit? It was in secret prayer, with his closet door closed, when the fountain of his being was opened up, and it rolled and rolled to the throne of God, and as he prayed, the answer came down.

You can just sit there and be the vessel. Well, this is Greek to those who do not know what it means. Until you get this, you can criticize, find fault with other people, and no one can explain it to you, but when you open up your heart from the depths of your being, the Holy Spirit speaks in the ecstatic language of heaven.

Not only does the Holy Spirit need to pray through you, but "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come." Power: that is what the world needs today. They are making big steamships, steam engines, more powerful aeroplanes to lift tons and carry passengers. Power: that is what the world is talking about and what the church needs. I wish we could make the same advances as the world is making in getting power. We need the power of the Holy Spirit today to bring about a revival, to stir up cities, to shake communities, to testify. How many times do we try to get up to testify, and you think, "I know I should," and then you get up with your face as red as fire, and you say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," and down you sit, and you say, "I wonder if anybody saw me?" My dear, you need power to testify and witness for the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are many other needs of the Holy Spirit; for one, I think we need Him to quicken our mortal bodies, for "the same Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies." There is a healing, quickening, and awakening of the Holy Spirit within us. Oh, glory to Jesus! That makes us all over new, and he dwells there.

What was the need of the early church? Jesus breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." Now, there are some that think they received the Holy Spirit there and then, but this is a mistaken idea, for the last words Jesus spoke before he left the earth were these: "John truly baptized you with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence," for we read, "The Holy Ghost had not yet been given." Jesus saw the disciples needed the Holy Ghost and said, "Now are ye clean through the Word that I have spoken unto you." But "Receive ye the Holy Spirit."

I wonder to how many of us that Jesus could say, "Now are ye clean," but being saved, sanctified, and cleansed does not necessarily mean the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Virgin Mary was clean and sanctified; so yielded she said boldly, "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." But she had not received the baptism of the Spirit until the day of Pentecost. Peter had done signs and wonders, people were healed by his shadow falling upon them, but he did not receive the Holy Ghost until the day of Pentecost.

Now Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel... but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." In each of the Gospels, the Lord Jesus speaks of the Holy Spirit, and following this in the first chapter of Acts, he says, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Glory to Jesus! In other words, the parting words of Jesus Christ to his disciples and the church were to receive the Holy Ghost, and He commanded them not to leave Jerusalem until they had received His Spirit. Then we read that Jesus went away. "Good-bye, Lord; farewell, Jesus. When will we see him again?"

So he said, "I am going away now, and behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high," but "I am coming again." Three hundred and eighty of them thought they were good enough, were contented with their own work, and did not have time to tarry for this; but out of the five hundred there were one hundred and twenty who felt hungry, needy, and empty enough to tarry "until." What was their need? They were surrounded by the Jews who hated them because they were the Lord's disciples. They could scarcely go abroad for the fear of the Jews. Peter needed the Holy Ghost for the same reason we need him. He failed the Lord in testimony when Jesus was on trial, and in his prayer life.

Now they went into the upper room and dusted the chairs and sat down to pray with supplication and prayers. They did not say, "I am ready for anything He has to give me; if He wants me to have more, He can give it to me; I am not concerned about it." You must ask if you would receive. Seek and you shall find, and knock and it shall be opened unto you. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" They waited with prayer and supplication until the day of Pentecost was fully come.

Someone may ask, "Mrs. McPherson, you say on the day of Pentecost the curtain rolled up on the official opening of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, but was not the Holy Spirit in the world before?" Yes, He was in the earth during the dispensation of the Father and the Son, but the dispensation of the Holy Spirit began on the day of Pentecost. No one had ever been baptized with the Spirit until the day of Pentecost, except John, who was filled from birth, and Jesus, who had received the Holy Spirit coming down in a bodily form as a dove. Many had the Spirit rest upon them, but they were not baptized until Pentecost.

It seems to me the dove sent from Noah's ark is a wonderful type of this truth. The raven, like a type of the devil, never returned. Then Noah sent forth a dove, but the dove found no place of rest for its feet and returned. So during the dispensation of the Father, the dove was in the earth over the waters, flying to and fro, but because

of the waters of sin could find no resting place, for the blood of Jesus had not yet been shed on Calvary. The next time He sent the dove out, it presently came back, bearing an olive branch. Jesus was the olive branch—received the Holy Ghost. The dove returned was with the promise that the waters of sin had so far assuaged he could find a resting place. The fourth time the dove returned no more, but did abide so in this dispensation. He has come to abide; in a cleansed temple, he shall come to find his resting place.

So they tarried ten days, "and when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." Oh Jesus, let it be fully come just now! I don't know whether the Lord is giving me the gift of discernment, but it seems I can look straight through people and can pick out the ones right now that are hungry for the Holy Ghost; I can pick out the self-satisfied. "And suddenly." Suddenly, that is the way my God moves. "There came a sound." That is the first introduction to Pentecost.

I like to hear people make a joyful noise unto the Lord. I do not believe in shrieking and screaming, but I like to hear people say, "Praise the Lord!" Anything that takes the people's eyes off of Jesus is not of the Holy Spirit. If you want to praise the Lord, don't scream and holler.

It is just like this. See this chair? Suppose Jesus were in that chair. He does seem near to you now, doesn't he? You love him, don't you? You reply, "I certainly do." And, you want to praise him. Now, there he is in his shining, shimmering robe, his beautiful face and his nail-pierced hands, and you are coming very near to him, and if you came down by him this afternoon, would you say, "Wow! Wow!" What would you say to Jesus? I hear lots of people talk to God like that, and it makes me shiver. If you talk to your baby like that, it would cry its eyes out, and even the dog would put its tail between its legs and hide under the table. Don't come to him that way, but say, "Glory to Jesus. I worship Thee," in a sweet, tender tone. Don't you see if you make that sort of a noise, no one in the world could object

to it? If the people praise the Lord like that, it becomes like a harp of a thousand strings. The people who want to be noticed praising the Lord and acting strange, look out for them. If just one of those big pipes on the pipe organ were out of tune, we would all notice it. I believe in noise, but I believe in its being a joyful noise of holiness unto the Lord.

"There came a sound from heaven." You say, "I don't believe in noisy meetings; I don't like it." Then I am afraid you are not going to like heaven very well, as it is going to sound like a thunder on a thousand shores. In hell it is going to be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. We are not putting a temple together; we are just placing rocks in, getting ready. "When suddenly there came a sound." and it came from heaven, like a rushing, mighty wind. You could hear it just sweeping down, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. You say, "Sister McPherson, what wind was that?" It was the wind Ezekiel called upon in the valley of dry bones, when he saw the slain of the Lord, so he said, "Come, oh wind, and breathe upon these slain that they may live," and do you remember how the breath came upon them, and they lived? It is the wind that David saw and heard when he was surrounded by his enemies, and he knew those that were against him were more than those that were for him, and that is the same today; and as David stopped, we should stop and say, "Lord, help us." Tarry on your knees here until you hear a sound in the tops of the mulberry trees. Then there came the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and it shook those leaves on the mulberry trees—the wind of the Holy Ghost. It is the same wind that filled the whole house where they were sitting. You say, "That is wonderful. I would give anything if I could have that wind to come, the breath of the Holy Spirit."

Do you know what makes a wind? A vacuum. Before there can be wind, there must be an empty place. Are you empty or full? We are all so full of ourselves, who we are, what we are, what we did, et cetera, but it is when we realize our need, glory to Jesus, you can't stop the wind rushing to fill the empty place.

The rushing wind filled all the house where they were sitting. There were tongues of fire, not ice. Lord, send the fire and melt some of these old icebergs; fire us up, Lord, and give us the fire of praise and fervor. Then they were all filled, just from head to foot, all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance, the moment the Holy Ghost came in. First He filled the room as of a rushing, mighty wind, and then the tongues of fire came down on them, and then He filled them with the Spirit, and they began to speak in languages they had never learned. In the history of the world, such a thing had never happened. They had the gift of wisdom...Solomon had that; the gift of faith...Abraham had faith, and it was counted unto him for righteousness; Enoch was translated by faith; they had the working of miracles; Elijah had worked miracles, when he raised the widow's son from the dead, and the meal and oil did not give out, et cetera. They had the gifts of healing, discerning of Spirits, gift of faith, wisdom, prophecy, but this was one of the manifestations that had not been known in the whole wide world until the Holy Spirit came in, and the very moment the Holy Spirit came in, He took possession of them from head to foot, even the unruly member, and began to speak for Himself.

It is strange how many people object to this, and they squirm when you read that scripture. They are willing to let the Lord have their eyes, hands, feet, et cetera, but when the Lord wants to use the tongue, they draw back. We read the tongue is like a rudder that steers the ship of our lives. I am happy to think the Holy Spirit can get a hold of the rudder once in a while. None of us need to call a conference to talk about it; my enemies talk about it more than I do.

You can take the scissors and cut them out, but don't blame me for them; I did not put them there. But you say, "Sister McPherson, I would not have the Spirit for the world, as I have seen people who said they had it, and they did this, that, or the other." Don't you remember when Moses and Aaron stood before Pharaoh, and the

Lord told them to cast down their rods, and they became serpents, and the magicians threw down their rods, and they also became serpents? What did Moses do; did he back out and say he was through with the whole thing forever because he had seen the counterfeit of the magicians? No, Moses' rod opened up his mouth and swallowed up every one of these other serpents. If we stand for a genuine, soul-winning power of the Holy Spirit, we need not worry about the counterfeit.

Perhaps some of you are saying, "I want the Holy Ghost, but I don't want it that way. Do I have to receive the Holy Ghost like that?" Well, you will never quarrel with me about it; you don't have to back up; I am not going to tell anyone how they are to receive the Holy Ghost. You get down on your knees and humbly say, "I want the Holy Spirit, but not like the one hundred and twenty, not like Paul had, not like they had at Ephesus and Caesarea, not like they had it in the Bible days, but a new twentieth-century way," and if God gives you that experience, I will pat you on the back and congratulate you for it. But if you just say, "Lord, fill me Your way, any way, Jesus..."

It does not matter so much how we receive, but how we live after we do receive the Holy Ghost. I know some people who have received the Holy Spirit and apparently received as they did in the mighty day of Pentecost, but they have made a grave error, staying upstairs in the upper room, patting themselves on the back and saying, "I have the Holy Ghost; I spoke like the one hundred twenty; I am going to pull out and start a new little work now and leave the church. Minister, you have not the Holy Ghost, but I have." Dearie, you are never going to win a minister or anybody in that manner, as they will say, "'What meaneth this arrogance, this boasting?'" But on the other hand, when we are filled with the Holy Spirit, I believe He wants to give us the fruits of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. I don't believe He wants us to pull away and start another meeting, but to stay right there and push the battle, and to go back more humble, lowly, and

submissive, and say to your pastor, "Pastor, I have been a member of your church for twenty years, but I have not been much help to you, but now I have been filled with the Holy Spirit and would like to sweep the floor and dust the church, and would be willing to do anything to bring down a revival in this beautiful church of ours."

I believe when the Holy Ghost comes in, He wants to make us practical; not to send us off on a tangent and make us erratic or fanatical, but he wants to make us level-headed, sane, and practical.

So we read the people came running together, saying, "What meaneth this?" Others said they were just drunk with wine.

Now there are the two classes in the world today, the "What meaneth this?" class and the "These are drunk" class. They say, "I never heard anybody talk like that; I never saw such a shine on their faces, such a ring in their voices; what meaneth this? My soul is athirst to be blessed."

Others say, "They are just drunk with new wine, fanatic or erratic; it will all blow over someday; just let them alone."

"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." Peter lived in the first of the last days, but we are living in the last of the last days. "And your sons and daughters shall prophesy." And as Peter preached that sermon, he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves and did not get in front of the looking glass and practice up in front of it. He said that, "You are the people who nailed Jesus to the tree," and did not have a namby-pamby, sugarcoated way of preaching the gospel. I believe if we ministers want a revival, we will have to be true to our people and not cater to people with money or social standing. We have got to preach the truth straight from the shoulder. I believe there should be a straight line drawn between sin and righteousness.

One time a certain church had a preacher on approval, saying, "You must not preach against dances, as most of our members dance; and you must not preach against theatres, because they go there; you

must not preach against fashion, because they are the leaders of the smart set; you must not preach against card playing, because they all play cards"; until at last the man had such a list, he was bewildered and said, "What shall I preach against?"

They answered, "Against the Mormons, because there are none of them here."

Peter had no limitations; he said, "You are the ones who nailed my Jesus to the tree," and under his bitter, biting words, men and women were pierced to the heart with conviction, and at last Peter said, "This Jesus hath God raised up whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."

Thank God there was something to see and hear when they received the Holy Ghost, and they said, "What shall we do?" In other words, what shall we do to receive that which we see and hear?

Peter said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"For the promise is unto you and to your children" on the day of Pentecost; "And to all that are afar off"—the generations to come and far off, clear down to the Huguenots' day and to Luther, Wesley, Finney, Evan Roberts—"even as many as the Lord our God shall call"; if he has called you, brother, sister, the promise is unto you. Open your heart this afternoon; you need the fire, the power, love, and zeal of the Holy Spirit. But you say, "Mrs. McPherson, before you close this afternoon, don't you think I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit when I was saved? Wasn't my conversion the Holy Spirit?" Not scripturally, although you might have received then, but you will remember when Philip went down to Samaria, there was great joy in the city, but when Jerusalem had received the Word of God, Peter and John prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, for as yet He was fallen upon none of them; only they were saved

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and baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Many of us are like the people of Samaria; we have been baptized and healed, but as yet the Holy Ghost has not fallen on us.

You may ask, "Do I need the baptism of the Holy Ghost to go to heaven?"

No, the moment you are saved, you are ready to go to heaven; it is not obligatory to receive the Holy Ghost, but a blessed privilege, not a lash to drive you, but a door of opportunity swinging wide, an enduement of power.

Another may ask, "Do you believe people might go down under the power of God?"

I would not be worthy of our people who have been ministers, class leaders in the Methodist Church, if I did not believe it was possible for Jesus to do it, but I do not believe in people putting them over. I believe if the Spirit does it, there is something going to happen to that man or woman and that they will go forth as a firebrand for Jesus Christ. You may say that you are so deep you would not run over for anything; but you take this glass, for instance, and if that pitcher begins to pour and pour into it, soon the glass will run over. But you may say you are a deep old pitcher, but if you put that pitcher under a faucet, it will make more splash than a glass ever thought of doing.

I feel as though I have only just started. I feel the power of God this afternoon: glory, glory to Jesus! Let's empty up our hearts, we who have been so formal and stiff and dignified, and who have put up our little, puny mind against the Lord Jesus. Open up your heart, your mind, and say, "Fill me now; fill me with Thy Holy Spirit. I need Thee; come, oh, come, and fill me now."



Municipal Auditorium, Denver, Colorado, June 19, 1922

Behold thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead.

Song of Solomon 4:1

HE LORD JESUS in this chapter gives us the most wonderful vision of his beloved as he would have her be, of his church bride, his blood-washed people, his Spirit-filled, peculiar company, who are someday going to be caught up from this earth in the clouds of glory to meet the Lord Jesus face-to-face. I hope the Lord will open heaven as we are speaking, that he will let the search-light fall from that glory land, that that great white light shall fall upon my heart, upon your heart, and that we may say, "Search me, oh God." It is a wonderful thing to see ourselves as the Lord would have us.

First, He declares, "Behold, thou art fair, my love." From head to foot, the Lord Jesus wants his bridal company to be fair, to be blood washed. I don't believe the Lord is going to take a two-faced, hypocritical people up to heaven with Him, that are one thing on Sunday and sit before me as my people sit, saith the Lord, "They draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." He is coming for a people to whom he can say, "Thou art all fair, my love."

When we put our collection in the pan and sit with our Sunday hat and garments, and then in the week are found out in the world and places of pleasure, unlike Jesus Christ, this is not the idea of that perfect bridal company. I believe he wants a people who are born again, who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, whose garments have been made whiter than the driven snow, of whom he can say, "Thou art fair." In other words, you are clear as crystal, transparent, and the Lord can look straight through our lives, our motives and thoughts, and say, "There is no spot in thee." Why, the Lord likes clear, transparent things so much that he is paving the heavenly city with gold that is as clear as glass. He wants our lives as clear as crystal, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Then, "Behold, thou hast doves' eyes." What a picture this is tonight of the Christ, the bridal company. "Thou hast doves' eyes." I wonder to how many the Lord could say that tonight? Could he say that to you, to me? I know some people in Denver who do not have doves' eyes; all they have is hawk's eyes, vulture's eyes; who are always looking for something wrong and trying to find it. If you do that, you are not a dove; you are an old hawk. If you pass over everything good that has been done, and every happy person, and then find some disgruntled person and just see that, you haven't doves' eyes.

I heard of a king one time who sent out two of his servants in his kingdom and said to one, "I want you to go out through my kingdom and search out every beautiful flower you can find."

So the servant said, "I will go and bring you every sweet-smelling flower I can find."

He called his other servant and said to him, "I want you to go out and bring me a sample of every foul-smelling, obnoxious weed you can find." They both went out and were gone, and both returned within a few hours of each other one day.

One came in with his arms laden with beautiful, fragrant flowers, and the king buried his face in them and rejoiced. He said, "They are beautiful, but tell me, did not you find any weeds in my kingdom?"

The man answered, "Oh King, I don't know. I don't think there was a weed. I didn't see a weed. I have been out for days all over the hills and valleys, but all I saw was sweet-smelling flowers, and here they are."

Just with this, there came a knock at the door, and the man with weeds stood at the door, and the king bid him enter; but, oh, in a moment the palace had the most awful odor. He had all the foul-smelling weeds he could find, and the king backed up and said, "Take them out. Tell me, did not you find any flowers in my kingdom; didn't you find a flower?" The man answered, "I did not find a flower; you told me to look for weeds and not flowers."

So it makes a great deal of difference what you are looking for. I am looking for flowers; aren't you? If there is anything good, holy, and noble, He has commanded us to think on these things. I believe, of his blood-washed, overcoming church, he can truthfully say, "Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks."

It is a wonderful thing to have doves' eyes, as it is the first of all birds to detect the coming of the spring. The dove is of all birds the most constant to one another, and if her mate dies, she grieves all her life. The church should not flirt with the world, with all its follies and pleasures, but should say, "Since my eyes are fixed on Jesus, I have lost sight of all else besides."

One day when I was a little girl on a Canadian farm, my father gave me a dove cage, and I had it on top of the barn, under the apple trees, and every spring of the year, just when some of the green leaves were coming out from the apple trees, the mother dove was making a nest up there. I used to climb up there and watch them after school. The mother dove would sit up on the nest, and the father would be out hunting cherries, but how she grieved and missed him while he was gone and would look up through the branches and say, "A-coo, a-coo," and would call and call for him, and nothing would satisfy her until Daddy came back.

I believe the Lord says to his people, "You are my dove, my love, my undefiled." And our Bridegroom, Jesus Christ, has gone away into the open heavens. He has expressed his own dear opinion and has gone to prepare a wedding feast, but while he is gone, he has left us on his church nest, and the little flocks are hatching out every night at the altars as sinners are being saved. But we are to stay on the church nest and preach the gospel and see the little newborn babes coming into the kingdom under the preaching of his Word. Sometime the Lord is coming back to take his bride home. Oh, don't you want to see him?

"Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks." I wonder tonight if our eyes are really fixed on Jesus. I fear some of us are looking only for worldly pleasure, and some of us would fain be a Christian, but our eyes are so set upon people who have made mistakes. We look upon the hypocrites and say, "I would like to be a Christian, but look at so-and-so; they do such and such things, et cetera." But Jesus is our blessed example. I believe that some of us have spots of unbelief on our eyes, the spots of selfishness, spots of wrong motives and interpretation, spots of criticizing God's dear children. Beloveds, let us get our eyes washed so clean, so clean, and when you look out, everything looks so different. It depends a great deal upon our viewpoint.

I remember when I was a little girl and used to go to a little white Canadian schoolhouse, we used to dare each other to see who could look at the sun the longest, and then when we would look back at the earth, there was a sun everywhere, on the schoolhouse, on the woodpile, on the pump, on that girl's dress, and on the boy's back. Do you know, brother, it is something like that when we have really been looking at Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings? We have seen His glory, His face, our blessed, blessed Redeemer, the Ishi of our souls, and when we look back, we can see Jesus everywhere, Jesus in the lives of the people, in the face of the converts, in everything. It is just Jesus, Jesus, all the day long.

Then we read if we want these doves' eyes, they are kept within thy locks. You say, "Oh, Sister, I would like to have doves' eyes." Then these doves' eyes are within thy locks. If you want to keep the locks of a pure child of God, you must have the locks of separation. You remember when they took the Nazarite vow?

I believe we must make the vow of separation if we are going to have pure eyes and pure heart and see Jesus; we must be separated from the world. It is impossible for us to have these pure eyes and be out in the world and far from Jesus Christ.

Then "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn. Which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them."

I believe we all have the need of the teeth of faith. Some people in the natural have very poor teeth, and they are usually troubled with indigestion, because they cannot chew their food. So it is in the spiritual; they have no teeth of faith, and when they come to one of God's promises, they cannot masticate it. "You have limited the Holy One of Israel."

"Then there will be none barren among us"; then every one of us will be a soul winner, will be leading men and women to Jesus Christ. I wonder how many Christians there are here tonight? I wonder how many have won a soul for Jesus Christ? I wonder how many are only nominal professors?

Then "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely." You know that disease often shows itself first upon the lips. How pale and white our lips become sometimes. Leprosy, they tell me, always shows first upon the lips, and I know it is true with sin; with backsliding it shows first upon the lips. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we are with a person during the day and hear their conversation, we can pretty nearly tell where their heart is. It is possible to have lips that are like a thread of scarlet, or in other words, lips that are covered with the precious blood of Jesus.

Do you want to be just what Jesus would have you be? Has He ever searched your heart? Does He deal with you? Does He put his finger on things in your life that are displeasing to Him? Oh, that our lips might be a thread of scarlet. If they were, I believe there

would be fewer tears brought to the eyes of our loved ones; there would be no criticism then. What about your lips sister, brother? Are they a thread of scarlet? Are you an old gossip, criticizer, fault-finder, backbiter? Do you spend your time telling foolish stories just to make people laugh? What have you been talking about today? Oh, "thy lips are as a thread of scarlet," every word covered with the precious blood of Jesus. How many could He say that to tonight? It is so important, you know, the words we speak. It seems the words we speak are just like a stone that is dropped into the water. We can drop the stone and start the ripples going, but we can never get them stopped.

One time a woman started some gossip and talked about her minister a great deal. I think one of the worst things you can do in the world is to criticize one of Christ's little ministering brethren. The Word says, "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones who believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." So the next one who told the story tales added to it, and the next one magnified it, until by the time a few days or weeks had passed, this dear old minister had heard it all, and his heart was broken. He stood up to face the people and preach to them, and his dear old heart was as good as gold, and he would have given his very life for his people, but finally he could stand it no longer, and he went to his home brokenhearted.

When this dear old woman who started this story saw what she had done, she went to the minister's door and said, "Pastor, I am so sorry for the way I have talked and broken your heart. I have brought this thing on by my foolish talking. Oh, Pastor, can you ever forgive me?"

"Of course, I can forgive you right now," he said.

She pled with him, "But, oh, Pastor, isn't there something I can do to make it right? I am so sorry, so sorry."

He said, "Why yes, I believe there is something you can do."

She exclaimed, "Oh, Pastor, I am so glad; I will do anything. I don't care how hard it is."

So he picked up a feather pillow and gave it to her and said, "You take this to the church where we have worshipped together, take it to the top of the belfry, and shake the feathers out to the four winds that blow, the north, the south, the east and the west, and when you have done that, come back, and I will tell you something else.

She said, "I don't see what good that will do, but I will do it." So she shook the feathers out to the breeze, and down the creaky steps she came and back to the parsonage, and she said, "I have done the first thing you have told me; I don't understand it, but what is the second?"

"Take that empty pillowcase, go out into the world, to the east, the west, the north, and the south, and gather up every feather and put them into the pillowcase; don't miss a one, but put every one in."

"Oh, Pastor!" she cried. "You have asked the impossible. Now I could not do that. The last I saw of those feathers, they were going, going, going, going as far as I could see. I could never catch them; they have gone beyond my reach."

The dear old minister, with a sweet smile, said, "Neither can you ever take back what you have said, dear; they are going, going, going."

What about my lips; what about your lips; what about all of our lips? And Jesus said, "Thou hast lips that are as a thread of scarlet." We talk about meeting Jesus, but I wonder if this roof suddenly opened and if Jesus came right straight down and stood in our midst, how many of us would be ready to meet Him? To how many could He say, "Thou hast doves' eyes, pure, innocent, trusting eyes, and thy lips are as a thread of scarlet." Has the Lord ever talked to you about it? You know He deals with me so about these things in my life. I wonder if He deals with you.

There was a little lady who stayed with us who was always fussing around and constantly talking, and if there is anything an evangelist loves, it is to get alone in his room. But during a certain campaign, I could not because this little sister loved me so much she was always in my room every minute. She would lay out my clothes, and when I would come into my room, she would say, "Dearie, do this and do that; now it is getting late; you must get your collar on, et cetera."

So it got on my nerves so that I told some lady, "I don't like soand-so; she is in my room every minute, and she talks, talks, talks, and disturbs my thought." Then I told Brother So-and-So and two other sisters about this sister.

So I began to get ready my message for that evening and got down on my knees and said, "Lord, give me a text; you know it is almost meeting time. Let me see what I shall preach on tonight." So I began to turn the pages: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, et cetera. "Oh, Lord, just speak to me; it is almost meeting time. Please give me a text."

Then the Lord spoke and said, "Child, I cannot speak to you."

I said, "Why, Lord, of course you can speak to me. You always do, and the Bible just lights up so when I read it, but it just looks like so much paper and ink tonight. Won't you please give me a message?"

"No, daughter, didn't I tell you when you started to preach the gospel that your success would only be as you remained an empty channel, with one end toward the Father's throne and the other end out into the wilderness? Didn't I tell you I could only bless you as you kept the channel clean and empty? You have clogged up the channel, and I cannot use you."

"Why, how, Lord?" I asked.

"Why, talking about that sister. You say no one should criticize, and now you have talked about that sister to three different people. You know she loves you, and even though she does talk, talk, talk, this is a place to overcome. Don't ask me to bless you until you make that thing right. Tell the people you are sorry you talked about the sister as you did, and then go back and tell the sister you talked about her, and let this be a lesson as long as you live."

I said, "Oh, I could not do that. I am the evangelist. What will those people think of me? Oh, Lord, I could not do that."

So I began looking through the Bible again for a message, in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, et cetera, saying, "Please give me a text; it is only fifteen minutes till the meeting."

He answered, "Child, don't cry to me; you go ahead and try to preach yourself without the Spirit of God, and see how flat you are, but don't you ask me to bless you until you have cleaned out the channel."

Could I get a text? No, not one, even in the old familiar things the Lord had used years ago.

So I went to the sister and brother and the other somebody I had talked to this sister about and said, "Will you please forgive me for what I said about Mrs. So-and-So?" They answered, "Of course I do, and will you please forgive me for what I said about her?"

Then the hardest thing for me to do was to speak to the sister I had talked about; and when I went to the room, she started in her chattering: "Now do this and that."

I said, "Sit down, sister; I want to talk to you."

She began, "It is almost meeting time, and you must hurry, et cetera."

I said, "Never mind, sister, I have something to say to you; let's sit down and be quiet a minute."

So she sat down, and I curled up in a little heap at her knee and said, "Sister, you love me, don't you?"

"Why, you know I love you."

"But, Sister, you are not going to love me any more."

"I'd like to know why?"

"Sister, I have something to tell you; I have not liked you."

"You haven't liked me?"

"I haven't very much, but I want you to forgive me. And that is not the worst thing I did; I talked about you; I told Sister So-and-So, Brother So-and-So, and Sister So-and-So about you, but I have asked God to forgive me, and this is going to be a lesson to me. I am not going to backbite any more. Won't you forgive me, dear?"

In a moment she dropped to her knees, and we were both crying with our cheeks together. However, I learned to love her and was lonesome without her when she did not talk.

When I went to meeting that night, I talked on the unruly member, that the tongue was just like a little rudder that steered the ship, and the people clapped, laughed, and cried, and what an altar call we had. Brother, sister, what about your tongue?

Then we read, "Thy lips, oh my spouse, drop as the honeycomb."

That about your lips, do they drop as the honeycomb? What have you been talking about today? How many of us have gone through this entire revival without finding a bit of fault and criticizing anybody? How many are honest enough to say, "I have done some criticizing?"

"Thy lips, oh my spouse, drop as the honeycomb." What do your lips drop, honey or gall? Have you made people happy? Is your tongue constructive or destructive? What is it? Oh, it is so easy to be destructive, but it is difficult to be constructive and begin to build. Do your lips bring tears to people's eyes; do they bring deep aches to their hearts that even the years do not seem to heal? Or do your lips bring sunshine and gladness, piercing the gloom everywhere you go? You say, "Well, I don't like the way So-and-So does." Brother, sister, don't you ever find fault with anybody until you can do as well, and have really done better, and then be sure the Lord wants you to speak.

"Honey and milk are under thy tongue." I am so glad that little word "under" is in that verse. Many people have honey and milk on their tongue, but not under their tongue. Some are so sweet to your face, but look out; when you step on their toes, the poison of asps is under their tongues, and their throat is an open sepulcher. But the real children of God have honey and milk under their tongues during the most trying circumstances. I believe the Lord wants us to be genuine; he wants to make us real.

"And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Is your life full of fruit for Jesus: love, joy peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, et cetera? Have you all the fruits of the Spirit in your garden? If you want to have a fruitful garden, I verily believe it must be a garden enclosed. You must have a garden wall about it. It is impossible to bring forth fruit for the Master when you let the devil trample all over your garden all day long. I believe it is impossible for you to live like the world, and go to their dances, card games, parties, and hear their idle conversation without the fruit being knocked off of your tree. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." We have a garden wall of faith, prayer, separation, and consecration, and behind the garden wall there bloom all manner of fruits.

Then we read, "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed." We have learned to hold back the tears. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines...The flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

If we are only a broken pitcher, a broken heart, broken life, a yielded vessel, there will flow forth waters to the world.

"Awake, oh north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let My beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits." I wonder how many can say this. It means something. Lots of us say, "Awake, oh south wind." We all love the south wind to blow softly; we all love to have the people smile at us and pat us on the back, to understand us, to fight loyally for us. We all like the south wind to blow on us, but are you also willing to say, "Awake, oh north wind, come with your icy blasts, with your piercing winter chill"? If it takes the north wind to make my roots go down deeper, or if I need the south wind of sympathy, encouragement, and love, "nor place I seek, nor place I shun; Lord let thy perfect will be done." We sing:

Deeper, deeper, though it cost hard trials, Take me deeper still, Till my life is wholly lost in Jesus, And His perfect will.

This is just a little overcomer's meeting tonight, but I wonder how many of us are ready to let the north wind blow if it means heartaches, if it means going through Golgotha, if it means suffering. Brother, you show me a minister, a Sunday school teacher, or Christian worker who has a fruitful garden, and I will show you a soul that has had the north wind as well as the south, one that has learned to know Him in the fellowship of His suffering as well as the power of His resurrection. Lord Jesus, if it is a heartache I need, if it is a test I need, send it, Master of mine, or if it is a south wind with its glory and triumphant entry into Jerusalem, send it.

Have thine own way, Lord; Have thine own way. Hold o'er my being Absolute sway.

Will you put your life in His hands, live or die, sink or swim, and say, "I'm going through?"

"Let My beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits." The Lord is not getting a class of hothouse plants, but he is getting a class of overcomers, and having done all, to stand. Sister, brother dear, have you put your life in His control; are you really born again? How many of us are only half-and-half? Some of us not even half, just have our names on a church roll, just have an empty profession? Are you living like Jesus? Is He searching your heart and making you more like Himself every day? Lord, deal with us tonight. Turn the searchlight on us tonight, and make us like unto Thine

own dear self. Yes, come walking into His garden of life tonight. Go beneath the trees, we pray, and see if there be any fruit. Make us fruitful, Lord; make us sincere; make us real; make us genuine. Lord, have Thine own way. Speak to every heart, in Jesus' name we ask it. "And all the people said Amen."

The Dicture of the Derfect Christ

Song of Solomon 5:10–16 Municipal Auditorium, Denver, Colorado, June 20, 1922, 3:00 p.m.

ou will find the first chapter of Solomon's Song gives us a type of the longing bride, then the beholding bride, the running bride, the self-abhorrent bride, the Christ-seeking bride, the church bride, the feasting bride, and at last the sleeping bride. As this bride ran after the Bridegroom, we read she was smitten, and some of the keepers tried to hold her back, saying, "You don't need any more; why are you so hungry, running after your beloved? What is your beloved any more than any other beloved?"

I have heard people talk about religion and loving the Lord, but they have been pretty cold about it and wondered why others had to talk about it all the time. They could just live like the world and live just as cold as they liked without the power of God, but you seem so hungry day and night, reading and praying, saying, "More, more about Jesus."

"What is your beloved more than any other beloved?"

"My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, His locks are bushy and black as a raven. The one who had been sleeping, then, running, has now fully awakened and given her testimony. It is a testimony that brings joy to every one of our hearts. What is thy beloved? So good, so tender, so true, deeper than the sea, and broader than the ocean."

First, my beloved is white and ruddy. In our beloved there are two colors that stand out above all else: white and ruddy. First, the spotlessness, the cleanliness, the holiness, the majesty of that man Christ Jesus. He lived on this earth like you and I; He ate and drank as we do; He slept the sleep of exhaustion like as we; "He was tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin."

As Jesus walked upon this earth, there was no anger, no sin, no lack of pardon there. Oh, how good, how pure! Some of us, I believe today, do need to get closer to the Lord Jesus Christ and get a vision of our Lord Jesus Christ as the white pure lily. That one altogether fair. Brother, are you a Christian? You say, "Sure I am. I go to church on Sunday and Wednesday night. I do this, that, and the other. I am good enough." Oh, if the curtains this afternoon were drawn and we could get a vision of our Jesus as He is—my beloved in His whiteness, in His purity, in His glorious holiness, I believe the spots and blemishes in our lives would show up. The spots of worldliness, pride, self-ishness, the lack of prayer, consecration, the lack of real surrender. Oh, Lord Jesus, just turn the searchlight on this afternoon that we may see ourselves as you see us.

My beloved is not only white but ruddy, which represents the precious crimson blood that flowed from His wounded side and thorn-crowned brow upon the cross of Calvary. There are many people today that only see the whiteness, the purity of the manhood of Jesus Christ. They say He was a good man, the best man that ever lived. So He was, but beloved, He was more than a man, more than a good man. He was the Son of the living God. He was the only Begotten of the Father, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. He was not only pure in His manhood, but I also see the ruddy color, the precious crimson blood, and there is never a soul saved without it, that blood of Calvary.

It is not enough to imitate Christ. We read sometimes, "The Imitation of Christ." The Lord wants us to be more than imitators. He wants us to do more than copy the innocence and purity of Jesus Christ. We must also see the ruddy crimson flood tide flowing from the side of Jesus Christ. "Ye must be born again."

I believe that we ought to preach the blood more, no matter what else we preach. We may preach turning over a new leaf, brotherly love, living a moral life, doing correct thinking, and getting our mental viewpoint right; but, my dears, we may do all this and not be saved. The blood of Jesus must be shed upon Calvary for us, and then we are washed in that fountain. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." There is always a way to tell the pure gospel; no matter how beautiful it may sound, no matter how beautiful the doctrine, if they leave out the death of Jesus Christ, the atonement, the precious blood by which our sins are washed away, you may mark it down that it is not of God. We may not always agree on every line or manner of doctrine, or see eye to eye in everything, but I don't believe there is very much radically or seriously wrong if you can drop down the plumb line on a born-again experience, a born-again experience through the blood that cleanses whiter than the driven show.

"My beloved is white and ruddy" not only in his manhood, but my beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand. Is He yours, brother, sister? I believe that estimate is far too low. He is the fairest of ten million trillion and more. There no one else like Jesus, no one else that can fill our lives with joy and gladness. What is chief in your life? Money, popularity, home? What is it?

"His is as the most fine gold, His locks are bushy and black as a raven." He is pure gold, speaking of the divinity, the death, the purity of our Lord Jesus who went through the furnace of affliction; and oh, He is pure gold, the gold without alloy, without dross, and His locks are bushy and black as the raven. When we read of the ancient of days, we read of the white hair that is white as wool. And our beloved as we catch a glimpse of Him, His hair is black as a raven. This speaks of the eternal youth of the Son of God. Our Bridegroom will always stay young, the Bridegroom of our souls; His arm will never tremble; His steps will never be feeble; His eyes will never grow dim; His locks are bushy and black as the raven.

When our Jesus was crucified on the cross, when He was a little over thirty years of age, decay had never set in that mortal body. There will be no beds of pain there, no suffering. Oh, glory, glory, glory, won't it be a wonderful thing to be in heaven, to see Jesus, when all of our tears are wiped away, and when death, sorrow, and sinning shall be no more?

"His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set." We read the other night that the eyes of the church, and each individual believer, were to be as the eyes of doves; so were the eyes of our Bridegroom as the eyes of doves. In fact, when He comes, if we would see Him, we must be as He is.

Oh, when Jesus comes for me, I want Him to come with doves' eyes; I want Him to come with tender, loving eyes that will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful little servant," and look with the eyes of the dove. He is not coming as a dove for everyone. For some He will come as a flaming, two-edged sword and see the sin and deception there. His eyes are as doves' eyes by the rivers of water that flow, eyes that are washed with milk. Have you eyes like that this afternoon? Are they like the eyes of the Lord?

You say, "Sister McPherson, I wish they were, but I do see a lot of things wrong, and if there is anything wrong, I always magnify that and dwell on it, and I am always seeing faults in people."

I ask, "Would you like to have doves' eyes?"

You say, "I certainly would."

Well, here is the prescription. You must have eyes that are washed with milk. If your eyes see things wrong, you need to get your eyes washed, and they should be washed with milk, washed with the milk of the Word. Praise God!

"Washed with the milk and fitly set."

When the Lord comes back, He does not want to come for a crosseyed bride, church, or people, spiritually speaking, who has one eye on the world and the other on Him. Some are afraid they may miss a card game, a theatre, a dance, a little bit of money, something the devil has to give, and don't want to miss what the Lord has to give, so they are kind of cross-eyed. Brother, sister, you can't go to heaven like that. No man can serve two masters, for you cannot serve God and Mammon. "If the love of the world is in you, the love of the Father is not there." Oh, eyes that are fitly set! If we are going in for worldly pleasures, let's go in for them with all our hearts, because it is all the joy we are going to get. I want eyes that are always set on the Lord Jesus, a conversation that is in heaven, eyes that are fixed upon Him, ever to do His will until we are so yielded that He can guide us with his eyes.

Then we read of our blessed beloved's cheeks. "His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers." He could say if they smite you on one cheek to turn the other also. You know the more you pound spices the sweeter they smell, and the more you crush flowers the sweeter their perfume. Have we cheeks like that when we are in adversity, under the fire and hardship? Sometimes your cheeks are smitten in your own home life. Have you such spiritual life that there is just given forth the sweet perfume of spices; the harder the way grows the sweeter, more broken and yielded is your life? Then under crushing circumstances, instead of getting angry and striking back, doing something to retaliate, you turn the other cheek and say, "Praise the Lord, brother, it is all right; I know you don't understand, but Lord, keep me ever close to Thee." Have we that experience this afternoon? If not, I believe the Lord wants to give it to you. But, you say, "Sister, I think we ought to take our own part. You know I work in a certain factory, and they make fun of me, and I feel like I should answer back."

I was in a certain place one day, and as I closed my eyes, as I was very weary (I don't know whether it was a vision or not), I saw myself going up a hill, and as I went up that hill, I had the most beautiful white dress on; it just shone. The moonbeams could not be as white as I saw myself in that vision. I said, "Oh, I do hope I can keep my dress white until I see Jesus face-to-face" (for I thought I was on my

way to heaven). But to my horror, I saw people standing at the bottom of the hill in a muddy pool and picking the mud up by the handfuls and throwing it at my dress. I was just ready to cry and said, "My beautiful white dress! I did so want to keep it without spot until I reached the top of the hill and saw the Lord Jesus Christ."

I looked down at my dress and, to my amazement, found that every spatter of mud had turned to a gem: diamonds, pearls, rubies, oh, so beautiful. Brother, sister, I believe the Lord will do that in your life. Wherever you work, whatever your situation may be, just go up the road that leads to heaven; never mind what anyone may say about you; go straight up the hill, and the Lord will adorn you with gems. Let there be no retaliation; the Lord will win the day. I believe Jesus is our great defender; he can defend us, every one.

"His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." Oh, the lips of my Master, are they not sweet? He wants your lips to be pure this afternoon. He is teaching us the message of the myrrh. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

"If any man will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." If you don't bear the cross, you can't wear the crown. It is those who learn to know Him in the fellowship of His sufferings who will know Him in the power of his resurrection.

"His hands are as gold rings set with beryl." Oh, our beautiful, beautiful King. The sister said this afternoon, when she was saved, the Lord took her diamonds away. But there is one ring at least we can all wear, and that is a gold ring set with beryl.

You know a king always wears a signet ring, and when there is an important document to be signed, the king stamps it with his signet ring, and when that is signed, it passes wherever it goes. Now Jesus was the King, and he wore upon his finger while on Earth the most beautiful gold ring. It was set with beryl. But when Jesus went away, He knew that we were going to have lots of prayers to pray and lots of checks to cash at heaven's window at the bank, so he took off His ring, that beautiful ring set with beryl, and gave it to the church, to

you, to me, and said "My dear people, when you pray, be sure to put on the sealing wax of faith and stamp your petition; whatever you ask, ask it in My name, stamp it with My name, praying with submission to the will of God; thy will, not Mine be done; ask it in Jesus' name and for His glory; ask nothing doubting and it shall be done."

Have you the ring this afternoon? I don't believe we realize, some of us, that we have this ring. We can pray for the sick: "In My name they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. In My name they shall cast out demons. In My name they shall speak with new tongues. In My name they shall drink any deadly thing, and it shall not hurt them." He doesn't say that we shall go out hunting poison to drink, but He says, "If." I believe there is power in the name of Jesus, power for you, dear heart, this afternoon, power to lift every discouraged one here up into the presence of Jesus Christ.

Then, "His legs are pillars of marble." Oh, the strength, the solid, immovable, glorious power of the Lord Jesus.

"His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." Have you ever seen the face of Jesus? I believe if you would get one glimpse of that face, you would come running to the altar.

"His mouth is most sweet." Were there ever words like those of Jesus?

I love the name of Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know;
It fills my every longing,
Sends me singing as I go.

Brother, sister, there is a balm for your poor heart this afternoon; there is a blessing for you in the name of Jesus. "His mouth is most sweet"; His words are truth and life and strength and power. "Yea, His is altogether lovely." Can you think of a word that Jesus could have spoken that He left unsaid? Can you think of a kind act that He left undone? Why, "He is altogether lovely." I do love Him

Aimee Semple McPherson

so. I want to make a confession to you this afternoon: I am head over heels in love with Jesus. Do you love Him? "He is altogether lovely." Take the world, but give me Jesus.

Who is thy beloved? "Why this, this is my beloved, and this is my friend, oh daughters of Jerusalem." Some of us have made earthly things dearest to our hearts, earthly idols, earthly treasures, but "This is my beloved, and this is my friend."

This afternoon, if I could bring President Harding, Mayor Bailey, Judge Lindsey to this platform and say, "This is my friend..."; but now I am bringing a more wonderful friend on the platform this afternoon and am introducing Him to this audience. "Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine, oh, what blessed sweet communion, Jesus is a friend of mine."

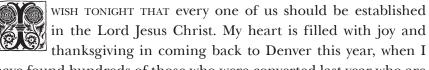
Is He your friend? Well then, praise the Lord; you may be friendless otherwise, but you have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. You have a friend that will be with you in the darkness, in the midnight gloom, just when you need Him most. "And this is my friend, oh, ye daughters of Jerusalem."

Then came the answer "Where is He? And we will seek Him with You." You will find Him at the mercy seat; He is right at this altar. Don't you want Him? Don't you want to feel the gentle touch of His hand, and hear His voice, sweeter than the rushing of many waters, whispering in your ears, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." My beloved is here; He is here to bless you.

"Just when I need Him most, just when I need Him most, Jesus is near to comfort and cheer, just when I need Him most."



Municipal Auditorium, Denver, Colorado, June 25, 1922



have found hundreds of those who were converted last year who are standing steadfast, true, and loyal to the bloodstained banner of the cross. My heart has been lifted and encouraged and blessed, strengthened and refreshed as I have met those who were healed last year and who are living for Jesus Christ. We are leaving with happy hearts; our hearts are just singing as we go on about our Master's business, but oh, for the new converts of this year and those who have just started in the way, hundreds and hundreds of you, I pray that you may be established in the Lord.

The message of Paul in the fifth chapter of Ephesians was, "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor."

We have given our hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ; we have heard the simple story, the story of the cross, how that 1,900 years ago there came to this world to live for us, then to suffer and to die and be raised again, Jesus the Son of God; the preaching of the gospel, the telling of the old, old story, which is ever new, has brought hundreds of you to your knees with tears running down your cheeks, an earnest prayer in your heart; you have given your lives to Jesus. Hundreds of you have gone down under the waters of baptism and

been declaring that by His grace you will live a new life. Just last week 112 were buried with Christ in baptism, but now in the coming days, I pray that your lives may ever be hidden with Christ in God. Now that you have given your hearts to Jesus, you are not to live any longer in the world in sinfulness, but in the paths of righteousness. If it is possible, make everything right; if there are things you have taken wrongfully, go back and make it right.

After we left Wichita, they sent me the newspapers, and they stated that the gas company, electric company, and streetcar company had hundreds of dollars pour in, from back debts and people who had skipped paying fares. And a collector's agency wrote me they had just received payment for bills of twenty years' standing. If you have lied about your neighbor, injured them wrongfully, if possible, ask them to forgive you and make right those things you have made wrong. Let your lives from this time forth be hid with Christ in God. Let your light so shine that men gazing upon you may see Jesus, the light of the world, has come to live in your hearts.

You know, dear hearts, it is a straight gospel we have been preaching; we have not told you to hit the trail, shake hands with the evangelist, and call that conversion, turning over a new leaf and calling that conversion; we have not been making it an easy, popular rose-strewn path. We have been trying to preach the way of the cross, where men and women realize when, coming to these altars, it means being born again, meaning if the love of the world is in you, the love of the Father is not there. We have told you you would need to give up the dance hall, the theatre, card playing, gambling, your foolish, silly stories, worldliness, pride, sin, tobacco, cigars, and clean out the worldliness out of our pockets and hearts and out of the cellar, too, if it is there, and live for the Lord Jesus Christ from this day forward, not simply having a name that you live and being dead, but having a real, born-again experience, a ringing clear-voice testimony that can give a reason for the hope that is within us, and you know, when we have given you the altar call, have not brought

you to Jesus by telling you deathbed stories; we have not appealed to you through your mother; we have not appealed to you through harrowing, bloodcurdling stories; neither have we sent workers through the aisles to coax you and pull you.

Then Jesus has stood in our midst, invisibly, with open arms and nail-pierced hands, saying, "Son, daughter, give Me thy heart," and with eyes blinded with tears, you have lifted your head and straightened your shoulders back, and you have gotten to your two feet and made your way up these aisles like men and women, and you have kneeled in a humble way, praying that age-old prayer, saying, "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner," and glory to Jesus, the victory has come into your hearts and lives, and the Lord has done the work; to Him only shall be the praise. I love to see men and women come to Jesus in the old-fashioned way.

In Jerry MacCauley's meeting, there came in a man who had been a great sinner and had been in the penitentiary, and MacCauley preached the story of the cross. They brought this man to the altar, but he was intoxicated, and they said to him, "Pray, and give your heart to Jesus."

He answered, "I am too drunk to pray."

"Jesus will help you," they continued.

He said, "I don't know how to pray."

They urged, "Dear man, pray the publican's prayer."

"What is the publican's prayer?" he questioned.

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner," they said.

"No, I won't do it. I will balk right there. I have been a Democrat all my life and am not going to start the Republican's prayer at this time."

Democrats and Republicans, every one of us need to come to the altar in the old-fashioned way and say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." When that man finally prayed it, he was saved through and through. So we have asked you to Jesus without any other appeal but by the story of the cross.

But now, dear hearts, I expect many of you will be tempted and tested, but oh, be established in the Lord, be rooted and grounded, I pray; put upon you the breastplate of faith, have on the shoes of righteousness upon your feet and the helmet of salvation upon your head. We are going now soon; I hate to say it, but soon these lights will blink out one by one, end the last swelling notes of that magnificent organ—I will never forget it, and the building will be closed in a little while, but Jesus will stay with you. It may be some of us will be tested, but be true to God.

Remember the three Hebrew children; they were tested, too. It came to the test when they must either bow their knees to the God of this world or be true to the living God. You may be put to the same test, but remember, they said, "We will not bow."

I believe the Lord has saved a company of people in this revival and last June's revival who have absolutely refused to bow their knees to the world. If you refuse to do this, it may mean you will be put in a fiery furnace, and the devil certainly knows how to heat them up seven times hotter than they were ever before. You remember they put the three Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fiery furnace, and when they went in there, the men threw them in, but they said, "We are going to be true to our God; He is able to deliver us," but whether He delivers us or not, we are going to be true to Him anyway; but do you know, the men who threw them in got the worst of it—they fell dead. Do you know it is the people who make it hard for you little babes in Christ that get the worst of it every time? Be true, and God will take care of you. They stood in the midst of the fire, and soon the form of the fourth was seen in their midst, and his form was like unto Jesus, the Son of God. As the Hebrew children stood there, they were not burned; neither was the smell of smoke upon them, only the bands that bound them.

If you are tested, tempted, if you are in a fiery furnace after we are gone, and the devil makes it hot for you, remember, there is only

one thing that can burn if you are true, and that is the bands that bound you. You will be set freer than ever before, but there was one reason the children were not burned: they were dressed right. They had on their helmet. Put on the coat of righteousness, the Lord Jesus Christ; it is asbestos; it will never burn; put on the shoes of salvation, the preparation of the gospel of peace, and as you stand in the midst of it, when it seems you cannot stand it another minute, people can see the form of the fourth.

I believe when the devil makes things difficult for us, when we stand and keep sweet and smile, trusting in His love, the people round about you will see the form of the fourth in your midst. Do you believe it? The children of Israel were led out of that fiery furnace, and praise God, someday the door is going to be opened, and we will enter into the kingdom.

If you are going to follow the Lord, you must needs pray; if you want to be an overcomer, you must pray through. Never go to your bed at night without dropping on your knees and praying; never mind how tired you are; it will rest you; five minutes' prayer on your knees will rest you more than two hours' sleep. Never forget to read your Bible, and if there is anyone here who does not own one, come up here after the meeting, and we will give you one. Read the Word of God, hide it in your heart, and when you rise in the morning, drop on your knees and,

Ask the Saviour to help you, Strengthen, comfort, and keep you; He is willing to aid you; He will carry you through.

Read at noon, if it is only a verse; you need it as much for your spiritual help as much as you need the physical bread for your physical life. Never try to get along without prayer and Bible study, for you will backslide as sure as you live. Remember when you pray, you are

talking to the Lord, and when you read the Bible, He is talking. Take time to pray.

I believe some of the converts are now becoming Sunday school teachers. You are going back to put your shoulder to the wheel and work for the Lord, and it is prayer that is going to make you a real overcomer. It is what makes the evangelist, the preacher, and Christian worker successful.

One time, two ministers' wives were talking about their husbands' churches and revivals, and while they were talking, were doing their weekly mending, and both happened to be mending their preacher husbands' trousers, and as they were patching the trousers, one woman said, "Do you know, my husband is having a wonderful revival. He has his church full every day in the week, and the altars are full, and he has taken in so many hundred new converts into his church."

"That is strange," said the other woman. "My husband's church is almost empty, and there have been no conversions for a year or more. Do you know why my husband has no revival and your husband has?"

With a little smile, she answered, "Yes, I believe I do, sister. Do you notice where I am mending my husband's trousers? I am mending them at the knee, and it does not matter how many patches I put on them, he wears them out, for every day he goes upstairs and prays and prays until he just pulls down the power from heaven. He says, 'Oh, God, send a revival. Oh, God, save souls; send the power!' But it keeps me patching his knees."

The other woman nodded her head. She was mending her husband's trousers, too, but it was not at the knees. He talked a lot but did not pray much. Oh, if you are a preacher or whoever you are, dear child of God, if you would be established, you must take time to pray, and if you want to really live for Jesus, you must also be a soul winner. We cannot live to ourselves alone. If you want to be blessed, strengthened, begin to testify, and win other souls for Christ. I

would advise the new converts to unite with a spiritual, warm, fervent church or mission as soon as possible. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." At every testimony meeting, you give your testimony. If your minister does not have one, ask him to put one on at once, because "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony."

Testify not only in church but everywhere that you go. You say, "Why, Sister, does the Lord need my little testimony?" He does. There is a Russian legend, which is most beautiful, that says when Jesus left this earth and went up to heaven and entered the pearly gates, as he passed through the gates, the angel Gabriel stood there and said, "Oh, Jesus, Jesus, it's so good to see you back; you have been away thirty-three long years. Where have you been?"

"Why, Gabriel, I have been down upon the earth, away down three billions of miles on that tiny planet. I was walking among the sons of men."

"Jesus, they must have loved you and made you a wonderful throne of pearl. If the angels and cherubim fall down and worship you, they must have loved you."

A sad light came into his face, and he held out his hands.

"Why, Jesus, what is the matter with your hands; they have holes in them; they are all torn; what is the matter with your forehead? It is torn by thorns, and your feet have holes in them. What is the matter?"

"Oh, Angel Gabriel, I was wounded in the house of my friends. I went down to preach to them, but they did not make me a palace or throne, but the throne of a cross, and they nailed me there, and wrote over my head 'King of the Jews.' They killed me, Gabriel, but though I died, I live again."

"Do you mean those people killed you when you went to love them and to help save, heal and bless them with the fluttering of your dear, gentle hands? Oh, Jesus, you never hurt anybody; you never could or never would hurt anyone; you are so sweet, so gentle, so good and pure. Do you mean to say they did not like you, Jesus, and nailed you to the tree?"

"But, Gabriel, some there were that loved me and believed in me."

"But, Jesus, was your life a failure?"

A light came over the Master's face. "No, Gabriel, it was not a failure but a great, triumphant success; for this cause came I forth."

"Oh, Jesus, will your work be carried on?"

"Yes, Gabriel, it will be carried on. Do you know I have preachers that will go out to preach this gospel, and preach it to the end of the earth?"

"That is fine. Is it the queens, the kings, the emperors, the princesses that are going out to preach the gospel?"

He shook his head.

"Perhaps it is the ambassadors, the..."

Again he shook his head.

"Perhaps they must be college professors, businessmen, learned people of great degrees of wisdom."

Again he shook his head.

"Jesus, who did you send to preach?"

"Gabriel, not many wise, learned, and mighty were called, but I found a few fishermen washing their nets by the Sea of Galilee; I found a money changer behind his desk; I found a man in the field plowing; another here and there, and I called them from their farms, markets, money-changing tables, filled them with My Spirit, and sent them out to preach the gospel."

"Well, Jesus, how can they if they are only illiterate men?"

"But, oh, Gabriel, I am going to fill them with My Spirit, until they can say, 'For the Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,' and as they go preaching, they are going to declare it to the ends of the earth and are going to be true to me."

Brother, sister, Jesus is counting on you; whether you be a fisherman, clerk, telephone operator, stenographer, young banker, or whoever you are, Jesus is counting on you to tell the story.

Some time ago in Egypt, there set forth a company of American people across the desert. They were to go across that great stretch of wasteland, the Sahara Desert. They had five camels, lots of water, and food. The first day went splendidly, the second day splendidly, the third day a sandstorm wounded them, and by the biting, stinging sand, they lost their way and lost every sense of direction, going round and round in a circle for two days. The fifth day their water was giving out. They had food, but their water was gone. The sand had driven its way into their eyes, and burning with fever, still they pressed on, but at last thirst had made their lips and tongues to swell. Everywhere they looked they could not find water.

At last one man slipped from his camel and said, "Brothers, I can go no further; you go on; perhaps you can find water."

The next one slipped from his camel and said, "I can go no further; you go on."

Then a third one slipped from his camel, and further on, a fourth one fell by the wayside, leaving but one man pressing on in hopes of finding water. Then, after he had risen over a little sand dune, the camel's eyes began to brighten, and he began to sniff and run swiftly, but the man thought it could not be true that the camel saw water, but it was true.

He said, "There is nothing so sweet in all the world than to see grass, and water trickling, trickling." He fell off his camel and rolled his way to the water, put his face in the water, and threw it over his fevered head and body. Then he thought of the others who were dying for water, and raised himself up and weakly called, "Come along, come along, I found water."

Aimee Semple McPherson

The man listened who had fallen, and listened to this call: "Come along, I found water."

Oh, could it be true; oh, it must be true, and so he raised up and shouted to the man next who had fallen, "Come along, we have found water."

And the man in back of him heard it, and he shouted to the next man, and he shouted to the man behind him, until all had gotten the message: "Come along, we have found water."

New life went through those poor, wasted bodies, new strength came with hope, and they began to creep, creep along the sand, and one by one they threw it over their heads and bodies.

Oh, new converts, be ye established, dear children and followers of the Lord. You have found water. How many in this world that are lost, sin stricken, out in the desert wastes of this life, hunting for pleasure, something to see, but they are dying for thirst for the living water and know it not? How many discouraged ones have fallen by the wayside, but you have kneeled at this altar, have found an oasis in the wilderness, the water of life, which if any man shall drink, he shall never thirst again? You have buried your face in it, you have thrown it over your head and all over your thirsty soul, and now you are strong. Your eyes are shining; now you are happy, happy, happy. Won't you rise up; won't you remember the man behind you? Won't you, as you go through life, shout back, "Come along, come along, I have found water? I was lost, but Jesus found me; I was dead, but now I live. Come along, brother, come along, sister; I have found water." And then that one will shout it to the one behind, and that one will testify to the one still further back. That is the way the gospel is preached.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come." Now he that heareth, say, "Come, come, come along, I have found water."



Oakland, California, July 27, 1922

HEN I WAS a little girl, my mother used to take me on her knee and tell me the most wonderful Bible stories. I have often wondered if other mothers could tell stories just like my mother could; and since I have had my own two little children, I like to take them on my knee, and I love to rock them and tell them Bible stories.

You know, I feel someway that we never quite grow up, you and I, so I am going to talk to you just like I would to children. Some of us have may have a pretty brusque-looking face and be a great big man or woman, but you know, really, right down in our hearts, we are only children after all. So I am going to pretend you are children tonight and tell you a story about a man.

You know, the Bible is the most wonderful book in the whole world. There was never a book like it. It is filled with the most wonderful, inspiring characters. Some of the people in the Bible, we are told their history from their birth, their youth, their life, and their death, and some of them are described over in eternity. The man that I am going to talk about tonight is not like that. We are not told what kind of man he was.

The little we are told of him is right in the very heart of his life. His name was Barabbas. It seems to me as I read the few words about him that his life is one of absorbing interest.

"And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection."

The other reference: "And they cried out all at once, saying, 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas, who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison." For sedition and murder he was cast into prison; that is all. Yet, so fascinatingly interesting are these few details.

Before our eyes there stands the loom of life, and upon the loom we see the weaving of a cloth. There is a bright pattern, crimson red, bright flashes of colors as though woven with thunder, and the last part of that is all raveled out as though they would invite our fingers by fancy to take again those threads and weave them to and fro and through and through until we could piece it all together again and see the piece of early childhood and send the shuttle to and fro until the latter part of his life is understood by us. We are told he was a sinner, robber, murderer, was cast into prison to die, and set free again.

But oh, before Barabbas was a murderer, he was a robber, and before he was a robber, he was a sinner. Before he was that blackhearted sinner, he was a young man. Before he was a young man, he was a little rosy-cheeked boy, perhaps with a freckled face and curly hair. And before he was a little boy, he was a little baby, just the warmest, cuddliest, dimpled, blue-eyed baby. Somebody loved him. I know his mother did, and I can see her sitting there rocking him to and fro and telling him that she loved him. But, oh, I cannot help but wonder as in fancy I send that shuttle to and fro; I cannot help but wonder what kind of a mother Barabbas had. He did become such a sinner. He did not become a murderer, a robber, and a jailbird all at once, but back of it all, he must have had the heart of a child.

Oh, I am talking to young men and girls, those who are climbing up into life, and oh, that I could bring a message to your hearts from the heart of a little mother. I wonder about Barabbas' mother; I hope when the twilight shadows fell that she would bring little Barabbas to

her side and taught him to pray. I wonder if Barabbas' mother told him Bible stories like my mother told me, about our life over there, how that it is not all of life to live, and all of death to die, that though a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul, it availeth him nothing. I wonder if his mother ever lifted the veil of the future and taught him of heaven and of that land of tears and woes; the difference between right and wrong; and whether or not she taught him about the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Of course she might have been (oh, perish the thought) a worldly, good-for-nothing sort of mother, a little giddy gadabout, one that just played cards and whist and would trot off to the moving-picture shows and let someone else tell him the stories. I wonder if she had a family altar. That is something money could not buy. I wonder which kind of a mother she was—I wonder.

I feel that these mothers have so much to do with the molding of those little lives. Oh, girlie dears, this is a girls' meeting tonight, and I can't help but think when I see us with our short skirts, card parties, dances, the way we eat and dress, and the rate we are living, I cannot help but wonder about the little mothers that are to be, and those little darlings that are someday to be the light of our home. You say, "I never gave that a thought before."

One day I was visiting in a certain British hospital, and I was taken into a ward where two men lay dying. I came to the first one and took hold of his hand and said, "God bless you, brother. Are you a Christian?"

"No, I am not a Christian, Sister," he answered.

"Wouldn't you like to be?" I asked.

"No, I don't care anything about it."

"Don't you know the door stands ajar? Oh, brother, let Jesus come into your heart," I pleaded.

"Sister, please don't talk to me about Jesus and salvation. I don't want to hear about it at all. I did not ask to come into this world, and I don't ask to go."

"Oh brother, brother, that I could bring you one little ray of light, one soft, tender message of salvation that would bring you to Jesus," I said earnestly. Then I thought, what would tender his heart, perhaps through his mother, so I said, "Brother, was your mother a Christian? Did your mother pray? Don't you think your mother will be waiting for you?"

"No, my mother won't be waiting for me; she never prayed; she did not teach me the Bible; she went off to theatres; if she had been different, I might have been different."

I did not know what to do with that rebuff, as I was young in the work, and said, "Won't you let me pray for you?"

"No," he answered. "I did not ask to come into this world and..."

I dropped on my knees and prayed as fast as I could that Jesus would melt that heart, and I got up trembling, and embarrassed a little, and went to the other man and wondered what I would meet there.

I said, "Brother, what about you?" His face was so pale. "Are you a Christian?"

"No, Sister, I am not," he replied.

"Brother, wouldn't you like to be? It would make me so happy if you would give me that wonderful joy of pointing you to Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Brother, tell me, did you have a praying mother?"

Then his eyes spilled over with big tears, and they fell down his face and wet the pillowcase. "Yes, I had a mother, thank God; I had a mother. She was a good woman, Sister. It would break her heart if she knew I was here. Sister, she used to pray and read her Bible. I have heard her pray for me. Oh God, she was a good woman!"

Ah, I had found a little fertile spot that I could plant the Word in and it would grow. In a moment his lips were forming the words, "Oh, God of my mother, be merciful to me." He had found Jesus and clasped my hand and said, "Tell Mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer. It's done. It's done. Oh God, she was a good woman."

Did you notice the difference between the two? One was a stony heart, and you could not put your finger on a soft spot. I think it makes so much difference what kind of a mother you are. Are you a Christian? Are you a real child of God? Oh, it means so much.

One time there was a man and lady, and they lived away off in a woodland country, and they did not have railroads and stores like we do. Winter was over, with the long, bitter cold and dark days. At last the springtime was coming, and they went to move on the side of the mountain. In order to go there, they had to cross a stream. The father had his seed corn, seed potatoes, axe, and spade with him, which were the things he needed; and the mother had flour, bacon, and groceries, and in the other arm, she had something wrapped in a blanket. It did not feel heavy at all—it was a little baby. She had a little shawl pulled over its face to protect it from the wind.

When they came to the stream, although they had waded it before, it was now a black, muddy, raging current, so the mother handed the baby to the husband and said, "You bring the baby to the other side." Then she turned and looked; that mother heart was waiting for the baby, and the father, half drunken, had let it slip out of the blanket.

"Oh, you have let the baby slip out of the blanket!" she cried. Then she looked excitedly out over the stream, and she ran to the waterfalls and back again, but she did not get the sweet little body.

The real little baby had slipped through, and don't you know, dear daddies and mothers, the Lord Jesus has given you a little burden to carry in your arms, and Jesus said, "Carry them over the stream, that foaming, cascading stream of childhood's temptations and the formation of that little will and character, and hand them to Me on the other side."

We have taken good care of the blankets, the outer wrappings. We think of clothing and food, so many calories of this and so many calories of that, and these, after all, are just the blankets. We think of their education, their music, their little companions, and their little

bodies, but that is only the blanket, and while you take care of the blankets, how many of us have let the real child slip through? Oh, I plead for praying mothers and fathers in Oakland. I believe it is the heritage of every boy and girl. If you have robbed them of this, you have robbed them of this priceless heritage.

Oh, for the family altar. It is not the home of gambling, not the home of jazzy music, the card table that has made America the Godfearing, splendid nation among the nations that it is. It is the home of the family altar, the Bible, and children at mother's knee when the light is dim.

Well, Barabbas, we are talking about you. What kind of a mother did you have? I wonder. At any rate, Barabbas grew from a little, curly-headed boy (I love little boys and girls), and I see Barabbas growing to be a little boy, and finally he is becoming a young man. I don't know how he happened to slip away, but he did, and he became a sinner. The first sin recorded of Barabbas was he became a robber. It did not come all at once. Perhaps he stole some cookies out of his mother's cookie jar.

The enemy said, "You can go a little further, and you won't get caught." Then he grew a little bolder and became not only a pick-pocket but a highway robber, and he soon became the leader of a band of robbers, the captain that led them up in the mountains and through the city streets.

Someone says, "They are going to catch you someday, Barabbas."

"No, I am too slick," he says. Perhaps you are saying that tonight. Look out, brother; be sure your sin will find you out. Whatever your sin is, thou God seest me.

Then one day he got a little bolder and came down in the streets of Jerusalem and started a sort of Bolshevik revolution, and during the quarrel, Barabbas struck a quick blow, and with a look of horror, he saw the man lying on the ground, and he stooped down and took his hand. I can see Barabbas drop that cold hand and run up the

street as fast as he can, and saying to his companions, "Beat it, boys, up the street."

But someone is coming around the corner, coming closer, closer, and then a hand is laid on Barabbas' shoulder: "We have the goods on you now." Then they bring the handcuffs. Some of the others got away, but they got three of them.

They have a trial, and the witnesses are brought in, and someone says, "I know this man to be a murderer."

Then the judge says, "Have you anything to say?"

Barabbas hangs his head and says, "There is no use my denying it; my sin has found me out."

Then came the sentence. The judge read it from the bar, "Barabbas, you and the two thieves with you are here condemned to die, and this will be the manner of your death: you shall be led out yonder to a hill called Calvary, and on the hill of Calvary there shalt be lifted up three crosses, and you three shall hang on those crosses until you are dead."

I see him try to act indifferent, but his face is blanched. They are taking him along the dim corridors to a cell that they used to hold condemned prisoners under the judgment hall. A door is opened, and the chains are chained to the wrists and ankles, and the door is shut with a slam, and Barabbas is in darkness. He has lots of time to think now. He was never interested in the revival meetings; he did not think of this God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. That was for women and children. Poor Barabbas, and I believe if he ever wanted his mother, he wanted her then—that is, if she was a real praying, Godly mother. Poor Barabbas, there wasn't a ray of hope for him. He had a fair, square trial and was guilty.

Oh, I see him sitting in his dungeon, the picture of the whole human race. Once we were pure as the morning light; once our hearts were clean and true as we walked in the Garden of Eden. But sin entered, and the first sin recorded of Barabbas is the same sin of Adam and Eve—stealing the forbidden fruit. The second, murder—where

brother slew brother, and just as the law came down on the shoulder of Barabbas, so did the hand of the law fall upon the entire human race. Just as he had a fair trial and was found wanting, so we were weighed in the balance and found wanting; just as there came the sentence of death to Barabbas, so there came the sentence of death to us: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." As Barabbas was in a prison cell bound with chains, so were we bound with appetites and things unlike Jesus Christ.

Poor old Barabbas, as he sat there in that dungeon, I wonder what he thought about, except as the water seeped from the sweating ceiling and fell at his feet—drip, drop, drip—and he did not know which day he was to be taken out to Calvary. Would it be today, tomorrow, the day after? He did not know; and the days went by and the days went by until one day the silence was broken; that dreaded day had come. Away up yonder he heard his own name. "Barabbas, Barabbas, release unto us Barabbas!" I see his poor face whiten as he crouches in the corner, and he thinks, "Barabbas, it's come, it's come. They are coming for me. There is no hope; they are calling to take me out and crucify me. There is no hope."

Then down the steps come the soldiers. Now the door is swinging open. Now the soldiers are here in the prison cell. There is a hand fumbling at his wrists and ankles and a voice saying, "Rise up and come forth." Would to God every man, woman, boy, and girl would hear the message "Rise up and come forth," for, praise the Lord, there has come a wonderful Deliverer coming to our cell of condemnation; there has come the blessed turnkey of righteousness with the key of mercy in His hand. He is putting it in the door of salvation, and He is swinging it wide. He is ready to break everything that is holding me down, and saying, "Rise up and come forth; too long you have sat in the darkness. Too long you have been under condemnation of sin and death." But Barabbas did not understand the message any more than many of us have understood it.

But I can hear Barabbas saying, "May I not sit here for another day?"

"Oh Barabbas, don't sit there like that. Oh, we didn't tell you, did we? Listen, Barabbas, the most wonderful thing has happened. Away up yonder in Pilate's judgment hall, there stands a man with a pure, white, seamless dress; he has a face that is fairer than the morning, brighter than the sun; his voice is as soft as the rushing waters; his hands are as tender as the hands of a mother carrying her child; and you—poor old, brokenhearted, heavy-laden sinner—he is going to die in your place and let you walk out scot-free."

"What are you talking about? Why do you torment me and mock me? I know I am a robber and a murderer; I know I have had a fair, square trial. I will go, but please don't make fun of me; please don't laugh at me."

"Well, Barabbas, we are not laughing at you; we mean it. There is a man up there going to die for you. You don't need to die, because he is going to die for you."

"Die for me? What do you mean? There isn't a man in the world that would die for me—a robber, murderer, selfish man that I have been. I have never done a thing for anyone. I have lived for myself, and then you come to me and say an innocent man in a pure, white, spotless robe would die for me. Oh no. Every man's hand is against me."

"You can believe it or not. They are taking the two thieves out and hanging them on either side, but on the middle cross, there is a man bearing it now through the city gates. Rise up and come forth."

"I will, but I know you are making fun of me. No one would die for me. Well, here I go, one, two, three." He is taking another step. He is expecting that at any minute a man will put his hands on his shoulders and say, "You go back there, you rascal. We are going to kill you for your sin." And he got up a little further, and he is up the corridor alone—free—coming to the light of day, blinking his eyes at the light.

We could not come into the Sun of Righteousness all at once, but He leads us gently. The door is opened, and he fills his lungs with that pure air. There is the sun, the city streets, the voices of the little children. I wonder if he had any little children? I wish I could send that shuttle across, but in the meantime, in fancy, I see him go through the city gates. There is a mob. What is it that they are saying? "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" What is that? Why, there is Calvary's hill; there is Bill and Henry. But who is it on the middle cross? Don't you see him going through the gates and up the hill? And the cross is on his back. Oh, there He goes down! He has fallen, and the men are standing out there with staves, and they are beating him over the head! He has a crown on his head, but it is a crown of thorns! And then, I know that much is so. I don't know what happened next. I wish I could send that shuttle spinning to and fro and finish the picture; but I can finish it in two ways, and I know that one or the other is true, but I am not sure which.

There were two courses of action open to him, and these are the two courses of action that are open to every man, woman, boy, or girl. If Barabbas could only speak and tell us if he was a husband or had a little boy. If he did, perhaps, when he was that man going up the hill, that he made a beeline for home and said, "Wifey, what are you doing?"

"I could not lift up the window shades," she sobbed. "I was afraid to look out. I could not stand it."

"But Wifey, when I was to die, and there was no hope for me, another man took my place and is dying for me, and they say his name is Jesus of Nazareth. He is not only dying for me, but for the whole world, and is dying on the middle cross. Won't you get little sonny's hat and go up to Calvary and meet the man, thank the man, and love the man that is dying for me?"

I wonder if he did that. That would have been the square thing, the manly thing, the noble thing, the only right thing to do. I hope he did, and I hope he said, "Come along, Wifey, you have shed the last tear for me; I'll tell you I am going to be different now. He is dying for me, Wifey, poor, miserable, good-for-nothing, contemptible, selfish me."

And then I love to picture him going through the city gates and going up the hill. Oh, Barabbas, did you do that? I wander to the foot of the cross and worship Jesus and see that Jesus looked down on him. I love to think he had a little boy and that he said, "Look here, Junior. That is the man that is dying for your daddy. Don't you love Him? Wifey, I was lost, but He has saved me; I was condemned to die, but He died for me! Oh, Sonny, bend your knee. Oh, Wifey, bend your knee, and I will kneel, too. Lord, I don't know You very well yet, but Lord, I understand You are dying for me. Lord, I love You, and as long as You lend me breath, I will live a life that will be pleasing in Your sight." I wonder if he did that.

Now the only other thing he could have done—I hate to mention it. The only other thing was to reject Jesus. With a soul so dead that would join the mob and say, "Crucify Him, away with Him! I want no king but Caesar." Do you think he really did join in with the crowd and say, "If you are the Son of God, come down, and save yourself"?

But, brother, sister, I can't finish Barabbas' life and be sure about it. Do you not see that we have all gone away backward and rejected the Lord, and the hand of the law has come down upon our shoulders? We are condemned to die. There was no eye to pity, no arm to save, but Hallelujah! Down the heavenly corridors there came a Redeemer, a Saviour, "And His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." And there has come along the corridors of grace a turnkey.

It is open tonight. "Behold, I set before you an open door." Barabbas, sinner, weary heart, discouraged one, rise up and come forth; come forth; come to the altar tonight; come to Jesus; come from darkness into light; come from death into liberty; come from bondage into freedom. Will you do it? Jesus died for you. Have you ever been man enough or square enough or honourable enough

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to get down on your knees and thank the man that died for you, or are you one of those that say, "No, I won't let Him in tonight. I am over sixty or seventy years of age, and Jesus has been knocking at my heart's door for many and many a year, but I won't let Him in tonight"?

Let us let Him come in tonight while it is yet time.



September 1922

HE GARDEN OF Gethsemane was past. Golgotha, with its agony of soul and body, was over. The throbbing, rending rocks were still at last. The storm-swept heaven was clear, and the morning star shone down benignly. The day had not yet begun to dawn, and the Sacred City was wrapped in slumber. The frightened guards had taken their departure, and there was silence in the garden of Joseph of Arimathaea.

Silence, did I say? But no. What is that sound? 'Tis more than the whispering of the olive trees, more than the moan of the wind through the sycamores. 'Tis a sound that strikes a chill through the heart of the listener...the sound of a woman weeping, heartbrokenly, inconsolably, and repeating over and over again in hopeless tones, "They have taken away my Lord! They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have lain Him!" (John 20:13).

"Oh Jesus, where are You? Oh Jesus, I want You! All the world is dark and drear, and my heart is gripped with loneliness without You. Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of the Tender Heart...where are You? Don't You hear the cry of the needy, the sinful, the sick, the brokenhearted? Oh! He will not answer me! The tomb is empty! They have taken away, they...have...taken...away...my...Lord!"

There is a lump in our throats and a catch in our hearts as we gaze upon that poor little disconsolate figure clad with the garments of grief, rocking herself to and fro, repeating over and over, "They have taken away...they have taken away my Lord."

Oh, how her heart must have throbbed as she sat rocking herself in her grief, in that hour which is ever darkest just before the dawn. What scenes must have lived themselves over again in her mind!

"Jesus," I can hear her say. "Jesus who was born in Bethlehem and whose birth the angels did announce. Jesus the light that did shine in the darkness e'en though the darkness comprehended it not. Jesus Thou tender Shepherd of the sheep, who did forgive the vilest sinner of his sins; who healed the sick and cooled the fevered brow; who cast out demons, raised the dead, set the captive free. Jesus who did feed the hungry and calm the storm-swept billows of the sea, how...how am I ever going to live without You? Who now will cleanse the sinner? Who now will heal the sick and lift the burdens of those who are sorely oppressed? Who now will meet our need with such miraculous power? None...none but Thee, Lord, wert ever able to give this poor, old, sorrow-stricken world beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy, for the spirit of heaviness. But now You are gone! They have taken away, they have taken away my Lord."

Poor Mary! Dear Mary, forgiven much, loving much, her heart was well-nigh broken as she sat weeping at the empty tomb.

Yet hundreds and thousands who today sit at an empty tomb—a powerless, revival-less church, devoid of the miraculous, prayer-answering Christ of the long ago, Jesus, "the Great I AM," wrapped in the slumber of worldliness and unbelief, higher criticism and formality—might well take up the cry of Mary: "They have taken away, they have taken away my Lord; taken away the Lord of the Bible, taken away "the Great I AM," who is the same yesterday, today, forever; taken away the Deity of my Lord and Master, taken away the inspiration of the Scriptures that declare atonement through the precious blood, taken away the preaching of the old-time born-again experience, and of the victorious life above the world and sin, taken away the old-time altar calls, taken away the old all-night prayer meetings where saints of God were wont to lay upon their faces in prayer till a revival came down which swept the entire community, taken away

the warmth, and fire, and faith, and fervor which they have now come to call emotionalism, and in its place they have left an empty tomb; my Lord they have taken away!

"Oh miracle-working, prayer-answering Jesus, where are You? I need You—want You so! Thou of whom the Word doth speak as healer of soul and body, where art Thou? Once You walked among the sons of men; once Thou wert all in all unto Thy people for body, soul, and spirit. Jesus, who once said, 'Go in peace; thy faith hath made thee whole," oh, don't You know—can't You see—we of today need You, need You just as much as those who lived nineteen hundred years ago.

"But now men say that You have changed, Jesus dear, that You are far away beyond that dome of blue; that You are no longer the miracle-working, healing Christ of the Bible—and they have taken You away, dear Lord, and I know not where they have lain You."

God only knows the number of Marys who today have been sitting before the empty tomb, mourning their departed Lord—mourning the need of a revival of the old-time power and the preaching of a Christ who is not dead but risen. Oh why have men limited the Holy One of Israel? Why have they taken away the Lord of the Bible?

Weeping, yearning, longing for the return of the old-time glory of a Christ who lives and moves in the midst of His people, thousands have wept and prayed inconsolably. Moving pictures in the parish house, chicken suppers, festivities, preaching of psychology, community uplift, and social reform—none of these have been able to fill the empty void nor still the heartbroken cry: "They have taken away my Lord. Oh, I want Him! I want to hear His voice! I want to feel the touch of His hand on mine! I want to feel the warmth of His fires burning on the altars of the church! I want to see Him heal the sick and break the captive's chains."

But hark! Through the gloom comes a clear, sweet voice like a shower of golden melody. It is the voice of the angels, speaking to the troubled heart.

"Woman, why weepest thou? Mary, why do you not enter into the spirit of the world round about you? Why are you not contented with the forms and ceremonies in the temple, even though they do deny the power thereof? Why are you weeping, crying, and praying so?"

"Why am I weeping? Why am I crying? Why can I not be satisfied with the empty, foolish things that can never take the place for a moment of the old-time power? Oh, how can you ask the question! 'Tis like feeding of the husks the swine do eat, after once I have tasted the heavenly ambrosia of His fullness. Oh why—why have you taken away my Lord?"

But see even as Mary is speaking, the day is beginning to dawn, a new day indeed. The mountains round about Jerusalem are touched with fire. Pink and gold are lighting up the clouds that just a little while ago seemed so dark and black, as though they never could shine again. And through the scattering gloom and through the chill of the morning, a white-clad form in a seamless dress is coming. His face is lighted with an inner radiance, and His voice like rushing waters on the fragrant hillsides. Look, Mary dear, is there not something familiar about that form?

But no—her eyes are too blurred with tears, her ears too dull from the agony of her aching heart as she turns herself back from the empty tomb.

"Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Something about the tone and the loving solicitation of the voice pierces the gloom a little, and something of the quiet, efficient power of this Man of Galilee made itself felt to Mary even though she could not see Him clearly through the blur of tears.

How the heart of that man must have throbbed as the strangled, little, choking voice of Mary made answer: "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.

"I can't—I can't go on without Him! I must find Him! And, though I'm only a woman, my love shall make me strong, and in these two arms of mine, I shall take Him away. I need Him; the world needs Him; the sinful, the sick, the suffering, the hungry—we all need Him. Seems as though He must hear us calling, seems as though He must see our tears, and as though the prayers and anguish of our hearts would bring Him back. Oh, sir, hast thou borne Him hence? Have you seen my Lord?"

What—what is happening to Mary? A peace like the dawning of a glorious day, after a night of storm and fury, is coming over her face. The mist of tears is clearing away, and someway the agony of her heart seems eased a little, and through the garden a soft, small morning breeze is playing, stirring into wakefulness, which seems to open their hearts and send forth the sweetness of their perfumes to that Stranger of Galilee. The lilies are swaying toward Him, and He is fairer than them all. The roses are bending in the breeze as though to kiss His feet. A still, sweet calm like the calm of heaven itself is stealing through the garden and wrapping itself like a restful, quiet mantle o'er that erstwhile brokenhearted weeper at the tomb. A bird springs from the treetops yonder into the air and showers the waking earth with his morning song. Surely the garden of Joseph of Arimathaea was never so beautiful before! Mary's grief-torn, sorrowstricken heart seemed hushed and lifted. Then through the garden rang one word: "Mary." Oh, the sweetness of that voice! The birds must have paused midwing to listen. The flowers and the leaves of the trees have ceased their swaying whispers to listen. As for Mary, the clouds of her comprehension were riven now, and she turned herself about.

"Mary!"

No one in all the world could speak that name with such melting tenderness except the Lord.

"Mary!" What memories that sweetest of voices carried to her soul! "Mary!"

And she turned and fell upon her knees, clasping her arms about that form, lifting her tear-drenched face, now transfused with a joy celestial, and cried, "Master! Oh Jesus! Jesus! Is it really you? Oh Jesus! Master. Lord, they said that You were dead, that You would never live again, that the day of miracles and power and glory was over forever, but oh dear Lord. I needed You so! My heart was so lonely, and oh Jesus, the whole world groaneth together in travail needing You."

"Jesus, are You really alive? Oh Jesus, speak to me again—touch me; lay Your hand upon my head; tell me that it is really you, that you are not changed, that you are the same as you were in the days gone by."

"Yes, Mary—it is really I. Be not afraid. Yes, Mary, He who was dead is alive forevermore, and because I live, you shall live also. I have carried your sins, the sickness, suffering the curse of the whole world in My body on the tree, and now I have conquered the last enemy, death, and am alive forevermore. Yesterday, today, and forever, My power is just the same. I wait to save, to bless, to heal, to comfort, just as in the days of yore.

"Dry your tears, Mary; mourn no longer the dead Christ, but rejoice in the living Lord. Hark, the birds are singing. The flowers are breathing forth their fragrance; the sun is rising o'er the hilltops. Darkness and night and death have fled away. The angels of heaven are singing around the great white throne. Be of good cheer, Mary—I am not dead but living."

Oh, that the Marys of the church today could turn themselves about, turn their backs upon the empty tomb, and face the risen Lord, who comes to meet them in shining robes of light!

Can you not see Him, sister?

Can you not hear His gentle footfalls, brother?

Oh see, He is coming to meet you. Methinks I see Him now through the dim light of the early dawn, walking through the garden of the church, coming in response to the weeping, disconsolate Marys, who have mourned the loss of His power, mourned the lack of the preaching of the living, loving, miracle-working Christ. Such love and seeking as that of Mary will ever bring the Master to our side.

And oh, methinks I see His face grow brighter, fairer, and His voice like honey in the comb as He is calling to His church—His Marys—His faithful hearts who have waited patiently for Him, speaking that same message that He spake to Mary in that day of yore: "Go to my disciples, and say unto them, 'I ascend unto my Father, and to your Father, and to my God and your God'—death is conquered; night is at an end. The things which I did in that hallowed yesterday, which you have come to hold so dear, I live to do today.

"Go, Mary—go and tell the story. Bid the weeping one rejoice, bid the heavy-laden come, and I will give them rest. Bid the hungry come and dine, the sinful plunge into the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, the sick and the suffering touch the hem of My garment and be made whole."

To the awakened Marys of the church today, the Lord is speaking the selfsame message, bidding them run swift footed to bear to His brethren the selfsame message, the sweetest message that could be brought by man or angel—"I have seen the Lord."

"No longer need we have for our church or place of worship an empty tomb! No longer need we be barren of revivals, altar calls, soul winning, Amen Corners, and the miraculous, supernatural, joyous presence of the Lord Jehovah! I have seen the Lord. He is able to save, able to heal, able to baptize with the Holy Spirit. He is not dead. He is risen and in the midst to bless."

Doubting Thomases may be skeptical of the message and of the power of Jesus to do the same things that He did yesterday. Yet nevertheless, 'tis true, 'tis true, for I have seen the Lord.

Oh, that the churches of Christ could see the Lord today! Oh, that they could brush the tears of sorrow from their eyes, and shake the dust of the tomb off their garments, and rise up with open arms with faith to meet the living Lord.

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"Mary, my church company, can you not see Me? I am coming to meet you, to send you with a message of hope and comfort to the world that needs Me so."

Sing, ye angels of heaven! Sing, ye cherubim around the throne! Sing, ye birds of the morning! Clap your hands, ye trees, and sing His praise, ye hilltops! Speed ye Marys on the swift pinions of love and joy, and cry to all men everywhere: "He lives! He lives! He lives! And I have seen the Lord!"



September 1922

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

Song of Solomon 2:9

N FANCY I entered a temple, near a golden, sunset sea; my heart was heavy within me, and my feet were dusty and bruised. I had come from life's hedges and highways, and their din still raged in my ear. Money and greed, worldly sorrows and strife, resentment 'gainst the wrongs of my fellow rose and fell in my disquieted heart till it stormed like a turbulent sea.

Then out of the dust and the strivings I was carried on discontent feet, till I paused by a green and a fragrant place, with waters that mirrored the sky, and trees that bent low, speaking shelter and peace, reminding of heaven above. And just through their parted beauty I glimpsed a temple whose arches and dome caught my breath with a vision of beauty and made me rub my hot, tired eyes. Is this Earth? Or is it heaven, with its purity, fragrance, and peace, stilling the tempest within my soul and bidding me find sweet rest?

So I crossed the circular, winding street, with its vistas of mirror and green, and I gazed through a door clear as crystal, and there caught a glimpse of cool, clean lobbies and a fountain that sparkled clear, and I read: "Whosoever will, let Him take freely the water of

life." Water! Life! Rest! Cool! Ah, how I needed them, craved them, after my bustling, sweating struggle with the world.

My hand I put forth timidly, and I touched that crystal door; surely I'd find it bolted 'gainst such a dusty-highway soul! But no, it swung gently inward with only a finger's touch, and I drank of that cool, flowing fountain and wandered on and in through the door of the temple, where I quietly bowed my head, and a feeling of reverence stole o'er me. I remembered the prayers of my mother, snatches of song and of Scripture I had not recalled in years.

I seemed alone in the temple and drank deep of its message there. I was conscious first of its bigness, yet the soft, intimate nearness of it all. Mellow pools of rose, violet, gold, green, crimson, and blue bathed altar and floor at my feet. The great hundred-foot dome, sweeping up and away above me, held captive the blue of an Arizona sky, while the fleecy clouds of heaven, tinged with the glow of sunrise, nestled here and there. Beneath it, in a broad band of gold, as a wondrous message from the sky, I read: "Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, Today, and Forever."

And then, turning about, I forgot all else, and my battered and sin-sick soul was lifted clear out of its strife and storm and caught up in ethereal calm. I'd forgotten the temple, the galleries, the dome—except as a setting exquisite—for my eyes had come to rest on a window that swept aside the curtains of time and space. I stood in ancient Bethlehem, where the little Christ Child lay wrapped in swaddling clothes and in a manger, with a halo 'round His head. From the arch above, the cherubs sang, and the light of Bethlehem's star illumined His face, surpassing fair—the light of the world was He. Mary, His mother, was seated there, and Joseph in the shadows dim. The wise men kneeled, offering gold, frankincense, myrrh, and a lamb lay asleep at His feet. But these eyes of mine were for but one little face, and His eyes gazed down at me while the angels sang, "Unto you, oh man, is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and suddenly there was with the angel a

multitude of heavenly host, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, goodwill toward men."

A Saviour to me? Peace—goodwill to me? Could it be true, He was come for me? That from out the storm of life with its heartbreak and toils came the voice of the Saviour of Peace calling me?

Suddenly I found myself before another window, and He looked forth from its light. I stood by the river Jordan, and my Saviour was pictured there receiving the Holy Spirit, in form of a heavenly dove, while John and the multitude, waiting, gazed up at the opened sky, whence the voice of God like thunder introduced to Earth His gift: "This is My Beloved Son"—how the mountains trembled at His voice—"In Whom"—my heart melted before Him—"I am well pleased."

And then to ancient Jerusalem, I was swept by the window just next. In the foreground the Lord, in a seamless dress, as white as the lilies fair, bended low o'er a woman taken in sin. Her face was flushed from weeping, pearly teardrops yet wet on her cheek. In her eyes the hurt look of a sore-wounded child was being replaced by a slow, dawning wonder of hope and joy. "Neither do I condemn thee"—was ever a voice like that? "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven"—rushing water. Balm of Gilead, honey in the comb, to what shall I compare His tones? "Go in peace—and sin no more."

Peace—peace? Ah God, how my own heart wanted peace; could it be that there was peace for me, that my sins, too, could be forgiven? Yea, of this there could be no doubt, for standing there in the mellow light of late afternoon, He, my Saviour, was "looking forth at the window" in fancy's picture. If He could forgive her, could He, would He not also pardon and speak peace to me?

And now I stood by the altar, gazing at the window there depicting the healing of the sick with a touch of His gentle hand. The bedfast were raised, the fevered were cooled, and a little child made to walk. The crooked were straight; the leper was cleansed by the Man of Galilee. And yonder the evening sun smiled peacefully and

slipped 'neath Judean hills. But could He do this for a battered soul of the present day, broken on the wheel of life? Yes, yes, He could, for, lifting my eyes, I drank in the message again: "Jesus Christ the same—the same—yesterday, today, and for aye."

I crossed the altar, soft, carpeted, inviting; and there, on the other side, through a flood of silver and blue, I gazed on Gethsemane. "Looking forth at the window" was pictured my Lord, kneeling alone by a cold, shadowy rock, hands clasped resignedly upon its mossy top; He seemed most wondrous fair. Ferns, lichens, and tall lilies swayed toward Him in the breeze. A soft zephyr stilled gently the locks of His uncovered head, and a shaft of silver moonlight fell full upon His pale face and lighted it with startling brilliance midst the gloom. The three disciples sleeping yonder seemed to remind me that I, too, had been asleep, rejecting, failing, and denying Him—my Lord.

And as I stood, there came someway a strange tug at my heart, as softly I heard His: "Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done." I felt I would love to tarry there and watch with Him life's little hour. Why had I never thought of these things during the past busy years of my life! How could I have slept, unmindful of such a love as this!

And now, 'twas at the foot of the cross I stood, gazing upon my Lord, whose face was marred yet strangely fair as He whispered, "Father, forgive." And my heart just broke within me that my sins had nailed Him there.

But, in a twinkling, my grief was changed to gladness, for I gazed on another scene. 'Twas ascension morning now, and my living, loving, triumphant Lord had risen into the air. Hands outstretched in blessing, His words fell in a golden shower: "I go to prepare a place for you, but I will come again."

And now before the last of these eight wonderful windows, as though through curtains that had been swept aside, I gazed on a scene depicting the present-day Lord, who said, "Behold, I stand and knock." Yes, there He was pictured in His seamless dress, knocking

with nail-pierced hand at the fast-closed door of my selfish heart that would not let Him in. No latch was there on the outer side; the opening lay with me. "Oh come, dear Lord," I cried that day. "Teach me how to open the door! Come in with Thy peace, Thy salvation and love, and ever abide with me."

The hours had passed in the temple there, and my cheeks were suffused with tears. I sat me down in a chair, and on its arm I read: "Donated, with the prayer that some tired and sin-sick soul may find rest and peace through the message heard from the depths of this chair tonight." I bowed my head and pondered; it seemed not strange but fitting someway that this chair was intended for me.

Suddenly—my thoughts were caught up by music. Someone had entered and taken his place at the console of the organ. A tiny light flashed on, and I saw his fingers move silently over the keys of the third manual. With bated breath I listened, as there came drifting down from the temple chimes on the outer roof, the glory of the bells:

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.

The darkness deepens. Lord with me, abide;

Change and decay in all around I see;

Oh Thou Who changest not—abide with me.

Shaken to the very soul of me, I, too, cried out in spirit for this ever-present, unchanging Lord of the ages, whose kindness and power of yesterday had been shown me through "the windows" and who my Bible declared to be just the same today. I suddenly felt very much like a little child that had lost its way in the gathering darkness that shrouded the close of life's short day, and I wanted Him so—how could I find the way?

Then the lights were lit. A multitude of people had filled the temple now. All eyes were toward the front, from whence the great pipe organ was speaking in thunderous volume of the glory, power, majesty of Him who loved and washed poor sinners in His own blood. The very structure seemed to rock and tremble before the stately stepping of His feet. Then the music drifted into a minor strain, speaking of a tender Shepherd, leading His flock into green pastures and causing them to lie down beside the still waters, a Shepherd who carried weak lambs in His bosom, and who, leaving "the ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of His fold," went down the mountainside to seek the one that had gone astray.

Again the stream of music turned, and now the lights were dimmed. A lighted cross seemed to glow before my eyes as the great organ whispered, and somewhere in the dome, the echo organ answered it:

When I survey, the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but dross, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, demands My soul, my life, my all.

Unnoticed, the chorus had taken its place. The throng was singing. The angels of God seemed hovering near. The sermon and the messenger came to me through a blur of tears, and then an altar call was given. Gentle, nail-pierced hands were lifting, guiding, bearing me to the altar rail. I kneeled at the Saviour's feet; gentle voices were teaching me to pray. The burden of years was gone. I lifted myself up. I straightened my shoulders, from which the load had disappeared. I drew a long breath and wiped my eyes of their mistiness. I was a child of God. Looking up at the organ, I wondered if this glory could be but the beginning of a new life.

Ring the bells of heaven; there is joy today: For a soul returneth from the wild. See the Father meets Him, out upon the way, Welcoming His wayward, wandering child.

The bells and the chimes of the temple organ pealed forth above the glad voices of the singers, thrilling, exultant:

Glory, glory, how the angels sing!
Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring!
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea.
Pealing forth the anthems of the free.

The poor, lonely, sin-sick, heavy-laden heart of me was weary no longer. I was lifted up into heavenly places with Christ Jesus, my newfound Lord. New life was before me, new hopes and ambitions, and the pathway, like a heavenly ladder with angels ascending and descending thereon, began at my feet.

A bugle is sounded in my ears; a kiss, a soft little mother kiss, is planted on the back of my neck; stout little eager hands of my children are tugging at my garments: "Lunchtime, honey dear! Are you going to sit there daydreaming with your head on your typewriter all day long? Put away your work for a little while, my dear; mustn't keep them waiting, you know."

I sit up with a start, blink my eyes at the sunlight that glows like molten fire on the waves on the rolling sea, and find that instead of being in the completed Angelus Temple at Echo Park, planning the wooing and winning of some poor sin-sick fellow and what his feelings would be upon entering that temple upon which so much of our love and prayers have been expended for the past months, I am still on board the SS *Maunganui*, sailing the foam-flecked billows of the broad Pacific. The swish of the sea is in my ears. Hurrying feet are pattering lunch-ward along the deck, and I suppose that I should go, too.

But, vision—prophecy—daydream or not, the fact remains that the thousands of miles of roiling seas and landless horizons cannot keep in bound the thoughts and prayers of this fond heart of mine. Angelus Temple, Echo Park, the planning of seats and aisles, the organ that shall swell the Saviour's praise, the need of the picture windows, which will tell so well the story that e'en a wayfarer and deaf and dumb could read and understand the message glowing there as "He looketh forth at the windows and showeth Himself through the lattice," the effect of it all upon the tired, rushing thousands of the men and women of today. Their thoughts and feelings as inspired by the temple fill my heart and soul and send me a-dreaming, way back across the billows, to that place where today this beautiful temple of God is rising into the air, as concrete mixers churn, bars of steel are lifted, window frames are being fitted, and a house unto the Lord completed.

"He looketh forth at the window." How those words will tangle themselves up about my great longing for those windows, seen through the eyes of my own day vision on the Pacific Ocean en route for Australia. And oh! How my heart leaps to know they are coming true! For those eight great double windows (not the ones shown in the pictures of the temple, but on the inner walls, in plain view of all the seats of main floor and balconies), with the eight subjects best illustrating the message of evangelism as the Lord has given it me, are really beginning to materialize and will be another dream come true.

For months I had hidden it in my heart—that longing to tell in beauteous picture form the story of the Christ, and that, as He looked forth at the windows, they might with their sweet mission reach hearts through "eye-gate," while I by my preaching came in through the other gate of the heart, "ear-gate." Then came the day when our dear Gypsy converts, whom God has been helping us win by the scores to the Christ, came to us, asking the privilege of expressing their appreciation for our ministry by donating a beautiful window telling the story of Calvary's rugged cross.

Next came the promise of the Rochester branch of the EPEA branch of the chair donors, headed by the secretary and treasurer Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm E. Grey to put in place the masterpiece. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Then three sisters in Christ practically donated "The Jordan" and "The Ascension," and now the Lord has touched the heart of His dear children during the Oakland meeting. The Bridal Call family of California have suggested and started the Gethsemane window fund as a memorial to dear Robert Semple, the husband who led me to Christ and later gave his life as a missionary for the work of the Lord in China. This window will be indeed a fitting memorial, as no monument has marked the resting place of this noble man who indeed was a man of prayer and well knew Gethsemane. All who know and love the power of prayer and intercession are specially invited to cooperate in this memorial.

The women of Alameda County have started a window fund for the glorious "Christ forgiving the woman her sins," and those who are interested in the salvation of women, and have perchance wandering girls of their own, unsaved, who may someday wander into Angelus Temple and read the message in the women's window there, are invited to unite with them in that beautiful expression of their love.

A window, "Christ healing the sick," has been started by some grateful souls who have been healed in answer to prayer and who wish to help convey the message of hope and life to other sufferers. A children's window, depicting "The Nativity, the Christ Child," has been started, also open to children and lovers of children everywhere.

Today, this is the way the window fund stands: the windows are each in pairs—that is two sections to each. They are very large in size, approximately 7,523 feet, and each window will cost \$1,500, and as we are not touching other temple funds for this, must be subscribed by special donations thus designated. It is the wish of donors

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toward the window fund thus far that no names should appear in the glass, and we have thought of placing a metal tablet on the sill below with small inscription telling of donor and their purpose.

Those wishing to have a part in the windows should write care of the Echo Park Evangelistic Association, marking envelope "Window Fund," without delay. And while I sit a-dreaming with my head in my arms on my typewriter, or busily clicking away at the keys for the future months of the Bridal Call, and the swish of the sea is in my ears, I have the consciousness that at home, loving friends are planning that in the temple yonder at Echo Park the world may read the story as He looketh forth at the windows.

October 1922

I. Consecration

Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

Ruth 1:16-17

ESOLUTE YOUNG SHOULDERS thrown back, head lifted high, love-lit eyes shining like stars, eager flush suffusing her cheeks like the glow of a coming dawn: 'twas thus that Ruth, a youthful maiden of long ago, proclaimed her consecration vow.

On, on through the years spanning the centuries, girdling the globe, this has been the spirit of the consecration vow of all the newborn children of the Lord, who truly turn their back upon the land of sin and the love of the world, with its old associations, and put trusting hands into the hand of the Holy Spirit, setting their faces toward the city of our God.

It is a new life now; we have been born again; the old land of sin is left behind; the things once loved we now hate; the things once hated we now love. No uncertain or imaginary experience this—all is changed. A newfound Saviour, a new and shining pathway, a new heart, a new Bible, a new life of prayer, new companionships, new ambitions, new desires, a new viewpoint and perspective of life here and hereafter. New standards and new ideals, a new set of weights and balances, a new measuring rod, a new tenderness of conscience, a new hope, a new desire to keep close, close to the heavenly Guide till we reach the land of our desire—all, all is new!

Seeing, therefore, that we are dead in sin, how shall we live any longer therein?

But in this time of readjustment, being new in the way and fearful of displeasing this newfound Lord, who has taken up His blessed abode within our hearts, or of bringing a cloud between, to mar this joyousness of His immediate presence, how many young converts have cried, "Oh, Lord of my heart, entreat me not to leave Thee, or to return from following after Thee. My heart is filled with music and my lips with singing; blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute iniquity. Oh, light of my life, let me never leave Thy wounded side; teach me Thy paths; nor let me ever stray. Thy face is so fair; Thy smile like the brightest sunlight from the skies. Master o' mine, keep me ever close, nor let me return from following Thee."

No uncertainty need enter here, no turning to the right or left, or asking is this right or is this wrong. We have been given a standard in our new consecration vow—a measuring rod, a plumb line, a delicate set of weights and balances, whereby we may know of a certainty the Way, and that which is pleasing or displeasing to our Lord.

"Whither Thou Goest I Will Go"

Like Ruth of old, we, too, have turned our backs upon the land of our nativity, even the dwelling place of unrighteousness, we have forsaken old friends, companions in unbelief and godlessness, for we have found our Lord. One glimpse of His beautiful face, fairer than the morning, brighter than the sun, and earthly things have lost their attraction. One word, "Come," from His dear lips, and turning our backs upon the things that once we counted most dear, we have risen up to follow Him. Oh, the glory of His voice, softer than the rushing of the waters! Oh, the touch of His gentle, nail-pierced hand upon our heads, till we cry, "Hallelujah, take the world, but give me Jesus."

I walk with the King, Hallelujah!
I walk with the King, praise His name!
No longer I roam; my soul faces home;
I walk and I talk with the King.

"Whither Thou goest I will go." Of what attraction is the theatre, dance hall, the card table, or worldly club now? Jesus is not going that way; His joys lie not therein, and following Him, we pass their doors. The strident, jarring sound of their music call to us in vain. Eyes fixed upon Jesus, ears open to drink in that loving voice, hands clasped in His, footsteps following hard, a vista of a glorious life hidden with Christ in God lies just before, and looking up into His face with adoration and abandonment, we cry, "Whither Thou goest I will go."

"Oh, Jesus, it is all so new! I know not what the future holds, of mountain peaks or valleys deep and dark; I know not what it holds of joys or sorrows, loss or gain; I know not whether in this earthly journey mine will be a crown of joy or thorns, or whether I will walk alone with Thee or in the crowd; but this I know: that Thou are near, that Thou art mine, that all my sins are washed away, and that Thou leadest me—and I am content."

"Whither thou goest—" Jesus, if Thou art going about doing good, lifting burdens, drying tears, cheering the afflicted, and lifting the fallen, then let me walk with Thee. If Thou canst be found in the house of prayer and the reading of the Word, if Thou canst

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be found in the carpenter shop and the house of honest toll, if Thou canst be found by the fireside at even, when the day is done and the lamp is lighted at the hour of prayer, if Thou canst be found in the paths of righteousness, soberness, and consecration—then Lord, whither Thou goest, I will go.

Oh, to be like Thee,
Oh, to be like Thee,
Precious Redeemer, pure as Thou art,

Come in Thy goodness,
Come in Thy fullness,
Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

"Where Thou Lodgest, I Will Lodge"

Here is a flash of light that settles the question of the lodge, the resting place of the child of God. When Jesus was upon Earth, the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the lodging place of the Son of God was off on the mountainside in prayer to the Father, whose ear was ever open to His cry. He lodged in the midst of the people; also wherever He found a need, there was He to meet the need. He lodged in the home of the sick—bringing healing and cool, restful strength with the touch of His blessed fingers. He lodged in the temple and taught the people; His lodge was not the place of sin and worldly amusement; He thought not of things that were below but of those doings that were above; and now walking and talking and lodging with Jesus, we will find ourselves instinctively shunning those places which He would shun as a lodging place, for the light hath no communion with darkness. Did not the Lord declare that no man could serve God and Mammon? Did not He Himself propound the question, "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?"

Oh, blessed lodging place, found by every truly following child of God, thou art in the cleft of the Rock, whither He has hidden us and covered us with His hand.

"Thy People Shall Be My People"

Not only a new path, and a new abiding place, but new companionship, also, belongeth to the child of God. No longer do we walk in the council of the ungodly or sit in seats of the scornful; no longer find we pleasure and delight in the midst of those who know Him not. Our delight is in the congregation of the righteous, with saints of the Lord who are gathered together in His name, for there is He in the midst.

Many of those whom we once considered our dearest friends are at first amused, then scornful, then silent, since we no longer walk the paths of sin and folly. For the first time, we see the worldly, pleasure-loving, treasure-hunting throngs in their true light. The shallowness, the giddy, foolish emptiness of their conversation and desires have become positively distasteful to us. Turning to our Lord in a renewal of love and consecration, we cry again, "Thy people shall be my people," and lifting our voices with these of the children of the Lord, we sing together:

Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine,
Oh, what blessed sweet communion,
Jesus is a friend of mine.

The relationship between children of the Lord—fellow travelers upon the road that leads to heaven—has now become unbelievably sweet and precious to our hearts. We have learned to call each other brother, sister. We are children of one Father, members of the same family, weeping with those that weep, rejoicing with those that

rejoice, bound together with a cord of sympathy and love and true friendship that the world can neither give nor take away.

"Thy God Shall Be My God"

My meat is to do the will of my Father.

The very Father God whom our Lord ever strove to please and serve is our Father God.

No longer serve we the god of money, the god of ease and luxury; the God of this world, Thy God, oh Lord Jesus, before whom Thou walked blameless and whose will Thou ever fulfilled—Thy God, the God of heaven and Earth and all that in them is—shall be my God; the God that hears, and moves, and answers prayer, is mine, and Thou indeed my elder Brother.

"Where Thou Diest I Will Die"

Here we are brought to a much deeper step of consecration, and it is here that many draw back and refuse to go on. We have followed our Lord, walking in His blessed footsteps from the manger experience with its swaddling clothes. We have journeyed through the plains of teaching and climbed the mount of prayer; we have watched Him feed the people and have ridden triumphantly in His wake to Jerusalem, but now comes the message of a personal Gethsemane and Golgotha.

Hark! The words of the Master, who has gone on before, come floating back on the wings of the Word: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

The Lord Jesus is coming someday to take the overcomers to reign with Him upon His throne in glory, and it is they that have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the Word of their testimony that shall reign with him. Self must decrease; He must increase; for since mine eyes have beheld the King, I have abhorred myself. Oh, that it might be no more I, but Christ that lives in me. Oh, that the world might see in us nothing save our crucified Lord, whom we love and hold to our hearts more dearly hour by hour.

He has become to us now, Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Vale. He is our Alpha and our Omega; the beginning and the end of our heart's desire. The opinions, even the companionship of the passing throng, seem of small moment now. Our eyes are upon our Lord. His face is growing sweeter in the gloom, His form more bright and fair, His Will has become the most precious and to be desired thing in all the universe, and "where He leads I'll follow"—the words sing o'er and o'er in our yielded hearts.

On and on we press, through Gethsemane, but it seems not half so lone, for He is there; as a ministering angel He surrounds us with His love and holds the cup. Ah, the bitter cup would be sweet though filled thrice o'er with heartache's dregs, so long as Thou, dear Saviour, hold it to my lips, for looking at Thy face of melting love and tenderness, I am forgetful of all else but that I'm in Thy will, Thy keeping, and am pleasing in Thy sight.

On through the judgment hall, where false accusers stand, where enemies clamor, and friends are strangely still, where there seem none to praise and all condemn, He ofttimes leads, but as Satan's emissaries hurl their anathemas and friends their misinterpretations, we keep our eyes upon the Lord. His face grows brighter than the sun, and His eyes so deep with love are as rivers of water flowing out in sympathy and understanding, and it is not hard at all to "answer not a word," for Jesus puts His own dear finger on our lips, and folds us closer 'neath the feathers of His wings, and whispers, "Remember, child, there's but one way

home; you are walking in my footsteps, and the servant is not greater than His Lord." Greater? Greater? Oh Saviour dear, we are less than the dust beneath Thy feet. Greater? Oh Master of these hearts of ours! Ours is the honour and the privilege of suffering with Thee, that we may reign at Thy right hand.

Then out through city gates, bearing His reproach without the camp, the Master leads the way up Calvary's hill, and turning back to smile, He beckons with a nail-pierced hand and smiles a smile that draws us running up the hill. And, when the load grows heavy, and the way is rough and long, and when we stumble and go down beneath it all, He runs toward us, and bending low, He catches us swiftly, cross and all unto His heart, and there we lie, hearing—feeling—the throbbing of that mighty heart of love, till we are rested, strengthened, cheered again by looking in His face, till the cross is crowned with glory and its fellowship so dear we would ne'er exchange one hundred triumphal entries for one pang of Calvary's cross. Rested, comforted, inspired, He sets us on our feet again, and on up the rugged steep He leads, and there atop Golgotha's hill, in answer to the question in His eyes, we answer back, "Where Thou diest I will die."

The cross? What of its shame? The nails? What matter they? 'Tis death to the old life, death ofttimes to plans and wishes we have held most dear. The temple of desire and dreams and earthly aspirations is o'erthrown, but we know another will be built, and in it will be wrought His will, His plans, His wishes, "crucified with Him"—oh, blessed words that lift our hearts and set them singing while heavens grow black, rocks burst asunder, and the temple veil is rended. For never was the Saviour half so near, so dear, so unspeakably precious to our hearts, and through the veil (for every Calvary experience brings to the yielded heart an opening in the veil), we catch a glimpse of the Father's throne and draw nearer the Holy of Holies. How trashy, how empty the tinsel toys and gaudy baubles of the earth seem now! How could we ever have been contented with their cheap foolishness?

"And There Will I Be Buried"

Know ye not that as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore, we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him.

Buried with Him! Oh, the glory of it! Let the rest of the world go by; my life is hidden with Christ in God. Seal the stone, if you will, and guard the door; I am buried with my Lord. Let Satan boast and mine enemies rejoice, declaring I shall never rise again. Let my dearest friends lose hope and go a-fishing. Sssh! My life is hidden. Stir not up nor wake my love until He please.

If I be buried with Him, then shall I rise with Him who is the resurrection and the life. If I die with Him, I shall also live with Him and,

Rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

II. Soul Winning

"Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after Him in whose sight I shall find grace" (Ruth 2).

Up, up, up, till she scaled the lofty summit of the Mount of Consecration, the yielded feet of faith and love had carried the Moabitish maid.

Here had been a "life-and-death" surrender, the giving of her little all, a deathless and unwavering love that had swept self and ties of old associations far away.

The land of Moab lay far behind, the gently swelling, fertile hills of Bethlehem just before. Standing there amidst the fields—shoulders back, head high, eyes fired with the glorious inspiration of it all, there must have come to Ruth the whispering appeal of the leaves among the cornfields and the barley harvest.

Here we are, oh maiden, who having left all to follow thy Guide, hath come to the peace-filled, fruitful lands of Bethlehem.

Here we are, fields filled with corn in the ear, wheat and barley ready, waiting to be garnered in.

Here we lie, under an early morning sun, whispering, murmuring, singing the song of the fields whitened unto the harvest, stretching out our arms to be gathered in.

But see, oh Moabitish maiden, soon the harvest sun will have climbed the highest heaven, then soon will wax and wane and slip down past the western hills in crimson glory. Soon, all too soon, the eventide shall come and cast her purple mantle o'er the hills and the night descend wherein no man can work.

Whispering, sighing, murmuring, rustling—ah, swaying, breeze-swept fields of the harvest, the tugging appeal of your murmuring song has leaped the sea and girdled the globe and wakened these hearts of ours. Just as you pulled at the heart of Ruth and made her a gleaner that day, so you have roused us unto the need of the fields that round us lay, until with Ruth of old we have lifted up our heads, hearts, eyes, and souls, become all aglow, and our hands with eagerness a-tremble as we gaze about us, east, west, north, and south, upon the sea of precious grain. We, too, have been made to realize, with that humble Moabite, that we were not brought o'er the hills of consecration to live unto ourselves alone, but to glean in the Lord of Bethlehem's harvest field. And with her we have cried, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after Him, in whose sight I shall find grace" (Ruth 2:2).

Let Me Now Go to the Field

Let me now go to the field. What other desire can He quite so mighty, so unquenchable, so all-absorbing as a real Spirit-born hunger and

passion for souls? The moment we have consecrated our lives and put our all upon the altar, crying, "Oh Lord and Master, here am I; body, soul, and spirit I place myself upon Thine altar. Take me, use me, make me what Thou wilt"—that moment there will come to us, if we are listening, the voice of the Spirit mingling with the voice of the harvest, revealing to us the will of God, that we, too, become soul winners gleaning from life's harvest field precious sheaves to lay at the feet of our blessed Redeemer.

Never shall I forget the first o'erwhelming hunger, that fairly amounted to an ache in my heart, to be a gleaner for my Lord. From the Moab of sin and worldliness I had been gently led by the Spirit Divine. The revelation of Jesus Christ, the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley, that had come to this heart of mine as I scaled with Him the mountain summits of Consecration had set my heart aflame. Oh, He had been so good to me! So gentle, so patient, so loving, and tender and true, His face so fair, His voice so sweet-scented, as though my heart would break for love of Him. He had taken my feet from the mire and clay; He had washed me with His own blood. He had set my feet upon the path that leads to His own blest throne, filled my soul with music and my mouth with singing Hallelujah! How my heart swelled and thrilled within me as the early glow of my first love flooded my being and welled up to Him in gladsome praise and surrender.

"Oh, Master o' mine, you have been so good, good, good to me!" I cried. "Thy gracious, tender kindness hath changed the tenor of my life and made this world a heaven, as in the sunshine of Thy smile my happy soul doth bask. Oh, Saviour, most precious to my heart I hold Thy favor and Thy smile, but Lord, one thing more have I to ask Thee; then my happiness shall be complete. All these past days since Thou hast sought and brought me to Thyself, Thou, dear Lord, hast done so much for me; may I not now do aught for Thee?

"Oh, Jesus, I not only want to tell Thee that I love Thee, but oh, even Thou, Thyself, didst say, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' I long to serve Thee—do something really practical for Thee to prove by more than words my love to Thee. Jesus Thou Saviour, more precious than life, itself, wilt Thou not tell me something I may do for Thee? Something that would please Thee more than aught beside could do? The wise men brought Thee gold, frankincense, myrrh from out of the coffers of their wealth, but in the poverty of my soul, what gift is there that I may bring Thee, Lord?"

"Child, wouldst thou truly know the thing that Thou couldst do that would please my heart more than all beside?" fell the clear, calm voice of the Master on my ear. "Wouldst thou truly learn the gift which, brought by consecrated hearts, is dearer far to me than all the world beside?"

The Gift Most Precious in His Sight

"Yes, yes, Lord, I would true service render and the gift most precious bring—oh, tell me, Lord, what is it pleaseth Thee most; what gift more precious than all else beside?"

"That service rendered by a yielded heart, which pleaseth Me most, My child, is that of soul winning—the gift most precious in My sight, after the surrendering of one's own life, is the winning of other precious souls gleaned and garnered from the fields of life," He said. "Of more value than silver; more costly than gold; far greater than diamonds or rubies or pearls; more value than silver is the soul of one sinner for whom Christ hath died. When God gave His Son, the value was set; when My heart broke on Calvary, the ransom was paid. This is the service so to be desired, that angels fain would give. This is the gift most precious which only redeemed ones can bring. If thou wouldst truly please and serve Me and lay a gift of greatest value at My feet, win souls, My child—win souls."

"Oh, Lord! I'm so sorry." My face and spirits fell. "If Thou hadst only asked some other thing that I could do. But win souls—Lord, that's the one thing I could never do. I am but a child, a farmer's daughter, five miles in the country from the nearest town. Surely one would need to go through colleges and take degrees and be the reader of many theological treatises before they could become in truth a real winner of souls."

"A soul winner! A soul winner!" Over and over, in the intensity of my heart's love, I turned the words.

"A soul winner." Across my clear sky, a little cloud had settled that threw a shadow o'er the brightness of my path. And though I sang and prayed and read the Word, and though my Master blessed me more and more and filled my cup with His goodness, I would kneel hour after hour in the quiet of my room, with my chin in my hands at the windowsill, looking out into the star glow of a Canadian night, commiserating with myself as to the pity of the fact that I, a seventeen-year-old farmer's daughter, could never hope to be a real soul winner.

Kneeling there and looking up at the twinkling stars, heaven seemed not a far-off place. The Celestial City seemed most near, and yonder, the Milky Way seemed but a lighted path that led to opening gates of pearl. I could seem to see through a blur of tears my Saviour standing at the gates to welcome every gleaner home and receive the trophies from their hands.

The Gleaner's Welcome

There they went, in garments white and glorious, up the victor's path, rejoicing and singing as they went. And as they entered through the portals of the sky, I seemed to hear them say:

"Here, gracious Lord—here are the souls we won for Thee. Here"—placing a long strand of wheat into his nail-pierced hand—"here is a soul, that was once a drunkard, filled with sin and far away. I ran swift footed, Lord, with redemption's story and won Him for Thine own, and these"—handing Him a dozen strands of wheat—"these are the souls which he in turn did win."

"Yea, Lord, and here are the souls which I have won," I heard another say. "These are the boys of my Sunday school class, and here's a girl that had gone astray. She was only a motherless little flower, trampled in the dirt of the street, brokenhearted and bruised, but I carried her, Lord, by prayer and faith unto Thy wounded feet; her sins were gone, her heart was cleansed, her life made over now, and here she is, Lord, pure as the snow, bringing other souls won through her life."

On, on they came, laying sheaves in His arms, as the Master smiled. "Well done; thou hast won many souls. They are precious in My sight; like jewels they shall shine in My royal crown. Well done; enter the joy of Thy Lord."

"And Empty Handed"

And then I would picture myself coming up the highway that led to heaven, picture the moment when I should meet the Lord at the beautiful gate and His eyes look down at me. I would seem to see a shadow clouding His face as I empty-handed stood. Seemed I could not bear His disappointed look and that I'd quickly cry, "Oh Lord, dear Lord, I've won no souls, but I love You just the same. I was only a little weak woman, You know. Had I been a man, I'd have preached Thy Word and brought many to the fold. But oh, though I've won no souls, I love You truly, Lord. Thou art dearer to me than my very life, though I empty-handed be."

And I thought my Lord would smile down at me and in tender kindness say, "Of course, I know you love Me and have followed Me always. Enter thou into the joys of Thy Lord; you are not saved through work but saved through grace, my child." But oh! It seemed to me that through eternal years I'd never quite forget that first disappointed look when He saw my empty arms. Most earnestly would I pray, and entreatingly would I sing,

Must I go, and empty-handed, Thus my dear Redeemer meet; Not a soul with which to great Him, Lay no trophies at His feet?

And I made up my mind in that moment that I'd be a soul winner or give my life in the attempt.

It seemed to me that one of the greatest calamities that could befall a consecrated child of God would be to go home "empty-handed."

After determining in my heart to be a soul winner for Jesus Christ, I set myself most earnestly to Bible study to find wherein lay the great success of the early apostles in the soul winning. I discovered that they received power after that the Holy Spirit was come upon them, insomuch that out of their innermost being flowed rivers of living water. I read also that this power was for even me, and for as many as the Lord our God should call.

For almost a week I sought His face, praying that I might be emptied of self and filled with His Spirit of love and power. At the end of the week, the Blesser came, sweeping my soul like the billows of mighty sea. And as He came, there filled my soul such a vision of the heart of Christ bleeding for sinners for whom He died that my own heart was filled with that love. Realization of a human soul swept o'er me with crushing weight.

Then the Master showed me the harvest fields filled with waving human grain, and he gave to me the sickle of His Word, bidding me go reap and glean, cautioning, "The sickle I've given thee is sharp, My child. Use it only to cut the grain. Many have used it to cut other reapers, to cut their hearts and wound, but mark you, My child, never use it thus, but only to cut the grain."

And so, as I gazed upon the fields of murmuring, whispering grain, I cried out with Ruth, the Moabite, "Let me go now to the field and glean ears of corn after Him, in whose sight I shall find

grace." Bless the Lord. I know if He should call me today, I would not go empty-handed. And yet how many of us have been professing Christians for ten and twenty years, with our name on a church roll, who do not know of one soul we, by the instrumentality of our testimony and life, have won for Jesus? There is something wrong with a life like that. The moment we have scaled the Mount of Consecration and given ourselves to the Master, that moment should we become a soul winner, entering the harvest fields and gleaning there, watched over and protected by the Lord of our heavenly Boaz—Jesus Christ.

A Soul Winner at Home

"But I am a mother with my little children at my knees," I hear someone say. "Should I leave them and go out to preach?"

My dear, you do not have to leave the home fires to be a soul winner. Start in with the children, and teach them about the Lord Jesus. Instead of rocking them to sleep with stories of Aladdin and his lamp, and with Cinderella and her slipper, et cetera, begin to tell them the true and wonderful stories contained in the Word of God. Plant the good seed in their tender hearts that shall shortly spring up and bear eternal fruit one hundredfold.

Some time ago, a minister of the gospel came to call upon a certain elderly lady of his pastorate and found her weeping. Upon inquiring the cause of her tears, he received the following reply.

"Oh, Pastor, here am I with my snow-white hair, and my life all but slipping away, and it seems as though I have never gotten to do much for the Lord Jesus. All my life I have looked forward to the time when I might be a soul winner, doing something real. But I am afraid it is too late now. I have gotten so old and feeble. Since my four boys came, life has been one continual round of sewing and mending and washing the children's clothes. Washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking, and then watching, reading, and praying with the

children has filled day after day. Now that they are grown seems too late for me to start."

"Sister, stop weeping for a moment, and tell me, where is Frederick, your oldest boy?" said the wise old minister of Jesus Christ.

"Why, Pastor, you know where he is as well as I do," she replied. "He is in Africa now, starting that mission station. You know I received another letter from him just last week telling of the wonderful revival he is having over there, bringing so many souls to the Lord and His great salvation."

"Yes, yes, that's so. But tell me now, where is William today?"

"William? Why, Pastor, you know where William is! He sailed for China four years ago, and has been out there in that far mission post toiling all alone, but winning hundreds of souls for the Master. You know, he says that he is praying day and night for the Lord to send him a consecrated helper, as away inland where he is, opportunities are very great."

Again the Pastor asked, "And where is Thomas now, sister?"

"Why, Pastor, I don't understand you asking where all the boys are! You worked as hard as I to get them ready, and saw them sail! Surely you know where Thomas is—he and Frederick are working together in Africa, as Fred needed him so to complete that mission station, and they are having a most wonderful outpouring of the Spirit."

"Yes, and where is little Samuel Junior?"

"Sammy? Why, he's at home with his mother, working and saving and bringing me dainties every day, bless him."

And a soft little mother light shone on her transfigured face as she talked about her boys. "Listen, Pastor, do you know what he said to me the other day? He had just come in from work, and he dropped a big armful of wood in the box behind the stove, brushed the dust from his coat, and almost ran across the room to kiss me as he always does. This time he dropped right down on his knees, and putting his arm about me, he rocked me to and fro and said, 'Mother,

I want to tell you something—something that I think will make you happy. Mother, the other three boys are far away across the sea, but I am never going to leave you as long as the good Lord spares you to us. I am going to take care of you, and make you just as happy as a devoted son can make his little mother. But, darling, when the Lord does fold you in His tender arms, I want you to know that I am going right over to China to help Brother William, who is struggling there alone. He says he is desperately in need of helpers. Well, Mother, on my knees last night, I settled it and said, "Here am I, Lord, send me." I just thought it might make you happy to know, dear."

The pastor smiled. "And yet, you mean to say that your life hasn't amounted to anything? You have done more than many a minister in his whole ministry by being the means of bringing these four splendid lads to the Lord Jesus, training them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and sending them out into the harvest. Truly, dear sister, you will share in their reward."

Praise the Lord! It does not matter where you live or who you are; round about you there is an opportunity to witness for Christ and bring souls to the Master.

The Glory of the Field

We read of Ruth that the moment she expressed the desire to go into the field, the answer came back clear and unhesitating, "Go, My daughter."

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers." A wisp here, a wisp there was gathered into her strong young arms. Many men reapers had gone before, but no matter how great in numbers or wisdom they might be, there were always wisps which they missed and failed to gather in. So today, thousands of splendid ministers may reap and bind the grain, but bless you, there are millions of wisps they cannot reach, or have not reached, that are waiting on every hand for you and me.

Oh, I can hear Ruth singing as she gleaned; I can see the happy little smile lighting her face like a sunbeam as the armfuls grew. If you want to be really happy, and know a joy transcending all others, become a soul winner and glean in life's harvest for the Lord Jesus.

As Ruth gleaned, the Master of the harvest drew near unto her. She saw His smile. She heard Him say, "Hearest thou not, My daughter? Go not to glean in another field." (Well do I remember the day when the Lord spake these words to my heart, and truly, had I not been gleaning in the field of the Lord, I would have been gleaning of the worldly things.) "Neither go from hence.

"Ruth, stay in the field, let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and although you are only a little woman, fear not; there is work for you to do. I have moreover charged My young men that they shall not hinder thee. And when thou art athirst, go to the vessels they have drawn and drink."

Oh, the glory of it, the blessing, the wonder of it! To receive a holy commission from the Lord of the harvest Himself, to be not only welcomed but commanded to abide in the field and win souls for Him. Oh, angels in heaven, looking over the balustrades of glory, how you must envy us; yet you have never received such a commission. This work is left for us, us, poor lost sinners redeemed by grace!

No wonder Ruth fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground! No wonder she cried out, "Why have I found grace in Thine eyes, that Thou shouldst take knowledge of me who am a stranger?" Hallelujah! It seems most too good to be true, brother, sister, but it is true; through the blood of the cross we have peace with God and have received grace through His Son, our Saviour. We who were once strangers wandering afar are strangers and outcasts no longer; we belong to the land of salvation and are called to have a part in the blessed work of the harvest.

Quickly Boaz answered Ruth, explaining that it was because she had come o'er the Mountain of Consecration, leaving father, mother, home, and native land, to come among a people that she know not heretofore. Not only did he welcome her and sanction her task, but he promised a sure reward, saying, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Oh, happy, happy Ruth, with full hearts and eyes we have watched you through the pages of the Word as you wended your happy way among the sheaves that day. With throbbing heart we gazed as you drew near at the noon hour and sat beside the reapers while Boaz reached you parched corn which you did eat and wert sufficed and left. And ah! We, too, have learned the glory and the thrill of the harvest field. We, too, have seen the smile and heard the voice of the Master there. We have learned the blessedness of being watched over, fed, and protected from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof by our heavenly Bridegroom—Jesus Christ.

A Place for the Women Gleaners

"And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, 'Let her glean, even among the sheaves, and reproach her not." Sisters, there is a place for us to work in the field today, not only in the far corners but among the sheaves. Reapers and gleaners are needed. Coldness, backsliding, apostasy is upon us on every hand; thousands of church members, professing Christians, are asleep to their duty and are not winning one soul a year. It is time for every one of us to awake and begin to glean for the Lord of the harvest. Men and women, servants and maidens alike are needed as soul winners today. "For in the last days," saith God, "I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." These are the days when God is going to use the daughters as well as the sons. And to those brethren who would oppose the gleanings among the sheaves by the daughters, the Lord of the harvest is saying once more, "Let her glean, and reproach her not."

Not only did Boaz command them not to oppose Ruth, but he went even further, and instead of permitting them to "sit on the fence" about the matter and be neutral and unbending, he bade them go a step further and, "let some handfuls fall on purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them." They were commanded to help her in every possible way and encourage her in the work she had undertaken.

Eventide

"So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that which she had gleaned, and it was about an ephah of barley, and she took it up and went into the city."

May the Lord grant that these words may be—"So she gleaned until even"—of your life and mine. Life's little day is all too short, beloved. Life's sun will soon be setting, and the evening bells will toll. Shall we not be up and doing? Shall we not work while 'tis yet day, realizing that the eventide is not afar off and that the night cometh when man's work is done? How many of us have been contented with having made a profession of faith ourselves and have never bothered our heads whether other souls were saved or not? Let us this very day get under the burden of seeing others come to Christ, that like Ruth of old, when eventide is come, we may beat out that which we have gleaned and find life's little "ephah measure" filled to the brim as a result of our loving and loyal service.

"And she took it up and went into the city." Read those words over again; do they not send a thrill through the very soul of you? Into the city—as I write these words, our steamer is sailing along, plowing its determined way through the waves of the Pacific, bearing us to the harvest fields of Australia. And oh, as I gaze across the rolling billows of the sea, at the great reaches of landless horizons, then up into the night at the Milky Way and the Southern Cross, that dear, Celestial City seems not afar off. Its music and its glory

seem so near, and loved ones have gone before. My Saviour is there; victorious soul winners and gleaners are there; thousands of others are wending their way up and up toward the city, filling their arms with the sheaves as they go, and I—oh, the breathtaking wonder and glory of the assurance—I am among the number that are on their way to the City of God.

When shall I reach the gates of pearl? I know not, neither seek the answer, for to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. But oh, as I glean, with the song of the harvest in my ears, and the light of His smile upon my face, I yearn that it may be said of me when the sun has set o'er the slope of the western hills: "So she gleaned in the field until even, and she took up that which she had gleaned, and went into the city."

III. The Deeper Anointed Life

Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee and get thee down to the floor; but make not thyself known.

Ruth 3:3

Clear, definite, almost startling falls the imperative instructions of Naomi unto her daughter-in-law.

From out of the pagan unbelief of Moab, and over the Mount of Consecration, the feet of Ruth had trudged each willing mile. Unto the gently waving, peaceful harvest fields of Bethlehem, she had been led and there had become an active gleaner midst the sheaves, thrilled to the depths by her success and the precious grain that she had garnered in; 'twould seem if ever she would have cause for self-congratulations and boastfulness, 'twere then.

Yet, cleaving the stillness comes the message "Wash thyself therefore"; so it is to each consecrated laborer toiling in the harvest fields of life there comes the selfsame message: wash thyself. Hast heard it, sister? Hast heard it, brother? Hast heard it, preacher, evangelist, Christian worker, Sunday school teacher? Clear and plain the message falls from the Holy Ghost today.

"Why, what dost Thou mean, Lord? Wash myself? I washed in Calvary's fountain long ago, when first I gave myself to Thee! Surely the message is for another, not intended, Lord, for me? I am a Christian worker; I am an evangelist, a missionary; I have done this and that. I have won more souls than a score of other laborers, I...I..."

"Yes, yes, dear child, you have been most busily employed. From dawn till now thou hast gleaned and garnered in the field, busy with this and busy with that, rushing here and there and yonder till you felt all work in the harvest field would stop were it not for the importance of your labors there. Thou hast been so busy, that it seemed to thee as though I could not manage without thy ceaseless toiling. Come, child, canst thou not see this is the very reason thou must wash thyself?

"Wash from the sense of your own importance, from the sense of your own goodness, and from your labors. Wash from the sense of what you have done, who you are, and what you have accomplished. Wash away the dust of the harvest field, and get thee down in cool, calm, clean surrender once again, My child, till thou canst look into My face and say, 'Since mine eyes beheld the King, I have abhorred myself. Oh, that it might be no more I, but Christ that lives in me! For indeed I must decrease, but He must increase."

If there is anyone in the world that needs a continual cleansing, it is the busiest Christian worker; lest we, whilst preaching to others, neglect our prayer and hidden life and become ourselves a castaway. How many do we know today whose ministry is hampered, whose light is grown dim, whose arm has lost its strength, whose preaching has lost its power and lift and glory because as Christian workers they have failed to be washed of self and the dust of the harvest field? They have failed to go back to the old-time secret place for a

power where they one time saw Jesus only and lifted Him up high above the earth for a hungry, dying world to see.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," declared our Lord. But ah! How many there are of us who never do succeed in lifting Him above the earth. There is so much of Earth and earthiness about us, so much of self and self-accomplishment, so much of "what I believe" and "what I teach" and "what I have done," which has been piling up because we failed to wash again, that we can seldom succeed in lifting the Master up above it all. And yet the world is not hungry to see us, but Jesus. If I would succeed in making men and women see the Christ I represent, then "I must decrease, and He must increase," till they lose sight of the messenger and through the window of the message see the Christ who draws men to His feet.

If one were to ask our definition of a truly great preacher, we would not stipulate that such a one must necessarily be able to paint great word pictures, or have a flow of matchless oratory, and flowery eloquence, and enticing speech—though all of these gifts, if consecrated to the Spirit's power, are surely great assets. But our definition of a truly great preacher would be one who, when speaking, made his hearers forget the speaker and see the Christ, one who could lift them out of the surrounding crowd and carry them to the distant shores of Galilee, where once more would be heard the voice and seen the face of the blessed Son of God-till, falling on their knees before Him, they would feel the searchlight of His gaze upon their souls, causing them to see the perfection of the Christ and the blemishes within their own poor hearts as He dealt with and made them like unto Himself. Oh, without a doubt, the world is hungering, starving to see Jesus Christ. It is not for fine eloquence and music only that they yearn. Though we may have all these and have neglected to wash self out of sight and lift up Christ before their eyes, then we have failed, and unto us the message comes today: "Come, child—you've been so busy toiling, working, laboring; come,

steal away unto My side; be quiet, be still, gaze thou into My face, and wash thyself again therefore."

The Holy Anointing

"And anoint thee." It is not enough to be washed, cleansed from self-strivings and self-seeking and boastings, not enough to be humble and aware of our utter dependence upon Him. Ruth was told that something else was needed, and we need it, too—"the anointing."

The oil of the blessed Holy Spirit is needed—oil to make the face to shine, oil to help us to preach the Word, oil to lubricate and keep us running smoothly without friction. Oh, how dry and empty and powerless is our preaching and all our efforts if we are without the oil of the indwelling Holy Spirit. Even as Aaron had the oil poured over his head till it ran down his beard and to the skirt of his garments, even so need we the blessed anointing oil of the Spirit.

And yet, how many of us are without the oil today! Ofttimes it seems to us as though we could stand upon the platform and point to the people in the audience who have this oil, and as though we could sit in the audiences and search the faces of the scores of ministers who sit upon the platform during our revival campaigns and point to those who have, and to those who have not, this oil of the Holy Ghost. Why, even a sinner can tell whether the messenger has the oil! Have you the anointing upon your life? What failures we have made, how ignominiously have we missed the mark, how little have we really accomplished in real abiding labor because we have struggled on in our own strength and failed to receive the anointing.

Oh, if you have not been endowed with power from on high, get down upon your knees today and "tarry until" you do receive. Do not be content to "take it by faith" and try to convince yourself that you have the fullness until you really know, and your afterlife of power will prove you have received.

The Wedding Dress

"And put thy raiment upon thee." As soon as Ruth had washed herself and been anointed, she was commanded to put her raiment upon her. We, too, are bidden to don our wedding dress and prepare to meet our Bridegroom, Jesus Christ.

"What is this dress?" you ask. It is the righteousness of our Lord. We have nothing of our own wherein to boast. We have all come short of the glory of God. But to each of us there is given freely, without money and without price, a raiment so exquisitely fair and glorious that no garment of king or queen can compare with it. 'Tis a seamless dress, woven from the top throughout, day by day, as we walk with the Master, changed into His image, and His own dear righteousness is worked out in these poor lives of ours.

And, oh, the beauty of this raiment! 'Tis not the outer adornment of flashing colors and gaudy ornaments, but the inner adornment of a meek and a quiet spirit. We are being prepared for the wedding in the morn, when we shall appear in fine raiment clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints given by the Lord. And the queen shall be brought before the King in gold of Ophir, in garments wrought with fine needlework.

"Why, I would dearly love to possess such raiment in that day," you say. "Is it for everyone? And how is it made?"

Yes, it is for everyone who is willing to pay the price of a full surrender and yield with patience to the intricate workmanship of the making thereof. If you would wear the dress with the golden embroidery, remember that gold must first be tried in the furnace of affliction. Hot indeed must be the fire that purges from all dross. Pure must be the gold, until the Master, bending low o'er the crucible He holds in His own hand, sees no more turbulence or seething murmurings but sees only the clear, calm mirror that gives back the blest reflection of His face.

Then, in order to make golden thread, the gold is rolled very flat, pounded, and cut in long, thin strips. There may be many tests wherein our fondest dreams are flattened beneath the roller of His will—times when our will and spirit seems cut in pieces till we think 'twill n'er amount to anything again. But wait, the golden thread is taking shape and being threaded through the needle of daily application now.

Do you know how embroidery is done? Have you ever counted the hundreds of fine stitches necessary to complete one small rose? Then you will understand a little of the patience needed and the stitches required to put the heavy gold embroidery upon these wedding robes of ours. Every time the needle pierces, there is a sharp prick of pain, but if we overcome in the hour of test, a blessed thread of gold is left behind, worked out in intricate pattern upon our gown.

"Well, I wouldn't mind if 'twere only the sinners who said and did things that pricked and wounded my spirit," you may say. "But when these professing Christians hurt and wound me, I rebel right there!"

But, brother, sister, think a moment—would your Lord, in His infinite knowledge, entrust such a delicate task as the embroidering of the wedding gown of his affianced bride, the queen of heaven, the consort of the Prince of Peace, to the bungling, unskilled hands of sinners? Ah no! This task seems left to His saints and to the children of the Lord. How often unwittingly they set themselves to cut and wound some little child of His? How oft misunderstand and criticize, how oft apply the needle so deep that spirits quiver and the flesh is made to shrink? But cheer, sister, cheer up, brother; if you can but overcome, and smile and answer not a word, the Lord will win the battle for you and another rose or lily be worked upon your gown.

"But it seems so awful! The things that Brother So-and-So wrote about me were so terrible, so untrue!" you say. "It just seems as though I must pull back this once and, answering, defend myself"—but, comrade, if you do shrink back and defend yourself, unless specially led by God to do so in this special case, you have missed the embroidering on your raiment of the fairest flower of all. Remember, it is

not the sinner but the child of God who sometimes all unknowingly puts the finest stitches in your wedding dress. Just wait till you stand before the King that day, and you will be glad and proud that you answered not and that your will was crucified and his plan wrought out—glad that you put upon thee the raiment of humility and righteousness and lovingly surrendered to the will of God.

The Humble Place of Self-Effacement

Now, having put the glorious raiment of white linen and golden embroidery upon us, what shall we do? Pomp and strut and parade down the avenues of spiritual pride and show each passerby what martyrdom and hard tests have been ours and how perfect we are come to be? Ah no! For quickly comes the message that was given to Ruth: "Wash thee, anoint thee, put thy raiment upon thee and—"

"Get thee down to the floor." Humble thyself before the Lord, remembering that all our righteousness is as filthy rags and that what we have and are we owe to Him, the giver of every good and perfect gift, and that if He withdrew His face, we would be as the day when the sun withdraws his shining and the night is come. How many have we heard testify who strutted and boasted of their experiences, their trials and tests, their mighty baptism of power, their accomplishments and doings, and yet—and yet—the moment we have done this, we have lost our power? I have in mind a certain revival meeting where, on the closing day, various ministers of various denominations were given a few minutes each to speak.

One after another told in humble language of the blessings received during the campaign, and with tears in their voices mourned their lack of power, humbly and sweetly declaring their determination to seek till they should receive a mighty endowment for service. After they had finished, one having received the anointing rose to his feet and in a harsh and boastful manner said, "Well, I'm glad you people are coming round to it now; for years I have preached and

possessed this very experience, and I certainly hope you all believe and receive it now. I have always thought I was right, and now I know I am." 'Twas like a blanket thrown over all.

Beloved, this is not the plan of God. Having received of His Spirit and the graces thereof—get thee down, down, down. How far down? Down to the floor! One cannot get much lower than that.

Just as the stream seeks a bed that is lowly,
So He will walk with the meek and the holy.
He will not walk with the proud nor the scornful.
Humble thyself to walk with God.

Not I, but Christ

The final injunction to Ruth after having gotten herself down to the floor is one which the Spirit seeks to bring to every one of our hearts, namely: "Make not thyself known." How many of us who are living the humble life like to tell others how humble we are, and have attention drawn to our meekness and submission to the will of God? But no, if we are dead with Christ, and buried with Him by baptism, the old life is to be reckoned crucified—henceforth 'tis not I, but Christ that lives in me. A dead man does not need to rise and tell the world how dead he is—and if he should arise, then he is dead no longer.

Make not thyself, that great, important, sanctified self, known, but lift *Him*tup, glorify the Lord, worship, laud, honour, and magnify his goodness to the children of men.

If we have the anointing oil of the Holy Spirit in our vessels today, and have upon us the raiment of righteousness, there should be fruits visible in our lives to back up and prove our testimonies, reveal our experience for its true worth, its intrinsic value, real sterling character, humility, teachableness, meekness, and service for the Lord Jesus Christ. "Got thee down to the floor." Have charity and love for others, for that is the way to win them. So many of us have delighted to make our *self* known, but is it not because we have never gotten a real revelation of the Lord and have never seen him transfigured before our eyes.

I heard one time of a certain man who owned a sailboat of which he was most proud. It was painted perfectly and had white sails and flying flags. It used to go skimming around the bay under the guiding hand of its proud possessor. Whenever another boat would pass, he would call out in his pride, "This is the *Mary Anne*! Who goes there?" He thought there was not another boat in all the bay as fine as his.

Then one day, there came slowly sailing into sight a great, weather-beaten old boat whose paint bad been worn thin by many a pounding sea, whose sails had been rent, and whose flags had been torn to strips by the flogging winds. Skimming out to meet them, the man in the gaudily painted little craft shouted his usual greeting, "Hello there! This is the *Mary Anne*. Who are you?"

And from over the waters came drifting a voice from the other ship, "This, too, is the *Mary Anne*. We are eight weeks out from Bombay, bringing with us a heavy cargo of spices and ivory and costly silks."

And as he looked at the great, staunch, weather-beaten old craft that had come through the gales and weathered the seas and the buffeting of many storms, bringing safely into port her cargo of precious treasures worth a king's ransom, he slowly bared his head and said softly, "You are the real *Mary Anne*. I, with my gaily painted craft flying around, boasting of my beauty to all I meet, am but an imitation; you are the real overcomer, bringing in the real cargo."

Never again did he boast of his little ship to every passerby; he had seen the real *Mary Anne*.

Sometimes we fly around, with our white sails, which have never endured one real storm, unfurled, flags of our own boasted accomplishments flying, proud of the bright paint that has never endured one real battle with the turbulent, foaming breakers. But oh, when we really get a glimpse of our Lord Jesus, and of the overcomers, staunch, loyal, steady, tried and true, that He would have us be; when we get one glimpse of that spiritual life which He would have us live, and the precious cargo of spices and fruits of the Spirit which He would have us bear across the sea of life and safe into the eternal harbor, all the boasting of self and self-accomplishments is gone, and we get ourselves down low, low in humility before him.

At the Master's Feet

As Ruth came softly into the threshing floor and bowed herself lowly there, she found herself at the feet of the Lord of the harvest, even Boaz, her bridegroom-to-be. And so will it be with each humble, seeking child of God, for it is ever in the lowly, hidden place and on the threshing floors of life that we find ourselves, like Ruth of old, at the feet of our blessed Lord.

Oh, blessed, hidden, anointed resting place, 'tis there at the Master's feet each trusting heart may rest. 'Tis there that our Redeemer will cover us with the skirt of His garment; and though storms and tempests rage without, there's peace within the bosom of the soul that trusteth 'neath His feathers. Doing His bidding, secure in His will, humbly adoring and worshipping ever as we behold His glory, as of the only Begotten of the Father, listening and learning and trusting, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

IV. The Wedding in the Morn

"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. And to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. And he said unto me, 'Write. Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.' And he said unto me, 'These are the true sayings of God'" (Rev. 19:7–9).

The harvest moon faded. Night gathered together her purple mantle, lifted it clear of the rolling hills, and swept soundlessly away. Silence lifted her hand from the sleeping earth. The birds stirred. Early morning sounds were heard in the valley.

Gray dawn lighted the eastern sky. A shaft of crimson pierced the gray and bathed the clouds with glory. The rising sun, lavish of His shining wealth, flung His treasure right and left and paved His rugged path o'er crest and summit in bright molten gold. Then He arose in all His stately grandeur and, soaring aloft twixt the widespread pinions of the clouds, bathed the universe in brilliance. Birds broke into music. Leaves clapped their hands. Children sang. The awakened populace poured into the streets.

The harvest day was over. The threshing time, time of separation of the wheat from the chaff, was begun. Boaz, the Lord of the harvest, came forth, clothed in wisdom and power, shaping the destiny of the hour. Ruth, in garments of love and grace, sped swift as the wings of the morning to his side.

It was the wedding day.

Darkness gone, light growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Anxiety, toiling, poverty, loneliness—all, all gone. Had not the Lord of the harvest given unto her six measures of barley, and would not the seventh bring with it her day of rest with Him? How truly had Naomi strengthened the bulwarks of Ruth's faith when she had bidden her to trust, in that darkest hour before dawn, saying, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not be in rest until he has finished the thing this day" (Ruth 3:18). And now in the dawn of the day, faith was changed to sight. The promises given and rested upon in the

darkness of the night were to be fulfilled in the light of the crowning day.

"Ruth, Ruth"—how sweet the voice of Boaz must have fallen on her ear, like the soft rushing murmur of a hillside stream. "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter: for thou hast shown more kindness in the latter end than in the beginning. And now fear not, for I will do for thee all that thou requirest.

"Dry the tears from thine eyes. Put the shades of sorrow and night far from thee, for joy hath come with the morning. Lift up thine heart and sing, oh Ruth, for now is thy perfect redemption come. Thy nearest of kin, would not—could not—redeem thee; but I have redeemed thine inheritance which thou wouldst have lost. With my own hand have I redeemed it, and thee have I purchased to be my wife. Enter thou into the home which has been prepared for thee, and dwell at my side always."

Ring out, ye bells, ring joyfully, for so to the church of the Lord, the morning comes. At the feet of our Bridegroom Christ we have lain through the night, covered by the silken skirt of His love, communing and trusting and living by faith, and awaiting the dawning light.

Sing aloud, oh ye angels. Rejoice, oh ye saints, for the light of his coming appears in the east. The gold of his promise outlines like molten fire the crests and summits of present-day events with prophecy fulfilled. Soon shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings. Sit still! Be anxious for nothing. Know that the man Christ Jesus will not rest till He hath fulfilled His good promise concerning thee. Trust in the Lord, be not afraid, and He will bring it to pass.

Our nearest to kin—"the Law"—would not, could not redeem us, but He our blessed Bridegroom, the Ishi of our souls, hath redeemed the precious heritage which we would otherwise have lost. And, moreover, He hath become at one and the same time our Redeemer and our Bridegroom. Ruth the Moabitess, Ruth once far

off in a land of idolatry and sin, Ruth who left all—houses and lands and earthly friends—Ruth who scaled the Mount of Consecration, Ruth the soul winner, Ruth the humble who learned the secret of abiding at the Bridegroom's feet, is but a glorious type of the Ruth church company whom the Lord of the harvest, Jesus Christ, hath purchased by His precious blood to be His wife.

Oh, are you in this glorious company? Have you turned back with Orpha, or have you, like Ruth of old, turned your back upon the world and set your face toward the Mount of Consecration? Have you found the fields and the Lord of Bethlehem? Are you abiding at His nail-pierced feet, till the day dawn and the shadows flee away? If not, turn to Him today. Call upon Him while He is near. Seek Him while He may be found. Remember the morning is coming, and also the night—morning for the child of God whose robes are washed in the blood of the Lamb and whose vessel is filled with oil, but night for those who know Him not.

What heights of glory, what raptures of delight, what boundless seas of happiness shall be the portion of the faithful at the wedding in the morn! No more darkness, no more pain, no more toiling, no more thorns to pierce the feet. No smiting sun at noonday, perils and sorrow over for aye. Will it be worth it, oh my sister? Will it be worthwhile, oh my brother? Worth the mountain climb, and the joyous gathering of sheaves for the harvest? Will it be worth the little self-sacrifices we have made, the humbling of "self" at His feet?

Worth it? Worth it! Oh yes, a thousand times yes. Why, the minor weight of our small trials are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed in just one smile from our dear Saviour's face! He has made this earth a little heaven to go to heaven in. He has made it the anteroom of glory. He has made the tawdry pleasures and vanities of Earth seem poor, cheap tinsel baubles after one glimpse of His beautiful face. Worth it? Oh, glory to His name! Yes, and now our faces and our arms are reaching upward, waiting for

His coming, and the wedding in the morn, while with joyous, trusting hearts we sing:

Oh, Lord, haste the day, when faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend: Even so, it is well with my soul.

The Narrow Line: or, "Is Mrs.
McDherson Dentecostal?" No? Yes?
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October 1922

RE YOU ABLE to keep your balance and walk a very narrow line? When the writer was a little girl, walking a big Canadian mile to school each morning, she often used to practice walking the steel rails of the railroad track, to see which of the children could go the farthest without losing balance and stepping off on the one side or the other.

In recent years, God has called her to tread a still-more-narrow line, one which requires even more steadiness, discernment, wisdom, and balance. It is the narrow-gauge line between "fanatical flesh masquerading as the Spirit" on the one side and "cold, back-slidden, worldly formality" on the other.

The One Side

On the one side are some dear folk who do and allow many foolish, unscriptural things, bringing discredit upon themselves and the work, believing that this brands them as "Pentecostal." They have thus brought the very name into such reproach as to make it a byword to millions. Some are mistaken in believing themselves "Pentecostal," however, and reproach all who have discernment enough to recognize the flesh from the Spirit, and the "manifestations that profit withal," by bringing conviction and revival power and glory to the name we hold most dear, from that shameless giving way to fleshly emotions

and doing all manner of ludicrous things that drive the sinner farther away instead of drawing him closer to the Christ, and declare that all who do not approve and do as they do are not "Pentecostal."

To be Pentecostal in Spirit, however, is to be something far different than many suppose. To be Spirit-filled is the grandest, proudest tribute of sobriety and piety one can possess. The Holy Spirit is not marked by wildness, hysteria, screaming, or unseemly manifestation, but by deep, holy, sober, godly, reverent, prayerful exaltation of the gentle Christ of Galilee, an earnest passion for souls, a Biblical and scriptural Holy Ghost boldness and wisdom that will be the means of leading men and women to the cross in which we glory.

Illustrating my meaning—we held in the city of Wichita some time ago a Spirit-filled revival. For months the meeting had been planned and an interdenominational committee formed. From our own means, as God provided, we were financing the meeting. Rental of forum, fares across the continent, advertising, entertainment, and remuneration of workers, et cetera, was running into a great sum of money. We were opening in a new city that had never had a real outpouring of the Spirit's power and whose conception of "Pentecost" was prejudiced and far from flattering because of excesses and erratic actions by those mistakenly labeling themselves by this name.

Before a real revival could come upon such a new field, certain things must be done. First, prejudice must be broken down, then confidence in one's sanity, balance, and true spiritual burden, for souls must be won before hearts would open to the message.

Having heard that we had received and believed in the power of the Holy Spirit, many gathered to hear the first message with a great question mark in their dear eyes. "What is this power of the Holy Spirit; what are the results and the fruits of receiving thereof?" they seemed to ask.

Oh, it was a glorious meeting; the melting power of the Holy Spirit flowed over the whole audience. Scores of sinners rose to their feet and came to the altar (a truly scriptural manifestation of the Spirit indeed) and wept their confessions at His feet. Suddenly on the front seat (just when all heads were bowed and a deep spirit of holy quiet and melting was upon the people), a bloodcurdling scream was heard: "Oooow! Yooow!"

Cry after cry was given by a large lady with big lungs. She threw back her head and screamed out again and again before my startled self could leap to my feet and with flushing face reach her side. As I went down the steps, I embarrassedly noted the effect of her cries and rigid position on the meeting. Sinners at the altar were rising and gazing curiously or nervously at the woman. No one praying or weeping now, someone was going out; a sleeping baby woke and began to cry. All eyes off the Lord and on the woman. This is one way one can always recognize the flesh; it takes eyes off the Lord and the message and fastens them on the individual.

"Oh, my darling, don't scream out like that," I whispered in her ear, shaking her gently by the shoulder. "Please don't, dear. There are too many sick folk here for prayer, some from hospitals, and they can't stand it, dear. Oh please."

Opening her eyes, she looked reproachfully at me and said, "Why, Sister McPherson, don't you believe in manifestations? You aren't Pentecostal! You don't believe in praising the Lord!"

"Oh, but I do believe in praising Him, my dear," I replied in relief, "and constantly exhort others to do the same. But I don't consider what you were doing praising the Lord. You do love Him, don't you, dear?"

"Of course I do."

"And you love to praise Him?"

"Certainly I do!" she replied.

"Then listen, darling. Supposing Jesus was right here, right in this chair—"

"Yes."

"And that you drew very near to Him, as He sat with glistening garments of white, His dear face smiling, His eyes of softness and love upon you. What would you do? How would you go about

praising and adoring this Lamb for sinners slain? Would you go up very close to this gentle Saviour you love and, throwing back your head, yell, 'Oooow! Yooow!' at Him whom you adore?"

"Why, n-no," she answered.

"Wouldn't you say, 'Oh Jesus, Thou blessed and adorable Son of the living God, I adore and worship Thee. Glory, glory, glory be to Thine high and holy name. Oh Master, I worship Thee.' Now tell me truly, would you not make your voice a caress and your tones as running water?"

"Why, yes, I would."

"Then, dear, why should one yell and scream at Him at any other time? He is right here now. Oh, I felt His presence so when preaching; it seemed my feet were lifted from the floor; He is right here now. But why not say, 'Praise the Lord!' in a tone of worship instead of screaming in a tone which, if you used to a dog, would make it put its tail between its legs and run, or which if used to your baby would make it cry?"

This blessed sister truly loved the Lord and during the balance of the meeting became my official "Amen Corner," praising the Lord so sweetly and deeply that it lifted my hands and heart each time. Her words were a caress to the Holy Name, her praises a fragrant alabaster box, instead of that rough, grating thing she had considered the manifestation of the Spirit.

At last the first meeting was over, and we were in the car on the way to our rooms, rejoicing at the victorious meeting. Passing the front of the forum, we were suddenly startled to see a man—who looked very much in need of a shave, a bath, and a clothes brush—dancing first on one foot, then on the other, lifting his feet each time almost as high as his waist, flailing his arms, and going through a series of contortions that would every once in a while double him up like a jackknife, shouting words we could not understand. Needless to say, he was getting an audience. Laughing and joking, people were running from the restaurants to see what they termed the "Pentecostal holy roller."

This was our first meeting in a new city and state. Everything was at stake. We had expended many hundreds of dollars and weeks of prayer for its success. Here was an unshaved, disheveled, shameless crank, masquerading under the name of "Pentecost," doing his best to wreck the true work of the Spirit in the ridiculous manner.

How I ever got out of the car and across the street, I cannot remember, but I caught the man by the shoulder and spoke quickly, rebuking the devil of this unseemly spirit that was degrading to the name of religion and commanded him to hold his peace.

The man became very angry at me and hurled at me the accusation, "Why, you are not Pentecostal!" Instantly he began to denounce me to the hearers, who laughed at him, looked sympathetically at me, and went on to their homes.

"Brother, whatever possessed you to act so in front of this building?" I asked.

"Why, that was the power! I have the power!" he exclaimed.

"Brother, do you see that automobile over there?"

"Yes."

"It has the power, too, of a different nature. It is able to run seventy miles an hour. Because I feel the power in that motor, and because it is able to go so fast, have I any right to open the car up and tear down Main Street yonder, with its thousands of pedestrians, careless of life, or of the effect of my actions upon others, merely because I have the power and the capability of showing it off before others?"

"No, but you better look out; you are quenching the Spirit now—the Lord will punish you!" he began to yell.

Seeing that he would not be reasoned with, I warned him to be still in the meetings till his heart was right with God, and the dark anger gone from his face, and a teachable spirit within him, and went on to my room. All saw that he was wrong, and these were the only two things of such nature that happened in the entire campaign.

The Spirit overshadowed in every service. Hundreds were converted, healed, and filled with His presence.

Yet such a man wrote to a "Pentecostal" magazine his own version, quoting a newspaper story and terms, and the heads of this paper had no more discernment than to quote this unreliable man and ask the favorite question of all that do not conform exactly to their mold—"Is Mrs. McPherson Pentecostal?"—and publish such a thing "as news" with terms and statements we had never used. All this without even the common courtesy, brotherly love, or Bibletaught justice of writing us directly for truth, preferring to rush into print with untruths and admitting they were based only on reports. Such hasty and unproven evidence one would not have expected of a magazine—especially one *from Missouri*. It is almost unconceivable that people calling themselves the "General Council of Pentecost" would condescend to such silly and unjust position. How pitiful!

Yet, nevertheless, we are called upon to walk the narrow-gauge line and must be true to the courage of our convictions: that to be Spirit-filled is to be splendidly sane, clean, wholesome, sober, godly, pious, wise, loving, fearless, consistent, balanced, Christ exalting, soul winning, gentle, and teachable, and not that wild, mirth-provoking, ridiculous, jumping, screaming, muttering, egotistical, unteachable, impractical, reproach-bringing something which some mistakenly call being "Pentecostal."

Everything human in one usually longs to be in favor with either the one side or the other. Most everyone wants to play safe with at least one faction. Many follow the line of the least resistance, but our Lord has given us a vision of His will and purpose in pouring out of His Spirit to which we must be true. He bids us:

Dare to be a Daniel;
Dare to stand alone.
Dare to have a purpose firm,
And dare to make it known.

Live or die, sink or swim, whether we walk with the crows or walk alone, by God's grace we will be true to that vision.

The Other Side

On the other side of the narrow line, there are many who are cold, backslidden, worldly professors without a real born-again experience or any idea in the world of what it means to be filled with the Spirit—no Amen Corner, no Hallelujahs, no altar calls, revival, spirit, or victorious, overcoming life; filled with concerts, suppers, moving pictures, and higher criticism instead of prayer meetings and the old-time power that fell on the early church; smoking, telling foolish stories, attending the theatre, card table, and dance hall; denying the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ, the atonement, the resurrection, the miracles of the Bible, and the present-day power of the Lord Jesus Christ to do the very things He did upon the earth; denying that He is the same today as He was yesterday, and shall be evermore; denying the power of the Holy Spirit or the possibility or necessity of His coming today upon believing saints as He did in apostolic days. These conditions we positively cannot and will not condone either.

We preach against worldliness, higher criticism, unbelief, and coldness, with no uncertain sound, declaring the need of the old-time faith and power. Our hearts have bled when at the conclusion of a revival, we have bidden thousands of new converts go find a spiritual church home, and they have flooded us with letters relating their experiences while seeking one. The wholesale condemnation of faith in Jesus Christ to save from all worldliness, to heal the sick, to baptize with the Holy Ghost as He did in days of yore, the ridicule of the thought of His Second Coming, and of testimonies of audible praises, have wounded and bewildered their tender spirits. Converts have written of their conversion in the fire of the Holy Ghost revival, and of their subsequent return to churches wherein they sought food, and have told of the concerts, dances, smokers, and suppers in

progress, and have mourned the lack of spirituality, faith-filled, powerful preaching of the gospel, and the emptiness they found therein.

On the one hand, therefore, we cannot condone those poor, grating, jealous, egotistical, criticizing, self-righteous, boasting, fanatical spirit manifestations blamed on the precious Holy Spirit. We stand for a sane, wholesome power of the Holy Spirit which brings credit, honour, and souls to the Lord Jesus Christ.

On the other hand, cold professors having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof, we cannot approve.

Thus, the narrow-gauge line in the middle of the way, we have walked without catering or compromising to the favor of either. As we have said before, almost everyone longs for the smiling approbation of either the one or the other, but to walk the middle of the road, seeking to give offense to neither, but to keep life and doctrine straight to the Word, and take the hand of the one who is burning with fire and zeal, and put it into the hand of they who are cold, backslidden, and dead, and by Word and Spirit to lift both to the sane, sweet, powerful, humble, balanced, soul-winning, narrow-gauge line—it takes courage, wisdom, discernment, and keeping the power of God. (We thank God that in many cities it has been successfully done.)

And yet it is not so difficult to keep one's balance. For on the one hand, your friends hit you a whack and hurl their favorite epithet for those who do not see eye to eye with themselves in all things: "You're not Pentecostal." And on the other side, your friends hit you another whack and say, "You are Pentecostal." And thus it goes: whack—"You are"; whack—"You are not"; whack—"Yes, you are"; whack—"No, you're not." Whack—whack! And between the two they keep one pretty well balanced on the middle of the line.

"Well, are you Pentecostal?" you ask. That depends altogether on what you mean by the term. "Pentecost" really means "fifty," and I'm only thirty-one. This seems to be an unscriptural term never used by the early church as far as we can learn, no more used because they received the baptism of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost than we would say, "I'm Christmas," if we were born again on Christmas Day.

But if you mean, do we stand for, believe, preach, and rejoice in the power of the Holy Spirit, third person of the Trinity, blessed Paraclete sent from the Father, and for all that happened in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles (and the succeeding revival and spiritual overturn of cities in a day, for Jesus), then we most assuredly do and have received that same blessed Spirit, which results in the same Bible way. Never have we "compromised" on the full gospel message. It grows sweeter and more blessed.

For fourteen years we have believed in, preached, and seen outpoured this blessed and glorious power of the Holy Spirit, just as He came to the waiting hearts on the memorable day of Pentecost. But we have never been convinced that God meant any small company to organize "Pentecost" (by which name many refer to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh) or put a corner on it.

We stood first practically alone when God revealed to us that the Holy Spirit (so like unto the ark of the covenant, which had once blazed with glory in the midst of the tabernacle, but which had been lost through unbelief and sin) had been isolated in the home of Obed-Edom, and fanned by the dust of the threshing floor long enough, and that it was now to return to the temple, with singing and dancing.

Our hearts had caught the vision. Our souls burned with such zeal that for many months the writer has trembled like a leaf with the power of God every time she has touched upon this theme. Many looked askance and declared this message could not or should not be carried to the churches. This power could not work there in a practical way, et cetera. But now, with scores of churches being swept by the old-time power, our theory that the Holy Spirit is not only powerful enough to make men act as though drunk with wine on the day of Pentecost, but in sane, level-headed, sober, and practical ways

that benefit a church in which He takes up His abode in a threefold benefit—spiritually, numerically, and financially.

We no longer stand alone on this: thousands have seen and caught the vision of the ark returning to the midst of the congregation. 'Twas never meant for the house and threshing floor of Obed-Edom, solely, but to be a diadem of power and glory upon God's children. And the ark is coming up the road. Oh, don't be jealous about it, or say mean, hurtful things, even under mockery of asking prayer for the one taking it to the temple to be restored to the household of Obed-Edom, but join the great procession and help us bring it back. Do not always expect they who have this vision of bringing the power back to the church to conform exactly to our methods or mold of working. God knows these have had years enough to do the task, but show us a church anywhere into which they have successfully carried the message of the Holy Spirit, and seen pastor, officials, and members baptized with the Spirit, without causing disruption to said church but leaving this power right there to work gloriously, harmoniously in a powerful and permanent revival? If others have neither done this nor had the vision of it, should they judge the methods or power of those who have been called of God to do it, and can point to over a score of such Spirit-filled churches now among almost as many denominations, who are now baptized with the Spirit and bringing in scores of others steadily?

The ark is coming up the road! Steadily, gloriously up the road! Why, I can see it right this minute! The enemy is raging, but it's coming up the road! Not all the scolding and bitter words are going to come from Michal's side, we see, but Obed-Edom, as a whole, is not fully pleased to see it either, after feeling he had a monopoly on the ark for so long. But it's coming, coming up the road! I say, let's join the procession; if we, by what we have considered manifestations of power, have failed to convince or impress, and if others by conservative, reverent, yet power-filled methods are slowly, surely getting the message across, let us not try to injure such a one, not

judge from some newspaper report or silly letter from a disgruntled crank. "Judge not according to appearances, but give a righteous judgment." But Hallelujah! Alone or in a multitude, "delivered up to the council" or standing alone, there...here...ever just before us is the vision. None can stop it; the devil can't detain it; Michal will be barren if she refuses it. Obed-Edom will be left behind if he sulks or rejects it. The ark, the ark is coming up the road.

