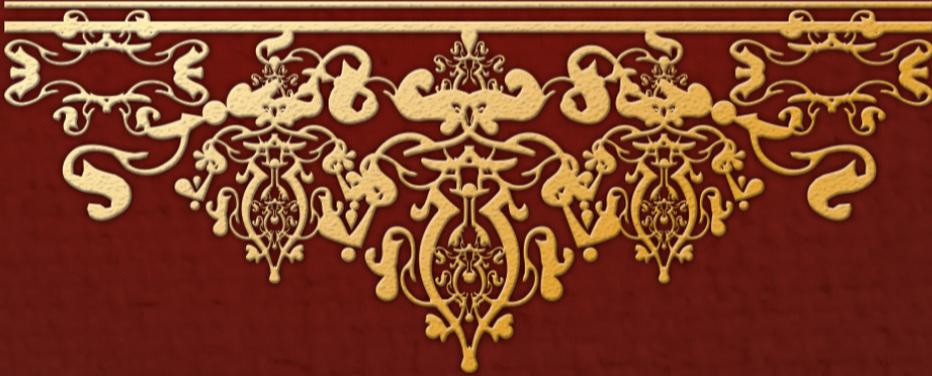


The
Collected Sermons
and Writings of
Aimee Semple McPherson

Volume 3



AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON

*The Collected Sermons and Writings
of Aimee Semple McPherson*



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Prefaces

By Aimee Semple McPherson

“WE 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 honour 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-blanced 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 a-through 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 will 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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2 Kings 4	I Pray Thee Let Us Make a Little Chamber on the Wall
3 John 2	Divine Healing Service
Acts 1:8	Power! Power! Power!
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Matthew 16:26	Souls for Sale
Matthew 19:13-14	Children's Day Sermon
Matthew 21	The Murder in the Vineyard
Philippians 4:5	Moderation
Psalms 32	Blessed is He

Dedication of Angelus Temple



January 1, 1923

Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants that walk before thee with all their heart: Who hast kept with thy servant David my father that thou promisedst him: thou spakest also with thy mouth, and hast fulfilled it with thine hand, as it is this day.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee to day:

That thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which thou hast said, My name shall be there: that thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which thy servant shall make toward this place.

And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant,
and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray to-
ward this place: and hear thou in heaven thy dwell-
ing place: and when thou hearest, forgive.

1 KINGS 8:23-24, 27-30



LOWLY, MAJESTICALLY, THE old year faded, and the new year dawned over the green fragrance and beauty of Echo Park in Los Angeles, California. The booming of the midnight bell had found hundreds of saints with bowed heads wrapped in earnest prayer. Singing and testimony, prayer and Bible study had freighted with jewels of silver and gold the passing of the closing hours of 1922. Christian hands had reached out, sought each other, clasped, and clung in Christian fellowship and goodwill. With deep emotion and with eager, prayerful anticipation, each had awaited the coming of the new year that was to be so eventful in each waiting heart and life. Many had crossed the continent or come from abroad for the opening of Angelus Temple, Church of the Foursquare Gospel at Echo Park.

The darkness faded. Night gathered the purple-fringed folds of her garments together and lifted them clear of the mountains that surround Los Angeles, California. The day—the day of days—the day we had all waited for with such earnestness of prayer and expectation—the greatest—the crowning day of fifteen years of ministry—the day when the seemingly impossible had become possible, the glorious dream a living fact, and the wondrous vision a concrete reality.

Hurry, sun. Hurry! Lift your shining, golden face above eastern hills, and kiss the fields, the flowers, the trees, the shining lake, the park, the streets to wakefulness. Peep through drawn shades. Bid every sleeper wake—this is the day of days. But Ah! Methinks you will find many another face pressed like mine against the windowpane

lifted in prayer, eagerly waiting your coming, oh, New Year's Day of 1923.

Slowly, surely, the pearl gray of dawn lights the heavens. Slowly, gloriously, the brush of morning tints the clouds with rose and gold. Slowly, majestically, the palms and cyprus, the eucalyptus, and the willows of Echo Park begin to be clean cut from the night and stand silhouetted against the glory of the California sky; slanting rays of light come sifting through the foliage of green. The sun is arisen. The day—the day is come.

Like the unveiling of a breath-taking beautiful monument it seems, the lifting of the curtain of slumbering night from Angelus Temple. Footsteps can be heard on the pavement without. Motor cars are beginning to draw up at the curbing. Others have come to watch night unveil the Temple and morning clothe it in her radiant glory.

Hold your breath, watchers in the streets below. Throw up your shades. Draw aside the curtains from your window—all ye houses that line the hill that overlook the city. Does it mean to you, the unveiling of the Temple on its first birthday, what it means to us? See the sun has kissed the first point of the top of the dome! It is creeping down the rounded sides. See it flash and twinkle, scintillate and glow as though encrusted in gems. Dew, you ask? No, crushed abalone shells from the seashore have been powdered and sprinkled through the concrete of the dome and now catch the sun and flash, making the beauty which newspaper writers call “the jeweled dome.” Ah! Now the light has crept lower, bathing the entire Temple in her radiance. The columns and arches, the cornices and the hundreds of window panes, all flashing back her shining.

On the two center columns are the granite tablets, veiled, waiting the dedication service. The footsteps on the pavement increase in number. Other automobiles are drawing up from every side. Happy voices, singing voices drift up to our windows. The streets are filling with people who are determined to gain admittance when

the doors of the Temple swing open, if being early is any advantage over being late. They are assured by workers and attendants that the building does not open till 2:30 in the afternoon. They reply that they are fully aware of the fact and that it does not make the slightest difference. More people are coming and still more.

We realize that we who wait also are trembling with excitement, and the greatness of the day almost frightens us. We turn away and bathe our faces and, fully dressed, run to the Temple doors to assure ourselves that all will be in readiness. Yes, there are the workers who have toiled within its gate, great armies of them since midnight putting on the finishing touches required for opening. Brooms are sweeping. Carpet is being laid. The piano is being brought in, and the golden harp of Miss Carter of Australia is lifted to the platform. Dickey, the little canary bird given to the House that God Built and told of in "This is That," is being carried in and hung by the piano. Quick orders are being given; scores of workmen are almost flying here, there, yonder. Mr. Brook Hawkins, builder-architect, is directing everything, superintending the bringing in of the rubber trees in their boxes, the boxwoods, and the palms. Now he is draping the Stars and Stripes over one rampart and the Canadian flag over the other. This last touch is of his own planning and thoughtfulness. Yonder, ushers are drilling and planning as to how they shall handle the crowds.

Outside the sun is climbing higher. A sound of hammers is heard, a temporary platform is being built in front of the Temple and also draped with a huge flag, a gift to the Evangelist from the women of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The crowds are growing. Police are becoming anxious. Traffic must be turned into other streets. Officers are struggling to keep the people free of the streetcar tracks so that the cars may pass. The hours creep on—nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock. One, two, the crowd is being augmented every moment. It is a wonderful sight, specially wonderful on this New Year's Day when hundreds of thousands are in Pasadena to witness the Tournament of Roses, wherein,

in a most beautiful and impressive way, California displays to the onlooking world the flowers that God has given her while the rest of the country is buried in winter's ice and snow. But those in Pasadena must know of the Temple, too! The whole world, we feel, must know! So, while at Echo Park assembled, thousands gaze up at the real Temple; in Pasadena, other thousands gaze upon the Temple in miniature (yet large enough to cover entirely the largest truck in Los Angeles) made entirely of roses and fragrant dew-kissed flowers. We have a float in the parade advertising the Temple and its opening as the Church of the Four Square Gospel. And this float, being a replica of the real Temple with its choir girls singing like angels to the strains of the organ within, is awarded a prize and bears it home to Angelus Temple triumphantly.

Two-fifteen! How patiently the people have waited. Come, the time of Dedication is here! A door in the front of the Temple is opened. Willing hands are there to assist the Evangelist onto the platform. "Won't you come up with me?" we ask several timidly. "No, Sister, you must go alone," they answer. A final push and we are alone on that improvised platform looking down into that great sea of upturned faces.

And now, they are singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Oh you, have you ever heard singing like that? It seems as though it would make the very heavens ring. Fleecy clouds of softest white are nestling above in the blue sky and reflected in the shining lake beneath. Can it be that there are angels looking on from heaven on this day of days? And now we are reading to that silent, listening sea of humanity of the building of another Temple in the days of Solomon, of its dedication, and of the glory of the Lord that filled it. There is a choke in our voice and a catch at our heart as we come to the prayer of Solomon, wherein he kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel and rejoiced in the Lord his God, in that He had fulfilled with His hand that which He had promised with His mouth.

Another song, a prayer, and we are lowered to the pavement, where a trowel with some mortar is put into our hand, and we are completing the laying of the dedicatory stones and unveiling the tablets with solemn ceremony. We brush the tears from our eyes and look a second time at the inscription thereon—the surging but quiet multitude behind are also straining to see—and there we read:

ANGELUS TEMPLE
Church of the
Four Square Gospel
Aimee Semple McPherson
Founder

DEDICATED
Unto the Cause of
Interdenominational
and World-Wide
Evangelism
January First
in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred
and Twenty-Three

“Here it is, oh Lord,” we hear our own voice as though from a great distance. “We lift this Temple in the arms of Faith and give it unto Thee, set it apart, consecrate it wholly unto Thy cause and the preaching of Thine eternal gospel. It seems strange to be giving this Temple unto Thee today, dear Master, for it was Thine before a stone was laid or a trowelful of mortar laid. It was thine, all thine, when by faith we saw it afar. But now, oh Lord, we give it unto Thee in actuality and lift our hearts and voices unto Thee in thanksgiving and earnest supplication, praying that naught but Thy will shall ever be done within its gates and borders.

“May thousands of sinners be carried thither upon the streams of prayer and in Thee find Salvation. May the sick in multitude here touch Thy garment and be made whole. May believers here be baptized with the mighty power of the Holy Spirit and go forth as a blazing firebrand for Thee. May consecrated young lives be here trained and consecrated to the preaching of Thy Word and go forth as flaming Evangels who will turn communities upside down for the Lord Jesus. May young men and women here consecrate their lives and be trained for missionary work and then go out to sail the seven seas bearing the message of Jesus of Nazareth to the ends of the earth. May naught but faith in Thy Word and the ever-present great I AM of the Lord Jehovah’s power be preached. May the multitudes of hungry seekers see Jesus Christ revealed before their eyes and know that He is indeed the same yesterday, today, and forever. Amen.”

Again the people are singing. Hands have drawn us through a doorway into the Temple. We are started up a stairway and on our way to the training school for a moment’s quiet before the indoor meeting. As we mount the steps, we hear the doors of the Temple flung wide. We hear a murmur of voices like the billows of the sea, and then the crowd is surging over the steps and up the aisles, filling the main auditorium, filling the balcony, climbing the balcony, packing each available inch of space. And then the doors are closed.

The choir in shining white new uniforms is assembled in a long row across the entire middle aisle of the first balcony. A signal from the piano, and they are singing:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee.

Only Thou art Holy, merciful and mighty,

God in three persons, Blessed Trinity.

With the second verse, they have begun a slow but impressive processional down the balcony steps and, dividing their number, are flowing along the ramparts that lead to the choir loft above the platform of either side. How beautiful they look, consecrated, bright faces, earnest young people who have volunteered for service, and many of whom expect to receive training for the work of Evangelism.

And now, with a coterie of ministers on either side and Mr. Brook Hawkins, Temple builder, taking our arm, we are on our way also making our way down the rampart and to the platform.

“Don’t tremble like that, Sister. Keep steady. You mustn’t be nervous. The battle is all fought and the victory here now,” a voice is saying.

“Oh, it isn’t with nervousness, brother, but with joy,” we answer.

This, this is the greatest day of our lives save two—the day when I was converted in that lonely country road in Canada, and the day I received my baptism with the blessed Holy Spirit. Oh, how good, good, good God has been to bring my little family back across the continent safely for the opening. How wonderful it is to see all these dear ministers marching in at my side—Methodist, Baptist, United Brethren, Congregational—and to know they have all been so wonderfully baptized with the Holy Spirit during our revival services in their respective cities, and that they are standing solidly for the mighty word of God today and the cause of the Four-Square Gospel. Hallelujah! You wonder that I am trembling, but now with this

Temple as a mighty monument to God’s power and the crowning blessing of fifteen years of humble but adoring ministry, could I but see it endowed—that if Jesus tarry a little longer we would know other hands had caught up the flaming torch and would bear it on and out—I think I could say, “Now, Lord, let thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld Thy glory.”

The meeting is on. How the volume of the singing fills the Temple. We lift our eyes to the great concrete dome, the largest unsupported concrete dome in America, if not in the world, we are told. We lift our eyes to the azure blue of heaven flecked with bright clouds as of blessing, and again our eyes are suffused with tears. Thousands of friends are about us. They have come from all over America and abroad; they too are wiping their eyes as they sing and lift up their dear faces in prayer.

Prayer and short addresses by others, a song, “Open the Gates of the Temple,” by Sister Stanley, Temple soloist, a quartet of sweet-voiced singers—and we are on our feet reading from the Book of Ezra the story of the rejoicing people when the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. How, among their number on that far-distant day, some shouted with a great voice, and some wept aloud for joy till they made such a noise that the prophet declared he could not tell the noise of them that wept from the voice of them that shouted. And their jubilation was only over the foundation being laid, and we had the walls up and the roof on. Glory to Jesus!

Then we are talking out of the fullness of our bursting hearts about the worship of the Lord. Telling how, though God is so great, the heavens cannot contain Him and the earth is but a stool for His blessed feet. It has been the custom and longing of believing hearts to assemble themselves together to call upon His Name. Starting with the first recorded altar—that of Abel—then on to the altars of Noah, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, on to the days of Moses in the wilderness and on to the magnificent Temple, which Solomon did build. On to the altar fires, whereunto Samuel didst minister,

then to the days of the Son of man, when He gathered His little flock about Him. On to the Lord's sermons in the Synagogues and the Temples—the church established by the disciples of the Lord—their ministry, in the Temples and Synagogues and from house to house, was rapidly sketched. Now we behold the embers of a lonely altar line upon Moriah rising heavenward from a night of prayer, and again we gaze upon the glory of Solomon's Temple.

Then, likewise rapidly, we sketch the story of our own life. The calling of Jesus to our own soul from that Canadian farm to preach the gospel of the crucified, resurrected Saviour. The years of toiling, battling wind and rain and weather in tents and open fields. The blessing of the ever-present Lord and the call to build unto Him a house in the city of Los Angeles for the cause of Evangelism and the training of workers.

All over the building, people are weeping and praising the Lord. How good He has been! And now we are giving our first altar call in the new Temple. Even though it is the first altar call as well as the dedication service, we feel we must not let the opportunity slip past unheeded. And now they are coming, down this aisle, swarming up yonder passage way; they are coming from the balconies, trooping down the ramparts, coming from the gallery and from every direction. The communion rail is filled again and again. They are crowding the orchestra with their instruments from before the platform and filling the space reserved for them, and yet they come. Thank you, oh thank you, dear Jesus, for this token at the first service. We are unworthy, but Thou, Thou art worthy; let them come unto Thee and be saved.

Kneeling at the altar and bringing their arms filled with the most gorgeous floral offerings one could ever imagine come the precious Gypsies. Such baskets of flowers, but none brighter or more gay than their garments of vari-colored hue! They fill our arms; ministers and workers are taking them from us, basket after basket, bouquet after bouquet. More flowers than one ever remembered seeing in one

building before. God bless the Gypsies! Some five hundred of them have crossed the continent, and some have come from abroad to be converted and blessed at this meeting.

See this beautiful velour curtain just back of the platform? The Gypsies bought it. See this beautiful hand-carved motto that hangs just over our heads. "Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, Today and Forever." They gave that and many other things. God bless the Gypsies and make them all evangelists to bear the message to their kind throughout the world. They have never owned a Bible nor had even a gospel printed in their language.

But now the first meeting is dismissed. It is only a little while till it will be time for the night meeting. Then again the glory of the Lord descends and the altars are filled with suppliants at the throne of grace. And so day follows day, meeting follows meeting in such quick succession that one might well call them all-day meetings, for they begin with the rising of the sun each day and continue long after the setting thereof. Hundreds are waiting upon the Lord for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and, snatching a few moments from the writing of this article, the writer a little while ago saw seven gloriously filled with the Spirit, Hallelujah! Service after service the altars are filled with men and women seeking and finding Jesus as their Saviour. Thursday of this week, please God, we baptized scores of converts beneath the waters of baptism. The first Sunday after the Temple opened, we served, at the morning hour of worship, over three thousand saints the sacrament, and then we gave a call for converts and saw the altars instantly filled.

The Lord is with us. His glory is filling the house. The ministers, Rev. Chas. A. Shreve of the McKendree Methodist Episcopal Church of Washington, DC, Rev. Edward Leach of the Franklin Memorial United Brethren Church of Baltimore, Maryland, Dr. Wm. Keeney Towner of the First Baptist Church of San Jose, Dr. Gale of the Temple Baptist Church of Oakland, California, Dr. Chas. S. Price of the Congregational Church, Evangelist Cole of the Methodist

Church South, and many other men, mighty men of God, with us bring soul-inspiring sermons that could not be valued in dollars and cents. They are priceless. Our hearts and notebooks are being filled to overflowing. How we wish every Bridal Call reader could be here with us to get the blessing there-from.

Oh, it is so wonderful to have a building we do not need to give up on Monday night for a boxing tournament or Thursday night right in the midst of a revival for a grand ball or Saturday night for some prima-donna, as we have had to do in many city auditoriums. And to think that this shall be a steady and permanent work, please God, till Jesus comes. If you can read Bridal Call, move out and live with us beside the Temple, or at least come to pay us a long, long visit. Get your own dear heart on fire that you too may go forth to carry the message. Those who were unable to come for the opening, come as soon as you can, if the Lord so leads, and though we are pausing in the pressing duties of sometimes as high as seven meetings a day to write this hurried picture of the opening services, remember that out here—where the sun is shining in January like a balmy summer day, and where the palms are waving and the roses nodding to their reflection in the placid Echo Lake—a hearty welcome and a multitude of loving hands await you across the Rockies in Sunny California.

The Foursquare Gospel



January 1923

And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire.

Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man and the face of a lion on the right side. And they four had the face of an ox on the left side. They four also had the face of an eagle.

EZEKIEL 1:4–5, 1:10



IT WAS A strange and wonderful sight that met the eyes of the Prophet Ezekiel, as he stood by the River Chebar when “the heavens were opened” and he “saw the visions of God”!

He stood gazing into the North. As he looked, he beheld a whirlwind sweeping earthward and bearing down upon him. The North in the olden Testament is usually understood to stand for Judgment. 'Twas from this quarter he might well have looked for the wrath and indignation of an angry God to fall upon a nation of idolaters

who had transgressed His Law and spurned alike His warnings and entreaties.

No ordinary whirlwind was this that came out of the North. The awful majesty of its swift approach would have filled an unbelieving or a sinful heart with terror and quaking. Neither was it a small, passing flurry or a puff of wind that would soon have been expended. That which he gazed upon was a great cloud and a fire enfolding itself. There was something about this whirlwind that made it dissimilar to any that had gone before. Instead of being wrapped in dark, black mystery, “a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber out of the midst of the fire.”

Quickly, quickly, it drew near, rolling, billowing, flashing, shining, folding, and enfolding the fire and the glory and the power that it contained, till its greatness seemed to fill the heavens and its light to illumine the earth beneath!

Then, gazing steadily in fascinated wonder at the great cloud, Ezekiel beheld the strangest thing of all. Out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the “likeness of a man.”

A great whirlwind—out of the North—a great cloud afire enfolded itself—a brightness about it—out of the midst four living creatures—having the likeness of a man.

What a picture! What a vision! What a revelation! came to Ezekiel through the fiery cloud that day!

And what a picture, vision, and revelation of the cloud of Grace and of the fiery power and glory of the four-fold, four-square gospel, which it contains, comes to us through the vision of Ezekiel today!

As Ezekiel, dwelling among the captives by the River Chebar, stood gazing into the North and saw coming from its skies the cloud that day, so may the Ezekiel children of the Lord, who dwell among the captives and the bondsmen of sin by the river of the heavy-laden today, look into the North—the place from whence one might look with fear and trembling for the wrath and indignation of an angry

God to fall and sweep and devastate a people who had transgressed His Law and spurned His tender mercy—and see a bright cloud of fire and glory approaching.

Looking thus into the North, the place from whence judgment and retribution might well and deservedly be expected, there rises before our eyes today the very vision which met the eyes of Ezekiel so long ago. A great cloud is coming from out the place whence judgment should have come. It is a cloud of GRACE. It is a great cloud, great enough to fill the heavens. “And a brightness was about it.”—How truly might these words be spoken of the cloud of Grace! The brightness and the fire roiling, billowing, and enfolding it is bright enough to dazzle the eye and illumine the earth with light and glory.

And from out the midst thereof—out of the midst of the cloud of Grace—there comes the four-square gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as four living creatures, having the likeness of a Man. What a glorious gospel it is, with straight feet sparkling like burnished brass, and with rushing, mighty, tender-feathered wings that turn not as they go but bear “straight forward” the glory and the majesty of the great Jehovah Jirah! As these were “living creatures,” so is the gospel living, moving, vitally alive.

The gospel which is borne to us is indeed a four-square gospel, facing the world four-square, revealing four different faces or phases of the gospel, all of which bear faithful likeness to the man Jesus Christ.

The Face of the Man—

Jesus Christ, the Only Saviour

The first face of which Ezekiel caught a glimpse was “the face of a man.”

Gazing upon the four-square gospel, which comes to us from the cloud of Grace, flashing, blazing, burning, glowing, the first glimpse

or revelation of our blessed Redeemer that appears to our adoring eyes is that of the face of the man.

Oh, the blessed revelation of the face of the Man, Christ Jesus, that is unveiled in that living gospel!

Tip-toeing first into a lowly stable and looking down into the manger there, it is a very tiny face that meets our wondering eyes—the face of the Babe lying wrapped in swaddling clothes. The face of the Boy of twelve, reasoning, teaching, enquiring, rises next before us—a face exceeding fair and earnest—the face of the Child in the Temple.

Then suddenly the scene surrounding that face has changed. On Jordan's bank we stand. The multitudes part asunder. They have grown strangely still. They are gazing in one direction, and, down the aisle which they have made as they stepped back, someone is coming, someone in white and seamless dress, someone with a face that's fairer than the lilies in the dell, a face bright as the morning, a face untouched as yet by the cruel hand of suffering and of grief. And now, 'tis the upturned praying face of the baptized Christ lifted to the opening heavens, while the lapping waves of the Jordan with its flowing tide, touches and caresses His flowing robe, and the gentle zephyrs stir and caress His locks. It is a glorified face, bathed in a shaft of light from the Father's throne as in trumpet tones, the words fall from above and set the hills to trembling. "This Is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Again the mists and glories of the clouds unfold, and we gaze in quick rotation upon picture after picture of the man, Christ Jesus. The Victorious Conqueror returning from the wilderness, tempted on all points like as we and yet without sin. The pardoning Saviour bending low and smiling forgiveness and love into the eyes of the erstwhile sin-burdened transgressor. The Good Shepherd feeding the hungry multitudes in the wilderness. The dew-wet face of the Intercessor praying alone on the mountain side. The stern, reproving face that rebuked the Scribes and Pharisees. The joy-lit face of

the Messiah upon beholding faith in the hearts of they who sought His aid. The calm, benign, wise, patient face of the Preacher and Teacher as He spake the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount. The commanding, authoritative Divinity of the face of the Master of ocean and earth and sky when He quelled the tempest and bade the storm swept billows of the sea "Be still." The face of the Saviour who o'er Jerusalem wept, murmuring, "If thou hadst known."

And now 'tis upon the face of the Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, blessing the cup and foretelling His passion on Mount Calvary, that we gaze. And then, with straining eyes, we look through the gloom upon the upturned face of the praying Christ in Gethsemane's lonely shade, a moonbeam falling on His face traces the sweat drops as of blood. The face of the accused, condemned Christ in Pilate's Judgment Hall is followed by the agonized thorn-crowned face with suffering marred high on Golgotha's brow. Then comes the face of the still Christ in the Tomb; the risen, living Lord; the Christ who walked on Emmaus Way, who appeared unto His own; the Christ ascending into the skies, the Christ at the Father's Throne, High Priest, Intercessor, with a face of love, pleading our needy cause.

And last of all comes the face of the Man, as the present Christ, whispering, "Behold I stand and knock." It is the face of the Christ who stands in the midst to bless, saying, "Lo, I am with you always."

Oh, glorious face of the Man, revealing the face of Jesus the Saviour Lord, through these glorious glimpses we see Thee but through a glass darkly. What will our transport be when we see Thee face to face?

The Face of a Lion—

Jesus Christ, the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost

Ezekiel saw of the four living creatures that they had "the face of a Lion on the right side." So also in the living Word we see our Lord

Jesus as the mighty all-conquering, powerful Lion of the tribe of Judah—the all-glorious Baptizer with the Holy Ghost and fire.

Hallelujah! What a wonderful Baptizer He Is! What indomitable courage, what matchless strength, faithfulness and protection, what victorious, triumphal prowess is written upon that phase of the gospel that reveals our Saviour with the face of the Lion!

'Twas thus the disciples beheld Him on the day of Pentecost. 'Tis thus we need to behold Him today.

The Chief Shepherd smitten, the sheep had been scattered abroad. Despised, rejected, outcast, utterly surrounded, and hemmed in by their enemies and the powers of unbelief and worldliness, one glimpse of the face of the Lion, the mighty Baptizer with the Holy Spirit, and new heart and courage was put within them. One mighty infilling of that “power from on high,” and they were ready to leap every wall or troop the enemy could put around them.

Oh, draw near, thou cloud of Grace with fire enfolding itself within thee. Flash forth upon thy chariot wheels all filled with eyes, thy mighty wings unto each other joined, thou blessed living creatures four, bearing the likeness of a man. Thou hast revealed to us the Man, the Saviour, Son of God, and stem of Jessie's Rod; but oh, we yearn to see on thy right side the face of the Lion today!

How weak, how puny we have been seeking in our own frail strength His victories to win! The world to be Evangelized for Christ. The gospel to be preached in power unto the end of the great earth's utmost parts. Unbelief and indifference, walls to be broken down. Communities to stir. Citadels to take. We have had money, churches, cathedrals, organs, choirs, committees, and earthly helps with which to do it, but oh, we have made such painfully slow progress. In many instances we have lost ground instead of gaining it and have retreated instead of advancing.

And yet, gazing into the face of the Lion, we are instantly reminded that the early church, once baptized with the Holy Spirit came down the steps from the upper room and went out into the

world doing battle for the Christ, winning five thousand souls in one day, sweeping whole cities with revival power, till before their prowess men declared, “They that turn the world upside down have come thither.”

Having beheld the face of the Man, the Saviour of the Lost let us turn our eyes to the face of the Lion and behold our Christ as He whom John the Baptist heralded as He that should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

If there is anything that the church of the Lord Jesus needs more than another today, it is the preaching and the receiving of the fullness of the precious Spirit. You shall receive power after the Holy Spirit is come upon you—power to witness, power to pray, power to lift up a living Christ to a dying world, power to exalt the Blood and magnify the Word, power to win men and women to the fount of cleansing and to stir up Christian hearts to follow the more closely. How many churches we know today that are filled with the Spirit, ministers, officials, and laymen overflowing with His Pentecostal power that a few years ago were spiritually dead and empty? This is the secret of power. This is the rest. This is the refreshing, the receiving of the Holy Spirit's power. Yet so many are fearful and preach a negative rather than a positive baptism. So many who speak upon the subject of the Holy Spirit spend most of their time telling people how NOT to receive the Spirit and so very little time telling them how TO RECEIVE the power and blessing that He waits to give.

The Face of the Ox—

Jesus Christ, the Great Physician

The third face which Ezekiel saw was the face of an ox all the left side. In other words, the face of the Man was flanked on the right side by the face of the Lion and on the left by the face of an Ox.

Of all the creatures on the face of the earth, the Ox is the most wonderful type of the burden bearer—the patient, plodding, unfaltering, sacrificial burden-bearer. And thus, indeed, the scriptures do reveal to us the Christ of yesterday, who is just the same today. Bearing our burden, carrying our load of sin and shame and misery, He lifts the heavy end of the cross, providing Divine sustenance and grace for body, soul, and spirit. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.

Have you ever seen in the likeness of the Man, the patient, sacrificing, burden-bearing Ox? How tender was the heart of the Christ! How tender the heart that was moved with compassion as He gazed upon the multitude and healed their sick and afflicted! Oh, how earnestly we should rejoice that in this four-square gospel that comes to us out of the cloud of Grace, our Saviour stands revealed as the great Physician who now is near, the sympathizing Jesus. His touch has never lost His ancient power. Heaven is not closed. The manifestations of His miracle-working power have not ceased, except to those who have locked its door against themselves with the key of unbelief.

The phase of the gospel which reveals Jesus our Lord as He who “himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses” (Matt. 8:17), was not given for a favored few who happened to live during the few years of our Lord’s own ministry in the flesh alone. It was not then removed from the living Word and the heavens sealed and barred against the supernatural. For over four hundred years, the power to pray for the sick in great numbers remained in the early church and all adown throughout the annals of time there have been those who, like John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church, A. B. Simpson and other earnest and impeccable men of God, have prayed for the healing of the sick and witnessed remarkable instances of answered prayer.

In praying for the afflicted, surely one should ever pray, “Thy will, not mine, be done.” If it please the Master in His infinite wisdom to

take us to Himself, then to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

Neither should one get into a hard, judging attitude or regard Divine healing as a club or a drastic, hard law, but as a blessed gate ajar, a gate of prayer as simple as that which prays a physical blessing each time it asks, “Give us this day our daily bread.”

Come not under a yoke of bondage, but look to the Man Christ Jesus, not only as Saviour and Baptizer but as the great Physician who still propounds the question to the doubting scribes and high priests, whether it is easier to say, “Thy sins be forgiven thee,” or, “Rise, take up thy bed, and walk?”

Flashing, glowing, burning, moving as a whirlwind containing four living creatures, the gospel sweeps on and out, not a dead, weak, powerless apologetic gospel, but a mighty, living, moving, flaming, powerful, potent gospel, competent and fully prepared to meet the every need of the church of the living God through Jesus the perfect Sacrifice.

The Face of the Eagle—

Jesus Christ, the Coming King

On the fourth side, just opposite the face of the Man and flanked on either side by the face of the Lion and of the Ox, the prophet saw the face of the Eagle. The Eagle with its piercing gaze that looks into the high and lofty heavens, with its searching gaze that sights and notes the smallest objects in the earth beneath. The Eagle, that soars in the clouds, descends from dizzy heights, and bears its little ones up on wide spread pinions, is a striking and blessed type of Christ, the coming King.

No small part of the Word is given to this blessed theme. Its teaching is woven and interwoven through the entire structure of the Book. Someday, oh, blessed hope, wherewith to comfort one

another, someday those skies with His glory shall shine, and lifting up our eyes we shall see the King in His beauty. Sweeping down on widespread pinions through the portals of the sky, He shall catch up and bear aloft his waiting ones who have put their trust in Him and waited for His blest appearance.

“For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God. And 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 it ever be with the Lord” (1 Thess. 4:16–17).

It is a significant fact that the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, show our Lord in these same four glorious phases, the Man, the Lion, the Ox, and the King. Could we but get the vision of the gospel as the four-square gospel and could we but get the perspective and the relationship of the one message to the other, we would surely not be so prone to run to extremes or magnify out of due proportion nor to disregard any one phase of the blessed message.

Salvation, through the precious shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, can never, of course, be overemphasized. Many of us have had a glimpse of the only Saviour. But may we not all get a fresh glimpse of the mighty power of the Baptizer with the Holy Spirit, the Lion who shall endue His church with power and cause them to triumph by His might. Then, having received Him thus, let us not stop there but get a revelation of the patient, sacrificial, burden-bearing Ox, the great Physician, the sympathizing Jesus? Do not, when we have received the vision of the Christ as the Healer of our diseases, run to extremes and let this phase of the gospel crowd out the importance of Christ the Saviour. Neither, upon receiving a revelation of Jesus Christ the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost, magnify this phase of the message out of due proportion and overlook the value and the merits of simple, free Salvation through the Blood of the Slain Lamb of Calvary.

Let us also preach His blessed Second Coming. Preach it joyously as the “blessed hope” of the ready and waiting ones. Bid those that sleep awake and fill their vessels with Holy Spirit oil, because that He is near, yea, even at the door. Preach a full, an even-balanced four-square gospel—Saviour, Baptizer, Physician, and Coming King.

Oh, can you see the great cloud today with the fire enfolding itself? Can you see the four living creatures bearing the likeness of the Man? Can you not hear the rustling and the sweep of their mighty wings?

“Thus were their faces. And their wings stretched upward. Two wings of every one were joined one to the other” (blessed unity, truth, and harmony of the Word), “and two covered their bodies” (truly the wings of mercy and love unbounded are as wings that cover the body of the Word).

And they went every one straight forward. Whither the spirit was to go, they went. And they turned not when they went. Even so are the goings forth and the fruitful returning of the straight-forward word of God.

And as for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire and like the appearance of lamps. It went up and down among the living creatures, and the fire was bright. And out of the fire went forth lightning. What blessed coals of fire from off the altar of the Living God each lover of the Word has found. And it has been indeed a “lamp” unto our feet and a light unto our path. “The Light of the world” Himself is ever going up and down among the living, vital, powerful, glowing fires of His immutable and eternal Word. And the fire Ezekiel foresaw is still bright, lighting the darkened places, searching the secret parts of the heart, melting the ice and snow of winter’s unbelief, and kindling a glowing flame upon the altar of each yielded life. Out of the fire of His Holy Word go forth lightnings—how often both preacher and congregation have felt them! As the word of God goes forth in

power and demonstration, under the anointing and inspiration of the Spirit, lightning just as powerful as though it were visible flashes forth from that preached Word. It strikes yonder man with conviction. It pierces yon woman with remorse of conscience. It makes yon calloused youth sit trembling in his seat.

How oft have we seen whole congregations stricken by the lightning of the Word and scores brought running to the Mercy-seat as the living creatures run and return as the appearance of the flash of lightning! “Now, as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces. And the appearance of the wheel...and their work was as it were a wheel within the middle of a wheel. And as for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful, and their rings were full of eyes round about them four. And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them...whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went. Thither was their spirit to go...When those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood...for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.”

Mighty and quick and powerful as were the living creatures borne from heaven to earth in a cloud of glory, they must needs have a point of contact with the earth. This was supplied by a mighty wheel whose appearance and work was as a wheel in the middle of a wheel. Even so is the preaching of the Word like unto a mighty wheel which, if it would bear the glory of the Lord, should have the spirit of the living creatures within it, running and returning as a flash of lightning, speeding to the ends of the earth with the four-square gospel of the kingdom, full of eyes, ever turning hither and yon, seeking out the lost and the needy. Instant in season and out of season and working harmoniously in the church organism without friction or confusion as a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

Some are called to be apostles. Some prophets, some teachers, some evangelists, some pastors, some helps and governments—yet none should say to the other, “I have no need of thee,” but all should

work together as a wheel within a wheel. Surely this is the Divine plan for the point of contact between this gospel and the needy ones of earth through the preached Word.

“And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, for the noise of an host.” Oh Lord thus fill our hearts and our lips with Thy message till going forth with the voice of a mighty host we shall fill the earth with a preached gospel that shall reiterate Thy voice Almighty. And oh, may there come to us from the firmament over our heads, as to Ezekiel in the days of yore, the sound of Thine own dear Voice that we may give its own dear message to the world again. May we too, with lifted and adoring eyes, behold Thee, with “the likeness of a Man” seated upon Thy throne, which is likened to a sapphire stone as Thy fire and glory shine round about it.

Thou art the Lord of Fire and Majesty. The transcendent light and beauty of Thy form is as the appearance of a bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain. Prince of Peace, the Lord of Glory, King Emmanuel art Thou. Beholding greatness and the power of Thine eternal gospel, we fall upon our faces before Thee like the prophet of old and listen to The Voice.

Foursquare Gospel Battle Song



January 1923

*Four-square we stand for the living Word,
For the Word of God.
Telling to all the story of Jesus,
Stem of Jesse's rod;
Man of Sorrows and of grief,
Dying on the tree,
Mighty Redeemer, glorious Saviour,
Jesus of Calvary.*

CHORUS

*Preach the four-square Gospel,
The four-square gospel.
Clear let the four-square message ring.
Jesus only Saviour, Baptizer and Healer.
Jesus the Coming King.*

II

*Unfurl your banners and forward go.
O ye ransomed host;
Trusting in Jesus, mighty Baptizer
With the Holy Ghost.
Lion of Judah, King of Kings,
Lord of Lords is He;
Enduing His Church with power to witness,
Leading to victory.*

III

*Catch up your shield of faith, oh church!
Jesus of Galilee.
Bore our infirmities, carried our sorrows.
Setting the prisoner free.
Comfort the fallen, lift the faint,
Dry the weeping eye;
There's Balm in Gilead, the Great Physician
Still is passing by.*

IV

*Lift your eyes unto the hills,
Lift your voice and sing.
The clouds of heaven, aflame with glory,
Greet the Coming King.
As swift the wings of Eagle flight.
Shall He come again;
Clad in majesty, robed in honour,
With His saints to reign.*

SECOND CHORUS

*Oh, It's the four-square gospel
From the four-square city,
With a four-square message to bring.
Jesus only Saviour, Baptizer and Healer,
Jesus the Coming King.*

Jesus Of Nazareth Dassetth By



February 1923

And it came to pass, that as He was come nigh unto
Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside
begging.

LUKE 18:35



POOR, RAGGED, UNKEMPT, he sat by the wayside begging, hungry of body, still more hungry of soul. The birds of the air swept by, bright plumage gleaming the balmy air. The golden rays of the sun came slanting through foliage and flowers. Lilies swayed. Roses nodded. Violets lifted up sweet timid faces. Gentle lambs grazed and gambled in fragrant meadows. Bright-faced children laughed and ran in play.

But blind Bartimaeus saw it not.

Like a captive in a strong unbreakable prison he sat walled in on every side by impenetrable inky blackness. Dark, dark the days. Entirely helpless the man. This darkness invisible, intangible was not something that could be grappled with or fought. Go where he would, there went his prison of darkness also, silently, completely shutting him in lest one ray of golden glory pierce the gloom and light his groping footsteps.

And now he sat by the wayside—begging. Hungry, lonely, sorrowful. Poor Bartimaeus, you had plenty of time to think while seated there, plenty of time to pray. Drifting down the paths of time o'er the throbbings of other hearts and other needy and benighted lives,

methinks I hear the cry that must have risen to your lips on that eventful day.

“Oh, God of my Father, help Thou me. Turn unto me the light of thy countenance, and let the garment of Thy mercy be spread upon me.

It is so dark. The chill of night pierceth my soul, though above me the sun be shining. Through the long unending night have I waited, but there is no lifting of the veil, no piercing of the wall.

Ah, would that I had dwelt in Nazareth or sat beside the shores of Galilee, then might have come sight and blessing. For there, men tell me, walketh one in a snow-white dress who is the Christ, the Messiah, the Deliverer, of whom our father David spake, saying, “Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses,” and of whom Isaiah wrote, “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace is upon Him, and, by His stripes, we are healed.”

They say His face is fairer than the lilies and His voice softer than a mother’s when she croons her babe to sleep upon her breast at even. That His arm is strong to break down walls, to open prisons, snap firm fetters, whilst His hand is soft and tender as the stirring of the morning breeze. That when He lays that hand upon the lame—they leap and walk; upon the leper, he is cleaned; upon the blind—they see.

Oh, Jesus. Jesus of Nazareth, how I wish I could have been born in that favored land wherein Thou dwellest! Then would I have clung to Thee and held Thee fast till I hadst known Thy touch, Thy blessing, and the sight which Thou alone canst give! Oh, that Thy blessing had been extended through the whole world, instead of to a favored few in a favored clime.”

But hark! What is that distant sound? This trembling, this vibration of the earth? With the keen ear of the blind, Bartimaeus must have detected the strange sound in the distance.

’Tis more than the footsteps of a passing group, some of whom may be minded to toss him a charitable penny. ’Tis as the feet of a great host. Nearer and nearer they come. Will they turn aside unto another road? No, they are coming directly toward him.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—What could bring so many feet down this road at once?—And now the sound of voices lifted—Hark! What is it they are singing?

“My soul doth magnify the Lord, And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with His arm,

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy.

As He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to His seed forever.”

(Luke 1:46-55)

Trembling in every limb, aquiver with excitement and wonder, the blind man must have rubbed frantically at his eyes and strained forward in tremendous effort to pierce the gloom.

What could the coming of this multitude, the message of their voices, mean?

A wild hope. A flaming desire. But no! It couldn’t, oh, it couldn’t be that the Deliverer, the Son of David, would pass this way?

There, there. He must not catch up the cup of hope for a moment, lest it be dashed rudely from his trembling hands and the night be darker, drearier than before!

But they are coming nearer, nearer. The first contingent is now abreast of him. They are passing. The voices of men, women, little children—singing, rejoicing. The dust from their feet is caught up in little swirling eddies by the breeze. The rustle of their garments. The snatches of their songs. Blind Bartimaeus can keep still no longer! What if this should be He?

“And hearing a multitude pass by, he asked what it meant.”

“Oh, wait, wait a moment, happy people, who dwell and march in the sunlight! Pause just a moment, and speak to a dweller in the dark. Tell me why you sing and why you testify and march as though in triumph? Why this multitude? Why this rejoicing? “And they told him Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

“What—what did you say?”

“Jesus? Not Jesus of Nazareth—Jesus who forgives sin, cleanses the leper, and gives sight to the blind—not Jesus who turns night into day—the One of whom David sang?”

“Oh, tell me quickly lest my hopes be builded but to fall bruised, beaten into the dust again!”

Why, yes, poor man, it is none other than the Christ Himself. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. “Oh, that you could have beheld His goodness and power as we! Why Bartimaeus, we have seen Him still the tempest of the raging sea, feed the hungry, heal the sick, give water unto Him that is athirst, and take the little children in His arms, laying His gentle hands upon their heads in blessing. Oh, that you could have seen Him cleanse the leper, give sight to the blind, and raise the dead! The smile of tenderness and love upon His face make it fairer than the lilies, more lovely than the dawn. He s—”

But suddenly the sunlit air is cleft with a piercing cry that cuts like a knife through the rejoicant voices of the multitude.

Between the lines of the recorded story in the Word of God, one can almost see the blind man standing with out-flung arms, futilely groping through the gloom.

“And he cried, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.”

“Jesus, Jesus—of whom the prophets spake and the Psalmist sang as he swept the golden strings, Jesus who forgiveth iniquities and healeth diseases, Jesus who didst tread the streets of Nazareth, Jesus who hath been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, sent to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, have mercy—have mercy on me!”

“And they which went before rebuked him that he should hold his peace.”

“Hush! Hush, Bartimaeus! Hold thy peace! Understandest thou not that thou interrupteth our worship and our song? Knowest thou not that the Master is too busy to stop today? He is on His way to Jericho. Other multitudes await the priceless pearls of wisdom that fall from his lips. Thou art but a beggar and blind. He hath greater things to which he must attend. Trouble him not. Cease thy cries. Hold thy peace.”

“But he cried so much the more. Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!”

“Oh, Jesus, Jesus, they say Thou art too busy that Thy ministry is to others in a distant land. But Oh, Lord, I need Thee just as much as they. It is so dark, and I am so alone. Pass me not. Dear Master, Thou mayest never pass this way again. I cannot let Thee go! One touch of Thy gentle hand, oh Thou Light of the World, and darkness shall be vanished from my life. And I shall see Thy face. Jesus—Jesus—thou Son of David—have mercy on me!”

And Jesus stood. Hallelujah! He who is the same yesterday, today, forever, thus ever pauses and comes to stand at the cry of the needy and the believing.

Why rebukest thou him, oh disciples? Knowest thou not that though multitudes wait and manifold duties press, that the Master

who hath numbered the very hairs of your heads and who noteth the sparrow's fall hath ever time and place for the helpless, the needy, and the distressed?

Go, my children, go and lead him gently by the hand. Guide his footsteps. Deal graciously with him, and bring him near unto me.

No longer need he sit in the shadow of night, for behold the light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. There is light and sight and blessing for him, soul and body, and my children have a blessed part in his deliverance—namely that of bringing him near unto me.

“And he commanded him to be brought nearer to him.”

Oh, Master—Jesus, Son of David—the world of today is still filled with blind Bartimaeuses! Men and women still sit by the highways of sin and despair, shrouded in darkness—poor, naked, blind, begging each passer-by for something to satisfy the craving of soul and mind. Money pleasure, food, light is cast upon them, but outside of Thee there is no satisfying portion. Without THEE is no light or understanding.

They are hungry and lonely, longing for food and light, but we whose eyes Thou hast opened, we who bless Thy name and rejoice in Thy salvation, we who have joined the multitudinous procession, know that Thou art still passing by, still moving adown the humble streets and lanes of life, and that Thine ancient touch hath never lost its power.

Oh, help us never to rebuke them who seek Thy touch for spirit, soul, or body—never to assert Thy touch was but for Nazareth and a by-gone day—but may we be quick and strong of faith to run with swift-footed ministrations lifting the fallen, strengthening the faint, supporting the new-born struggling faith in every seeking heart, bringing them close to Thee. For Aster, we cannot cleanse, give sight, or do great wonders for those that are in great need, but Thou canst and unto us have given the grand commission. Bring them

near unto me. May we ever by our faith, our testimony, and our daily living bring near these wayside Bartimaeuses unto Thee.

“And when he was come near,”—’tis ever when the needy heart has come near the Lord begins to deal mightily with him—“He asked him saying, ‘What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?’”

Gracious words, tender words like dew drops of the morning. He speaks them yet today. “Poor, tired, discouraged, heavy-laden heart, look up, take courage, but believe. Heaven’s windows are not closed. Mine arm has not become shortened.”

“What wilt thou? Sight, healing, riches of mind? Yea, all thou needest in Me now find. What wilt thou that I shouldst do unto thee?”

“Thou hast come to the source of sure supply. All heaven is bending low with solicitation and succor. The Master of earth and sea and sky is near thee. The shadow of the Almighty hath fallen upon thee. Speak, benighted soul groping toward the light, what wilt thou?”

“And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.”

Yes, yes, too long has the world groped in darkness, sin-sick, heartsore, heavy-laden, dull of mind, all unseeing of the heavenly riches in Christ Jesus, unseeing of the glories of the sky and the things pertaining to eternity, dull in understanding, unable to pierce the veil that shroudeth life and death, righteousness, and unrighteousness.

And now from many a darkened heart the cry is rising to the Christ who passeth by. “Lord that I may receive my sight! Open, I pray, these blind eyes that I may see Thy glory. Rend thou the veil of my sin benighted vision that I may glimpse Thy face. Sick in body, sinful in heart, needy and desperate of soul, I wait for Thee, oh Gracious Redeemer. Thou art not only the Christ of yesterday! The Christ of today art Thou. Pause at my side. Speak Thou unto me. Thy word has never lost its power. Lay Thy hand upon my head, and the scales shall fall from before mine eyes. Turn Thou me, oh Lord, and I shall be turned.”

Catch up the cry, oh needy world. Lift up your voice in speech, benighted one. Call on the Lord, for He is near. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Others, even disciples who go before, may rebuke you and bid you hold your peace, declaring that the gifts and supernatural power of the Lord were all for other folks in other lands, but heed them not. Cry thou out so much the more for even now the stately stepplings of His feet are treading lightly at thy side.

“And Jesus said to him, ‘Receive thy sight. Thy faith hath saved thee.’ And immediately he received his sight.”

Oh, the blinding, blazing glory of that moment! Darkness gone, light had come. Midnight gone and day begun.

Lifting up a face transfigured with joyous wonder, methinks the first sight that met his adoring eyes must have been the radiant, downbending, smiling face of Jesus. One look into the melting tenderness in the eyes of the Master and—though the wondrous new world, filled with its marvels of mountains and meadows, songbirds and trees clouds and rivulets, lay in wide-spread panorama on every hand—one face, and one face only, held the eyes of Bartimaeus for, before the glory of that face, the radiance of the noon-day sun paled into insignificance. And as the white-clad form of the Master moved on in the crowd, the feet of Bartimaeus were found treading With the multitude, or rather, With the Master.

“And followed him glorifying God.”

“Oh Lord Jesus,” methinks I hear him murmur with a sob of indescribable joy. “My Light, my Sun, my Deliverer—with one touch of Thy hand hast Thou riven the walls of my prison and led me from darkness into the light of Thine own blessed countenance. Let me never leave Thee nor refrain from following after Thee. Let me, too, join this happy throng that moves with Thee along the pathways of Light. Let me sing Thy praises with them and lift my voice to testify that the mercy of the Lord endureth from generation unto generation.”

“And all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.”

Moving, moving, once again adown the road the procession goes, and again the little clouds of dust are lifted by their joyous feet. The fields and the valleys are filled with their singing. And, ere they drop o'er yon hillside, whither the Master goeth to minister in Jericho, the chant of their song comes floating back.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David. As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began, that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us, to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant, the oath which He sware to our father Abraham, and that He would grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life. And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways, to give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins—through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us—to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet unto the way of peace.

Even so, oh Lord, walk in our midst today. Speak unto each benighted soul, and thou, oh heavy-hearted by the wayside, lift up thy voice and call unto Him, for Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

The Light in the Window



March 1923

HAVE YOU BEEN a prodigal child, straying afar in the paths of sin?

Then lift up your eyes, oh lonely, sin-sick wanderer in the night. You need tremble in the cold and darkness no longer—there is a light in Father’s window for you.

True, you have wandered far from Him. True, you have grieved the loving heart that has ever yearned for your return. Straying from His righteous habitation, you have recklessly squandered the portion of goods which were allotted to you. Your time, talents, the life of strength and devotion which should have been His, have you spent thoughtlessly, recklessly—seeking peace and finding none.

But your Father has loved you every moment—loved not your sin and carelessness—but loved You with a deep, true, abiding love that has never wavered. Daily—hourly, He has been watching and waiting for your return.

There is a light in the window for you. ’Tis the Father’s own hand that holds it there. With new oil does He constantly replenish it, With His great love does He shield it.

Remember, back of the lighted lamp—the Word of God—is the Father’s hand. And back of the strong, steady hand is the Father’s heart. And within the Father’s heart is the Father’s love, firm, unshaking, immeasurable, so mighty, so inexhaustible that no plumb line of human understanding has ever been able to fathom or comprehend its depth.

True, you may be impoverished—heavy-laden and clad in the rags of unrighteousness. You may be foot-sore and weary, staggering 'neath the heavy load of sin and remorse. True, you may have wandered far from God, rejecting His kindness and paternal pleadings and warnings; you have gone on your foolish, sinful, Christ-rejected way. True, others may have grown discouraged and irretrievably estranged by your constant rejection and persistent spurning of the way of salvation. But hear it, poor sin-sick wanderer in the night. Hear it, oh weary one, whose feet have trodden the devious paths of the world, seeking peace and finding only heartaches and emptiness and stilled longing—Your father loves you!

He has always loved you! Moreover, He is waiting for you at this very moment. He is standing just back of the lighted lamp, which is His unfailing Word.

His heart is open—His arms are open.

He is calling you by name.

No matter how far you have wandered—how sinful and tattered your robe—remember He is shading His eyes and looking out through the night of sin and wandering, waiting to catch the first glimpse of your home-turned face in the lamplight, that He may run to meet you and draw you into the safe shelter of His loving embrace.

Oh how foolish you are to stay away another moment!

Full well you know there is a great emptiness in your life which nothing has been able to fill! A hunger that naught of earth could satisfy.

In Father's house there is enough and to spare. Look up, home-sick child, look through the tears and darkness of the night and see—there is a light in the window for you.

The First Three Messages the Resurrected

Lord, Delivered unto His Disciples



March 1923

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and He stood in the midst and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you." And when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His side.

Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus to them again, "Peace be unto you. As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And when He had said this, He breathed on them and saith unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

JOHN 20:19-22



HAVE YOU EVER stopped to think how pitiful, how fearful, how utterly beaten and discouraged was the condition of the disciples after the crucifixion of their Lord?

The chief Shepherd had been smitten. The sheep had been scattered abroad. Bewildered and stunned by the swiftness of the blow which had fallen as from a clear sky, their hearts were filled with the terror and horror of it all.

“Can it be? Oh! Peter, can it really be true?” I seem to hear Andrew questioning his brother.

“There must be some mistake about it! Tell me that it is all a horrible nightmare—a dream to be laughed away when the morning light has come!”

“John, thou wert ever near Him, with thy head upon His breast,” I seem to hear the bewildered voice of Peter, a choking sob muffling the words. “Speak and calm our fears! Tell us that it is all a terrible mistake.”

“Can it be possible that, but a few days ago, we strode behind Him proudly during His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Did the sun not shine, and the birds lift their voices in song while the multitude cheered, waved the palm branches, and cast their garments in the Conqueror’s way, crying, ‘Hail to the King, the mighty King Emmanuel! Blessed, ever blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.’ We had stood by Him through many a test and now believed that the hour of His glorification had come, when the sons of men should bow before Him, placing a scepter in His hand, a crown upon His brow!”

With what bewilderment and horror were the next hours filled! That strange night in the garden, the agony of our Lord when our eyes were heavy with slumber—the clang of the approaching soldiers’ heels—the lanterns coming through the trees—men’s dark faces, contorted with anger—men with swords and staves in their hands, looming like giants in the dim light of the garden, the betrayal of our Lord, the swiftness of His trial and condemnation, the relentless brutality of His crucifixion high on lone Golgotha’s Hill. Our own cowardice and wavering in following Him afar off—the twisted agony that marred His face—the crown of thorns pressed upon His brow, instead of the crown of gold we had expected Him to wear—the darkened heavens—the cry, “My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”—the stark lone figure of our Lord hanging there suspended ’twixt earth and heaven—the lowering

of that limp, cold body from the cross—its burial in the tomb. Oh, brothers, tell me, tell me that it is not true, that we have simply dreamed an absurd, impossible dream to be laughed away at the rising of the sun!

“Nay, brother, thou hast not dreamed it. God help us, it is true, too true! Our Shepherd is dead. They have killed our Lord, and surely we trusted that it had been He which had redeemed Israel. Left we not house and lands, and fathers and mothers to follow Him. Thoughtest we not, that we should reign with Him upon a throne? But now the night is come, and we are alone. We have come to the very end of all things. All men hate us and seek our lives because we have been His disciples. Instead of leading to a throne of Glory, our feet have led us to a pit of despair. The end of that old glorious life has come, and here we sit, huddled together in fear and trembling.”

“Sh—sh—sh! Speak more softly!”

“Draw the shades—close the shutters—bar the door!”

“It is not safe, brother, for one of us to leave this house wherein we are assembled for fear of the Jews. Let us remain in hiding here, and perhaps they will not find us; but if they do, we will at least be together, finding what little safety we can in our very numbers.”

“Hark! I hear a foot-step now. Lower the lights! Be silent! Sh—sh!”

It was while they were waiting thus in the grip of discouragement, fear, and consternation, practically amounting to panic that a most notable, unexpected, and glorious thing happened. A light—unearthly, radiant—began to glow in their midst, and within that radiance, they saw the face of their Lord—the mingled sorrow, love, and pity in His eyes—the halo around His head—the soft folds of His flowing garments—the prints of the nails in His hands, His feet—the scars of the thorns in His brow—Jesus in the midst.

What must have been their emotions in this, their dark night of despair, when, lifting up their heads which had been bowed with discouragement and sorrow, they looked through the blur of tears and saw their Lord?

“John, Peter, Andrew, Bartholomew, Matthew, James, Phillip, do you see it also—that glorious radiance and the vision of our Lord? Or is it that our minds, over-wrought and strained to the breaking point, have given way and our senses left us?”

Through the excitement and the suspense that surcharged the atmosphere, suddenly, gently, authoritatively, and oh, so lovingly, came the accents of that dear familiar voice, speaking those same familiar words, those wonder-working words, those storm-stilling, peace-bestowing, rest-enveloping words:

Peace Be Unto You

“Peace be unto you.”

Oh, what volumes must have been wrapped up in those four, glorious, typical words of the Master— “Peace be unto you.” Must have been as though He had said, “Brush the tears from your eyes, and the look of suffering and anguish from your face, oh John? He, who was dead is alive again—is alive forevermore. Behold, I have conquered death and the grave, and the keys are in my hand. Let not fear and consternation, but the peace of God, rule in your hearts. Defeat has been turned into victory. The crown of thorns is become a crown of glory. Peace be unto you!”

And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

Hallelujah! John, He lives! Bless the Lord, brother Peter! Our Lord is alive again! Begone, oh night of sorrow, trembling and fears, the Conquering Jesus, Captain of the King’s hosts—the mighty Deliverer who has never lost a battle—is in the midst of His people! Rejoice, Bartholomew, Phillip, and James, the Prince of Peace hath come again with healing in His wings and with balm of Gilead for our wounded hearts. Be thou lifted up, oh my soul, and hearken to His voice, for He is whispering “Peace, be unto you!”

Then were the disciples glad! Ah! How they must have fallen at His feet, and thrown their arms about that loving form. How they must have caught the folds of His glistening robe in their hands and pressed it to their worshipping lips. How John must have embraced Him and laid His head once more upon that gentle breast.

“But Lord, Lord, how you must have suffered, and we, we were such miserable failures, asleep when you needed us in prayer. Denying you when we were needed as witnesses to your glory. Following afar off when we should have been nearest to bear the heavy end of the cross. Oh Lord, how do you feel? Are you suffering now? Let us see your dear hands and the wound in your side.”

And He showed them His hands and His side. See Peter—see John, here are the marks of the nails. And here it was, just over my heart that the spear was driven deep. But suffering is over now. Pain and death can touch me nevermore. I have trodden them under my feet and opened for you a new and a living way into the Holies, even the Father’s throne. Then said Jesus unto them again—“Peace be unto you.” No more need of uncertainty—no more need for fear and trembling and huddling yourselves together behind barred doors, for fear of what man shall do unto you. Thy Lord liveth, and, because He lives, ye shall live also.

But come, my disciples—my first message to you has been of “Peace.” I have two other important commandments to lay upon your hearts, and this is the second one:

As My Father Has Sent Me, Even So Send I You

Hear it, oh disciples—hear it, oh Peter and James and John—as my Father has sent me, even so send I you. The works that I do, shall ye do also, and greater works shall ye do, because I go to my Father. Ye have seen me during my ministry among the sons of men, healing the sick, cleansing the leper, raising the dead, forgiving the sinner, feeding the hungry, lifting the fallen, cheering the faint, but have I not said unto you of these—the works that I do—I do not of myself.

He that dwelleth in me (even the Holy Spirit), He doeth the works. And now soon, I ascend to my Father and your Father, my God and your God. Soon ye shall see me no more, but remember, children of my heart, sheep of my flock—I am leaving the work of evangelizing the world all unfinished. You are to go out and go on with the work. Do not fear that there will be a cessation or a falling away in the miraculous manifestations of answered prayer. The works that I have done, shall ye do. Ye are my representatives, catch up the ministry unto the sons of men where I left it off, and carry it on and out to the ends of the earth. As the father has sent me, so send I you. Be of good courage. Doubt not, but believe, and wherever two or three of you are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them to bless. For lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world and the age.

But though I am sending you forth, children, to preach the gospel unto every creature, I am not sending you forth in your own strength, your own wisdom, or understanding. In the past, you have failed, not because the spirit was unwilling, but because the flesh was weak. What a pitiful little company you would be were you to go forth in your own strength! You have now come to realize a great lack and need in your lives. Even while I am with you in the flesh, you have faltered and fallen by the wayside, sleeping, denying, following afar off. And now here you sit, a pitifully weak and frightened little company, surrounded on every hand by your foes, hemmed in by skepticism, unbelief, and worldliness, while all the powers of Satan are ambushed about you. Even though you have seen my mighty acts and miracles, here you are gathered in fearfulness and trembling afraid to speak my Name. Yet as my church upon earth, you are ever to be my representatives. Do among men the same works which I have done, and ever bear in mind that, as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

The first step toward receiving power, oh disciples, is a realization of the need thereof. This need is eloquently demonstrated tonight.

Surrounded by your foes, you are helpless to conquer them. There is preaching and evangelism to be done, yet no unction of power where-with to do it. Harken then unto my third message, and carve it deep upon the tablets of your hearts, disciples dear, for it is this:

Receive Ye the Holy Ghost

“And when He had said this, He breathed on them and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.”

This power which ye have lacked is embodied in the Holy Spirit—Power to pray, power to preach, power to stand like a rock, power to overthrow the citadels of unbelief, power to keep you steadfast in the hour of fiery trial, power to make you run toward rather than away from persecutions, imprisonments, and beatings with many stripes.

“Receive ye, the Holy Ghost.” And be assembled with them. He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which said He, ye have heard of me.

“John, true baptized of water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”

“But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.” “If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He will send you another Comforter, even the Holy Ghost,”

This is that which ye have lacked throughout your ministry. This is that which would have made you successful in your prayer life in the garden and in your testimony life before Pontius Pilate. Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature—but tarry first in Jerusalem, till ye be endued with power from on high. Ye can never conquer in your own strength, receive ye, the Holy Ghost.

In such surroundings and under such circumstances were the first three messages of the resurrected Lord delivered unto His disciples.

And ah, methinks—could He appear unto the Peters, Jameses, and Johns of His church on earth today—these would still be the first three messages our Lord would bring.

We too are surrounded by foes on every hand, higher criticism, skepticism, and unbelief, worldliness and pride and spiritual wickedness, while the prince of the power of the air is marching with His hosts against the believing church of the Lord Jesus Christ, throwing modernism, conservatism, and luke-warmness like a wet blanket o'er the smoldering flames of their revival fires. Thousands of ministering disciples have fallen asleep in the garden, instead of watching with their Lord and clinging with unswerving faith to the old-time religion and old-time power. Multitudes have denied Him, His Deity, His Virgin birth, His miracles, His atoning blood shed on the cross of Calvary. Multitudes of professing disciples have followed afar off in cold, half-hearted service, stood warming themselves at the fires of the world, gossiping with the maid of worldliness, condoning the theater, the dance hall, the card table, and the selfish godlessness of the backsliding church.

As the church has grown more cold and apart from God, they have let down the bars and stilled the old-time forceful preaching of straight-line cleavage between the church and the world—the things of God and mammon. The world and the devil have grown more aggressive and come swarming in to possess each foot of ground the church relinquished.

And now, here they sit, behind closed doors, huddled together with fear and trembling, for fear of their oppressors! Ministers are looking upon ministers these days—bishops are turning aghast to look into the faces of other bishops—theological students are looking searchingly into the faces of theological students, all the more thinking and deeply spiritual, are turning one to the other

asking—men and brethren, what shall we do? The old-time power is missing—the Amen Corner is dead—the resounding Hallelujahs are silent. The old all nights of prayer are a thing of the past. Altar calls and the weeping of sinners for their sins, men have called emotionalism, and we sought to steady the ark. And now our Lord is dead. His miracles are a thing of the past. Our pews are empty. Our altars deserted, and the heathen cry upon us “Where is your God?”

Sh—sh—sh! Bar the doors; shade the windows. Be silent. Let us preach no more the Deity of our Lord and the power of His atonement for fear of what the enemy may do unto us. Let us hold our peace—let down the bars of clean-cut division between things spiritual and worldly. Let us preach a popularized gospel that shall draw upon us no fire from the enemy, for if we cry out and preach “The Four-Square Gospel,” —Jesus, Mighty Saviour, Baptizer with the Holy Spirit, Great Physician and Coming King, will not our foes be stirred up against us and quickly make an end of us altogether. Let us therefore compromise and seek to win their favor.

But no! In the midst of the fear and trembling, the consternation, and the realization of the need, there is, standing “in the midst” of the troubled disciples today, the radiant form of Jesus Christ, The Word, who in days gone by became flesh and dwelt among us. The Light of the world is He, even a light that shineth in darkness, though the darkness comprehendeth it not.

Spreading out His hands, o'er each troubled head, He fain would speak the words again “Peace, be unto you.” Your Lord is not dead; He is risen. He is not the great I WAS, but the great I AM—even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. You need stay in sin and trembling not another moment. The things which Christ did yesterday, He lives to do today. He is still the Lion of the tribe of Judah, who never lost a battle. No longer need we stand with furled banners trailing in the dust. No longer need ours be a losing, but a winning, fight. Revival fires may leap and glow and burn again.

Altars may again be filled with weeping penitents and supplicants for mercy, for these are the days of revival. The Lord is in the midst saying "Peace be unto you."

No more need we labor and strain to work up revivals and church membership by worldly tactics. An old-time Holy Ghost revival with the old-time Holy Ghost power and the exaltation of Jesus Christ will still draw multitudes unto the Master's feet.

"As my Father has sent me, so send I you." The words still apply to the present day. Citadels may still be taken for God. The world may still be turned upside-down by believers in His name. Sinners can still be swept into the kingdom in multitudes. The sick can still be healed, and believers be made to over-flow with the fullness of the Holy Ghost. Could the Master stand for but a moment, visible in the midst of this church today, surely His third message would follow the other two in quick succession. And He would diagnose the condition, the lack, the need of the church, which had caused such serious failure in the very places where the churches should have been the most powerful and successful. And would still point the way to the solution of the whole problem with the soul-illuminating words "Receive ye, the Holy Ghost."

How similar are the existing conditions in the church today to those of the early disciples in the days gone by. Surely, the lack is identical. The failure is identical. And the solution to the problem is identical.

Yesterday

Consider for a moment the change wrought in the lives of these same brethren when they were baptized with the Holy Spirit on the memorable day of Pentecost. For ten days had they waited in the upper room, and the reward of their waiting had been the mighty outpouring, wherein there came a sound as of a rushing wind from heaven, which filled the whole house. And while tongues of fire were

sent upon each of them, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Instantaneously, a most marvelous and miraculous change was wrought in their lives. They were galvanized into action. They sprang from their knees. Bounded down the steps from the upper room. Rushed out into the teeming streets of Jerusalem. Faces aglow. Hearts aflame. Voices rising, ringing exultingly. Hands uplifted. Lips touched with a live coal from off the altar. Words like flames of fire setting ablaze the oil of the Holy Spirit which flowed from the innermost depths of their being.

Hallelujah! Is it possible that these are the same people who sat within the confines of a certain house but a few days ago, fearful, trembling, compromising—almost afraid of their own shadows?

Lift up your eyes, and look at Peter yonder. See him standing in the midst of the surging multitude, head high, shoulders back. Arms flung out o'er the heads of the people, denouncing their sins and unbelief in vitriolic terms! No uncertainty here!

"You are the people who took Jesus, the Son of God, and by wicked hands have crucified and nailed Him to the tree."

"Peter! Are you not afraid to thus openly speak of the Lord Jesus? And to accuse these men of the murder of their Messiah. Do you not know that their anger and wrath is still unappeased and that Satan within their hearts could easily incite and stir their hearts to put you to death, even as they did your Master?" Tell me Peter, do you not think you should use a little more judgment? Are you not fearful of the fray?

"Afraid? Afraid! No, bless God. I have received the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, the dynamite of God! Afraid, I tell you, no! Fear is a thing of the past. Compromise is a thing of the past. I have received the Holy Ghost, and He has filled me so full, there is room for naught else but His courage and the out-flowing of the rivers which He has put within my heart and within my being."

Ah, what a sermon he preached that day. Three thousand souls were brought to Christ. The city of Jerusalem was shaken from center

to circumference. The events of the days that followed still go marching adown the annals of time. The conquering procession that then went forth under blood-stained banners causes our souls to shake 'neath the vision of their majestic courage. The sick were healed; the lame walked —demons were cast out, and, in one day, because of the healing of a lame man, five thousand souls were added to the Lord.

True, these witnesses were persecuted, misunderstood, beaten with many stripes, and cast into prison, but what mattered that? They had received the Holy Ghost, and Satanic hosts must tremble 'neath the mighty onrush of their preaching, prayer, and praise. Chains and shackles fell off them. Jailers quaked, and prison doors were flung ajar. These had the secret of victory. These had the secret of success. These had the key that unlocked the storehouse of God's plenty and called down Holy Ghost outpourings upon a dry and thirsty land. These had a touch of burning fire that could melt down unbelief and coldness and kindle such a blaze as Satan's adversaries were unable to extinguish. These multiplied their numbers three hundredfold within a day. These preached an unswerving, an uncompromising gospel that swept the country, shook communities, and convinced the unbeliever of the supernatural, miracle-working power of a resurrected Lord.

Today

Let us awake, oh Church of the living God today. Let us sit trembling behind the barred doors in fear no longer. The Lord is risen. Death and hell are under His feet. The devil is a defeated foe. Our Lord, a conqueror and Saviour.

That which we need above all else today is a return of the old-time power of Pentecost. Without this power, the early disciples would have been helpless—would never have succeeded, would have gone on for the rest of their lives in fear and compromise, and in

fishing from the wrong side of the ship of life, brought in naught but empty nets.

The solution to their problem is the solution to our problem. In our own strength, we can do nothing. Oh, hear the Master say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The linger of yon apostolic revivals is pointing back to Pentecost. Let us arise and wend our way unto the upper room. Let us tarry until we are endued with the Holy Ghost and power.

Thank God, thousands have already tarried and have not been turned empty away. The latter rain outpouring of the Holy Spirit is descending from heaven in copious showers. Ministers and laymen are receiving the mighty baptism of the Spirit just as did the hundred and twenty in the second chapter of Acts in that glorious upper room. Thousands are again turning to Christ under the preaching of such spirit-filled believers and being born into the kingdom of our God and His Christ. Let nothing deter you. Do not put it off until tomorrow. Begin this very hour to wait upon the Lord until the mantle of His Spirit descends upon you. Then shall we lift our hearts and our songs together in worship and in praise of Him who has caused us to triumph gloriously and say farewell to trembling and trepidation behind closed doors! Welcome victory and unctionized preaching of the resurrected Lord! Farewell, empty altars and unfruitful ministry. Welcome, old-time religion with your old-time power, multitudinous conversions, flaming Amen Corners and exultation of the living Lord as the all-conquering Jehovah Jirah.

A Continuous and Ever-Increasing Revival



April 1923



WE ARE NOW living in the very heart of a most mighty and notable revival. Its power and influence is flowing out through the community, city, and state.

Truly, the Lord sits enthroned in our midst by the power of the Spirit and His train hath filled the Temple. Like great tidal-waves that eddy and surge, the multitudes throng Angelus Temple at Echo Park and go forth again, His praise to swell.

Literally thousands have wept their way to the altars, confessing their sin and accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and Lord. Hundreds are being buried with Christ beneath the waters of baptism. Hundreds are being touched by the healing powers of Jesus, the great Physician. The blind have received their sight, the deaf have received their hearing, the lame have cast aside their crutches and leaped as an hart. Cancers have melted like snow before the sun. Gall-stones have passed away. Dropsy, palsy, paralysis, and tuberculosis have been healed at the touch of the nail-pierced hand of the gentle Nazarene.

Several hundreds have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in the upper room where the power falls daily. Hundreds of young men and women have consecrated their lives to the ministry, the missionary, and the evangelistic fields; many of these are now in training for the work. Ministers, who are pastors of denominational churches, have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire and are now preaching the Four-Square Gospel with great power and wisdom.

A mighty revival is on among the little children. In addition to Sunday School work, which is growing rapidly, a children's church has been organized in the Temple. Hundreds of children ranging from four years of age to sixteen and seventeen meet to hear and tell the love of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of heaven."

Here children lead the singing. Children lead in prayer. Children who have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in a most precious manner preach wonderful sermons from the Word of God and give the altar calls which bring hundreds of their schoolmates to kneel at the Saviour's feet. Children are the altar workers who pray their playmates through to Salvation and brush the glistening tear drops from their cheeks. Children conduct their own divine healing meeting and pray for the sick and afflicted among the little ones with most remarkable results.

During the children's church the older folk occupy the balconies and look down with tears of joy upon their little ones on the main floor and platform as they sing, and preach, and pray. Oftentimes, old men, who have for years rejected the call of an infinitely loving Saviour, have been seen to break down utterly and surrender their hearts to the Lord of Glory. And a little child has led them.

The entire atmosphere of the Temple is constantly bathed with prayer. In the Watch Tower, which has been builded on the top floor, two women pray by day, and two men by night in two-hour sessions, one hundred and sixty-eight intercessors at least volunteering each week to tend the fires upon the holy altar of intercession. Letters and telegrams are streaming in from all over the continent asking prayer for loved ones and for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The one requirement of those addressing petitions for intercession in the watch tower is that the ones requesting prayers will themselves spend at least one hour a day on their knees in prayer for the same object, and fast and pray one day a week for the answer and write the watch tower weekly as to whether the answer has come. The

influence of these streams of prayer are felt everywhere about the place. One cannot enter the building without being conscious of the presence of the Lord.

Sinners have been swept with such mighty conviction that they have sat gripping the seat in front of them and trembling from head to foot. They who have come to scoff have remained to weep and pray. The sunrise prayer meetings and the Friday all days of fasting and prayer still see scores being blessedly filled with the Spirit. In the Evangelistic and Missionary Training School, wherein scores of the student body are training for the ministry, the power of God falls, till at times lessons must be dispensed with for a time to let the Spirit have His blessed right of way. A thorough course in the Bible is being given, besides a practical training in Evangelism. The school is growing rapidly, and it is expected that with the opening of the second term next September hundreds of students will be enrolled and preparing to enter the harvest fields of life as Spirit-filled winners of souls. The spirit of song that falls upon the audience is remarked by thousands. As the great Angelus Temple Organ, which has now been installed, swells forth the praises of the Almighty God, and the people lift their voices in praises and adoration, it seems, as though the listener is swept from earth to the courts of glory and to the throne of God.

Delegates are here from practically every state in the Union and from the Dominion of Canada. It seems as though our wondrous Redeemer has kindled in our midst a burning revival which should never die till He parts the clouds of glory and comes to take His waiting church away.

Souls for Sale



Angelus Temple
May 13, 1923

For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

MATTHEW 16:26



SOULS FOR SALE —Are you a Christian, brother, sister? “No? Then step right up this way, please.”

SOULS FOR SALE —Satan is very anxious to buy and is ready to pay you right handsomely for it.

“Step this way, ladies and gentlemen. The devil is waiting at his auction table, waiting impatiently for you!”

The Society Lady

This way, Society Lady. Step right up before the table, please. Is your soul on the market? What price are you asking? I will offer you silver and gold, houses and lands, a town house and a country home, a seashore residence, servants, limousines, your picture in the society section, and the account of your doings in “Who’s Who.” I will offer you card parties, dances, and the finest box at the opera, fame and fortune, a gaudy, empty, whirling life.

What matter though the heart be empty and lonely at the end of life’s day! What matter though death may find you empty-handed, poor

and blind and naked before God. Live for the day, let the morrow take care of itself. If you lose your soul, you will have lots of company. Come on, Society Lady, will you sell your soul? “Yes—yes—I want the things of the world—fashion and pride, satin and pearls—my hands are reaching out for them. Yes, I will sell my soul; perhaps someday I can buy it back again after I have drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs.”

SOULS FOR SALE —GOING! GOING! GONE! Down comes the gavel upon the auctioneer’s table.

She has sold her soul. Rouged lips, painted cheeks, bejeweled fingers, perfumed gowns, and cloaks of ermine. Gaiety and folly she faces with an empty smile and tired, bored eyes.

SOULS FOR SALE —Others are following after.

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Oh, you poor, tired, empty-hearted little woman, don’t you know what a mistake you are making? Do you know that an empty heart and an empty life will be your portion and that life is but a few ticks upon the clock of time, while eternity is forever and forever and forever? Will you not turn yourself about and run swift-footed back, back to Calvary—there to kneel at the foot of the rugged Cross? The Lord Jesus is the only one who can redeem you now. You have sold yourself, but He has paid the ransom price.

But, no, she turns and sweeps down the path of life into the gilded palaces and in the crash of the orchestras, the roll of the drums, in the whirl of the dance, and the chatter of frivolous conversation seeks to drown the persistent cravings of her heart.

Moving Picture Actress

SOULS FOR SALE —Others are following after. Step lively, please, young woman.

The flush of youth is in your cheeks. The dawn of life is in your eyes. The spring of keen vitality is in your footstep. Come, my dear, step up to the auction table.

SOULS FOR SALE —Are you willing to sell yours, my dear? The world is stretched before you in inviting and appealing array.

You would like moving picture fame, you say? You would like to see your name in electric letters all atwinkle and aglow over Broadway? Right this way, please. You must pass the church, pass the altar, pass the cross, put your fingers in your ears to the soft sweet voice that is bidding you take the cross and follow the Master. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed, you know. Therefore, choose the world, honour, fame, popularity, success, and stardom. Come, little moth, fly toward the light of brilliant, blinding, successful stardom.

Are you ready to sell your youth, time, strength, vitality, and warm young devotion which might be given to the Lord Jesus and the salvation of souls? Are you ready to sell it for theatrical fame?

Back comes the answer in a voice all tremulous with the magnitude of the decision of the moment.

“Yes—yes—I—will—sell—it—that precious soul of mine, for popularity, for applause. I will exchange reality for hollow make-believe, art, and acting. My name—oh, will it be ablaze on Broadway? My picture in the magazines? Yes—yes, world, I am giving to you the best that I have of strength and brain and talent.” All right, little lady, the bargain is closed.

GOING! GOING! GONE!

Down goes the gavel upon the auctioneer’s table, and another soul has been sold in exchange for the hope of worldly advancement and honour. “Making a mistake, are you not, little girl, in stepping out into these untried fields? Do you not care that you must leave your Christ behind, that you get so immersed in the world and make-believe that you will lose the memory and the glory of your mother’s prayers in the very different life you used to live in the little home out on the farm? Are you sure—sure that you have not made a terrible mistake?”

“You are seeking after the apple of pleasure, of advancement, of popularity, but when you have gotten it all, my dear, you will find

that it but crumbles to bitter ashes in your hands and in your heart. Turn, turn to the Saviour yet, I pray.”

The Politician

SOULS FOR SALE —Step this way, please, you man seeking political fame. Are you willing to sell your soul? Are you willing to drop some of the high ideals that you have always cherished? Are you willing to shade your convictions just a little? Are you willing to accept a little graft? Are you willing to keep in with the policy of a party, with whom as a Christian you cannot agree? Are you willing to wink at profiteering and wickedness in high places? Have you a soul for sale?

You say you wish to climb the social ladder, that you wish to climb from height to height. Step right up please, and we will see that you get your backing, that you get your advancement as long as you are willing to pull the strings that we ask you to pull. Are you willing? Are you ready? Will you sell?

“Yes—yes, I—I see the capital just ahead. I see the banquets, the clubs. I hear the toasts made over the shining silver! Yes, I will sell.”

GOING! GOING! GONE!

Down goes the gavel again! And another soul is passing on, arms outstretched, eyes kindled with the dreams of future climbing!

Oh, man, why did you not cling to your pure high ideals and trust the Lord for your political standing? Do you not know that it is the men who have trusted in the Lord and the cause of righteousness, who have had the courage of their convictions that have made America what it is today?

Don’t! Don’t sell your soul. You are selling it too cheaply! You are getting the worst end of the bargain. Come, come, give back to Christ the soul you owe. Give it back into His own dear service and employ.

But, the struggling fame-blinded politician, he is gone down the road that leads to glittering fame, but it is being purchased at a heavy price—the selling of his eternal soul.

The Pleasure Lover

SOULS FOR SALE —Step up quickly, folks.

Come, pleasure-lover, for what will you sell your soul? I offer you a dazzling array of good things—theaters clad in electric lights from top to bottom, the picture show, the drama, the cabaret. I offer you the dance-hall ablaze with the lights of kaleidoscopic color, the soft crooning voice of the orchestra that sweeps one along the downward path so gently and with such swiftness that one scarce knows the way one is taking until one is at the very end, the bitter awakening, when the pitiless light of Eternity shines down illumining Folly’s Way, stripping bare of camouflage and cheap tawdriness the gilded road of sin and of un-Christlikeness.

I offer the gambling hall, the card table, the race track, and the sporting things of life, joy rides, drugs to deaden the conscience, novels to fill the idle hours, when feet and heart are aching. Come, quickly, please, pleasure-lover. Step up before the Devil’s auction block. All these things we offer you. Are you willing and ready to sell your soul?

The blare of the band, the dazzle of multitudinous lights, the tripping of a thousand feet o’er the smooth glassy floor fills in the hush while a soul is deciding what the answer will be.

Then comes back the decision “Yes—yes—I want the world, its pleasures, its gaiety, its lights have blinded me. I cannot think very clearly, but I want it. Yes—I will sell my soul.”

GOING! GOING! GONE! Down comes the auctioneer’s gavel again!

Giddy, foolish, silly little soul—do you not know that there is more pleasure and honest joy and contentment in the service of the Lord, even in this world than can be found in the paths of godlessness? Can you not see that the Christian joy is deep, sincere, abiding, while the sinner’s so-called joy is but a thin veil of pretense, an empty nothingness, a sham, a cheap imitation of that which the Lord has to give?

Have you not considered the Christian life—not only here but in Eternity? The music, the joy, the glory of that Celestial City which knows neither sorrow, tears nor dying, and where there is no night? Oh, dear heart, choose this day whom you will serve. Remember that you cannot love the things of the world and the things of the Saviour, too. Turn your face up toward Calvary.

But, no, that little empty heart is turned toward the paths of gaiety; the little feet are slipping fast along the downward road!

The Businessman

Ho! Businessman, you, too, are standing before the auction block! Your mind is oiled with business—money, money, and then more money. You have no time for Christ, have you? No time for the church or for religion? You are seeking to climb the ladder of financial conquests.

Come, step up to the block, and sell your soul! A little crooked business, a few shady deals, the floating of worthless oil stock, the gathering in of the pennies of the working girl, the widow, and the unsuspecting dupe. Sell your soul I say, and I will lead you into the green paths of money-making, line mansions, chariots, and servants.

What say? Will you sell? Will you sell your soul today?

“Yes. I never have taken much stock in these ideas of religion; never have had much time to think about God and the church. I always thought such things were all right for women and children and weaker men. No. I think that instead of dreaming of another world, I will simply work and plan and build for today upon the treacherous sands of a prayerless life.”

“You will give me money, pleasure, promotion, and greatness in the market, you say? All right—I will strike with you a bargain.”

GOING! GOING! GONE!

Oh, foolish man, do you not know that just as many men who have builded upon the solid rock of righteousness and self-respect and

godly living have prospered and laid by money and treasure, and used it to good advantage, as they who have sold their souls for a miserable mess of pottage that could never satisfy? Seek first the Kingdom and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you!

Unequal Marriages for Money

Right this way young lady, I am in the market to buy your soul. I will offer you social standing, the name of an old, well-known family, a historical mansion, money, and a title, if you will marry old Mr. Goldenrocks, and thus feather your own nest and sell your soul at one and the same time. What if he is an old man who has lived a sporting, sinful, disreputable life. What if you don't love him? He wants your beauty, your gracious presence as lady of the house.

No, he is not a Christian, in fact, far from it. He is not your age, nor could he be considered your equal either physically, spiritually, or mentally.

But, come along, my dear, can you not picture the balls, the fancy dress affairs, the glint of the moon upon the waves of the lake just outside his windows, the green terraces, the soft-footed servants?

Come, my dear, a girl has to do the best she can for herself, you know. You can't be too prudish. Sell your soul!

No, you can never cherish that secret self-respect in your heart again, nor that old abandonment in prayer and Bible study. But come, my dear, you have earthly considerations. Will you sell?

“Yes—I—will—sell. All my life I have craved a title, a famous old mansion. Perhaps the romantic beauty of it will help me to forget the part that I want to forget, and I can immerse myself in the pleasures and social duty of such a life.”

Righto.

GOING! GOING! GONE!

Down comes the gavel, and another foolish sacrifice has been made.

Lassie, lassie, do you not know that in the service of the Lord, you might have gained a title? That in heavenly places you may have dwelt in a mansion so glorious that by comparison this earthly home would fade into insignificance, a tiara and a crown more brilliant than that worn by the Queen of England? Do you not know that you are going at it the wrong way, dear heart? That the way to health and glory, happiness and fame that really lasts and endures, is found by the way of Calvary's Cross, and lies in the City Just Beyond?

On, on they came—the gambler, the money-seeker, the card-player, the man and woman who are selling their souls for business opportunities and advancement. What a multitude, this is! Flowing, flowing, flowing—like a river they pass the auctioneer's table. Some, however, thank God, are refusing to sell and are turning heavenward by the path of the old Rugged Cross.

SOULS FOR SALE —Every man, woman, and child in the world has been loaned a soul by God Almighty. Many thousands of years ago, God formed the first man from the dust of the ground. He then breathed into the nostrils of the form that He had molded, and man became a living soul. From that day to this, God has been the author of human life.

Man has tried to mold mortals of clay and by electricity and other processes give them life. They don't seem to understand that it is the Breath of God, the power and the Wisdom of God that has made and given life.

"Will you give your soul to the Lord Jesus Christ?" I asked a man some time ago. "No," he answered. "My soul is my own, and it is no business of the world or of His children if I wish to live my own life."

"But, brother," I answered, "You are mistaken. Your soul is not your own; it was only loaned to you by the Lord and must return to the God who gave it shortly. And when we had sold ourselves for naught, God gave us His only begotten Son to redeem us not by silver or gold, but His own precious Life's blood."

Esau Sold His Birthright for a Mess of Pottage

This auction table and the selling of souls are by no means new. Many thousands of years ago, Esau passed this auctioneer's table and sold his birthright to his enemy. Hungry and faint he had come in from the fields and saw, on his homeward journey, a mess of pottage which his brother Jacob was cooking over the fire. The savor, the fragrance from the boiling caldron made him more faint than ever. And he cried unto his brother, "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage, for I am faint." And Jacob said, "Sell me this day thy birthright."

"Of course, you can have the pottage, but you sell me your inheritance if you would buy." Likewise, many of today, faint and hungry for something to satisfy, have been wandering in the fields of Earthly Life and have seen a mess of pottage—pottage of worldliness, sin, pride, money-making, social standing and success simmering over the Flame of this Earthly Life, who, upon the expression of a desire for possession, have learned that they, too, must sell their birthright, their soul, their inheritance of the glory life to come. And Esau said, "Behold, I am at the point of dying, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?"

How many have said this same thing! I am dying of loneliness, dying for something to do, for pleasure, for money, for success!

Oh, Esau, Esau, did you not see your father's house just over the hilltop? Did you not know that it was only a little way further to the shelter of his arms, to a table that was spread with far richer dainties than these in the simmering caldron? Did you not know that by satisfying this hunger of the moment you will reap eternal regret?

But, no, he did not seem to stop to think. Jacob, however, driving the bargain at the other side of the caldron, was thinking clearly and consummating a shrewd, hard deal and was saying, "Swear to me this day!" and Esau swore unto him. And he sold his birthright unto Jacob. "Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage and lentils, and he

did eat and drink, and rose up and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright.”

What a fearful price he paid for a miserable little mess of pottage which left him just as hungry a few hours after he ate as he had been before? He sold his lineal right to have the Christ born of his direct line. He sold his right to the treasures of his father—the hills, the valleys, the home, the cattle. And we read a sad, sad sequel in Hebrews 12:16–17.

“Esau, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected. For he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears.”

What do you think of a man like that? What do you think of a business deal like that? Pretty poor policy to sell one’s great inheritance for a morsel of meat. And yet, how many are doing that self-same thing today! Selling their hope, their peace, their life which might have been lived in service, their heavenly home, their mansion in the skies, for a pitifully small mite of pleasure in this poor old world below.

Judas Sold Out for Thirty Pieces of Silver

Judas sold his immortal soul, betrayed his Lord, and entered the paths of unrighteousness for thirty pieces of silver. He sold his peace of mind, his happiness, his self-respect, the right to the smile of his Lord, his right to eternal life at the right hand of the Father—all for thirty pieces of silver.

What sort of a bargain do you think that was? Do you not think that Satan gets the best end of it every time? What a deceiver he is as he sits beside his auction table saying, “Come, Judas. Come hear the silver clinking together. Is it not music and melody to your ears? Come, sell your Lord—no one will ever know. Give him the traitor’s kiss in the dark and be a ‘professor,’ even though you are not a ‘possessor.’”

Will you sell, Judas? Will you sell? “Yes—yes,” came the answer, “I will sell my Lord, my soul, my eternal happiness.”

And the gavel fell.

Ananias and Sapphira

Ananias and Sapphira for a little money parted with their lives on Earth and their right to the Tree of Life in heaven.

It was at the time when all the disciples were selling their houses and lands and laying the price gained therefrom at the Apostles’ feet. There was nothing compulsory about it; ’twas just a joyous privilege.

Ananias and Sapphira, evidently anxious to gain the plaudits of the people for their self-sacrifice, sold their land, but they had the money in their hands and decided to hold back a part of the price. Upon the discovery of their sin, they both fell down and gave up the ghost. They had had their opportunity to serve the Lord, but they had sold their souls to the enemy for a portion of money, and the place thereof knew them no more.

One might speak of many others: the brothers who sold Joseph for silver, Aiken in whose tent were hidden the idols of gold and silver, Dives, the man of purple and silver, who sold his eternal inheritance and permitted Lazarus to beg at his gate. Into the eternal state of this rich man we are given a glimpse and read that in Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment and seeing Lazarus in Abraham’s bosom, called unto him that he should bring so much as a drop of water to cool his parched tongue.

Life is but for a moment; eternity is forever and forever.

Here were two men—the one who sold out to Satan for a few years’ earthly gaiety and sin, and the other who refused, who made God his choice, and who stood triumphant. Or, one might speak of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus Christ by night, and who, hearing the message, “Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor,” went away sorrowing.

Or one might remember Moses, when he was come to years, refused to sell his soul and “refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward.” By faith he forsook Egypt, “not fearing the wrath of the King, for He endured as seeing Him who is invisible” (Heb. 11:24–26).

What decision have you made? What disposition do you propose to make of your soul?

The Girl Who Sold Her Soul for a Dress

Have you heard of the young woman who was gloriously converted at a church service some years ago whose mother was a worldly, selfish, vain woman? The heart of the mother was well-nigh broken over the daughter’s choice and decision. She had planned a very different life for her, and in order to coax her back to the old paths, she purchased for her one of the most handsomely trimmed and beautifully modeled ball gowns which had ever been the privilege of the daughter to behold. Holding it before the girl’s eyes with all its glitter and spangles and gold, the floating mistiness of its drapery, she said, “Now, my dear, if you will go with me to the ball tomorrow night, this is your dress.”

The eyes of the daughter sparkled, she could not resist the appeal of the ball gown, accepted her mother’s gift, turned from the Christ and went to the ball. On, on, on, hour after hour, she danced—the belle of the ball. At last, warm and exhausted, she went to sit out a dance on the piazza where the cool night breeze was blowing strongly off the lake. She was chilled through and through and went home still shivering. In the night, her fever soared; the next day, it soared still higher, up and up. Double pneumonia quickly developed, and the young woman was given up to die.

As she was about to pass away, her mother was standing at the foot of the bed weeping inconsolably. The daughter looked up at her with rather a hard look back of the fevered glitter of her eyes, and said, “Mother, will you please bring in the ball gown and hang it up at the foot of my bed?” Eager to do anything to please her child, the mother did as requested. And when it was hanging there, the mother asked, “Why do you want it, my dear?” The girl replied, “Oh, mother, mother, it was for that dress that I sold my soul, my Lord, my Christian experience, my heaven. Now, I am dying, and I cannot take the dress with me. Mother, mother, I sold my soul for that fancy dress”—and she was gone.

The Girl in the Chalmers Car

While preaching in Corona, Long island, some time ago, Rev. Boughton told me a wonderful story of one of the young women who was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit during our revival campaign in his church. She was the daughter of a society woman.

The mother was filled with schemes and planning and ambition for the success of her child. All of her training had been such as would tend to make her worldly, fashionable, proud, but during a revival meeting she had given her heart to the Lord, made an out and out surrender, and turned her back upon the empty things of the world.

Upon learning of her daughter’s conversion, the worldly mother was wild with anger and selfish disappointment. For years the daughter had been wanting a car of her own, This very day the mother set out for the city and bought her daughter the most magnificently appointed Chalmers car that she could find, had it driven up to the door, brought her daughter out, and had her seated behind the great shining wheel in the driver’s seat, and said to her, “Now, my daughter, you know that I have always planned a society life for you. I have spent money on your dancing lessons, your operatic singing,

and your entire training has been toward that life. I don't want you to get these foolish ideas of religion into your head, yet. When you are older there will be time enough to think of these things. If you will give up these silly church meetings and this sentimental idea of renouncing the world and its joys, this car is yours, and you can drive it away."

For a few moments, the daughter looked longingly at the shining dials, the buttons, and the electric switches of the car; she let her fingers slide over the smooth mahogany of the steering wheel. And then she narrowed her eyes and sighted down the long, inviting, tree-bowered road ahead, then back at the car. And last of all, at her mother, and said, with misty eyes but with not a quiver in her voice, "Mother, I choose Jesus Christ before anything else in the world. I cannot sell my soul, sell my Lord for a motor car or for the whole world put together."

Which of these two young women, think you, made the best bargain?

SOULS FOR SALE —What will you do, lassie? What will you do, laddie? Is your soul in the market? Remember, that if you sell it to the enemy, you will always get the worst end of the bargain, and that "the wages of sin is death," while the gift of God is eternal life.

Do not, oh, do not, let the gavel fall upon any such bargain, I pray. Turn to the Lord Jesus and seek salvation. How He loves you! By His own precious blood, He has paid the price to redeem it. The decision rests with you. Which shall it be—salvation or hell, joy or sorrow? Vain, trivial allurements of the Earth, which abide for a moment, or the deep rich glories of heaven, which shall last forever and forever.

This is the day of decision—Choose ye!

The Angel at Bethesda's Pool



June 1923



THE LONG SILENCE of the centuries lay still and unbroken between the closing of the years of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New. The voices of Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi were silent. The thirsty earth was waiting, listening, yearning for the coming of the Messiah—Christ.

But though there was stillness, and though the voices of the prophets were silent, the ache in the hearts of the people, the dire need of the world for a Saviour and a healer was no less, but rather, the greater. Sinful and sick, needy and heavy-laden, they stretched up their hands and yearned for the Deliverer. Well, indeed, could they ask, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

The hearts of the priests and the Lord's ministers had become heavy and steeped with unbelief. No longer preached they Jehovah-Jirah as the great I am, the present help in the time of trouble. They had ceased from preaching of old-fashioned conviction, repentance, and turning from sin. No longer did they advocate and teach Divine Healing—the miraculous healings of Moses' day—the promises of David, the miracles of Elisha had been tucked away amidst the dim and distant memories of a cherished past. As far as they knew or were concerned, the day of miracles was over. Folks must struggle on as best they could now and bear with patience and submission their burdens of pain and disease. As far as they were concerned, the inclination and willingness of the Lord to heal the sick in answer to believing prayer was a closed book.

But, though hearts were filled with unbelief and pride, the need of the groaning, travailing world was still no less. The cry of the suffering and the oppressed rose to the high heavens and stirred the Lord upon His throne. Such cries the Lord could not, would not, overlook! But what was to be done? Who would go to point them to the Lamb of God, the burden-bearer—who was just the same that day as in the days of Abraham, Moses, and Elias?

When God wants an errand done or a message run, He looks for an errand boy or a messenger. So deep, however, in the slumber and the stupor of unbelief were the men of this day that they merely tossed their heads and said, “Oh, the day of miracles is passed. These things are not for the present generation.” Still higher and higher rose the cry into the heavens—the cry for Salvation, Healing and Deliverance. The great clock of eternity had not yet struck the hour when the Lord Jesus Christ should be born and come as the Messiah, the Deliverer, the Saviour, the Great Physician, the Balm of Gilead, with healing in His wings.

Who would go?

Ever since the dawn of time it had pleased the Father and had been His constant desire, as it still is, to use human instrumentality to bring the message, to convey His treasures in earthen vessels, to take up a worm to thrash a mountain, and to use unworthy man to declare the power of His worthy name. But now, alas, as He looked through the whole world, there was not one found ready with the message!

Who would go—Whom should He send?

Not finding a messenger on the face of the earth, the Father-heart of Love, turned to the angels of heaven, whom He uses sometimes as a last resort when human messengers have failed. And in His heart was a love which must have cried, “Go, angel of the Lord, go trouble the waters of Bethesda’s pool! I am so anxious to deliver, so willing and desirous to heal the sick, that if mankind will not go to preach it, I must send an angel from my throne. See the perplexed

and the suffering sons of men, and go forth to speak of my willingness to heal their sicknesses. Many are under the impression that my healing power was only for the day of Moses and Elisha. Spread thy pinions, speed away, and tell them that my mercies are forever. That my love shall last alway.”

Over the balustrades of heaven, adown the golden streets, out through the gates of solid pearl, down, down past the singing stars and the silver moon, down, down from heaven to earth on the wings of loving ministration, the Angel of the Lord did come, sent by the Word of the Master, drawn by the cry of men, to trouble Bethesda’s waters, that the sick might plunge therein.

Quickly, quickly, the word sped out and on. The days of miracles were not over! The Lord was just the same, able to say unto the weary, “Come, I will give you rest.” The blind and the lame were gathered, the deaf and the maimed and the halt. They plunged in the troubled waters and were made whole. Oh, glorious thought! When man fails, God sends His angels. So willing, so anxious is He to lift the weak, to comfort the faint, to heal the sick and infirm.

Surely never again while the earth shall stand, can man ever doubt God’s willingness or power to heal, or say that His gifts were for yesterday and not for the present hour! How the angels must have rushed to the jasper walls and gazed with wonder down upon earth, as the sick were made whole, and the weak were made strong, and the blind were made to see!

Then came the days of the Master. His precious sandaled feet trod the shores of Galilee and walked the busy streets. Clothed with the Spirit of the Lord, anointed to preach to the poor, sent to heal the broken of heart and deliver the captive bound, to recover sight to the eyes of the blind, and to liberate those that were bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord and open the Living Way.

The fame of it went through all the land. The multitudes followed hard. The woman who touched the hem of His robe was made whole that very hour. The little children crept into His arms and were held

tight to His bosom. He laid His hands upon their heads and blessed them everyone. None was so kind and gentle. None so fair as He. At His word, the storm-clouds rolled away. His voice calmed the raging sea. Glory, majesty, honour, power, and dominion were His. Prison doors were opened, and shackles lay broken before the sound of His mighty voice. The hungry were satisfied, and to those who had no might was given strength by this man of Galilee.

One day in His heart, the Saviour said, "I will go to Bethesda's pool to behold the work of my angel there, who troubles the waters oft that the sick may be healed as they plunge in its life-giving flow." As He drew near, the multitude lay—impotent folk, withered and blind, eagerly watching the placid depths, waiting its troubling again. Waiting the hand that should stir the pool, ready to plunge and be made whole from suffering and from pain.

But there lay by the pool a certain man, who had suffered for thirty-eight years with an infirmity which no man could heal, and ever as He was drawing nigh, another stepped in before him. Jesus saw, and Jesus knew the longing in this man's heart. He saw the yearning, heard the cry of a despairing soul and, covering quickly the distance between them, spake softly and said,

"Be not cast down, oh, trembling one, look up. Wilt thou be made whole?"

But the impotent man answered, "Sir, I have no man to put me in the pool. When the waters are troubled, and I am coming painfully slow, another steppeth down before me."

There must have been a world of sorrow, bordering reproach in the words "I have no man to put me in the pool."

Oh, God help us. Is this not true today? Are not men inclined to shake their heads and say "The day of grace and miracles have all, all passed away; the Lord heals not the suffering, nor the afflicted ones here below, and to put the impotent in the pool, they are painfully, painfully slow." But the Lord will have a messenger, though He

must send him from the skies. The cry of the needy will be answered though He raiseth ministers from the stones of the street.

Oh Lord, help us tell the story. Grant that we fail Thee not. For Thou art the same unchanging Christ, yesterday, today, and for aye.

And Jesus said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk, afflicted one," and immediately he was whole. He took up his bed and walked and ran into the house of the Lord. And there it was that the Lord found him—in the Temple worshipping and, drawing him apart, instructed him, "Behold, thou art whole. But go thy way and sinless be, lest a worse thing than thou hast known should be visited on thee."

And the man departed, witnessing and telling everywhere that it was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who had come and made him whole. Pointing out to others, the Physician dear, who made the lame to walk, who pardoned sin, who gave the thirsty drink and made the dumb to speak.

*Let us awake and forward go,
Tell the story, too,
That Jesus Christ is just the same,
His Name is Faithful and True.*

*That never again He may be found,
Without a witness in the land,
Or be obliged to send an angel,
From His own right hand.*

*As to His power there is no doubt,
His willingness He has proved,
By the messenger sent from heaven
And Bethesda's waters moved.*

*I Pray Thee Let Us Make a
Little Chamber on the Wall*



June 1923



HERE WAS A prophet in the land. A great messenger of fire and faith was he. A man sent from God with a purpose bold. A man of answered prayer. As he walked athrough the land, he passed often a certain road upon which there dwelt a great woman. Seeing him pass by repeatedly, she called to him one day and constrained him to turn in thither and eat bread from her table.

And she said unto her husband, “Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. I pray thee, let us make a little chamber on the wall, and let us set there for Elisha a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in thither.”

And it fell on a day that he come thither, and he turned into the chamber and lay there.

A little chamber on the wall—a little chamber in the heart. Have you builded one for the Lord? Have you made for Him a resting place within your home and life? Have you swept and garnished and cleansed it? Have you lighted a candle there? A candle of faith and love and worship, of vigilance and prayer! Then the Lord Himself, apassing by, adown the roads of life shall turn into that chamber and dwell athrough the night.

This woman of Schunam was great and rich, with a home and comforts too, but one sorrow had been hers. Her hungry arms had been empty through the years. No little voice or pattering feet had

been heard upon the stairs, but she smiled to cover up the ache and told it now to none.

But Elisha knew the emptiness, the yearning of her heart, and said, "About this season, oh woman, thou shalt embrace a son. Thy life shall be filled with happiness and fruitfulness and love." And as he spoke, it came to pass that the home with laughter rang. Little feet were on the stairs—the heart of the woman sang.

A life made fruitful all because of the "Chamber on the wall!"

Have you invited the Lord into the chamber of consecration you have made? Then as a winner of souls shall your life bear fruit and your heart with laughter sing.

The prophet of God had gone His way on Carmel's mount to pray.

And when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father unto the reapers. And he said to his father, "My head, my head," And he said, "Carry the lad to his mother," he sat on her knees till noon and then died. And she went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out.

Have you the little chamber on the wall into which you can carry your troubles, your burdens, your despair? Have you a bed or resting place upon which you can lay them down? Can you, like this woman, "shut the door" upon them and go out? Oh, blessed secret chamber! Blessed resting place upon the promises of God—upon his changeless word.

"And she called unto her husband, and said, 'Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God and come again.'"

"And he said, 'Wherefore wilt thou go to him today? It is neither new moon nor Sabbath.' And she said, 'It shall be well.'"

Yes, Hallelujah! When once the Lord has dwelt within our hearts, we know that we can go to Him not only on the Sabbath, but at each hour, day, and night. That his ear is open to our cry. That his loving help is nigh.

So she went and came unto the man of God at Mount Carmel.

Are you in trouble, my sister? Burdened and distressed, my brother? Then saddle the swift horse of faith and prayer. Ascend unto Mount Carmel. The Lord will see you afar off and send his messenger.

"Then she saddled an ass and said to her servant, 'Drive and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee.'"

Oh, the earnestness, the sincerity, the perseverance, the determination of her heart. This is the way to get your prayer answered. Drive and go forward, slack not thy riding. Pray through. Mean business with God. Cross the plains. Climb the mountain summit. Pray as though you expected the answer. How many of us have slacked our riding? How many of us have given up just a little too soon? How many have ridden the horse of faith and hope and prayer in a most slow and selfish manner, thinking only of ourselves, our comfort? Praying in a half-hearted indifferent way, or going around in circles, when unbelief crept in? We will never get our prayers answered in this way. Let us face Mount Carmel! The Lord stands ready to answer prayer. Drive and go forward! Slack not thy riding! The Lord is more willing to give than you are to receive! Ask in His Name. Seek for His glory. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel, and it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi, His servant, "Yonder, is that Shunammite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her and say unto her, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?'"

"And she answered, 'It is well.'" Hallelujah! The Lord will see you riding the swiftest steed of believing prayer. He will see you afar off, and, thanks be to God, when you have builded a secret chamber on the wall and have cast your cares thereon, you will be able to answer with a smiling face and a trusting confidence through every test and trial, "It is well."

*When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrow like sea-billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
“It is well, it is well, with my soul.”*

And when she came to the man of God by the hill, she caught Him by the feet.

Have you thus fallen at the feet of Jesus Christ, your Lord? Have you thus held Him fast, refusing to let Him go! Praying for the salvation, the healing, or the restoration of your loved ones? How cold, how self-contained, how formal many of our prayers have been, compared with this of the Shunammite. She would not let Him go! “But Gehazi came near to thrust her away.”

When you begin to pray for your own or the healing or deliverance of a loved one, do not be surprised if some of the servants make it hard for you and seek to thrust you away to dampen your ardor—to dull the keen edge of your faith. For thus it was, not only in the days of Elisha, but in the days of our Lord when the blind man cried, “Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy on me.” And those who went before him rebuked him and told him that he hold his peace. And thus it was, when fond mothers brought their little children to the Lord and the disciples rebuked them. But even as He answered in the case of the blind man, “Bring him near to me,” and in the instance of the little children, “Suffer them to come, and forbid them not,” so will He answer to your persistent heart, “Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace.”

And the man of God said, “Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me and hath not told me.”

Let her alone, do not seek to undermine her faith. Let her alone. Let her cry it out and pray it out to her heart’s content. For her soul is vexed within her, and the ear of the Lord is ever open to the cry of the needy. Even as Hannah had prayed in the days gone by, so now did this woman pray till the answer came and her empty heart and arms were filled again.

Then she said, “Did I desire a son of my Lord? Did I not say, ‘Do not deceive me?’” Then he said to Gehazi, “Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way. If thou meet any man, salute him not. And if any salute thee, answer him not again, and lay my staff upon the face of the child.”

And the mother of the child said, “As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.” The servant would not answer. The servant would not satisfy her heart. Had he not rebuked her once? Had he not underestimated the power and willingness of the Master just a moment ago? Might he not do so again? No indeed, substitutes would not do. She clung the more tightly to him and cried, “As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.”

Strange words, these. Do you remember when and where they had been used before? They were used in the life of Elisha himself when he followed Elijah from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, from Jericho to the Jordan, and from the Jordan to the translation of Elijah, and the receiving of the mantle. Had he not, in speaking of his conversion and early life, given her his testimony and told her how he had gotten the answer to his prayer? How stubbornly he had insisted that he would not leave Elijah until the coveted answer, even after the descending mantle of power had been received. The two words “great woman,” with which she was introduced in the story, are truly well deserved. For with a cleverness and an intuition born of the anguish of a mother heart in sore perplexity, she seized, as a cudgel, the very words which Elisha had used when interceding with Elijah. “As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.”

And He Arose and Followed Her

But had it really been necessary for her to take the master himself? Would not the fixing of her eyes and the pinning of her faith upon the servant have been enough? Let us read on, and see, and by the outcome of her experience, you and I may know whether we should

pray through to the Master, or merely rely upon the prayers and intercessory prowess of the Lord's nearest servants.

And Gehazi passed on before them and laid the staff upon the face of the child, but there was neither voice nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him and told him, saying, "The child is not awakened."

How much like many of the ministering servants of the present day is this Gehazi, servant of Elisha! But be not discouraged, little mother, the Master is with thee. You have been wise indeed, to fix your eyes upon him direct—wise to cast your troubles upon the resting place of his promises—in the chamber which you have builded for him in your home, and the answer is on the way.

And when Elisha was come into the house, the child was dead and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.

And he went up and lay upon the child and put his mouth upon his mouth and his eyes upon his eyes and his hands upon his hands. And he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm. This woman had prayed through like Jacob of old, and now having brought the Master to the scene, she walled without, patiently expecting the answer. She had done her duty. She could now rest from her labors and trust her burdens and her most precious treasure unto him.

Have you done the same? Have you brought the Lord into your home? Is he in his secret chamber? Then fear not but believe, and thou shalt see the glory of the Lord; for even as Elisha stretched himself upon the child of the Shunammite, so has the Lord Jesus Christ been stretched upon the cross of Calvary that He might meet and cover our every need.

"His mouth upon his mouth." Yes, Lord, Thy words for my words. Thy lips of love and tenderness, truth and blessing, in exchange for my poor frailties and stammering timidity. "His eyes upon his eyes." Yes, Lord, Thy sight and clarity of vision for my blindness and groping

in the dark. Your eyes, Your vision—Your keen perception of things as they really are. May they be laid upon mine. Oh Lord, and may Thy life completely overshadow my unworthiness. "His hands upon his hands." Even so, Lord Jesus, Thy hands so strong, so capable, that they can pick up the isles as a very little thing and hold the sea in the palm thereof. Thy hands which are more tender than those of the most gentle mother. Thy hands of ministration and healing. Thy hands so quick to give, so ready to be placed upon the bowed head in blessing. Lay Thy hands upon our hands, we pray Thee that wrath and anger, that selfishness and hesitation may be taken away from them, and that they may be wakened into the life of Thy very self! Stretch thyself not only upon us, but upon the church, we pray Thee, until the flesh of us all shall wax warm—warm with love and faith and fervor.

Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro and went up and stretched himself upon him, and the child sneezed seven times. And the child opened his eyes. And he called, "Gehazi," (even so, doth our Lord ever seek to use His servants) and said, "Call the Shunammite." So he called her. And when she was come into him, he said unto her, "Take up thy son." Then she went in and fell on His feet and bowed herself to the ground and took up her son and went out.

Look up, sister—brother, so desirous of healing and blessing. The Lord is waiting to deliver. Make sure first that you, like this "great woman," are living on the road upon which the Lord oft passeth by. Then prepare the chamber in your heart. Build therein a resting place upon the sure promises of God. Light and keep your candle burning, bright and clear. Cast your troubles upon the Lord. Then go out, and shut the door. The Shunammite never opened the door, so far as we can find in the Word, from the time she shut it upon her troubles, until she opened it again, when the answer to her prayer had come. Ride swiftly upon the fleet steed of intercession, and lay hold of the feet of the Master; do not let Him go.

Fix not your eyes upon the servants, neither the preacher nor the evangelist—they may fail. But the Lord? No, never! Bring Him by prayer into the secret chamber. He is able to stretch Himself upon and completely cover your every woe—your every need. His mouth, His eyes, His hands, His heart, His love, His sufficiency for our insufficiency. His life for our death. His strength for our weakness. His resurrection glory, His immortality, His incorruption for our poor, trembling frailties.

Hark? He is calling you now. Come in, take up thy son, receive the answer to your prayer. Go thou like the Shunammite woman, who fell at His feet and bowed herself to the ground. Go worship and adore! Lift up your face all radiant, your eyes that shine like stars because of answered prayer, and magnify His name. Then take up your answer, and go out, like this great woman of old, to tell the world what things the Lord hath done for you.

Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid. For the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

*The Bridal Call Family Visits the
Angelus Temple Revival*



June 1923

BUT ON YOUR hat and coat, Bridal Call reader! Pack up your lunch basket, and put in an extra sandwich for me, for I am going to take you on the wings of the Bridal Call to the heart of what is perhaps the greatest Holy Ghost revival on the continent today.

Are you ready? Just been longing to come, you say? Good! Then away we go, over the western prairie, over the Salt Lake, high over the Rocky Mountains with their snow-capped summits and gleaming precipices, and now, leaving the snows and the cold north winds and the late spring behind, we drop down into what at first appears to be a veritable “Land of Canaan” after a wilderness journey.

Palms swaying. Songbirds singing. Sea gulls soaring. Yonder—peaceful blue Pacific waves rolling. Below us, California poppies blooming. Roses in profusion everywhere. Below us, the City of the Angels—Los Angeles, California.

The roar of the great metropolis. Streetcars clanging. Motor cars purring. The voice of children laughing. Roses, roses everywhere. The streets abrim with activity. A glorious city! In the midst of it—a glorious Temple—Angelus Temple at Echo Park. Soft, undulating hills rise to the east and the west, the mountains clad in blue haze in the distance. The shimmering waters of Echo Lake, just below, kissed with the ruddy light of the rising sun and mirroring breeze-stirred

palms, eucalyptus, willows, and pampas grass—a setting exquisite for the jewel in the heart thereof.

Oh, Angelus Temple, how beautiful are you for situation! May you ever be the joy of the dome which sparkles and glistens as the rising sun catches and reflects itself in the crushed abalone shell imbedded therein.

Hold your hat tightly now, we are going to descend to the streets surrounding the Temple. Too early to go to church, you ask? Others do not seem to think so. Though it is only seven o'clock in the morning, the streets are beginning to stir into wakefulness. Automobiles are drawing up to the curb. People are gathering with suitcases and lunch baskets prepared to spend the entire day and a goodly portion of the night by the fires of the Great Revival. Some of these people have driven all night and a greater part of yesterday to be here for the service and will return tonight, riding cheerfully and without sleep for many hours, to take up the duties of the morrow, two and three hundred miles away.

Quickly the hours pass, and 9:30 a.m. sees bustle and life everywhere. Sunday School is in session now. Peep with me into the "500 Room." See! It is filled with children and teachers, and with the buzz of many voices, reading and studying the lesson together. Oh Lord, bless the children. Lay Thy hand upon each little head, and fill each heart, we pray.

In the Midst of the Sunday School Lesson

The Sunday School has grown so rapidly that the classes must necessarily be packed very closely together. Are they all able to hear their own teacher? Let us listen for a moment.

"Now children, I have told you the story of Samuel. He was but a little child. His life had been given unreservedly to the Lord, and the Lord is ever ready to use the little children. None are too small or too humble to serve Him. In the middle of the night he called, 'Samuel! Samuel!' and the little lad answered back at last, 'Speak

Lord, thy servant heareth,' and was sent with a message from the Lord. You, too, are only children, but remember the Lord has need of you. Give your lives fully to Him. Lay your all upon the altar of His will, and you will hear Him call, 'Samuel, Nellie, Fred, Rick, Mary,' whatever your name may be. And oh, if you will but answer, 'Here am I, ready, waiting, longing to serve,' He will surely send you forth with a message in His name."

God bless them! Little rosebuds! They are leaning forward drinking in every word. Wiping a tear from our eyes, we thank God for the work among the children. Hundreds of little ones have kneeled at the altar and have been soundly converted during the past few weeks. It has almost revolutionized neighboring schools and homes—whereas great lines of children used to be in waiting to enter the theaters, they have now signed the covenant, that by God's grace they will never enter one again except to preach the gospel or as a messenger of the King, and are lined up to enter the church of the living God.

Come along now, reader. We will climb the stairs to the lecture hall. This is the room wherein on weekdays, the student body of the Evangelistic and Missionary Training Institute are taught. This being the Lord's Day and Sunday School hour, it is filled to the brim with the young women's Bible class. Fine, sweet, young women! The Sunday School teachers, the wives, the mothers of the immediate tomorrow! See them bending over the Word of God, studying, singing, testifying, and praying with uplifted hands.

Quickly now, for the time is almost gone. Glance over the other classes in balconies and corridors. Here is the "Floaters Class" which is composed of tourists. And in this room called the "Upper" or "120 Room" are, literally packed, the young men's Bible class, some hundred and eight strong. Hark. They are just concluding the lesson. Their teacher, a clean-cut young businessman with the fire of God in his soul, is holding out his hands as he speaks, "Come, men, you have heard the voice of the Lord calling you, even as He called Samuel.

Will you not rise up to answer Him this morning? There is so much to do. We are in the midst of a mighty revival. Rise, and come forward. Decide for Christ right now.”

And there they go. Some sailors from the US Navy lead the way. Other young men are following. Now they are praying through for salvation and now standing on their feet. Midst scores of handshakes and pats on the back, they are welcomed by Christian young men as “one of them.”

But we must stop no longer. It is almost time for the morning meeting to begin. Bells are ringing. Classes are being dismissed. Little feet are marching into the Temple. The young women’s Bible class has gone already. The young men’s Bible class is now forming in line and will form the male choir this morning.

The Throngs Tread Upon Each Other

Come, dear reader, just one glimpse through one of the fan-shaped windows in the upper corridor before we enter the Temple. The streets are now lined and filled in every direction for blocks with automobiles. Packards, Locomobiles, Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, clear down to the ever-faithful Ford. Closed cars, open cars, motorcycles, bicycles, people on foot, hundreds of them bringing their lunch baskets, preparing to spend the day. The churning of motors. The clanging of the street-cars. The voice of the street-car conductor, rising above it all for a moment calling “Angelus Temple—ALL OUT.” The voice of laughter. People are gathering up their hymn books, Bibles, lunches, and running as fast as they can go to the church to get as near the front as possible.

What are you trembling for? Excited, you say, because of the thrill and the glory of it all? Yes, yes, it is wonderful! No matter how many times one has attended these meetings, one never quite gets over the glory, the thrill, and the wonder of it all. The teeming multitudes with eager faces, their great anxiety to get as far forward as possible.

Just look at that lobby, this moment! The ushers have closed the inner doors for a moment to make sure whether there are any more seats on the main floor. They are opened again now, and the tightly packed crowd is moving forward, inch by inch, good naturedly, with the exception of one elderly man, who snaps petulantly, “Lady, lady, would you mind standing on my other foot for a while? That one has a corn on it!”

“Say folks, stop pushing there, will you? I don’t want to go in on the main floor; I want to go up into the balcony—Hey, there! Stop it, I say!”

“Oh, well,” he subsides with a final grunt as he goes through the door. “Anywhere, so long as I find a seat.”

The Song Service

Come, we are entering the Temple now. The choir, composed entirely of young men this morning, is marching down either rampart and taking its place in the choir loft. The main floor, the balcony, the gallery are well filled. You will come with us, dear reader, and sit upon the platform so that we can see it with the same eyes. Spread out there, in a mighty fan before us, sit thousands of eager listeners who are here for the entire day. Now they are on their feet singing:

*Jesus shall reign where e’er the sun
Does its successive journeys run
His kingdom spreads from shore to shore
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.*

Song after song rises heavenward. Hands are lifted all over the building. Thousands of voices catch up the refrain. Prayer. Fervent amens. A golden tenor voice bringing a message in song. This morning, Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorado, is to bring the message. Eager eyes are watching the door—ours too—kindled and warm as we remember the two-year-old friendship and

the splendid help rendered our Denver campaigns by the encouragement and presence of the Judge upon our platform in the Municipal Auditorium of that city.

A rustle in the lobby. The double doors are swung wide. "There he is now!" The whispered words ripple over the entire audience. "That is he in front, walking with a Denver clergyman!" A body-guard of Angelus Temple boys follow, escorting him to the platform.

He's speaking now. Reviewing first the revival held by us under God in Denver in 1921 and in 1922. "That soul-winning campaign," he declares, "has done more good for the city than the courts, jails, and reformatories. There is no power like that of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the living Word."

What a practical talk is his. One that touches in interest the home, the school, the politics, the church, the jails, the courts, in fact every phase of our national work. Into and through it all, he weaves the story of the Saviour's love and pleads that this Christian love be carried into the court, into the jails, declaring that there they need it most of all.

He pleads for a family altar in the home, where the early Christian training of children shall be given. He relates experience after experience in the Juvenile Court work, where the honour system and the love of God has won, restored, transformed, when all else has failed. Breathless attention meets the speaker, except when the building is shaken by a storm of applause.

Between Services

Now the meeting is over. It is about half-past twelve. Come, reader o' mine, a wee bit of lunch, and we are back in the Temple again. Hundreds have never left their seats. Thousands are sweeping in. Over in Echo Park, the long picnic tables are in use. Fires have been built in the stoves. Coffee and dinner are making their appearance, also the

suitcases, lunch baskets, and thermos bottles. Children are drinking at the flowing fountain. The voice of a band of young people is lifted in singing and comes drifting across the placid lake. Hundreds of automobiles have never moved since early morning. People are talking of the meetings. Can you catch the scraps of conversation here and there?

"My son was saved last night. I have prayed for this twenty-six years. He squeezed my hand just before he went and said, 'Mother, I can't stand this another moment, the Lord is tugging at my heart. I will arise and go!'"

"But wait until I tell you what was done for me. My whole family were converted! We had dropped out of church life. Had not been attending for years. Heard of this revival. My little six-year-old daughter was converted first. She came back and led her daddy by the hand and be brought us all. Eleven of us now. Saved and members of the Temple. Praise the Lord!"

"Oh, I feel so happy. This is the most heavenly place I ever struck in my life! My heart is overflowing. Wish I never had to go home. Think I'll sell my property and buy a place right here near the Temple. Spend most of my time here anyway."

"You know, they call this the church that never sleeps. Revival going on day and night. Meetings most all day, and that blessed watch tower away up on the top floor of the building is the scene of constant intercession day and night."

"Come on in, Sister, it's an hour and a half before meeting opens, but we had better get in and be sure of a seat. Sister McPherson is going to preach on 'Death in the Pot' this afternoon. I can't imagine what it is about, but I know we are going to have a wonderful meeting. They tell me that a group of men prayed all night long in the Temple last night, that the Spirit of God should fall mightily today."

And so it goes in little groups everywhere. Rejoicing, testifying, radiating love at the revival services.

Sunday Afternoon—Downpour of Blessing

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Let the people rejoice. Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus, the Son, and give Him the glory, great things he hath done.

They are singing again. Choir and audience catch up and swell the refrain. Our message pictures the great revival, which is bringing members of all denominations, sects, and creeds into one common meeting place—as a great cauldron, bubbling, boiling, dancing over flames of the Holy Spirit power. The people are pictured as bringing the wood to feed the revival flame. Dry wood full of pitch, they are cautioned to bring—not soggy, water-logged wood filled with unbelief and worldliness. In the various denominations, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Salvationists, etc., we see the ingredients that, melted together, make a most edible and glorious repast.

As the revival flame glows and burns, and the various denominations are shown in the melting process wherein all outer jackets and hard shells are slipped out of, till all become as one heart and soul to give unto the hungry, the audience laugh and cry and clap and chuckle. But when the man who put the poisonous gourd in the pot is described, faces sober everywhere, till the meal—which is God's Word—is brought and the whole is made pure and good and edible again, and the hungry gather for food.

Now comes the Altar Call. Thousands of bowed heads. Thousands of breathed prayers are being lifted up. Men and women streaming down the aisles to kneel at Jesus' feet and leave their burdens of sin at the foot of the cross. Spirit-filled workers there to meet them. The organ pealing the hymns of invitation. The glory of the Lord settling down like a great golden cloud.

Between Services

Come, reader dear, let us leave the workers to finish. We must rest a few moments, for in just an hour and a half, the evening service begins. Sit down here in this easy chair, and relax for a few moments. Outside the air is droning again with scores of automobiles. They are beginning to pour in from every direction, stopping in every available space and unloading the people and then driving away for several blocks in order to park. Glance out of the window. Echo Park is fairly alive with people. How happy they are! Picnic tables spread again. They are asking the blessing and singing a hymn. If this is earth, what must heaven be?

It is 6:30 p.m. now. The Sunday evening service begins at seven, but we will make our way to the choir room, there to speak a word of encouragement and to see that all is in readiness. Yes, there they are. The whole room is full. Singing, praying, eager for the moment to come when they shall be on duty again.

It's 6:55 p.m. Temple packed. Organ chimes pealing through the Temple. Choir marching down the ramparts. Ladies dressed in pure white, simple and neat. Men in dark business suits. As they march in from either side, their formation looks like a perfect letter "W" as though spelling welcome. We are making our way down the rampart to the platform. A little shower of clapping welcomes us. It is as though the people were saying, "We love you, Sister," because of the story of the Christ, the revelation of His love, which you are bringing us. We know it has been a heavy day and with your two big meetings yesterday—this makes five meetings in thirty-six hours—but we are right back of you praying, and the Lord shall renew your strength and shall cause you to mount up with wings as an eagle."

God bless them! With their smiles and their handclasps and their enthusiastic clappings. No coldness here! Our minds run back to the poem that these Californians love so well, "Out Where the West Begins."

The Musical Hour and the Evening Service

But there. The opening song service is over, and the musical hour has begun. Some of the finest talent in the whole city have assembled to render unto the Lord a service of thanksgiving and praise.

First the Andrew family of bell ringers with their hand bells peal forth the message. They are followed by the choir, the orchestra, the quartette, the soloists, and then the voice of a little child singing alone.

Then comes the message. The text is "Souls for Sale."

Souls For Sale. The devil's auction block is depicted. The businessman steps up and is offered money, social standing, lands, and oil wells. If he will but enter into crooked deals and sell his soul. The society woman, yearning to climb the social ladder and make secure her position, is offered that which she desires if she will but sell her soul. The young girl is offered the place in moviedom. On and on, they come in endless procession. Souls for Sale.

Then quickly the scene of Jacob and Esau is sketched. Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Again the scene is changed, and Judas stands before the throng. He has decided to part with his Lord and sell his soul for thirty pieces of silver.

The rich young ruler stands before the Master then goes away sorrowful upon hearing what it means to really follow the Lord. Suddenly we have come to the present day—the present hour—the present moment—and to this great audience.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Are they going to sell their souls to the world, its pleasures, its sin? Or are they going to part with it all that they might gain the field of salvation with the precious pearl—Christ Jesus—therein?

The Altar Filled and Refilled

Praise the Lord! Scores of them are deciding that their souls are not for sale, but they have been bought and redeemed by the precious

blood of Jesus Christ, and that they will make Him theirs today. They are kneeling at the altar. The communion rail is full. The altar space is filled. They are overflowing to the platform till there is no room left and still they come.

See, here comes a row of sailors all in a line! Look how many men there are accepting the Lord tonight. The audience is rejoicing, scarcely a soul leaving the building. The traffic is going in one direction—altar-ward.

Oh, where shall we put them all? The whole front of the Temple is filled, and still they come. Even before the altar call was given, men and women had risen and begun to make their way to the altar. Oh, what a night! What a meeting! What a Saviour! Aren't you happy to see them coming home? Hands reach out and grasp other hands. Tear-misted eyes seek other brimming eyes and shine like stars amidst the joy of it all. Every few moments, other men and women are coming and kneeling at the altars which have been filled and refilled. Hallelujah! Rejoice ye angels of the sky for sinners have come home! Clap your hands, oh ye trees! Rejoice, ye blood-washed throng. Sheep once lost have been found! Wanderers in the darkness of sin's night have beheld the gospel light and have come home to the Christ, who seeks and saves that which is lost.

Now they are all up and on their feet. God bless them! Look at their shining faces. Tear drops still glistening. Smiles like sunshine after the storm. Hear them sing:

*I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more.
The tempest may sweep o'er the wide stormy deep,
In Jesus. I'm safe evermore.*

The whole audience is standing now, hands lifted. Radiant faces upturned, they are singing the only song which seems able to express the feelings of the multitude towards God at the end of a perfect day:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The great audience is dismissed. Once, twice, thrice and still they stay, and still people are coming to the altar.

At last we are obliged to say to them, as we do almost every night, “Now folks, do go home. It will soon be morning, and many of you will be back here at seven o’clock for a sunrise prayer meeting. Run along now, sister. Exits this way, brother. Janitors must get some sleep, you know. Big day tomorrow. Everybody home! All out!”

Even then, they linger in large numbers, till the lights are winked out. Then reluctantly, as though they were leaving heaven itself, they make their way out to the car line.

But in the Temple of God, one light is still burning. The light that never goes out by night. It is the light in the watch tower, wherein women pray all day and men all night in two-hour shifts and to whom requests come streaming in from all over the globe.

Come, reader, come. We have been standing on our feet for hours. It will soon be morning and an especially busy day.

Crusaders Rally at Long Beach

The first Monday of each month is the day of outing for the Crusaders, Choir, and the Student Body of the Evangelistic and Missionary Training School. All through the weeks, we have been busy daily with the pressing duties of the continuous revival. All are looking forward to a few quiet hours on the sands of the seashore. A prayer meeting on the beach with testimonies and song and then a short meeting in the big auditorium under the auspices of the WCTU.

Now there are some one thousand young men and young women who gather for our young people’s work in Los Angeles. Many of them are going with us today. Special cars are run on the Pacific Electric railway. What a happy company. Singing, testifying, preaching all the way. Long lines of motor cars are also making their way

to the beach. Singing, playing mandolins, guitars, ukuleles, and timbrals as they go. See, there lie the blue waters of the Pacific, stretching out and out. There lies the island of Catalina in the distance. Stretching out on three sides of us is the beautiful city of Long Beach. But come, our young people are calling us.

Under the WCTU Auspices

Mounting the steps to the auditorium annex, we find some seven long rows of tables which have been spread by the WCTU ladies as a grand surprise to the company. They had been cooking since early morning. Everybody opens their baskets and adds their contribution to the spread. The blessing is asked. A hymn of thanksgiving is sung, and they eat their bread with gladness and tenderness of heart.

One glimpse into the open doors of the large auditorium, said to seat some six thousand people, reveals to us that “the little meeting,” which they asked us to hold, is not going to be little as far as numbers are concerned. Also that there will be no time to sit on the beach as anticipated. Ushers and building attendants are constantly bringing in more seats, packing in the people. The great round balcony, which circles the entire auditorium, is filling rapidly. Our hearts are thrilled and stirred by the sight.

“Oh Lord,” we breathe, “the whole world is so hungry—hungry for the story of Jesus. Hungry for an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival! Who would have thought that upon this short notice, with scarce a word of advertising, that these thousands of people would be gathered together on a Monday afternoon to hear the gospel?”

The young people fill the platform to overflowing. The multitudes are leaning forward expectantly, hunger written upon their faces—fields white—to the harvest, waiting for the reaper’s hand.

We are introduced by the President of the WCTU and in a moment are leading our young folk in a rousing revival song.

Awake, awake, the Master now is calling you. Arise, arise, and trusting in His Word, go forth, go forth, proclaim the year of jubilee, and take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ our Lord.

How they sing, and what a company of young people they are! Where would one go in the country today to put one's hand on such a band of young folk? Clean, devoted, Spirit-filled lives, training for the missionary and evangelistic field. A thrill of pride goes through our hearts as we gaze upon their clean-cut radiant faces. Just look at them as with lifted hands they are ringing out the chorus:

On, on, swell the chorus

On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us

On, on, while before us

The mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way.

Faithful soldiers here below

Only Jesus we would know

Shouting full salvation

O'er the world we go.

Then the audience rises and sings "Revive us again." Here, there, yonder the words are caught up over the vast auditorium. It seems as though a revival had been under way for a week. We hardly realize that this is one passing meeting.

Now we are preaching. Our text is, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all your sons, and your daughters shall prophecy. Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions. And upon my servants and upon my handmaidens, I shall pour out My Spirit, and they shall prophecy."

As we read the Word, the Spirit of the Almighty God comes down and fills the building, until it is hard to realize that it is usually the constant scene of dancing, carnivals and merrymaking. People are saying "Amen" and wiping the tears away. A speaker upon a theme

far removed from religion is to follow us. The hall has been engaged for us, for a certain length of time, and has been given freely by the city of Long Beach. We have just three minutes left for the altar call.

The Driftwood Altar

"Everyone in this building, who will say, 'I'm a sinner, or I am a backslider. I want to give my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ and would like you and your young people to pray for me before I go,' lift your hand, that we may know just where you are." Hands are lifted in every section. Men and women rise to their feet. One minute left. Make your way to the aisles. Come forward and let us pray with you. What are we going to do with them? They are coming from every direction. They want to pray, but the time is up.

But wait! The little mother (Mrs. Kennedy) has a brilliant idea. "Tell them to come out to the beach and kneel and that you will pray for their conversion." No sooner said than done. They are trooping after us. A hasty altar is constructed composed of driftwood on the shore, and here kneel sinners and backsliders saying, "Lord, we too have been driftwood upon the shores of time, but now Thy love has reached us, Lord. We are coming home."

Someday, reader dear, we should count up all the different places wherein we have builded an altar. You know, we read of the life of Abraham and find woven and interwoven through his life experience these words. "And he builded an altar there." So it has been in our evangelistic career—the constant building of altars. A chair, a bench, the running board, the automobile, the edge of a piazza upon which we had stood to preach, a theater stage the prizefighting ring of a boxing arena, the deck of a vessel, the side of a sickbed, a bench on a railroad platform. We have not time or space to count them all here, but this is a new altar to us—the driftwood by the side of the sea.

Oh, is it so beautiful to hear them pray, "Lord, I thank Thee for sending these, Thy messengers. Save me, Jesus. Make me Thy child

today.” Earnest soft voices sing, “Just as I am, without one plea.” The splash-plash of the sea, the dashing of the waves against the break-water. Such a scene as might well have marked the life of our own precious Saviour when He walked by Galilee. And indeed He is in the midst today by the Holy Spirit and that to bless.

In our car, on our way back to the city. Another preaching service, while the choir and the orchestra meet in the building. Monday night is a busy night of gathering forces for the coming week.

Tuesday, a Busy Day for God

Are you awake, reader? Are you ready to begin another day? Seven a.m. and all is well. The watchtower band have prayed all through the night. Now, saints of the Lord are gathering for the sunrise prayer meeting. We went in to help pray for them the other morning and witnessed some fifteen or more receive the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Eight-thirty, and the student body of the Evangelistic and Missionary Training Institute are in the lecture room, on their knees, in prayer. Hark! They are singing.

Have Thine own way, Lord. Have Thine own way.

Thou are the potter, we are the clay.

Yield us, and make us after Thy Will,

While we are waiting, yielded, and still.

A sister is instructing them in song and in choir direction. Nine o'clock and the study of the Word begins. The Old Testament and the New are illuminated by the light of the Holy Spirit as they study Evangelism, Bible Synthesis, Homiletics, The Life of Christ, Personal Work, Doctrine, Expression, The Acts of the Apostles, The Four Square Gospel.

How they love and appreciate the work of each member of the faculty! How eagerly they study and apply themselves to their work. One

can fairly see that inner flame of zeal for God and souls burning in their hearts. It is a joy to teach them and to give to these young folks whatever benefit they can derive from our years of experience in the field.

So gloriously blessed is the revelation of Christ through the open Word, that the power of the Holy Ghost falls upon the school in such a way, that teaching is sometimes given up for the last period and teachers, and students go down on their knees together, praising the Lamb once slain, but Who liveth again and calls His humble followers, His servants, to the harvest fields of life.

The three-and-one-half hours of study have slipped away like a moment, but now to put into practice that which we have learned.

Daily One O'Clock Meetings for the Sick

No sooner is school dismissed than another meeting is under way, for every day (Sunday excepted), rain or shine, Bible classes and preaching services are held for the sick and afflicted. Here, consecrated workers and students preach and pray, sing and testify, instructing, encouraging those who would seek the Lord as Saviour and Physician. Day after day, the upper auditorium is filled to overflowing.

Three Companies

Two-thirty, our forces divide into three companies. One company stays in the Temple and assists Dr. Thomas R. Gale at the service, wherein he brings the message on “Deeper Christian Experience.” One company goes to the County Poor Farm to preach in the chapel there and to hold a revival meeting—to sing, preach, and pray with and for the old people. The third company makes its way with us by auto to preach to the old soldiers and veterans of the Civil War at Sawtelle.

To which meeting would you rather go, reader o' mine? You would rather we stayed together? All right. Then away we go, out

Sunset Boulevard through Hollywood, past the motion picture studios and the great oil fields, till at last we slow down and stop before the Women's Club in the Library Building, for it is here that the meeting is to be held. Again the platform is filled with students, singing, testifying, and we bring a message from God's Holy Word.

Shall we give an altar call? This is our first meeting. Will they be ready for us? Yes, give it we must, for "Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no labor ended, and no souls we've won." Here they come down the aisles, just like they do in the Temple—just as they did at Long Beach. Run quickly—open your arms to receive them. Take them by the hand. Lead them gently to the altar.

There is no altar, you say? Don't build them in libraries? Well, bless you, never mind that. We read of Abraham that "he builded an altar there."

"Build one," bless you. Build one. Take the chairs, and turn them around; they'll do fine. Come, brother, come, sister. Oh, see, the dear old soldiers are coming—the veterans. Some of them declare that they have never before in their lives bowed the knee to confess Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord.

"Oh, thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Lord. How good you are to give us all these precious souls. But we know it is not because of any good that we have done. It is merely that, in at least some little degree, we have succeeded in lifting up the Christ, who if lifted from the earth shall draw all men unto Himself. Glorious, glorious, art Thou and greatly to be praised."

The Organ Recital with an Altar Call

In our cars and away—the lights are aglow in the Temple to welcome our return. Hundreds of people are already assembled. The organ recital and the series of messages from the Songs of Solomon await them.

Seven-thirty, the meeting in the Temple is opened, while the Angelus Temple reapers, composed of a company of young men from the young men's Bible class, make their way downtown to speak on the street corners.

An opening song. Prayer. Then the lights are lowered, so that the auditorium is lighted only through the illuminated, stained-glass windows. With a shower of sweet-toned melody, the chiming bells ring out, and the organ plays. It seems as though a great, living, pulsing thing were just back of that organ grill. The Hallelujah Chorus is first. The shepherd seeking through the dark night for His lost sheep. The joy in the heart when it was found and returned to the fold. These and many other melodies pull at the cords of our hearts. This is one night when all can close their eyes and, relaxing a little, forget the cares of the world with its busy din and strife and be lifted upon the pinions of music and song into heavenly places with our Lord.

The Message from the Songs of Solomon

"Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powers of the merchant?" Adown through the labyrinths of time, adown the jeweled corridors of grace and hope and love, with sandaled feet and flowing robes, through the door of mercy, we see Him coming, whose name is Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace—the Everlasting Father. And rising up to meet Him, leaning upon the arm of the Holy Spirit, we behold the Bride, the blood-washed hosts of the Lord, bringing with her cargoes of costly spices, frankincense, and myrrh. Her journey through the vale of tears, her ascent into the transfiguration of Glory, her labor and her faith, her trial and her triumph, her garments, fragrant with the sweetness and the bitterness of suffering—all are told, and then a call is given to join

this happy company, who are making their way through the world to meet the Bridegroom in the morning.

The Altar Call

Music lovers are here from all over the city. This is just the time to ask them about the state of their eternal souls. Here they come. Down the aisles to fill the communion rail from end to end and others to make their way to the upper room to wait upon the Lord for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. Sometimes when we see them all coming to the altar, meeting after meeting, month after month, we say to ourselves, "Surely this must be the last. So many thousands have come and wet these altars with their tears. Are there any more sinners left?" But the very next meeting, here they are. New faces, new burdens, all to be laid down at the feet of our Lord Jesus.

Wednesday Brimful of Work and Soul Winning

Wake up, reader! This is another day. The sun is climbing in the eastern sky. The light in the watch tower is just being lowered and the morning intercessors are coming on. People are knocking at the doors. They are waiting for the sunrise prayer meeting. The sound of their singing and prayers fills the house like the sweet incense of morning sacrifice.

What? You say you are too sleepy? That you ache all over from your exertions of the last few days? Oh, but my dears, you are not started yet, and remember that this revival has been going on for five months now. Hungry souls are clamoring to hear the gospel and we must not fail them. Let someone else do the work, you say? Are we not training, by the power of the Holy Spirit, young evangelists and workers to do this very thing? But they are not ready just yet.

Sunrise prayer meeting over, and the Training School ready to begin. From 8:30 a.m. to noon, the Training School is the scene of

busy activities. At one o'clock the preparation meeting for the sick fills to overflowing the upper auditorium. At 2:30 p.m., the Temple is filling rapidly. The choir is filing into the choir loft. It is the Divine Healing service. Thousands of people are here. The Lord is in the midst. The workers are at their posts. The singing is of the most tender and intercessory nature.

"I need Thee every hour."

"I must tell Jesus all of my troubles."

"Pass me not, oh gentle Saviour."

"Ask the Saviour to help you."

"My faith looks up to Thee." And other songs of such nature.

There are thousands of well people in the Temple. Comparatively few are sick and afflicted, but these other precious souls have met to pray for them and encourage them. A wonderful spirit of faith.

The message is, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Also, "When Thou art afar off, I will say unto thee 'Peace, peace,' and when Thou art nigh, I will heal thee."

The altar call again brings scores of men and women to the altar, the majority of whom say to the workers, "I am not sick in my body, thank God, but I am sick in my soul, and I want, oh, I want to be a Christian more than anything else in the wide, wide world." The altar is full. The communion space, the platform are overflowing to both ramparts. Workers are pouring down the aisles. We lift happy eyes to the great dome above, which represents the blue sky of the clouds of heaven; then our eyes come to rest upon the hand of angels that are stenciled in mural shades around the entire building—heroic in size, their wings touch tip to tip, and their hands are clasped as in prayer. Then we turn and look up to the great forty-foot mural painting of "The Coming of the Lord" with ten thousands of His saints, upon the stained-glass windows through which the mellow afternoon sunlight is streaming, at the happy spiritual faces of the audience, at the bowed heads of the penitents at the altar, at the earnest intercessors who are praying

with them there, and our hearts are bursting with joy, our voices tremulous with emotion and praise. Our whole being throbs up unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us and washed us from sin with His own blood.

The Glory of the Lord

How we love Him! How we adore and magnify His high and holy name! Oh Jesus, Jesus, Thou Light of our lives! Thou joy of our heart! Thou Redeemer of our souls. Fairest among ten thousands. King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Thou alpha and omega. Thou first and last. Thou one and altogether lovely. Thy glory fills the earth, and Thy trains the Temple. Glory, glory, glory to Thy precious Holy Name! Lord Jesus, how couldst Thou have loved unworthy us and have sought us and cleansed us and called us to preach the gospel and to win so many precious souls? Such love is too great for our comprehension. Such tender mercy too unfathomable for our understanding. Lord, may we ever be kept true to Thee, empty of self, humble and lowly at Thy feet, in season and out of season, that we may never grieve Thee who hast done so much for us.

It is all we can do to contain the joy of our hearts. It seems as though we must leap and shout for joy, but we remember that not all of our audience are Methodists, and that we must be ever mindful not to shock the Presbyterians, and endeavor to control ourselves. But oh, to think of it, the angels are rejoicing in heaven. Rejoicing—rejoicing more over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine just ones.

They're singing now with uplifted hands:

*But drops of grief could ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee—
'Tis all that I can do.*

They have resumed their seats. Now we are to pray for the sick. They are flowing over the platform in a steady line. Ministers of many denominations are standing by our side assisting us in the anointing and prayer for the sick.

Prayer for the Sick

Such faith as that possessed by those coming for prayer for healing, we have rarely seen. The one o'clock preparation services of the Bible study certainly have been worthwhile. A deaf brother cries out, "Oh, I can hear!" A dumb woman speaks distinctly and is heard by the multitude to say "Praise the Lord" and to name that unspeakably precious name of Jesus. A neighbor who has known her for fifteen years declares this to be the first word that she has ever heard her utter.

A little child that has come in braces is prayed for. Catholic parents who have just been converted declared that their doctors had advised them to bring him to the meetings. Proudly they place in our hands a new pair of shoes which say they the little boy is to wear as soon as he is prayed for and the braces removed. Suddenly we find ourselves on our knees with the little boy clasped tightly in our arms, his little, wet, pale cheek pressed tightly against ours as we pray, "Oh Lord Jesus, when you were upon earth, you took the little children in your arms and blessed them. You said to all who were heavy-laden, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' You gave strength to the weak. You restored the man with the withered arm. You made the rough places smooth and the crooked to be straight."

"Lord Jesus. If Thou wert here in person this afternoon, it would not take you a moment to stretch forth Thy gentle healing hand and make this little laddie able to walk and run and play like other boys. And oh, we know that You are here by the power of the Spirit and pray that it will please Thee to heal him, just now."

“Laddie,” we hold him off by the shoulders for a moment. “Laddie, don’t you cry.” We find a dry handkerchief somewhere in our pocket and wipe a little zig-zag river of tears away.

“Smile a little, that’s the boy. We anoint you now with oil, according to the Word of God, and lay our hands upon you, with simple faith believing, praying with submission to the will of God. We believe that the Lord hears and answers prayers, and that just now the work will be done. Be thou made whole in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ and live and work and witness for Him. Amen.”

They have gone down from the platform now. They are sitting in the front row. The father, a young man, is down on his knees in front of the boy, unlacing the shoes, unstrapping the braces. They must be going to put on the new shoes right now. But we must not stop. Scores of others are waiting in line to be prayed for. A lady with a fearsome cancer, which gnaws just over her heart, whose baby will soon be left without a mother unless the Lord hears and answers prayer, here and now.

A brother with tuberculosis, a sister who—

Braces Left Behind

But suddenly a glad little cry diverts our attention. We have been so occupied that we had for a moment forgotten the little boy, but it is He. He is walking—he is running. His little limbs seem straight and strong. The mother and father are clasped in each other’s arms. They are going to their own seats now, back in the audience. The braces are forgotten, left to join the pile of crutches and canes and other contraptions that have been left behind. Hallelujah! The Lord liveth, and His mercy endureth forever.

At last we have prayed for those who needed healing, and when about to dismiss the meeting, we obey a sudden impulse, and give a second altar call. With instant response come sinners and backsliders whose hearts have been softened, touched, and warmed by the gentle Man of Galilee.

Just time for a bite of supper. A few moments’ rest, some important business matters, and it is time for the 7:30 p.m. service.

Sunday School teachers, superintendents, and workers from many churches are gathered tonight with members, visitors, and delegates to study the International Sunday School lesson for the next Lord’s Day and for a time of praise and testimony. This is one of the most deeply spiritual meetings of the week. It is followed by an altar call and an old fashioned prayer meeting where the power of the Spirit falls.

Thursday—Evangelistic and Baptismal Services

Sunrise prayer meeting as usual. Evangelistic and Missionary Training Institute growing deeper and sweeter as the days go by. One o’clock service, eagerly attended by the sick and afflicted and by those who have been healed in answer to prayer and are now come to testify and to minister unto others. At 2:30 p.m., Dr. Gale is preaching on his messages of deeper teachings to the Christian. The upper auditorium is filled, and people are standing.

Seven-thirty, and now a goodly throng fills the main floor and balcony and climb to the gallery to look down upon the water baptismal service.

We are singing:

*Oh, happy day,
that fixed my choice
On Thee my Saviour
and my God.*

And as we sing, the candidates for baptism, who are to be buried with their Lord in the watery grave, so typical of death, burial, and resurrection, are asked to rise and come forward and stand upon the platform. They do so and fill it completely and then overflow to the steps on either side. A quick count shows that seventy-nine are to be baptized tonight.

No, this is not a monthly baptismal service. Between 40 and 80 have been baptized every Thursday, week in and week out, since the baptistry was opened. More than One Thousand were thus buried in baptism during the first three months after the Temple opened. We have often wondered just how many places there are in which anything like this is happening in the world today.

The Sermon—"When the Shepherd putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before them; they know His voice and follow after Him."

Quickly the scenes wherein the Good Shepherd of the Bible went before His sheep are sketched. Rapidly we are caught up and caused to stand, in fancy, beside the waters of the Jordan. We listen a few moments to the fiery words of John the Baptist and then hold our breath and gaze with wondering love and adoration upon the Chief Shepherd Himself, even Jesus Christ leading the way into the waters of Baptism, saying, "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

Then we follow the Lord in His ministry and learn that His disciples baptized more than those of John, though Jesus Christ Himself baptized not. Again we hear Him speak the great commission. "Go ye therefore into all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The Shepherd has reached the borderland, has truly gone before, but with shining eyes we watch His sheep following after Him. Three thousand of them on the day of Pentecost. Five thousand of them in the following chapter. Before us have gone the footsteps of the flock. We are still in the great procession, only nearer the end thereof, and we are still following Him.

The Shepherd Leads the Way

We have followed Him through the judgment hall, were convicted, and condemned to die. We have followed Him up Golgotha's brow and have reckoned ourselves "crucified with Him," dead to the old life of sin, dead to the old associations which displeased and grieved

Him most. And how we rejoice that the Shepherd's trail is not lost at Calvary, but goes on and on. Not only do we plant our feet in the Shepherd's footsteps in the judgment Hall and at Calvary, but we follow the trail that leads on to the tomb and are buried with Him by baptism in the watery grave. Following our Shepherd, we are "planted together with Him" in the "likeness of His death," that like as Christ was raised up from the death, so may we be raised up with Him to walk together with Him in newness of life.

Surely that glorious trail shall never stop or be lost until we reach the spot from which our Lord was translated, from thence we too shall be caught up to meet Him face-to-face.

On Jordan's Bank

The Baptismal Service. Just back of the speaker's platform, the heavy velour curtains are swept aside revealing the scene of the River Jordan, which apparently stretches away and away in the distance. From out the foreground of the river, a stream of water is flowing, pouring over rocks and pebbles into the baptistry below. Palms bend low on either side, trunks of trees gnarled and twisted. The baptistry itself is of shining white tile. The water is almost completely covered with pink and white roses and white carnations, which have been brought by those whose loved ones are to be buried in baptism—and emptied upon the waters, making this truly "a watery grave." Hundreds are saying to each other, "Oh, I never saw anything so beautiful!" and "It is glorious, Praise the Lord."

We are standing waist-deep in the water, with uplifted hands, asking God's blessing. Dr. Gale, Pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Oakland, now assisting us in Angelus Temple, steps into the water to assist as the great procession starts. The Shepherd has gone before, and His sheep are following after Him. One family of eleven are baptized. Later a father with four manly sons almost fill the pool. The father and one son are baptized first, and then they step back to watch

the other three be baptized. Joining hands behind them, the three are lowered into the water together and thus baptized. Then comes a whole row of husbands and wives. They also are buried together in baptism. One time, a family of four composed of husband, wife, mother-in-law, and son were baptized at the same time. Truly, it is a grand religion that can cause a man to be baptized with his mother-in-law and to come up with a radiant face and clasp the whole family in his arms, promising God that life, love, home, all are held for His glory from this time forth. The audience clap and cheer happily.

Two little children descend into the water, smiling, testifying with uplifted hands. Little lambs they are, following the Shepherd, and are baptized. Then follows an old man, 103 years of age, and another, ninety-seven. As one of these goes down into the water, he exclaims, "Oh, I should have come to Jesus before. This should have been done years ago." And as he came up out of the water, "Thank God, I am home at last."

The old and the young, the youth and the aged—on and on they go. Fourscore save one, reckoning they are dead, they are now going down into the watery grave, that they may not abide alone, but may bring forth much fruit. At last the number has been completed, and they are all baptized. Out in front, the audience is rejoicing, but we, asking them all to bow their heads, pray, "And now, oh Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded and yet there is room." And straightway proceed to give another altar call, which brings a number to the front, determined to follow the Shepherd who has gone before. A peep into the baptismal room behind the scenes reveals a red-hot prayer meeting in session. Some are receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Upon some the power of the Holy Spirit so fell while in the water that we could scarce get them out of the water. Truly, this is an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival.

Lights out. The people are slowly leaving the Temple, making their way to their own homes. We retire to ours, but our last sleepy

glimpse of the Temple shows one light steadily burning—the light in the watch tower, wherein prayer goes on and on and on.

Friday—Special Meetings for Youth and Age

Seven a.m. Sunrise prayer meeting. Eight-thirty, the Training School is on. Studying the word of God day after day, the hearts of these young folk have been filled to the bursting. Plans are being laid for them to get out and preach during the summer vacation of July and August, then returning for the fall and winter term on the first of September. Word is brought into the school that the power has fallen upon them, and about a dozen have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the invitation is extended to those who are hungry to leave the class and join those at prayer.

Ten-thirty, and the young men's Bible class, who are having an all-day meeting today, are preaching in the 500 Room to a goodly audience.

Eleven a.m. The student body is falling into line, taking their morning exercises and marching briskly, four abreast, down the shaded paths of Echo Park, over the rounded bridge, around the island, back over the bridge, making the water lilies beneath tremble with the precision of their "Left! Right! Left!" Shoulders back, heads up, they march, singing as they go, while the golden sunlight comes gleaming through the waving palms and pepper trees!

Preach the four-square gospel, the four-square gospel.

Clear let the four-square message ring.

Jesus, only Saviour, Baptizer and Healer,

Jesus, the Coming King.

Twelve o'clock. Noon. School is dismissed, but on the street corners, in the factories and shops, the young men's Bible class are holding forth, preaching the gospel and singing of the Saviour's love.

Two-thirty, and the Temple is filled with activity. Old folks meeting again today. Singing, preaching, praying. Altar call and prayer for the afflicted that makes the old folks declare it makes them happier than they have been in years.

Seven-thirty, the scene is changed. Crusaders to the front! The youth of Los Angeles and the surrounding country. The preachers and the missionaries of the morrow, who if Jesus tarries, will carry the message afar. Look at their faces, reader o' mine. Listen to the ring of sincerity and conviction in their voices. We are caught in the swirling current of their enthusiasm and swept out into the deeps. Old folk shake their heads and say "How I wish that I were young again, that I, too, might go." They sing, they testify, they preach, they pray. They have built up an orchestra of many instruments. They make the Temple fairly ring with gladsome praises of the King. They recruit new members, give a stirring altar call, drop on their knees and pray the new converts through, sign the Crusaders covenant, have another big sing, then make their way to the upper room to pray for the fullness of the Holy Spirit—that they may be more thoroughly equipped for service. More filled with love and wisdom for the work the Master would have them do. At last the meeting is dismissed. Several of them have been gloriously baptized with the Spirit. All are going home, radiant of face, determined of heart, to do their "biggest best" for the Lord Jesus Christ, who has done so much for them.

Come reader, we, too, must rest a little. Tomorrow is another day—but the light in the watch tower burns steadily on.

Saturday, a Glow of Revival Fires

One o'clock. Service for the sick and afflicted. Well filled. Several beautiful conversions. Remarkable testimonies of healing. Woman who has not been able to bend her knees for years, running up and down the steps like a little girl. Little boy who laid aside the braces and put on the new shoes, running around like anybody else. Laddie who was healed of dropsy and came to the platform horribly bloated,

almost too slim now, but rapidly regaining his health, is telling his story.

Oh, reader, isn't it wonderful? Do you get all enthusiastic and lighted up like an electric light in your heart? Just seems to me I am so happy, I would like to catch somebody by the hands and go round and round in a circle and holler "Hallelujah." But there! When I feel like that, I always stand more still and outwardly calm than at any other time and remember the dignity of my thirty-two summers and the composure expected of the Pastor Evangelist of so great a Temple. But oh, it just catches me clear off my feet sometimes, with sheer joy and praise, to see the work going on and on.

You know that people told me, when we had revivals of three and four weeks' duration, that the reason we had so many conversions was because we were in the city only such a short time, but if the work were permanent, it would all die down after a few months. And it has lasted five months now! And we never had such crowds and interest! Police officers declare that we turned away one thousand last Sunday night. Oh Lord, never let the flame die down, but may it leap up—up, more exultant and glorious with every passing day. Amen.

But come, it is 2:30 p.m. For the last two hours, children have been gathering for Children's Church. Outside, the streets are filling with automobiles. Inside, the main floor sees hundreds of children assembled, the balcony rapidly filling with parents and older folk.

Little children sing, speak, testify, preach, give an altar call just like older folk. Bless them! How real it all is to their little hearts.

Today we are telling a Bible story. 'Tis that of David and Goliath. To make the scene more real and to more indelibly impress it upon their minds, the ramparts have been fitted out with two battlefields—the one at the right is the camp of the Philistines—the one at the left, the camp of Israel. Clean sheets cover hastily constructed tripods, and make very presentable teepee tents. It is noticed that there are six tents on the Philistines' side—six being the devil's number, and seven on the side of the Israelites—seven being God's

number. A throne has been builded for Saul—only a big chair with a little canvas over it, but a very real throne to the children. As the story opens, some children are called from the audience to be on the Philistines' and the Israelites' sides. Out of the camp of the Philistines, comes the great, booming voice of Goliath, saying, "I defy the armies of Israel this day. Give me a man that we may fight together. Where is your God and where is the power you used to have?" The terror of the Israelites is depicted and described.

The Bible Story

Then David's voice in the distance—a clean-cut, manly little fellow, declaring that this giant was but a grasshopper in the eyes of our God and that he would go in the Name of the Lord to overcome him. News is taken by messenger to Saul. David is commissioned to go in the name of the Lord. Armed with a shepherd's sling he runs down the steps to the platform, catches up the five stones of faith, hope, love, prayer, and praise, and goes forth to meet the oncoming giant, overcomes him, and lays him low and catches up his head, while all Israel, with a shout, pursues the fleeing Philistines to the gates of Ekron and even unto Gath.

Then of course, the story is applied. The camp of the Philistines is the world, the camp of Israel, the church. The giant, Satan, in his manifold temptation and his defiances of the church of God. David, the overcomer. And then it is explained to the children, how the giant of temptation can be met and overcome at school, at home, and at play, and victory be given in the Name of the Lord. All are urged to take their stand on the side of the Lord and to fight the good fight of the Lord.

Scores of Bibles are next given out freely to as many children as declare that, to their knowledge, they have never seen a Bible in their homes, nor seen their parents read one. If a real fund could be so established, we believe that we could give out thousands of Bibles a year to those who have never owned or read one, if the Lord tarries.

Children and parents are going home now, taking with them the sling—the word of the living God, and the smooth stones with which to overcome the enemy.

Divine Healing Service

Seven-thirty. The great Divine Healing service is on. The Temple is well filled clear up to the dome. The choir are in their places, and the meeting is on. From 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., we sing, pray, testify, preach, give two altar calls, pray for the sick, and rejoice in the strength of the Lord.

Miracles of answered prayer are manifested in the midst. Those who have attended some of the revivals which we have been privileged to conduct in other cities declare, that never was the power and the depth of the spirit so manifested as here. A little weary, but very, very happy, we go to our homes at last, leaving the janitors and the volunteers with only an hour and a half to sweep and dust the great building and get it ready for the morning.

Look, reader, the last thing before you close your eyes and see that others are watching with their Lord, and while we sleep the light in the watch tower burns steadily on. Three hundred and sixty-eight people per month are now on the watch tower schedule. Men rise and drive thirty, forty, and fifty miles to pray their two hours a week in the watch tower. How can the revival stop or sinners keep from being converted with such an endless chain of prayer going up, up to the Father's throne? And then we remember sleepily and smile at the thought that thirty-five thousand chair donors, outside of the State of California, who made the building possible, are praying, "Oh Lord, bless the one who is sitting in my chair tonight. I may never be able to get there to use it, but Lord save souls. Send them from that chair to the altar and from the altar to the field to win other souls to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary. Amen."

Prayers That Arouse the Sleeper

It seems only a few moments since we closed our eyes before we are awakened by the sound of somebody calling. It seems to be coming through the window. Can it be the boys with the Sunday newspapers, we wonder sleepily. No, our watches say it is only four o'clock. "What-what-can-it-be? Um-m?" We sit up and rub our eyes. Then spring over to the window, and our fear is confirmed. The men praying in the watchtower have forgotten the neighbors who may be sound asleep and are praying with all their might. Hands uplifted. Tears running down their cheeks. Wrestling with God to save souls and shake up the sleeping community.

A window creaks up somewhere. A door slams somewhere else, and it sounds as though the community is beginning to wake right now. Hastily our little Mother slips into her coat and slippers and goes flying down the steps, across the yard, and up to the watch tower. Run and stand with her for a moment and listen with bowed head and awed heart. A young man is praying, who has but recently been converted himself.

"Oh Lord, bless the meetings today. Bless Sister McPherson. Give her the message, oh Lord. Bless Sister Kennedy. Give her strength for the heavy burdens and responsibilities she must bear. Bless the thousands who attend the Temple. Fill the building with Thy glory and with the conviction of the Holy Spirit, till not one sinner or backslider may be able to leave the Temple except by way of the altar. Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years. Stir up the city of Los Angeles, the county, the state, the continent—the world." Just at that moment, before it was necessary to ask him to pray a little more softly, the next shift of watchers comes in and relieves the intercessors of the previous watch, and we retire again, for what seems like another few moments sleep, to be wakened by the sound of automobiles and buses, drawing up and unloading. We rub our eyes and remember—Oh, yes, it is Sunday again, with its Sunday School and

three tremendous services of preaching, praying, singing, soul-winning. Another hour, and the streets will be filled in every direction.

But why take you further, reader? The account just given is but typical of but one short week in the Temple, and we have borne you safely home and set you down gently again in your own easy chair. But why not—if you have enjoyed the past week's visit to the great revival, through the pinions of the Bridal Call—why not pack up your belongings and move to Los Angeles and live right beside the door? "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

The revival is on. The glory of the Lord has come to rest in the Temple like a great golden cloud. The Lord is walking in the midst of His people, preparing them for His own dear coming. Our hearts are filled with unutterable joy, as we finish the setting down of these words. The story is told, the page is laid aside—but the light in the watch tower burns steadily on and on.

Children's Day Sermon



*Angelus Temple
June 10, 1923*

WITH THIS GREAT choir loft filled with bright-faced children, the platform, the rampart stairway and the altar steps also filled to overflowing with little ones, our hearts are brimming over with thoughts of Children's Day, and I am quite sure that one Scripture above all others is in our minds. "Then there were brought unto Him little children that He should put His hands on them, and the disciples rebuked them."

"But Jesus said, 'Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto Me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

And another equally blessed passage is, I am sure, recurring to us all, wherein Jesus set a little child in their midst and said unto the astonished onlookers, "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in nowise inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

Just what was it about this little child, just what attributes did it possess which are so vitally necessary to those who would inherit the Kingdom? Perhaps these attributes and constituents of character and life are almost too numerous to mention.

First in line must surely be the trust of a little child. See, I turn about just now and pick up this wee bit of a baby, sitting in its tiny chair among the many others on the platform. I pick her up in my arms—she smiles; I set her here upon the pulpit desk beside me. She is absolutely trusting. No fear that I would drop her or that I cannot carry her safely; she just relaxes and lets go in my arms. Except we become as this little child—trusting, yielding and implicit of faith in

Jesus, firmly believing that He can carry us over the rough and the rugged places of life and at last lift us up to sit by His side upon the Throne, we shall in nowise enter the Kingdom.

Secondly, the trusting manner in which a child asks for and receives its daily bread, instead of starving and eking out a meager existence, seeking something to satisfy by its own initiative and labors. This little child just runs to mother and says, "I'se hungry, muzzy, please I wants some bwead and butter and sugar."

Or, again, "I'se thirsty, mamma. I want a drink of water," or "I wants a drink of milk." Mother-heart, mother-feet, mother-hands are quick to respond to such a cry and to run to the cupboard and bring to those eager, trusting, waiting little hands and that wistful, confident little face that which it has asked.

"Is that what you do, baby dear?"

"Um-hum."

The little head beside me nods brightly. "I just asks muzzer, and she gets it right away."

Oh Lord, give unto us the simple child-like faith of this little one. Why should we be hungry and famished for salvation, pardon, victory, the blessing of the Holy Spirit, and the joy of a fruitful life, when our Heavenly Father is longing to put into our hands and heart the food that we must need for strength and comfort, the bread of Life, the milk of the Word, the water of the Spirit, when you say, "Ask and you shall receive."

Thirdly, the obedience of a little child is necessary to Kingdom Inheritance. The child receives a command to do thus and so. If it obeys, a smile and an encouraging pat is given the diminutive head. If it does not obey, the word of correction is applied, until the little one bows to the parent's will.

So should we receive orders and obey our Heavenly Parent, Jehovah.

Fourthly, the home-loving instincts of the child. This little tot may be playing out on the lawn when the sun is shining, when the

flowers are blooming, but with the first patter of rain, the rolling of thunder, the sound of danger or an approaching storm, there comes a patter of rushing little feet, and she is within the shelter of the home and of mother's arms.

"Is that what you do, honey, when it rains out at your house?"

"Uh-huh, I just runs like evyting. Once there was a big dog came in our gate. Him barked at me, and I just runned to mamma, and she made him go away."

"Oh, God bless you, little lambie," I say to the little girl at my side, "of course you do."

And, ah, this is just the attitude required by the Lord—that all of His children who would inherit the Kingdom learn the shelter of home, learn to trust the safe refuge, the sure haven of the Saviour's loving arms. Neither storm nor tempest, nor beast, nor demon can harm us there, for we have become as a little child.

Fifthly, a little child is easily guided. Its mind is like plastic clay to be molded and shapen by the people with whom it dwells.

Take a little American child, and let it be brought up by Chinese foster-parents. It will learn to speak the Chinese language instinctively, follow their customs and habits which have been impressed upon that tiny little mind.

The little child puts its hand trustingly into the hands of its God and can be led up this street, down that, turning, winding, never questioning, over hill, or down through the valley—if Daddy is there, it's all right. So should we all put our hands trustingly within the hands of our Heavenly Father, letting him guide us where He will. Ours not to reason why. Ours not to question, but to trust and not be afraid.

Make us, oh Lord, like a little child, not childish, but childlike in simplicity and in obedience.

Sixthly, when a child falls down and soils its hands, its garments, in the mud, it comes home to mother to be washed, to be made clean, to have its robes washed, and made white again. So should we

ever be quick to return to our Father for the cleansing blood of our Lord Jesus.

Seventhly, when a child is in trouble, it cries and calls for aid. So should we ever be quick to call upon him who is ever ready and willing to hear our cry and come to the aid of His little ones.

The Rights of a Child

It is a very solemn and awful thing to bring little lives into the world and to be entrusted with their keeping, their guidance and to realize that for the first months or years of their little lives, we, as parents, are to a child what God is to us.

It is something that should not be entered into lightly. The child has just as definite rights in the world as you or I. The rights of a child should begin years before it is born, not only with the parents, but with the generations before the parents, A father-to-be, who is steeped in tobacco and sin, worldliness and careless living, a little mother-to-be, whose life has been one whirl of dancing, theater-going, flying French-heeled slippers, low-necked evening dresses, wrong eating, and boxes of bon-bons are alike very often unfilled for such a holy trust as that which God gives to parents when putting little lives into their hands and keeping.

It is surely the right of every child to have a Christian father and a Christian mother. Otherwise, their whole start in life is wrong, their thinking is wrong, the molding of their minds is wrong. It is surely the right of every child to have, as one of its most cherished memories in afteryears, the vision of the hours when mother prayed.

It is the right of a child to be brought up in a God-fearing manner, so that in afteryears the mother can claim the promise. Bring up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old, it will not turn from that way.

The child may seem to wander for a time and become worldly and un-Christlike, but with Christian parentage and an exemplary

homelife, an anchor rope is fastened to that child heart from which it can rarely entirely cut off, and the chances are nine out of ten that that son or daughter will be brought into the fold singing:

*I'm coming home, I'm coming home
To live my wasted life anew;
For mother's prayers have followed me,
Have followed me the whole world through.*

One may be unable to give one's child the money, fine clothes, schooling, and education one would wish, but if one can give them their rights of a proper example, home training, Christian instincts imbedded into the little plastic mind, one has given one's child a greater treasure than money could ever buy.

Blankets or the Child?

Many years ago, a father and mother lived in the midst of a great forest, which they were clearing as quickly as they could and planting into harvest fields. They were wont to dwell down in the valley during the Winter to escape the intense cold and winds, and then climb the mountain in the Springtime to go on with their farming.

Early one Spring, they set out for the hillside, while snow was still on the ground; the sun was shining brightly, the snow melting rapidly. The father carried the seed, potatoes, corn, and wheat, the farming implements—the hoe, rake, etc. The mother was laden down with cooking utensils and groceries and bedding. In addition to her other burdens, she carried in her arms a wee little soft, cuddly baby, wrapped up snugly beneath many blankets, lest the cold and damp should chill it.

As they ascended, they came to a stream through which they had waded without difficulty many times, but which was now angry

and swollen with melting snow and Spring rains. In order to pass through, the mother gave into the father's keeping the little bundle wrapped up in the warm blankets, asking that he should carry it over to the other side while she girded up her garments and waded through ahead.

On reaching the other side, the mother quickly turned and held out hungry arms for the little one. The clumsy, half-drunken father, who had followed after her, laid the bundle of blankets into her arms. Clutching it to her breast for one wild, brief moment, the mother uttered a cry, "The baby, the baby! Oh daddy, where is the baby? All you have given me are the blankets."

The father had unknowingly let the little child slip through and down into the dark waters beneath. Though the frantic mother ran wildly up and down the shore, she never even found the little body again. It had evidently been whirled over the falls below.

Not a pretty story, you say. No. No, indeed, it is not. But just as the mother gave that wee baby into the keeping of the other parent that he might carry it for her across the swollen stream of danger, so hath God Almighty given into the keeping of fathers and mothers here little lives more precious than all the rubies and pearls in the world and asked us to carry them for Him safely across the dangerous stream of Life's young day—the motherhood and the fatherhood side. He is going to hold out His hands expectantly just as did that mother, expecting you to give to Him the little life He loaned to you for a work of service and love.

What will you give Him? What will you put into those expectant, extended arms? The real child, or the blankets only?

"What do you mean by the blankets?" someone may ask.

I mean the outer child, the body, the physique. By the real child, I mean the soul, the mind, the purity of heart.

How many of us are careful about the blankets, careful that the clothing is just right, that sanitary conditions are exactly so, that ventilation is proper—would not think of letting the child sleep without

the windows open and plenty of oxygen provided? We are careful of their education, their schooling, and physical training. But, oh, after all, these things are but the wrappings, but the blankets which cover the child, the soul that lives within.

Be careful, mother, be careful, daddy, that you don't let it slip through and have only the empty blankets left when you give account of the little life with which you have been entrusted.

The heart of a child is tender, mellow, sensitive—like the quivering strings of a harp. The heart of a child has been entrusted to your tender keeping. What a pity to instill wrong thoughts, fears, and unbelief. What a pity to turn a little child from the true, believing road. It were better a millstone were hanged about one's neck, and that one were sunk into the deepest sea, than that one should offend by turning away from the cause of righteousness one of the little ones for whom Christ died.

The Training of the Child in the Home

The training of a child of course begins at home and should be begun years before the child is born because:

1. Temper, envy, hatred in the heart of parents will certainly be visited into the third and fourth generation in the training and in the effects upon a child.
2. The training of a child should surely include a thorough teaching of Bible stories. A child should never be told ghost stories and about goblins that will get them if they are naughty and such things, because to tell them this is to tell them a direct falsehood. This will not only give them just grounds for belief that their parents tell falsehoods, but also, in many cases, will wreck nervous systems, bring on partial paralysis, or be the cause of epilepsy. Bible stories are far more interesting and truthful than fairy stories and can be told in such

a wonderful way that the child will prefer these “really-truly stories” to any make-believe that could be conjured up by fantastic and abnormal minds.

Take, for instance, the story of Moses in the bulrushes, the adventure of the children of Israel in the wilderness, their conquest of Canaan, the fall of Jericho’s walls, Elijah, the prophet of fire, Joseph and his coat of many colors, Daniel in the lion’s den, the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, the Christ Child in the manger, the glories of heaven and a hundred other stories, such as my mother told me when I was a little girl with such fine realization that, by the time I was five years of age, I could tell almost anybody the story as mother told it to me.

Such stories far surpass in interest, in literature, in gems of eloquence, in flights of pure thought, any other book ever written by man. They are thoroughly adaptable to children as well as to old age and to middle life.

3. The training at home should also embody the prayer life. The child should be taught not only to say its prayers, but to pray. So many times, mothers attempt to teach their children to pray who have never themselves learned the art—shortly the prayer becomes but a mummery of words mumbled over rapidly, “Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep. I-pray-the-Lord-me-soul-to-keep. And-if-I-die-before-I-wake. I-pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-take.” And, soon, the words lose meaning and are said as a duty.

I heard a little child, a short while ago, who had been taught thus to pray at her mother’s knee. Her mother was absent one night from home, and upon her return, she inquired of her daughter if she had said her prayers. The reply was, “Why, no, mother, you weren’t here, and I did not have anyone to say them to.” She had been saying her prayers to her mother, not to her God.

Surely a little child should be taught to memorize these prayers, but in addition to them, as quickly as possible, should be taught to begin to pray out of their own heart for the things they need for daily grace, for keeping power, for obedience to the Voice of God.

The training at home should be a truthful one. Children should never be sent to the door to tell Mrs. Smith that mother isn’t home today when she really is at home. And yet, many mothers have done this very thing, saying, “Oh Elsie, there comes the peddler to the door; I don’t want to see him. Run and tell him mother isn’t home,” etc. This same mother, upon finding her daughter out in a falsehood, reprimands her and punishes her sorely. Yet, who is to blame—the mother or the child?

4. Parents should encourage their children in well-doing. If they do wrong, speak of it. But if they do right, never be stingy or sparing in your praises. Give them a pat on the back or a bright smile; tell them what the good little girl or boy she or he is. And the ordinary child will almost run his or her feet off to please you the next time.

Never raise your voice in anger or lose control of your temper when dealing with a child. Never say, “You bad, naughty child, you are the most wicked boy in the world, and I am just sick and tired of you and your actions.”

If you talk like this to your child, you will soon have a bad boy or girl on your hands. Give a child a bad name, break its will, destroy its self-respect, and it is very apt to live up to your category of it. If a child has done wrong, let it see that you are grieved and that you expected better things of such a good little boy, or a good little girl, as yours. Explain and reason out to the little one the rights and the wrongs of things.

Avoid corporal punishment as far as is possible. A whipping should never be necessary if your own heart and home

and life and teaching is what it should be. Besides, when a mother, or worse still, a father, attempts to whip a child, with the first blow, they are very apt to have their temper get away with them and strike the little one a good deal harder than they had intended. Under no circumstances should a child be hit on the head, slapped in the face, whipped about the shoulders or spine. And indeed never should the child be slapped or punished, except when everything else has failed and you yourself have prayed about it and are sure that it is God's will.

Then a child should never be whipped in the heat of passion or anger when their wrong is first committed. Take a few moments of prayer and talk and the reading of God's Word to them. Then, if you are sure you are right, go ahead, but gently and with the love of God in your heart.

How would one avoid corporal punishment? One might ask. Why, there are a hundred and one ways. Among the best of these is to take the little boy or the little girl to your room, set them down in your chair, kneel down before them with the open Bible, picture for them the road that leads to heaven and the road that leads to destruction, the sort of people that walk on the one road, and the sort of people that walk on the other road. Point out the two destinations when they reach the end of the way. Picture to them the tempter who is trying to sow seeds of disobedience and naughtiness in the hearts of the little boys and girls; how happy he is if he can lead them astray. Picture to them the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. How He dies to save and to rescue. How He has sent His guardian angels to watch over and to help us. How hurt His heart when we lose our way and wander down the wrong road. How serious and solemn these things are. How, when they have fallen into temptation, the Lord is ready, waiting to pick us up and set us again upon the narrow way.

And I believe that if your little boy or girl are anything like my little boy and girl, they will melt and soften, and say, "Oh, mother, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize how I was hurting your heart and the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mother, pray for me; I do want to be good and not do it anymore."

And surely you will prove that this method is much superior and will make your children love you and respect you far more than the memory of a big man or woman striking a little child that was too small to defend itself and leaving such memories to rankle and burn in their hearts and minds for all the years to come!

5. The training of the child in the home should have as its basic foundation the example of its parents. There should be no quarreling, bickering, and wrangling, no criticism of others, no discussing of other people's domestic affairs, as little pitchers have long ears and are taking all these things and storing them away upon the shelves of their minds for future reference.

A little boy or girl should never be twitted or teased about having a beau or sweetheart. "Now, Johnny, you know you like to kiss the little girls. You like Eleanor pretty well, don't you? Is she your girl? Are you going to marry her when you get older?" I heard a mother ask her little seven-year-old boy a few days ago.

These are wrong thoughts and wrong ideas to put in the heart and mind of an impressionable little child and someday are going to bring the mother's heart to grief if she is not careful. Remember, that whatsoever a parent sows, that shall he or she also reap.

Never threaten a child when you do not mean to carry out your threat. Never say, "If I catch you doing that, I will skin you alive," or use such terms. Then when you do say a

thing, mean it and stand by it! But before you say it, see that you are right and in the Will of God.

Never Threaten

I remember reading in the paper some years ago of a mother who lived in Chicago, who was always in the habit of saying to her children, "Now, if you don't stop talking so much, I am going to take the scissors and clip a little piece off the end of your tongue."

She did not mean it. It was one of the idle threats that many mothers make to subdue little children into quietude. Such as, "Go to sleep now; the bogeyman will get you if you talk anymore."

At last, the little children took the words of the mother to heart. One day, when the mother was bathing her baby in the bathroom, she heard the little girls quarreling in the next room. One was saying to the other, "If you don't stop talking, I will, clip a little piece off your tongue."

The next thing the mother knew she heard a wild little cry, and the very thing which she had always threatened had taken place. A piece of the tongue of her sister had been clipped air with the sharp scissors, a blood vessel had been severed, and she was bleeding to death. The mother, in her horror, seized the little girl who had cut the other one's tongue and said, "Run, run, for the doctor, you wicked girl—run, run."

In her terror and her anxiety, the little girl ran down the back outside stairway, missed her footing, and fell from top to bottom of the long flight. And, in the meantime, the little baby left forgotten in the bathtub, slipped, and went under the water. Thus, she lost her three babies, all because of her own foolish impetuous threats, which she never meant to carry out.

Mother, daddy, give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. You owe it to your baby. It is the right of the child, and the only way to properly conduct the training of a child in the home.

Never play cards in the home. It is going to teach the child to play poker, bridge, and whist, and lead to gambling. The devil is certainly in playing cards, if he is anything in this world, and more souls and homes have been blasted and wrecked than through any other source of so-called amusement.

Don't give your children dancing lessons, as it will start them thinking about the dance hall and worldly places, where there will be all sorts of evil companions—and you will be to blame.

The Child at Play

I. Wholesome, healthful amusement should be afforded the child. A time to work and a time to play should be theirs. Fresh air, plenty of exercise, and laughter should be mingled through the play hours.

II. Care should be taken as to the proper selection of playmates. Don't let your child play on the street, but find in your neighborhood a little boy or a little girl whose manners, voice, grammar, and carriage you would be happy to have your little boy or girl imitate. Remember that a canary never teaches a sparrow to sing, though a sparrow may teach a canary to chirp.

III. Don't encourage your children to gamble. I mean by this such things as playing marbles, for keeps, etc. This is the beginning of the card table, bridge party, the seeking for the grand prize, the gambling on the race-track, etc.

Teach your children to love the good, wholesome athletic sports and games, not games of chance. Teach them in their play to be kind and courteous to those that are weaker and never to bully or tease one smaller than themselves. Instill into their minds and thoughts the memory of the gallant knights of the days gone by. Let others be mean and little, if they will, but give your child the broad vision of the constituents that are really gentle.

The Child at School

Then come the testing days. When the child enters the public school, you will feel that you had almost lost your little ewe lambs and were trusting them into the hands of another. But teach them to love their studies, that they are fitting themselves for a real calling and place in life, and that education is needed for it.

Be careful of the theories taught in school. Over these, you may have little control. For instance, one study of geology or information in science oftentimes flatly contradicts the Bible and very rarely agree with themselves more than a few years at a time. They will seek to teach your children Darwinian and atheistic theories of evolution, which will wholly contradict the story of creation as related in the first chapter of Genesis and will call the Bible story but an ancient theory, a myth, a legend. In my own school days with all my mother's Christian training back of me, I was totally unwarned as to the theories that were advanced in the books. And, coming as they did from high school professors, I was almost swept off my feet. It was only the coming of an old-fashioned revival and the love of God in my heart which brought me back to the truth of the Bible account.

Once one has taken one thing out of the Bible, it is such a little while until one has taken out many others!

High school students are constantly coming to us now in their perplexity, and we are praying and talking over these things together until they are determined that we let God be true and every man mistaken.

One of the best ways to meet this danger is to possess yourself of a copy of the physical geography and other textbooks, go over these with your boy or girl, compare them with the Bible, and prepare them to let these thoughts in one ear and out the other, so that the shock will not be unexpected when they are brought up. These are days when infidels are being turned out of colleges by the wholesale and days when a really Christian parentage is more valuable in steadying the young impetuous life than any other power in the world!

The Training of the Child in the House of God

I. The training of the child in the House of God is of paramount importance. Teach your child to LOVE the church. Never let them hear you say, "Well, I don't care very much about going to church; it bores me to death. But I send my children to Sunday School very dutifully."

Go with them. Teach them to love and reverence the House of God. Make it a joy, not a punishment. Make your religion a happy one, not a long-faced one.

Look around you this morning at the hundreds of little boys and girls and at their eagerness to attend the meeting, until their parents must almost shut them in their rooms and make them go to bed some nights in the week to be bright-eyed for school in the morning.

"Tell me, boys and girls here in the choir, on the rampart and on the pulpit steps, which would you rather do—go to the theater, or come here to the Temple?"

"The Temple, the Temple, the Temple, the Temple," shout back a multitude of treble voices.

A little girl told me the other day, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, Sister, I do so want to be a Christian and be one of your Junior Crusaders, but I can't help going to the theater. My papa and my mama just make me go, because they say they can't leave me at home alone."

"Well, what do you do when you go there, darling?" I asked.

"I just keep my eyes shut tight, and I pray, 'Oh Lord Jesus, just save my papa and my mama, and make them want to go to Angelus Temple to hear Sister pray.'"

God bless her! She was true in the midst of the fire unto her Lord, and she had learned to love the House of God more than the house of the world.

II. Teaching of the child to reverence the House of God is very important. Never, for instance, to chew gum in or around the

church. Teach them not to feel that they are no sooner seated than they suddenly have to get up and go to hunt a drink of water or to run in the aisles or the corridors.

Teach your child to put his little dimpled patties together and learn to pray. In order to do this, you yourself must reverence the House of God and let that reverence be reflected by your little one.

III. The training of the child in giving while in the House of God is important in that it will be reflected throughout the balance of the child's life.

A child may have a nickel or a dime for ice cream, a nickel for gum, twenty-five cents for a ball and a top, but when it comes to give in the House of God, the majority of mothers either send their children without a penny, or teach them that a penny is enough for God, or a nickel, at most, whereas the child's giving is seriously affected or rejected through the years to come.

Children's Day

These are the men and women of tomorrow. These are the ministers, the Sunday School teachers, the evangelists of the future.

"Say, children, how many of you expect, by the Grace of God, to be an evangelist, a missionary, or a minister, when you grow up? Please stand to your feet."

"I do, I do, I do, I do."

Look at them—the little darlings! Almost all on their feet, isn't that fine! "And now the rest of you little boys and girls—there are only a few of you—but you know that you will work real hard to support all the rest of the little boys and girls and keep on the missionary work. No, you need not laugh, it is really true. For, though one goes and the other stays, all can share in the great reward, whether it is going into the battle or staying by the "stuff" and providing the wherewithal for the others to go."

What a wonderful thing it is to have little children in our midst! In heaven they call them cherubs. On earth, we call them babies. May we ever be true to them and sincere and be the example and the inspiration to them to the end.

Let us pray. "Dear Lord Jesus, Thou Friend of the children, who when on earth took the little ones into Thine arms and laid Thine own gentle hands in blessing upon their bonny heads, who cradled them up close to Thine own Heart and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not.' Thou Saviour, who set a little child in our midst and said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Bless us this morning, we pray. Bless the grown-ups and the fathers and the mothers. Bless the little babies, the boys, and the girls. Help us all so to live that, when Thou shalt come, we can enter into the Kingdom clad in the robes of artisans to dwell with them and to hear Thee say, 'Well done!'"

"Give these parents wisdom, oh Lord, for the great work of fitting these little men and women for the duties, the cares and the perplexities of the morrow."

"Bless the little children—they need it just as much as did the little children when Thou wert on earth. Guard them, shield them, shelter them, keep their little feet from wandering. And if Thou shalt spare them, and they shall live, make them mighty witnesses for Thee, at home and in the regions beyond. And at last, grant that we may all meet at the end of Life's short day in the Beautiful City above. AMEN!"

Safety First! Safety Last!



June 17, 1923

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. And the Lord shall cover him all day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders!

DEUTERONOMY 33:12

I have seen the foolish taking root. His children are far from safety; they are crushed in the gate, neither is there any way to deliver them.

JOB 5:6

For when they shall say, Peace and Safety, then cometh sudden destruction upon them...and they shall not escape.

1 THESSALONIANS 5:3



SAFETY FIRST. ONE scarcely turns a corner, boards a streetcar, or moves from one's door, without being met everywhere by the words "Safety First."

Recently a popular moving picture has been largely advertised entitled "Safety Last." Everywhere one is met with the words safety, safety. There seem to be two divisions to this safety and two sorts of

people—one set who choose the one, and one set who choose the other—viz. Safety First and Safety Last.

What a strong, sure, reposeful, comforting sort of a word “safety” is!

“Lord, keep my wife and babies safe,” the loving husband prays when afar from home.

“God bless my children and keep them safe at school, at play,” the doting mother prays.

“Is it safe?” one asks, when using many of the modern contrivances of today. Of the steamboat that plows the sea, one questions, “Is it safe?” Of the great Titanic that plowed through the Atlantic on her maiden trip—as she neared the icebergs, the passengers asked, “Is it safe? Should you not turn away and avoid that compact mass of ice? Should you not turn aside and put Safety First?” But, no, the captain, sure of himself and of his ship, said, “Nothing can wreck or sink her. Of course we will go through and take a chance—safety last.”

Of the railroad engine, of the automobile, of the aeroplane, of the submarine—“Is it safe? Are you sure that it is safe?” This is the constant query.

A new chauffeur is hired. He is to take the children to and from school and to be entrusted with the most precious lives and limbs of loved ones. Is he safe? Does he know how to control the motor?

The dog that had been brought home to guard the yard and home—your first thought as the baby goes near him or as the stranger comes in is, “Is he safe?”

How many times a day do we use the term?

When we built this great Angelus Temple the constant thought of those of us who planned it, of the architect who laid out the blue prints, and the construction company who builded it was, “Is this safe? Is that safe?”

“Safety First” was the constant slogan. The balconies which you are now sitting upon were tested with thousands of bags of cement. The putting up of this immense dome, which became an engineering

feat and puzzled the best minds on the Pacific Coast from Portland to San Diego, was invariably planned and builded by the standard of “Safety First.”

Every scaffold was put up securely. Not a man fell from one of these scaffoldings during the building of the dome! They were watching carefully every step, every hand that worked; and while they were watchful, no danger befell.

When at last the cement of the dome had been poured and dried, it must needs be tested. Thousands of boxes of cement, at great cost and labor, were hoisted to the top of the Temple and all placed upon one side of the dome, striving to push it over—a most merciless test! But it never sank as much as a hundredth of an inch. It had looked good and looked safe before, but now it had been tested.

When we were leaving the East and coming to California, friends said to us, “But is it safe? Is not that the land of earthquakes?”

When we go away in the evening and leave the fire in the open fireplace and suddenly remember what we have done, we stop short in the street, look at each other in alarm and say, “Is it safe?”

We take care of our fire insurance, automobile insurance, life and accident insurance. We look out for the rainy day. “Safety First” is the motto of many people in the material things of life. And it has been proven that safety first is safety last. “An ounce of prevention,” we have declared, “is worth a pound of cure.”

What About the Safety of the Soul?

But what about the safety of the soul? The eternal welfare of that spirit that shall never die?

Even as people are mentally divided into two camps, so are they spiritually divided as to these twain—the one who puts safety first, and the other who puts safety last.

One of our consecrated workers went the other day to call upon a dying woman who had put Safety Last. One of the most dreadful

diseases known to man had fastened its tentacles upon her, and she was very near Death's door. Inquiry soon elicited the fact that the worldly minded daughter, indeed the whole family, had never respected the church nor the Bible. Nor had the religion of Jesus Christ found a place in their heart or home. Hardness and selfishness were in the very lines of the daughter's face, and noticing her harsh attitude toward her mother, the worker said to her:

"Darling, be good to your mother. You will only have her a little while; she is old and broken and at the point of death. She won't be here to trouble you long."

With a pert little toss of her head the daughter said, "Well, I tell you it is hard to be patient."

Soon she hurried her mother to the hospital for an operation, though well she must have known that this would be the end.

Safety Last

Safety Last—no provision for the future.

Sometime ago, a man of the age of 103 knelt at the altars of Angelus Temple. I had the joy of baptizing him that same night. As he went down beneath the waters, he said, "Oh, this should have been done years ago!"

He was very old and feeble, and as he went beneath the waters, I held my breath for a moment wondering whether he would be frightened and strangle. But no, the moment his face rose above the waters he began to speak, and I heard his words, "Thank God. I am home at last."

Yes, grandpa, you had put safety last. But what a pity! Life wasted, empty, dreary, that might have been spent for God and souls!

Safety Last—says the young man, who declared that he must sow his wild oats.

Safety Last—cry the youths and maidens who whirl away in the dance.

Safety Last—the poor little girl who has come to the city to make her living and is now entering for the first time fast, worldly companionship and embarking on the joy-rides there in vogue.

Safety Last—says the little bright-winged moth, who is making her way straight toward the flame of the candle.

Safety Last—cries the man, or the woman, tired and languid, lonely and bereaved, disillusioned with the emptiness of a worldly life, as they try their first shot of dope, "Just for fun," just to see if there is anything in it of the glorious dreams of which people speak. The first shot was glorious—the release from pain and boredom wonderful.

Safety Last—they repeat as they take a second dose.

Safety Last—says the mother, who puts her baby to sleep with paregoric or stills its coughing with other medicines which have inscribed upon their labels the words, "Children cry for it," not realizing that the reason that they cry is because the morphine and other narcotics in it have so fastened their fangs upon the children that the poor little things have good reason to cry for it.

Safety Last—exclaim the young folk who pour out their youth, energy, talent, and time like water upon the ground. "Someday I will be a Christian. Someday I will turn about and live for God, but not now." But though they heard and have the opportunity to be saved, the wicked are broken, ensnared, and taken.

Safety Last—Every time that you have said in response to my altar calls, "Not tonight," you have said in other words. "Safety last. I will take a chance. By and by I will be a Christian when I have had everything that the devil has to give and squandered my life and my substance in unrighteous living, and then shall I come to seek that which the Lord has to give procure my safety last and be saved by the skin of my teeth."

What a pity! When thou mightest have an abundant entrance! And surely if the righteous scarcely be saved, where can the sinner and the ungodly appear?

“Safety first” is the only motto and the only life that should really be lived.

The man who puts safety last in his automobile driving is a dangerous man to meet on a county highway or at a congested city crossing. The road that leads from earth to Glory is a highway marked, saying ever to the sinner:

“Seek safety first! By the way of repentance, come to Calvary’s Cross. Kneel in contrition there; let the precious blood be applied to your heart. There is danger and death in delay!”

You are standing tonight at the cross-roads of life; the great express of death, judgment and retribution is madly tearing adown the track—Stop! Look and listen!

Safety First—Turn while yet there is time. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call upon Him while he is near.

The Christian has safety all the time. In the hour of danger, he claims, “The Name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it and is safe” (Prov. 18:10).

When walking along Life’s road, he claims, “Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh, for the Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken” (Prov. 3:23).

In his dwelling place, he claims, “He shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil” (Prov. 1:33).

The rest of the Christian is peaceful. “And thou shalt be secure because there is hope. Yea, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety.” Also, “thou shalt lie down and none shall make thee afraid.”

“Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings 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.”

Safety first lies on the road to heaven—safety first in moral, moderate living and in the sort of companions he chooses. “Oh, but if I become a ‘Safety First’ Christian, how could I give up my ‘Safety Last’ companions!” you may ask. Beloved, you will not need to give them up; they will give you up in a hurry if you live this life and walk the road to glory.

By putting safety last, one is always the loser. By putting safety first and thinking before one leaps, Satan is a defeated foe.

When I was a little girl, my father used to tell a story about the Devil and the Yankee. The Devil, the story had it, was to permit the Yankee to work his farm on shares for three years by contract, the agreement being that the Devil could take his choice of any part of the fruit of the field.

After the bargain was sealed, the Devil told the Yankee that he would take everything that grew on top of the ground in the fields that year. The Yankee said, “All right,” and straightaway planted the field with potatoes.

The next year the Devil said he would take everything beneath the ground. The Yankee promptly planted it with wheat.

Enraged, the third year the Devil said that he would take the top of all that grew above the ground as well as what grew underneath the ground. The Yankee smilingly acquiesced—and planted corn.

You can at all times, if you give your life and heart into the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ and go by the way of Calvary’s Cross—take the path or safety first.

Heaven and glory, even the land of unending day, crown the life and pilgrimage of the Christian. Sorrow, regret, and a land of broken hearts is at the end of the sinner’s way.

When Life’s little day is over, when its sinking sun is set, will you be found securely trusting, or will fear and consternation fill your

soul? Will you stand, clinging, trembling in this last moment to the swift-moving hand of the Clock of Time swinging out over the vast chasm of destruction that yawns beneath you?

Oh, Decide for Jesus Christ!

The Holy Spirit



July 1923

Chapter I

WITH A RUSHING wind and tongues of livid flame, the Holy Spirit descended on the memorable day of Pentecost, ending the hundred and twenty with supernatural power and glory for the work which the Master had given them to do.

It was upon this day that the curtain officially rolled up, upon the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. This dispensation has continued on down through the years, and we of today are still living in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, which began on the day of Pentecost, and which will not end until the Lord Jesus Christ has parted the flaming clouds of heaven and descended to claim His waiting church.

We are to speak tonight of the great cycle of time embraced by this dispensation, but for the benefit of those who are not quite familiar with the Word of God, may we go back in a hasty review of the two previous divisions of time.

Just as there are three in the Godhead, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, so there have been three separate and distinct dispensations or periods of time.

First came the dispensation of the Father, as recorded in God's Word throughout the Old Testament from Genesis to Malachi. Throughout the dispensation of the Father, there were promised through the prophets two great love gifts from the gracious heart of God. Jesus Christ, God's Love Gift to the sinner. The Holy Spirit,

God's Love Gift to the believer. First was to come the great gift, His only begotten Son, the Messiah, the Mediator, the Redeemer, bleeding and dying for the propitiation of our sins. He promised also, beginning with the first of the major prophets, Isaiah, and ending with the last of the minor prophets, Malachi, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

Some of these great prophesies of the Holy Spirit's coming stand out more clearly than others, take for instance, Isaiah 28: 9–12, which reads, "Whom shall he teach knowledge? And whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little. For, with stammering lips and another tongue, will he speak to this people. To whom he said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing. Yet they would not hear."

But how does one know that this passage refers to the Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit? may be asked, because no scripture wanteth for a mate. The Old and the New Testament walk hand in hand. The New is by the Old contained. The Old is by the New explained. And in 1 Corinthians 14:21, the promise of the Holy Spirit with accompanying manifestations is clearly and unmistakably linked with the New Testament outpourings and operations.

The prophesies of Joel also stand out most clear as holding a lighted torch to illumine the coming dispensation of the Holy Spirit. "Fear not, oh land. Be glad and rejoice. For the Lord will do great things. 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 it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh. And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall

dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit" (Joel 2:23–29).

Not only through the prophets Isaiah and Joel, but again and again intertwined and interwoven like great golden threads among the somber warnings on the looms of life, came the promises of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, again and again. "Ask ye the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain...We opened our mouths wide as for the latter rain...There shall be pools in the wilderness and floods in the dry land, the desert shall blossom as the rose," etc., came the promises from above.

THE HOLY SPIRIT PROMISED BY OUR LORD

Then came the dispensation of the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded in the four Gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. This dispensation was ushered in by that strange and notable character that stood out clearly chiseled against the background of unbelief that covered the land in his day—John the Baptist. Clad in camel's hair, eating locusts and honey, his clear voice of faith shook the surrounding countries with his prophetic utterances calling the nation to repentance.

"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance. But He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. 'Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather His wheat into the garner, but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'"

What a peculiar thing, in the ministry of John the Baptist, that he should point with straight unerring finger through the dispensation of the Son to the coming dispensation of the Holy Spirit. He might have paused to remark that this Saviour was born in Bethlehem of Judea, would be baptized in this selfsame River Jordan, would be tempted in the wilderness forty days and yet without sin, would heal

the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, forgive the sinner, be crucified, raised from the dead on the third day, and ascend again into the heavens! But none of these things did this prophet pause to declare, but looking straight through the dispensation of the Son, with the clear eye of a prophet, he saw and declared the great fact about his Lord, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Then came the Lord Jesus stepping down the banks of the Jordan, as the multitudes parted on either side to let Him pass. How fair was His face. How white His seamless dress as he was baptized of John, saying, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill righteousness." Coming up out of the water with radiant face upturned, the Lord beheld the Holy Spirit descending from God out of heaven in bodily form as of a dove to abide upon Him.

Yes, before our Lord began His ministry, He received the unctioning power from on high, even the Holy Spirit, sent from the Father. Before He performed a recorded miracle, before He fed the thousands, before He preached to the multitudes, before He raised a sufferer from a bed of pain, He received the Holy Spirit, the seal, the equipment, the power so needed in the days of service that were to come.

Ah, if He needed this power, how much more do we, His humble followers of today!

Then He moved adown the paths of life, and wherever He went, He found a highway filled with needy, broken, sinful, pain-racked humanity. And, wherever He went, He left behind Him a trail of happy, singing, healthy people who had been made whole at His touch. Storm-clouds vanished before His outstretched hand. The sun shone, the birds sang, and the great peace that passeth understanding attended His majestic step along the shores of Galilee. O'er the burning sands of Palestine, His sandaled feet brought messages of hope and cheer and light and comfort. Those who sat in darkness saw a great light, and unto those who sat in the region of the shadow of death was light sprung up.

THE FAREWELL MESSAGE OF OUR LORD

As His disciples gathered around Him watching, serving, wondering, there came a day when He began to break to them the news, "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 16:7).

It was as though He had said, "Dear children, you see me now, but soon you shall see me no more. Whither I go ye know and the way ye know. I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God. I go to prepare a place for you. In my Father's land where are many mansions. I go to intercede for you at the right hand of God. And if I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself."

"But while I am gone, there is much work for you to do. The ministry of evangelizing the world is but begun. I am leaving you behind me to pick up and carry on the work. As the Father has sent me, so send I you. The works that I do shall you do, and greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto my Father."

"Children, you have watched me heal the sick and cleanse the leper. You have heard me preach the gospel to the poor and have seen the broken-hearted filled with light and joy and gladness. You have seen miracles wrought and demons cast out by my word, and you have acclaimed it all wonderful, But the works which I do, I do not of myself; He that dwelleth within me (even the Holy Spirit), He doeth the work. And now that I am going away and leaving you to carry on my work, I am sending you this Someone—even the Holy Spirit, to dwell within you, to endue you with power that you may do in my Name, the works which I have done in the Name of my Father."

"Go, my children, go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature—but tarry first in Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high, and you shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you and shall be witnesses of me in

Jerusalem, Judea, in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.”

Again and again the Lord reiterated His command to His disciples that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should wait for the promise of the Father, “which,” said He, “ye have heard of me.”

THE NECESSITY OF RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

It is as though the Lord felt that He could scarce sufficiently impress upon them the necessity, the utter need, of their being filled with the Spirit. And His closing admonitions to the disciples, in each of the Gospels and in the first chapter of Acts, are filled with reasons as to why they should receive the Holy Spirit and an enumeration of the benefits to be derived when He should have come. Of the promised Holy Spirit, the Lord said:

When He is come:

1. He will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment (John 16:8).
2. He will guide you into all truth (John 16:13).
3. He will show you things to come (John 16:13).
4. He shall glorify me (John 16:14).
5. He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you (John 14:26).
6. He shall testify of me (John 15:26).
7. Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water (thus spake He of the Spirit whom He should send).
8. He shall endue you with power from on high (Luke 24:49).

The last words of the Lord Jesus before His ascension, before the clouds received Him out of their sight, as recorded in Luke 24:49, and Acts 1:18, were concerning the importance of tarrying for and receiving the Comforter whom He would send. It was as though He turned about and said to them again and again,

“Remember children, you must not leave Jerusalem until you are endued with this power from on high. Thomas, you know that you need this power. What a doubter you have been. John, you also realize your need. You will not have my bosom to lean upon in the flesh any more. In temptations, in testings fierce and hot, you will need the power of the Holy Spirit to support and strengthen in each perilous hour. Peter, no need to remind you of your need. You have failed me in the two greatest highlights of a Christian experience, your prayer life in the garden of Gethsemane and in your testimony life when you denied me before a little maiden, when I stood on trial.”

“My disciples, did I not find you all huddled together like frightened sheep whose shepherd had been smitten and slain, when I returned to you after my resurrection? Were you not gathered together behind fast closed doors for fear of the Jews? With such timid and shrinking spirits, you could never turn the world upside down for Jehovah. But fear not, little flock, it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. With the coming of the Holy Spirit will come the power that you need and the unctiozied utterances that will change your stammering words into living, flaming fire that shall kindle a glow that the enemy can never quench. Only tarry ye, tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high.”

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD

Having thus spoken to them He slowly began to mount up, without wings, into the air. Up, up, slowly His feet left the ground. Higher and higher rose His form before their wondering, adoring eyes. His face, fairer than the morning, His eyes, liquid pools of love, His voice, sweeter than the rushing of the waters, His gentle nail-pierced hands, extended in blessing, “Don’t forget, Peter! Don’t forget, John! To tarry until you have received the power of the Holy Spirit to equip you for service in the great fight of faith.”

Up, up, into the heaven until His precious form merged and melted into the clouds, He went.

With quivering lips and eyes swimming with tears, they must have gazed and yearned with throbbing hearts:

“Oh, Lord Jesus, are you really gone? When shall we see your face, your wondrous face again? When shall we hear your voice and feel the touch of your gentle hand?”

“Can you see Him now, Andrew? Can you see Him yet, Peter?”

“No, He is gone! The clouds have received Him out of our sight!” How empty the world, how lonely the earth, without Him!

With a start, this company who have been gazing upward with fixed eyes realize that two men in white apparel, evidently angels from above, are standing at their side. Suddenly the men are speaking with voices that ring out clear as a trumpet call, “You, men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into the heavens? 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.”

“Ah, yes! Yes! Did not the master say, if I go away I will come again. Come, Peter, come John, come Mary and Martha, there is one great thought which shall comfort us and steady us in the hour of our grief and loss. It is the thought of His Second Coming, the knowledge that just such clouds as these shall bring Him back again.”

Nothing fills the empty void and the dreary loss of a loved one quite so completely as work, duty, especially if this duty be the command of that loved one who has gone, but whom we expect to meet again some happy day.

“Come Andrew, come Thomas, come Philip, gird up your garments, there is work to be done. The fields stand white to the harvest and the Lord of the harvest will return expecting to find the garners full. Come brothers, come sisters. Let us arise and obedient to His call make our way to Jerusalem, there to tarry until we receive the Comforter which he promised to send from above!”

Chapter II

Now the Lord appeared to some five hundred disciples and followers after His resurrection, but not all of this five hundred felt it necessary that they should make their way to Jerusalem to tarry for the Holy Spirit. Three hundred and eighty of this number felt that they were good enough. Had they not dwelt with the Lord Jesus? Had they not heard His teachings? Had He not said, “Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken?” What more did they need! And they departed to their duties and to their work. But out of the company, just one hundred and twenty were humble enough and needy enough, empty and obedient enough to follow out their Master’s command to the letter, to make their way back—back to Jerusalem about a Sabbath day’s journey from the place of the Ascension—back to the city which they would fain have shunned and avoided, the city that had cruelly beaten and crucified their Lord. The city of Jerusalem was filled with animosity and bitter hatred toward them as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Obediently they journeyed till they mounted the steps to the upper room, there to await the promised Comforter.

Surely, no event could be more fraught with heart-gripping interest or happenings of so tremendous after-results as those which surrounded and crowned the days which were just to come. We have read and pictured it so often that we can almost visualize the scenes!

Seems as though one can see them just now.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST

See! Here are the narrow streets of ancient Jerusalem. It is early morning, but few people are astir as yet. The dew of slumber is still in the streets. A quick, firm step is heard. A brisk, manly form rounds the corner. Someone with a rugged, weather-beaten face and with a glow of quiet excitement that burns like a lamp within his eyes is rapidly drawing near.

“Just a moment, stranger, who are you and where are you going?” we ask.

“I am Peter, and I am on my way to the upper room where I abide with James and John.”

“Not Simon Peter who walked and dwelt with the Lord Jesus of Nazareth?”

“The very same!”

“But where did you say you were going, Peter?”

“To the upper room where I abide with James and John. I am going up to sweep the floor, dust the chairs, and tidy things up after our absence of the last days, to prepare for the coming of about a hundred and twenty saints of the Lord who are assembling for a protracted prayer meeting. We are going to wait until we are filled with the Holy Spirit of promise.”

“But, Peter, you do not need the Holy Spirit! You have walked and talked with the Lord Jesus for some three years or over. You were among the first disciples to be called. You have lived a good life. You have been a believer of the gospel. You have seen the sick healed in answer to your prayer and have even returned with the message that the demons were subject to you. Now, why do you get tangled up with some new-fangled idea and begin to say that you feel a need of some new and deeper experience? You are surely good enough!”

“Ah! Inquirer, you have evidently not been informed as to what a failure I have been—how I have faltered and wavered, how I slept when He needed me most, how I denied my Lord, compromised and ran away like a coward just when I should have stood the most firmly as a brave, staunch witness of His dear power and glory. Had you seen me asleep and heard my Master’s gentle, reproofing voice saying, ‘What, could you not have watched with me one little hour?’ And could you have seen me run from the prick of a little girl’s sharp tongue. Could you have heard me—(Oh! I am filled with humiliation at the very remembrance) could you have heard me deny my

Lord—you would not say that I have no need. But pardon me, I can stay no longer; I must away to the upper room.”

And up the stairs goes Peter. Soon another step is heard ringing out in the silent air of the morning, another manly form is hastening down the street.

“Just a moment, sir. But who are you, if I may ask, and what is your name?”

“My name is Thomas, and I am on my way to the upper room, to tarry before the Lord for the Holy Spirit.”

“What? Not doubting Thomas, to whom the Lord must needs say, ‘Handle me and see’?”

“Yes, I am he who was once the doubter, but blessed be the name of the Lord.”

“The very same. But, thanks be to God, I am a doubter no longer. The past is all under the blood. Calvary’s flow makes me whiter than snow. I am under the Blood just now.”

“But, Thomas, even supposing that the past is forgiven and forgotten, you are too much of a doubter and have been too great a failure to receive anything so wonderfully precious as the baptism of the Holy Spirit.”

“Ah, no. The Lord declared that the promise was for such as even I, and that as John baptized with water, so should I be baptized with the Holy Ghost.”

And up the stairs goes Thomas.

But is it not just like the enemy to seek to discourage those who are going up the steps to the upper room! Either he will tell such seekers that they are so good as to have no need of deeper work of grace, or so full of faults and failures that they could not possibly receive such a mighty experience anyway.

Here they come up this street, making their way in the one direction, disappearing within the selfsame door, mounting the selfsame steps, and entering the selfsame room!

But look! Two women are coming around yonder corner now. They are dressed in the graceful flowing robes of ancient Palestine. How sweet their voices! How radiant their faces in the early morning light! Seems as though they must be speaking of Jesus the Christ, for if you have noticed, one's face is sweeter at this time than at any other. They are coming nearer.

"Pardon me, sisters dear, but would you mind telling us who you are and whither you are bound this early in the day?"

"We are sisters, Mary and Martha, and we are on our way to the upper room where abide Peter, James and John, to tarry until we are filled with the Spirit of Promise, Who shall be sent us presently by our Lord from His Father's throne."

"But Mary, we are surprised at your saying that you need some deeper experience, need more than you have already received. Does not the Word clearly teach us that, again and again, the Master entered your home and that you sat at His feet and learned of him! Surely, there is nothing more that you need."

"Yes, inquirer, even I need the Holy Spirit of whom my Master said, when He was about to depart, 'He will bring all things to your remembrance which I have spoken unto you. He will show you things to come.' My Lord is no longer with me to speak, to teach, to guide, to mold and shape my life, but He has promised that I shall not be left comfortless, that to me shall come the Holy Spirit, and Oh! I need Him, need Him so,"

"Well, maybe so, Mary, but do be careful that you do not get mixed up with some new thing that is not of the Lord. 'Twould seem to me that you have already had one of the largest experiences one could desire this side of glory. But as for you, Martha, perhaps there is something that you need. You always were cumbered with many cares."

And up the stairs go Mary and Martha.

Almost instantly, we see another group coming down the street—a lady with bowed head, supported on either side by two young men.

No need to ask as to who these are. The deep lines and shadows of grief and sorrow have engraved their indelible lines into the sweet face of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who is supported by her sons, the brothers of the Lord.

"Pardon us, Mary, mother of our Lord, but whither are you bound this morning with eager trusting steps?"

"We are on our way to the upper room to wait the promise of the Father. Obedient to the command of my Son, even Jesus the Christ, Who has been caught up in the clouds of glory. He promised us another Comforter, you know, whom the world would not be able to see, and therefore not be able to crucify as they did the Christ, which Comforter is to abide with us forever."

"Mary, Mary, Mary, this is the last blow! Do you really mean to tell us that you have need of the coming of the Holy Spirit! You who were so hallowed and so wholly sanctified, so abandoned to the Will of God that you could say, 'Behold the handmaiden of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word'? Surely, Mary, there is not a man in the world, or a woman, who would say that you were not sanctified, a virgin pure and undefiled. Do we understand that even for you there is something more that is needed? That you have need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit?"

"Ah, yes, indeed, my need is just as great as that of any other. My soul is yearning for the Comforter, for He who shall take the things of Jesus and reveal them unto me, for the coming of Him that shall teach me all things and glorify the Lord,"

"Then, oh, Virgin Mary, if you, even you, need this experience, surely I and all the world (no matter how devoted and clean, through the word that has been spoken to us, no matter how rich our Christian experience) also need this Holy Spirit for which you are all seeking so earnestly!"

There they are coming! Up those selfsame steps, to that selfsame upper room.

“But, sister, is not that picture a little overdrawn! Are you sure that the mother of our Lord with His brethren and that all those others were there as needy supplicants?”

Yes, yes, indeed, let me read you the words from Acts 1:12–14. “Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the Mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day’s journey. And when they were come in they went up into an upper room where abode Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, and Phillip, and Thomas, and Bartholomew, and Matthew, James, Simon and Judas the brother of James. These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus and with His brethren.”

Not only the men, but the women also were to be permitted to share in the glorious outpouring so soon to take place in that upper room. And those who are filled with the Spirit cannot hinder the overflowing of the rivers of living water, but must witness the glory of their Lord and King!

What a marvelous company, what a wonderful meeting that must have been! As they “continued with one accord in prayer and supplication,” they were so united in spirit, purpose, and harmony that the writer, again and again, through the Acts of the Apostles remarks of this marvelous unity!

“They were all with one accord in one place.” What unbroken harmony is depicted by these simple words. Thomas was not saying to Peter, “What are you doing here? You denied your Lord thrice, you cursed and swore the Lord will never baptize you with the Spirit,” Neither was Peter saying to Thomas, “Well, Thomas, what are you doing here! You always were an old doubter anyway. Think not that you will receive anything from the Lord.” Ah, no! They were with one accord in one place in prayer and supplication.

With glowing hearts, and with the Master’s command, “Tarry until” still ringing in their ears, they awaited the advent of the Holy Spirit—the opening of this great new dispensation, the church

age—when under the laws of love and grace, they should go forth into life’s harvest field to sow, to water, to plant, to reap, while waiting with yearning hearts the return of their Master, the Lord of the Harvest.

The Coming of the Holy Spirit



August 1923

Chapter III

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

ACTS 1:1-4



“SUDDENLY—’TIS THUS OUR Lord is ever pleased to move among His children with blessing and revelation of His wondrous glory. Patiently they had awaited, and now He whom they sought came “suddenly” to fill His temple.

“There came a sound from heaven”—the first introduction to the coming of the Holy Spirit in God’s Word is that of “a sound.” Have you heard the joyful sound, brother, sister? Never did like noisy meetings, you say, that have a sound. Ah, methinks wherever the Holy Spirit is really moving and working, there is bound to be a sound of praise and glory. One can be very still and quiet in the graveyard, but in the midst of a Holy Ghost revival, He is apt to hear

a shouting of victory and testimony. And besides, this sound came from heaven and is very different from the sounds of the flesh and of the world. When the Holy Spirit moves, He brings forth melody. 'Tis as though the fingers of Almighty God had found a harp of a thousand strings and swept the chords to wakefulness making His church, His blood washed saints, to send forth the praises of His royal glory.

“As of a rushing mighty wind.” Close your eyes a moment. Can you not hear it now, rushing, sweeping, infilling?

What is this rushing, mighty wind, you ask? Surely, it can be none other than that for which the Prophet Ezekiel prayed “in the valley of dry bones” when he was commanded by the Lord to prophesy unto a wind.

“Come, Oh Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.” The same for whose coming, David was commanded to “tarry” when utterly surrounded by his foes and in dire extremity. The same which came in rushing gales of strength and power, causing the “going in the tops of the mulberry trees,” which signaled to David that the Lord Jehovah with His hosts had come to light for him.

THE RUSHING WIND

So now, as a rushing wind, did the Holy Spirit come to waken the valley of dry bones of Jew and Gentile from their unbelief and lethargy. The disciples and followers of the Lord Jesus were utterly surrounded by their foes. But a few days before, they had been in hiding behind closed doors for fear of what the people might do unto them. They too, had been commanded to “tarry until” and had been rewarded by “the sound of the going” as the Spirit of God with all the hosts and powers of heaven by his side descended to help them wage the great fight of faith.

“But how may I be filled with this gracious power?” you may ask. “How may I hear the sound as of a rushing mighty wind?”

Let me ask you, brother, sister—what is it that causes a wind on land or on sea? Who knows? A vacuum. What is a vacuum? An empty space. And wherever there is an empty space, no power can hinder the wind rushing in to fill that void.

So it is with them who would be filled with the Holy Spirit, there must first be an empty place, a void, a realization of the need, a complete emptying of self, an humble, quiet wailing for the fullness. Then, Hallelujah, no power on earth can hinder the onrushing glorious incoming of the Holy Spirit. As long as we are proud, self-satisfied, self-sufficient, boasting of what we have done, what we have accomplished, how many souls we have won, there will be no empty void for the Spirit to fill. But when empty, needy, humble, realizing that the world surrounds on every hand with unbelief, gaiety, the lure of pleasure, the voice of higher criticism, and back slidings, and that we, instead of being able to cope with the situation, are steadily losing ground, that the Amen Corner is deserted—that the altars are empty, that the old spirituality is gone—and begin to cry out unto God and to realize that we are utterly at the end of ourselves, of our own resources, and a vacuum is thus created. Look out for the rushing Wind, watch for the descent of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal power and glory baptizing, enduing, energizing, until one becomes able to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.

“And it filled all the house where they were sitting.” Not an empty space was left! Filled, filled, filled to the brim and running over. So fill Thine house, so fill Thy people today, oh Lord, we pray.

“And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat on each of them.” Breath-takingly glorious and wonderful must have been the coming of these tongues of fire which crowned the heads and burned steadily upon the brow of each one of these hundred and twenty saints of the Lord. Had not John the Baptist said of the Christ, “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire?”

But why the need of the fire, some may ask. Fire to melt the ice and snows of unbelief. Fire to move the icebergs. With that resistless spiritual glow that can make all see and flow together. Revival fire that makes us one, until we forget that there has ever been a Methodist iceberg, a Baptist iceberg, a Presbyterian iceberg, a Congregational iceberg, and an Episcopalian iceberg, etc., and we are all melted beneath the selfsame flame of love and devotion, worship, and praise and become the warm, pulsing, throbbing gulf stream that brings life, fertility, fruitage, and happiness everywhere.

THE SNOW MAN

How we all need just such Holy Spirit fire today! Why do we need the fire, you ask? We need it to melt the snowmen among us formal conservative folk and to make us living witnesses and flaming evangelists of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

When I was a little girl living on the farm, it used to be my joy, when our Canadian winters held the farmlands in their relentless grasp, to make a great snow man that would stand throughout the season.

Have you ever made a snow man?

One takes a great handful of snow, packs it solidly, and then begins to roll it upon the soft yielding field of white until one has a large round ball. Then one starts all over again and makes a second similar snow ball about two and a half feet through and lifts this and sets it in place on top of the first. Then one makes for the snow man a neck, a head, and a pair of arms. He is given a hat, straws from the broom make his whiskers, two black shiny lumps of coal form his eyes. His nose is molded from snow, and he is given the broom to lean upon.

That night it usually freezes solidly, and each night thereafter, until the snow man becomes an iced man, solid, unmovable. Nothing seemingly affects him. He is formal, stiff, ultraconservative. He doesn't believe in a display of emotions. He doesn't believe in

weeping or shouting, or in praising the Lord. He stands and looks with those black eyes, leaning on his broom without a single amen or movement of his icy heart. Just as still as many folks are when they first begin to attend a revival meeting.

But after every winter in Canada, there always came a summer. After every time of ice, sleet, and hoarfrost, a time of melting and sunshine and singing of birds in the land.

When the sun would arrive in his strength in the springtime, he would smile the warmest, most disarming, and winning sort of a smile one could imagine and then continue to smile and smile and smile. He never frowned, scolded, or threatened. He just loved and beamed and warmed and smiled some more.

But the old snow man leaning upon his broom would seem to pucker his brows together and frown as much as to say, "Now, Mr. Sun, if you think you can melt me, you are mistaken, for I don't believe in springs and revivals and melting times. I am a still, sedate, ultraconservative man, I would have you know."

But the sun never argued, he just smiled and beamed and shone.

Pretty soon the snow would begin to melt from the roofs of the housetop, and little drifts would come slithering and sliding down to the eave troughs and then down to the ground. The snow would melt off the pasture lands, the icicles would fall from the branches of the apple trees, and the very earth begin to heave and sigh with returning wakefulness.

But the old snow man stood the longest of all. Perhaps he was the thickest and the most solid of all the snow formations round about. But at last (and every spring the story was the same), even he would begin to melt. The first thing one would notice was that he would begin to weep. The tears would stream from his eyes, run down to the end of his nose, and then drip, drip, drip. Shortly his whole head would become a fountain of tears. His high hat would slip and then fall off and leave the snow man with bared head, weeping away.

Next his head would begin to nod forward, it would nod and nod and nod a few times, just like folks heads do in revival meetings, though they had thought that nothing could ever melt them again, and his tears would flow just like tears are flowing here tonight, when hearts are tender and melted 'neath the same radiance of the sun of righteousness within whose wings their healing lies.

Then the next thing one knew, the snow man lost his head. This was always the first thing the snow man lost, and once the snow man in the field, or in a revival meeting, loses his head, his own mind and puny thoughts, stiffness, and reserve, it does not take long to melt the rest of him. Soon he was one little drizzling heap of contrition upon the lawn and then went flowing, flowing, flowing down into the rills and brooks and into the river that was rising and flowing out toward the boundless billows of the mighty deep.

And so do we all need the fire of the Holy Spirit to set upon each of us, melting, consuming, until with one accord we shall speak as the Spirit gives us utterance the wonderful works of God.

“And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.” The moment that they were filled with the Holy Spirit they began to speak with languages that they had never learned, thus fulfilling Isaiah 28:11 and Mark 16:17.

Was this speaking with other tongues the manifestation of one of the nine gifts referred to in the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians? Or was it a special sign which attended the incoming of the Holy Spirit, not only in Acts 2, but in Acts 10, and in Acts 19? This has been a question asked of many Bible students, but one must say in favor of the latter question that all the other gifts, except the manifestation of the speaking with tongues, had been bestowed before the day of Pentecost.

THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

Take for instance “Wisdom.” Solomon had certainly had this gift from the Lord. “Knowledge” had certainly been possessed as a gift by the mighty men of old who walked before God and heard his voice.

“Faith” was certainly possessed by Abraham and delighted the heart of his Maker. The “Gifts of Healing” were manifested not only by Moses and Aaron, but by Elijah and Elisha, wherein lepers were cleansed, and the dead were raised to life, and also by the disciples, during the time of our Lord’s sojourn upon the earth, when they went throughout Israel preaching the gospel and seeing the sick healed in answer to their prayers.

The gift of “Working Miracles” was likewise possessed of Moses, Aaron, Elijah, and Elisha, whose God was able to bring water from the rock, manna from heaven, keep meal in the barrel, and oil in the cruse.

The gift of “Prophecy” was possessed by all the writers of the Old Testament before the day of Pentecost.

“Discerning of Spirits” was also in the possession of these men of old. Take for instance the wicked servant of Elisha named Gehazi, who ran after Naaman after he had been cleansed from his leprosy and sought to take money for the healing. Elisha discerned that which the servant had done and said, “Went not my spirit with thee? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever.” And that wicked servant went out from the presence of Elisha, a leper as white as snow.

Yes, surely these seven gifts were in the possession of the children of Jehovah before the day of Pentecost. The only two which had not been manifested were “the speaking with tongues” and “the interpretation of tongues.” Remarkable therefore, in the light of this knowledge, is the fact that all of the hundred and twenty, the moment that they were filled with the Spirit began to speak with other

languages as the Spirit gave them utterance, and that this occurred, not only in the presence of people who spoke in foreign languages, but also in the tenth and nineteenth chapters of Acts, where there were no foreigners and no possible human excuse or reason for such a manifestation, unless it was a part of the seal and sign of God at the time of the Spirit's incoming.

What a shout must have gone up from those happy hearts! How their radiant faces must have beamed! Simultaneous with the incoming of the Spirit came the inrushing desire to work to win souls, to make each flying moment tell for the Christ who had said, "If I go away I will come again." Therefore, they did not linger in "the upper room," but went down with their hearts all overflowing with a practical spirit of evangelism to preach to the world of needy hearts and lives.

THE MULTITUDES GATHER

Such excitement, such a mighty stir, such a shouting and glorification of the Holy One of Israel had not been heard in those streets for many a day. One has but to read between the lines to picture the windows flying open, the heads thrust out inquiringly, doors opening, people running up the street and round the corners, devout men gathering up their long ministerial robes, forgetting their dignity for a moment, and running with the rest to swell the great question that was taking shape on lips everywhere, "What meaneth this?"

We read in God's word that "When this was noised abroad the multitude came together." These hundred and twenty devoted obedient Spirit-filled souls seemed to have solved the problem of how to get a crowd. They needed no oyster supper, chicken dinner, box social, or a moving picture to draw the people. They had received the old-time power, they were filled with the lilt and lift and the glory of it, and their enthusiasm wakened and stirred the community.

The multitude drew near and gazed with wonder upon the shining faces of those so recently filled with the Spirit and beheld their

strange conduct which made them appear so though "full of new wine." Though they all marveled and were all amazed and in doubt, the people were divided into two great sections. The one class who asked, "What meaneth this?" And the other class who mockingly said, "These men are full of new wine."

It is rather difficult for sober folk like you and me to picture John, Andrew, Philip, Mary, and Martha, and Mary the mother of Jesus, so filled with the Spirit that they "staggered, but not with wine and were drunken, but not with strong drink." We, who so dislike confusion and so firmly demand that all things be done "decently and in order," would probably have been scandalized. Yet these people had something worth shouting over, had received the divine Spirit of God, the blessed Paraclete, the Third Person of the Trinity. Had received the Baptism of power from on high which should cause it to be said of them later, "They that turn the world upside down have come thither." What happiness! What ringing testimony! What holy boldness and divine authority! As these spake in the languages of the nations the wonderful works of God.

PETER CHANGED FROM A COWARD TO A LION BOLD

On and on adown the verses of the second chapter of Acts, we read with shining eyes until we come to the fourteenth verse, and then we catch our breath tremulously as we read the first words. "But Peter standing up" and we exclaim, "Oh, Peter, Peter, we know what you are standing up for! You are going to run away, aren't you? You ran away before from a little handmaiden who asked if you were 'one of them' and if you had been with Jesus. If you ran from that little maiden, we do not expect to see you stand steady now that the thousands of people are gathering to question you! Do you not remember how they crucified your Lord? Run, Peter, run, or they may put you to death also!"

But Peter is still standing with a great look of holy rapture upon his face. "Run, Peter, run, I say, or in a moment it will be too late!"

But still he stands. it is as though he were saying, "No, my sister, no, my brother, I am not going to run."

"But why not?"

"Because I have received the blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit enduing me with power from on high, and all of the runaway spirit and all of the compromising spirit has been taken out of me, and in its place has come a holy boldness which causes me to stand and declare the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

But Peter, standing up with eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them, "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken unto my words. For these are not drunken as ye suppose seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel, 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh. And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And on my servants and on my hand maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit and they shall prophesy.'"

This is the outpouring of the Holy Spirit of which Isaiah spake. "This is the rest. This is the refreshing." This is the power, the rain, the enduement, the equipment of which Joel spoke. This is that which was prophesied by John the Baptist. This is that for which our Lord told us to tarry.

Then Peter stretching out his hand preached such a sermon as those folk had not heard from mortal lips in all their lives.

THE SERMON THAT TURNED THREE THOUSAND TO CHRIST

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words. Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him, in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know. Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death,

because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. Hush! Peter, hush! Are you not afraid to speak so boldly in the Name of Him upon whom these very people have so recently gnashed with their teeth and whom they crucified? Hush, man. Hush! They will kill you next."

But no, on and on he goes in his discourse, waxing bolder and bolder, his words ringing out and resounding over the heads of the multitude, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are 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. Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made this same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

Instead of raising the ire and wrath of the multitude, as might have been expected, this Spirit-filled sermon of the Apostle Peter ringing forth with assurance and holy boldness had a most peculiar effect upon the people. Let me read you the words of the Bible. "Now when they heard this they were pricked in their heart and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Quick as a flash came back the words of Peter, "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. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized, and the selfsame day were added unto them about three thousand souls."

What a tremendous revival. What an unheard of response to a sermon. Three thousand conversions in a single day and yet told so quietly in so few words.

A trembling band of disciples shut in behind closed doors for fear of the Jews, before the coming of the Holy Spirit, had been turned by that baptism of power into invincible conquerors, indefatigable

warriors, human tornadoes, mighty and eloquent exhorters, spiritual giants, and flaming evangelists of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Surely, if there is anyone thing more than another which the church of our Lord upon earth needs today, it is such an emptying, such a tarrying, just such an energizing, soul-illuminating baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire.

Lift up your hands, oh hungry church, lift up your voice, oh needy heart, and call upon the Lord. Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain, and He will send you bright clouds and give to everyone grass in the field. Too long have we been a desert. We have been dry and barren. But now are seasons of refreshing sent from the presence of the Lord. We of today should receive the latter rain even as they of the early church received the former rain, until again there shall be pools in the wilderness, floods in the dry land, the desert blossom as the rose, and the lame be made leap as an hart.

Lord, send the old-time power

The Pentecostal power.

Thy flood gates of blessing upon us open wide

Lord send the old-time power,

The Pentecostal power

Let sinners be converted and Thy name glorified.

The Fruit of the Spirit



Angelus Temple

August 26, 1923



RAISE THE LORD! We are going to study this morning, “the fruit of the Spirit.” This is one of the most precious subjects and one of the most vital truths in the Bible. God expects us to bring forth fruit, fruit of the Spirit and not of ourselves. The Lord plainly showed His attitude toward those who bore no fruit when He cursed the unfruitful fig tree because it bore no fruit to meet the need of the hungry. There was the tree, it had branches, it had leaves, but it bore no fruit. He rebuked it, and under His stern rebuke it withered up from the root and died. When the disciples passed by the next day the unfruitful fig tree was dead. Indeed fruit-bearing is one of the most important things in the Christian life. The Lord told His disciples a parable of a man who planted a vine and of how he used to come each day to dig about it and to water it, and of how he came in the season, but found that it bore no fruit. Another season passed, and still there was no fruit upon this vine. Finally the husbandman said to the vinedresser, “I will cut down this unfruitful vine of mine.” But the vinedresser pled with him to spare it yet another year, saying that he would again carefully dig about it and water it, and that if still at the end of that coming season it bore no fruit, the husbandman might cut it down. What a picture of Jesus? He cannot bear to see any of the trees of His planting cut down, but they must be cut down finally, if they refuse to bear the fruits of righteousness.

What sort of fruit is the Spirit-filled Christian to bring forth? First we will look at the fruits which the sinner brings forth, “Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft (original Greek—the word is “farmicea” meaning the practice and use of medicines), hatred variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in the time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Then we will see what the fruit of the Spirit is. “The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against such there is no law.”

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. But someone says, “Sister, didn’t you make a mistake there? Is that word not fruits?” No, the Bible says fruit. “But, I thought that one could have one of these, or perhaps three or four, but you do not mean to say that we must have all, or we have not the fruit of the Spirit?” Yes, it would almost seem that that were the case. “Then one cannot have just one part of this fruit of the Spirit—have just peace or joy or meekness alone—it is not like the gifts of the Spirit that are divided severally to each as God wills?” No, it is different with the gifts. We are told to seek earnestly the best gifts and above all that we may prophesy, but the fruit of the Spirit is composed of several different elements, nine of them in all. If we had an apple here today or an orange, a chemist or a scientist who understood the subject could take the fruit and analyze it, dividing it into its component parts saying, “Such and such a percent of this apple is iron and another percentage is water, etc.” This is what the Lord has done with the fruit of the Spirit. He has analyzed it, so that now we can tell whether or not we are bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit.

First, we are told that the fruit of the Spirit is love. When we are setting down the analysis of any substance we usually put the largest element in its composition first. It would seem that love is one of

the most important elements in this fruit of the Spirit for it is spoken of first of all. Perhaps we might well dwell a little longer upon this element in the fruit—love—than upon the others this morning. “The fruit of the Spirit is love.” Have you that love this morning? It is not merely natural love, but that spiritual love, the love of Christ Himself, lived out in these poor cold hearts of ours by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Someone says, “That person hurt my feelings. They were cross to me. So I am just going to be just as cross and sour toward them as I can be. I am not going to let them walk on me.” Ah, yes, but “love suffereth long and is kind.” Have you love? “Well, well, I guess perhaps I have not so very much love, but I have wisdom. I can preach the most wonderful sermons. I have all knowledge—I can do all sorts of things, I know how to do almost anything—I can testify just wonderfully, but though I can play the piano beautifully and do these other things, I guess perhaps I am not overblessed with love.” Brother, sister, look out! You may have all of the gifts, being able to move mountains through your faith, able to speak with the tongues of men and of angels, able to prophesy. You may have the courage to give your body to be burned for the gospel’s sake, but God says that if you have not love you are nothing—Sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Lord Jesus, give us love this morning, make it to glow in these hearts of ours. Though I have the gift of prophecy—though I can preach splendidly constructed sermons—and understand all mysteries—some people stumble over some of the hard passages in the Scriptures, but I can understand all these mysteries. They are plain to me, for I have a great store of knowledge in my head, gathered through years of study in the great libraries of the world—all knowledge. And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. I built about myself a great and wonderful structure of good works, miracles took place under my ministry, but now it all comes crumbling down over my head with one great crash. I am nothing, without love all this profits me nothing in

the sight of God. Pray all I like, sing all I like as sweetly as any bird, be able to teach a Sunday School, able to do all sorts of things, and yet I am nothing for I am lacking in love. The Lord Jesus just sweeps the slate clear, I am nothing. Oh, Sister McPherson, I want love then.

We have been talking before this upon the gifts of the Spirit, but remember that this love is greater than all of the gifts put together—greater than the gift of faith, greater than the ability to speak with the tongues of men and of angels, better than giving all of our goods to feed the poor. Love, love, love is The greatest thing of all in the sight of God.

What is love? What does it do? What are its characteristics? How can we tell whether or not we have it? I know that many of us often go upon our knees asking God to search us through and through, to put His finger upon the things in us which do not please and glorify Him. We want to have Him show us the spots, if there be any in our lives. But we also do need encouragement. We want to know how to recognize in our lives any likeness to the Lord Jesus, an indication that we are upon the right track. We want to have it brought to our attention if there are any sour things in our lives, any streaks of wrath or bitterness that would hinder the production of the fruit. But we want to know when the fruit of love is being made manifest in us. I often think that I would far rather be filled with love than to be the possessor of great eloquence. I would rather be able to give forth a simple, direct message with love back of it than to preach a most learned discourse which was lacking in love.

It came to me not long ago that, as God is three-fold, three persons in the Godhead, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, just so love is three-fold. First, love looks up toward God for “thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy strength.” Ah, here is none of your cold, ultraconservative love, but it is a white-heated love, a love that has back of it your whole mind, your whole heart’s devotion and your whole strength. So love, in its first attribute, looks up toward God. Then there is love in its second attribute. “Thou

shalt love...thy neighbor as thyself.” And, “Hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples because ye love one another.”

Love for our neighbor, love for our brother, love toward that other minister or toward that other evangelist, who came along and held meetings in my hometown, and who drew such crowds, who was the means of the salvation of many souls and of the healing of many sick and suffering bodies. Not being jealous toward this neighbor of ours, who is perhaps being more used of God it would seem than we ourselves, but meeting him with a hearty, “God bless you.”

We are in that blessed army, soldiers in the warfare for King Immanuel. Love toward our brother and our sister. Charity toward our fellow workers. The first quarrel in the world was a religious quarrel. Brother slew brother because the sacrifice of one had been found acceptable in the sight of God, while God had found it necessary to rebuke the other. “Hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples because ye love one another.” Not because you preach in a wonderful manner, not because you put a great deal in the collection plate. “I am not going to have people treating me like that. Why, did you hear what Sister So-in-so or what Brother So-in-so said about me? I tell you, I just won’t stand for it. I am going to give her a push downward. I will go and tell someone what she did. I will besmirch her reputation.” Ah, perhaps that sister is on the downward way.

Perhaps all that she needs is just a little push to send her tottering over the brink. You do not know the struggle that little woman is having in her own home. How hard her trials are, how cruel are the things she must meet day after day. Perhaps she is so tired out that she has been cross to you or has said something that she would not otherwise have said. Yes, give her a push. She will lose all heart then, and a precious soul will be lost from God through all eternity just because you felt that you must vent your feelings upon her. That is not love. “Love suffereth long and is kind. Love suffereth long.”—But—“love... is kind.” Don’t you see a lot of people who suffer long, but who are not kind about it? I do. But, Brother, Sister, perhaps what that poor little

sister of yours needs is a loving hand, a kind word, a smile, a cheery “God bless you,” to turn the whole tide of her life. Do not give her a push toward the brink of despair, stretch out a helping hand, and lift her up. Be patient, be kind, be gentle, be tender, be meek. Lift up your Sister, lift up your Brother. Love your neighbor as dearly as you love yourself. Love looks out toward our Brothers.

Then, thirdly, love looks out upon a lost and dying humanity and yearns for souls who are dying in sin and sorrow. Love draws and pleads and beckons, “Come, little girl, you poor little girl, broken, drooping, like a crushed lily. Come my boy, you who were once as fair as the morning light as you knelt at your Mother’s knee and prayed to your Heavenly Father, now broken upon the wheel of life.” Love for the unsaved, love stretching out a helping hand to the sinner, draws him to God.

Love looks up toward God. Love looks out to our needy brother. Love looks down with compassion and tenderness upon a dying, sin-cursed humanity.

The Fruit of the Spirit Is Love

How may we tell whether we have love? By the “Love Chapter,” the tenth of I Corinthians. “Love suffereth long and is kind.” Love is kind. Love is not sharp and disagreeable. Love is kind. Love is made to bear a burden. It is like these great columns made of enduring steel. It must bear its weight. Because love can bear, because it is made to endure suffering, it must bear its weight. Love does not say, “I am right, and you are wrong.” That is not the way to win your brother.

Love Suffereth Long and Is Kind

Search your heart this morning, my Brother, my Sister. “I know, but I wanted to teach that Sunday School class, I wanted to be a deacon, I wanted to sing a solo, I wanted to be an usher, but someone got in

ahead and took my place.” Oh, that is not love. Love makes room for the other person. We should be at the place where we remember that we are many members, but one body. If one person is exalted above another, one person preaches more than another, one person sings more than another, you want to be able to sit back and say, “Isn’t that fine? That is part of me up there getting all that glory.” One is the hand, one is the foot, one is the ear, and one is the eye. Love is modest. Love is self-effacing; it pushes others to the front. For, “Love envieth not. Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly. Seeketh not her own.” But I was out the other night, and I prayed for a man, and he was healed. I am getting so that I can do things now. I, I, I—I held a meeting, and it was a great success. “Love vaunteth not itself.” Love lifts up the Christ. Love is modest. Love is Christ-glorifying. Love lifts up Jesus saying, “Don’t see me. See Jesus.”

Love Is Not Puffed Up

When anyone is getting along well, when souls are being saved and people filled with the Spirit, a great many dear souls will come to them and say, “Now, minister, now evangelist, God is using you wonderfully. But don’t get puffed up. Now, you remember Brother So-in-so, how God used him till he got puffed up, and now look at him. Now he is down and out. Sister, don’t get puffed up.” One gets such a great deal of good advice. I believe though that my great danger is not from that source. But I am inclined to get discouraged and to need a word of cheering up and a word of comfort now and then. I do not believe that I stand in danger of getting puffed up, for I realize that it is not I, but Christ, that does all of the work.

Those who have not been used to public work, to appearing before large gatherings of people should guard against getting puffed up about it, for it will spoil one’s ministry from the very start. There is one thing, however, that might be said about the matter of getting puffed up. It was the case in Bible days too. If you

truly love the Lord, and He sees that you are getting puffed up, He will send along some sort of a persecution and puncture you as sure as you live. In Bible times, when they were having some great revival, many being saved and healed, and there seemed a danger of some of the workers getting puffed up about it, God let the preachers—the high priests—catch them and put them in prison and beat them. It was a splendid means of puncturing their pride; it was most humiliating, no doubt. It brought them down to earth again. Oh, Lord Jesus, humble us if Thou seest that we are in need of humbling.

The Fruit of the Spirit Is Love...

Love Doth Not Behave Itself Unseemly

The moment one makes a movement that is not pleasing to the Holy Spirit, He will feel a little check in spirit. The railway trains have what they call a block signal system. When there is some obstruction on the track, the block drops down, and the signal is against them. The engineer stops. When the block drops before you and me, it means stop, listen, consider. On the road to Glory, there is a wonderful block system. If you have said something that has grieved the Holy Spirit, if your dress is not pleasing to Him—the skirts too short, the neck too low—you are not eating the things that He sees that you should eat, things that are not good for you, you are lacking in temperance, ask the Lord to search it out. There is a girl dressed in the uniform wearing the crusader's pin. She is laughing loudly and boisterously. The block signal is against you, little Sister. Stop and get the obstruction out of the road, or you may run off the track if you try to keep on. Someone is standing outside in the halls while the preacher is talking, laughing, and talking foolishly. That is unseemly. Someone moves in the aisles during the sermon. That is unseemly when it is not positively

necessary. Someone, showing aside the stranger, the newcomer, the sinner, says, "Here now, I want that front seat."

Never mind about other people, I must have the best seat, stand aside for ME. Ah, but that is unseemly. Brother, you are mucking a cigar while you profess to be a Christian. That is not seemly. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Going to places of amusement where we know that Jesus would not go—but love realizes that we are to be the bride of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Love realizes that we are one of the members of that triumphant church body, who are to be the consort of the Prince of Peace. Love realizes that we are to be the queen of heaven, that someday we are to move with stately step down the aisles before the throne of God, and that we must learn now the court manners of heaven. Love has an etiquette book, which is the Bible. Love does not need to study these things, but it is to the manner born, born of royal blood, a son of the Heavenly Father, a brother to the Saviour. Love woos us to a close walk with the Master. He is the Engineer on board this wonderful train which is taking us straight through on the way to Glory.

Love Seeketh Not Her Own

That is so different from the world. "I must build up my bank account. I must build up my business, my home. Never mind about the other fellow." We are not thinking about building up the things of others. Oh, may we all as believers have that true love that "seeketh not her own" but another's wealth!

Love Is Not Easily Provoked

The original does not contain the word "easily," but it is, "Love is not provoked." Provoked—I know some folks that are so easily provoked. Why, when I am with them, I have to step as cautiously as though I were stepping on eggs. I have to steer very carefully for fear of stiffing

them up. It is like sailing one's ship over a harbor planted thick with mines, dynamite. A very little match can set them off. One hardly dares to say, "Please, I would like this thing done thus. Please make the bed this way." Ah, let us seek earnestly that love which is not "easily provoked." Have you anyone in your home, in your church, in your neighborhood like that, ready to flare up at the least provocation, "easily provoked." I heard of one couple who had an ideal way of getting along. Both of them were very easily provoked, and they knew it. So when they were married, they had a little talk, and they said, "We will take two bears home with us to live, bear and forbear. If I ever get angry, wife, don't you answer me back till I get all over it."

"If I get angry husband, then don't you answer me back either, you just keep sweet and smile, and I will get over it." So they used to work it that way, and do you know that before long they both reached the place where they were not provokable. Their quick tempers were gone, and they were sweet and loving toward each other. They could both say, "Not easily provoked." Truly this love of the Spirit is not easily provoked.

Love Thinketh No Evil

Oh, don't you think that it would be wonderful to have five thousand church members together and have them so filled with the love of Christ, and none of them would think any evil of another? How easy it is to misjudge others. How easy it is to think evil, to ascribe motives which were not intended. For instance, someone heard me telling the Crusaders that they ought not to chew gum. One day, while we were on a picnic, someone passed me a bag of lemon drops, and I took one, put it in my mouth. Then I passed the bag on. Down the line, a lady looked up and saw me chewing the lemon drop, and she said, "Oh, Sister McPherson is chewing gum." I did not know anything about her saying this until when the bag reached her, and she saw what it was. She came to me and said, "Oh, I am so sorry that I made a mistake. I thought that you were chewing gum." God give us that love that

"thinketh no evil"! Someone said to a certain sister, "Oh, the Lord has revealed to me that He would bless you a lot more in the meetings if you would take off all that false hair you are wearing."

"You think that the Lord told you that, Sister!"

"Oh, yes, I know He did; come, take it off."

"Then if you feel that the Lord told you, you might come to my room, and I will let you take off every bit of false hair."

"Now, that's just fine. It is just splendid to have such a teachable, yielded spirit."

So this first sister took the second sister to her room, and she began to take out the hair pins. And when she had them all out and had shaken down the hair, she found that all of it was fastened to the sister's head. It was all her own hair. What could she say? It is so easy to think evil, so easy to misjudge. "Love thinketh no evil."

I remember a young man once who was converted in a mission. He was a Greek boy, a fine lad. He used to testify so brightly. But one night, after the meeting at the mission, some of the workers saw him go into a saloon and buy a glass of beer and drink it. They raised their hands in horror. They came running to the evangelist, and they told her about it. "We must bring him to time. We must tell him what a terrible hypocrite he is, to testify that he is saved and then go and do such a thing as that." But the evangelist said, "Wait a day or two. Let me think, and let me make inquiries. Don't talk to the boy like that for you may drive him away from God entirely. Wait, and let me talk to him." Finally she prevailed upon them to wait.

So one day she asked the young man, "Is it true Brother, that on your way home from the meeting the other night, you went into a saloon and bought a glass of beer and drank it?"

"Why, yes, of course, I did, Sister. Wasn't that all right? My mother fed me beer since I was a baby. She used to give it to me with my milk. Was there anything wrong about my drinking a glass of beer, Sister?"

Why bless the boy, he had never been taught that it was not right to drink beer. His mother had given it to him when he was a baby.

Someone might have taken that boy and with harsh words killed his soul forever. It just takes a few sharp words to wound a spirit until it may die. It just takes a little sharp remark or two to send someone out of the temple never to come back again. “But they had no business to be doing this or that.” Perhaps not, but you will not help them by sharp words. “Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which 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.” Oh, Lord, give us love.

Love...Rejoiceth Not in Iniquity, But Rejoiceth in the Truth

What does it mean when it says that love does not rejoice in iniquity? When love hears some miserable little talk, “So-in-so did this or did that”? Love will not rejoice in the story and run to tell someone. Love will cover the matter with a veil of silence. Love will not rejoice in and spread the story of evil. “I would not tell you what So-in-so did only I want you to pray for him.” Ah, then why don’t you pray and keep still about it? You are going to drop a little stone that will cause a series of ripples that you will find yourself powerless to stop. “A talebearer separateth chief friends.” Love does not rejoice in strife which is iniquity, but love rejoiceth in the truth which is kind and gentle. Is there anything that is good or holy? Then think about this. Talk about the good that is in that Brother or that Sister of yours. Don’t go around telling the evil that is in them.

“Then, love...beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” Love hopeth all things and it believeth all things. Love hopes for the best in people. I have heard so many business men say, “Take it as your foremost principle to believe every man a rascal until it has been proved otherwise.” Oh, but that is not the way of love. I would rather, far rather, think well of anyone and suffer the risk of being disappointed rather than go around being suspicious of everybody. I would much rather hope for the best.

Oh, do not let us draw back from the voice of the Holy Spirit this morning. Do not let us allow ourselves to feel angry if He convicts us of our failure. But may we say from sincere and earnest hearts, “Yes, Lord, put the sword of Thy Spirit, the Word of God, through below the fifth rib. If there is anything wrong with me, search it out.”

“Love heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail. Nether there be tongues, they shall cease. Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.” Someday these things are all going to be done away. But they have not yet vanished away, for men still have knowledge. “And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.”

Then joy—“the fruit of the Spirit is joy.” I believe that this old world needs the fruit of joy. So many people have such heavy burdens to bear. You have heard people saying, “Well it is all right for people that have no burdens, no troubles such as I have to have joy, but I—my load is so heavy, how can I have joy?” Ah, but if you only knew it—many of the people who are the most filled with the Divine joy which is a fruit of the Spirit are those who have heavy, heavy burdens to bear. It is often the case that the Christian with the sweetest, brightest smile is a Christian who finds life pretty hard many times. They do not exploit their troubles. Do not go around telling others what a hard time they are having. “Love endureth all things.” The Bible speaks of love being “longsuffering with joyfulness.” Some people may suffer long but wear a long face about it. But, Hallelujah! “The joy of the Lord is your strength.”

Oh, folks, have you that fruit of the Spirit—peace? Have you the peace that the Saviour gives? Can we say:

*Oh, the peace the Saviour gives.
All my way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him so.*

Have you that sweet peace that comes through knowing Jesus and being filled with the Holy Spirit's presence? Loved ones may be taken home to Glory, business may fail, property may lose its value, but within our hearts there is peace. The billows and the waves may be rolling high around us, as they rolled around the Master that night when He walked upon the waters, coming to the rescue of His storm-tossed disciples in their little boat. Methinks that it must have been calm in the place where Jesus walked, the waves must have calmed their roaring at the touch of His gentle feet. I believe that it will be thus in our lives if we are walking with the Christ. It may be turbulent about us, but when we are walking in the center of God's will, there is peace and blessed quietness.

Longsuffering and gentle—Yes, love is both. Is it not wonderful to see how gentle the love of Christ will make big men? Horny-handed though they may be, God can make them as gentle as a mother with her baby—make them gentle until they can get down and weep over some poor, lost sinner, gentle in touch and in deed.

Goodness—Oh! Don't you want to have that fruit? Not only outside, but don't you want to be truly good, with the goodness of God. God is good, and as He dwells in us, there will be goodness. Love. "God is love."

Meekness—Are you meek? If you were to die and go home to Glory before the Saviour comes, could it be said of you, "She was a meek woman. He was a meek man."

"But, Sister McPherson, I am not meek. It is not natural for me to be meek. I can't help it, I was born without any meekness." Yes, perhaps, but Moses, whom God Himself speaks of as the meekest man that has ever lived upon the face of the earth, Moses was not endowed with a meek spirit. When he first started out in the service of God, we remember that he slew an Egyptian who was ill-treating one of the Israelites. But after God had dealt with Moses on the back side of the desert for forty years, Moses became the

meekest man that has ever lived, so far as we have any record in the Bible.

Temperance—Are you temperate in your eating, in your drinking, in your dress, in all things? Is there a balance, an equilibrium about your life?

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Is it not right for us to pray, "Lord, give us the fruit of Thy Spirit?" Do you not want to have the blessed Holy Spirit come to dwell in you, living out his own life through you, that you may become a fruit bearer?

The After Results of the Holy Ghost Outpouring



September 1923

Chapter IV

MIGHTILY, WITH THE sound of rushing wind, with the blare of trumpets and tongues of livid flame, had come the Holy Spirit on the memorable day of Pentecost. Surely the day had been crowned with the most tremendous success that an evangelist could ever imagine, and yet when we turn the page and come to chapter three of Acts of the Apostles, we read the following humble statement:

“Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour.”

What a lesson! In the midst of the most mighty revival, even after the most mighty infilling with the Holy Spirit, one needs to keep on praying, keep on waiting, keep on trusting, if one would keep filled to overflowing with that Spirit of promise.

The following chapters contain the story of such wonder hours, such miracle days that they read like some fairy tale to these prosaic eyes and hearts of ours.

As Peter and John were about to enter the temple to pray, a lame man who had never walked in his life, but who was carried daily to the gate of the temple, lifted up his voice and asked alms of them, as he had been asking every passerby for years.

Today the maimed and the halt, the needy petitioners are still stretching out their hands to the people of prayer who know their God asking help and food and strengthening for body and soul.

THE HEALING OF THE LAME MAN

And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, "Look on us." Ah, would to God that we, as a church all had that ancient power which these had received on the day of Pentecost, that as the church of Jesus Christ in every land, we could meet the inquirers pleading eyes and outstretched hands with such an assurance of help and deliverance. Would that we could all say to the narcotic and drug addicts, to the victims of sin and disease today, to those who are perplexed and driven with their face to the wall, "Look on us. We as children of the Lord have the remedy for every need, be that need of body, soul or spirit."

"And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them."

Then Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I to thee."

How the lame man's face must have fallen at these words, "Such as I have."

"He surely means sympathy, a pat on the shoulder, good advice, but this is not that which I need. I need something more substantial that will really help."

"Such as I have give I thee!"

"I believe that surely these are preacher folk. I might have known better than to have asked alms of them anyway."

But wait, the voice of Peter is going on. What is it that he says? What is it that he has to give? Is it possible that he has faith in the mighty God, prayer that brings an answer and knowledge of the healing virtue of the Lord Messiah? Clear and firm his words ring out, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Suddenly a miracle was happening, a strong, tanned weather-beaten hand was reached out, and grasping his own trembling one, a kind rugged fisherman's face framing eyes deep with fire and love was bending over him. Strength and warmth seemed to be flowing down into his body, his limbs, to the very tips of his toes.

"And Peter took him by the right hand and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he, leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God, and they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful Gate of the temple, and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him."

Crowds began to gather from all directions, and in the space of a few moments, were standing everywhere filled with curiosity, as crowds will in the heart of a great city.

"And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's greatly wondering."

No advertising was needed this day to gather the crowd, and indeed it was a peculiar sight that met the astonished gaze of the people. A man with his arms around two other men, evidently weeping and holding them tightly, pouring forth praises of joy and happiness that were almost too great for utterance. We love to think of that lame man holding Peter and John in that rapturous, grateful embrace, rejoicing that these were they who had brought him the story of the power of Jesus Christ. Nineteen hundred years have come and gone, but the old world is still unchanged. 'Tis just such a scene as would have happened today under similar circumstances.

THE RESULTS OF THIS HEALING

As the multitude stood marveling, Peter saw and seized the opportunity for which he was ever on the alert, and soon his voice was

ringing out clear as the morning over the heads of the assembled multitude. “Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? Or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus, whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you and killed the prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses. And His name through faith in His name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know. Yea, the faith which is by Him hath given Him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all.”

Then Peter preached his mighty sermon, the highlights of which were “Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord” and “Unto you first, God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from His iniquities.”

The miracle and the sermon of this day caused about five thousand of them which heard the word to believe. True, the voices of the priests of the temple were lifted up in indignation. True, the captains of the temple with the Sadducees came upon them and laid their hands on them and put them in the hold of the prison until the next day. True, this was the first time that Peter and John, to our knowledge, had ever been in prison. True, they were threatened and scolded, and incidentally given an opportunity to preach another mighty sermon to the powers that be in the morning, and commanded to speak no man in the Name of Jesus Christ—but what of that? The fire and glory of God was in their souls. The approving smile of the Lord Christ was upon their hearts. The power of the Holy Ghost was thrilling and permeating every part of their being, unctio-nizing and enduing with power from on high. Full well they knew and claimed the promise that “one shall chase a thousand and two shall

put ten thousand to flight.” The world was like a mighty harvest field stretched on every hand. Strength, courage, and power were theirs as equipment for the service. God was in heaven and all was well.

No surrender—no compromise—no quarter to the enemy was their motto. When threatened and surrounded by foes, when outnumbered by the enemies of the cross, they simply met in a great and glorious prayer meeting and cried, “And now, Lord, behold their threatenings 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.”

***POWER—AND THEN MORE POWER—THE
SOLUTION OF THEIR PROBLEM***

The solution to their problem did not seem to their minds to lie in compromise or in putting the soft pedal upon the melody of the preached word, but in rather the more emphatically preaching it with greater demonstration and power. That God was well pleased with their prayer was evidenced in that, “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.” Another great secret of their success is found in that “the multitude of them that prayed were of one heart and of one soul.”

The fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles just breathes and burns and glows with the result of the Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Ananias and Sapphira, his wife, fell dead before the mighty power of the Holy Ghost and the spirit of discernment possessed by the Apostle Peter. Let me read you a few characteristic verses from the very heart of the ministry of this perfect church in the days following the first clear outpouring on the day of Pentecost.

“And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people, and of the rest durst no man join

himself to them. But the people magnified them. And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women. Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches, that at the 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 which were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed every one.”

What a church was this—all ablaze and aglow with the inner fire which defied prison walls, clanking chains, scourges, beatings, and flying stones! What a company was this—that could lift their faces steadfastly toward heaven and see in the most bitter moments of outside oppression and persecution the form of the Son of man standing at the right hand of God! What could opposing forces do with a people who had absolutely no fear, no compromise or shadow of turning in their makeup? With people who had been filled with the Holy Spirit, until one man such as Phillip could turn the city of Samaria to Christ? With flaming evangels of whom the city officers and priests must say, “They that turn the world upside down have come thither.”

There was no stopping them.

**Not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain;
Since all who suffer for thy truth send forth,
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal rain
Of fire and spirit over all the earth.**

Prison doors flew open before their songs of praise, midnight earthquakes shook the ground before their prayers of faith. Leave them alone, ignore their presence, and they turn the multitudes

to God. Persecute and scatter them abroad, they spread the message everywhere and set aflame east, west, north, and south. Put them in prison, and they hold a prayer meeting which results in the jailer's conversion. The world was the field, go where they would, there was work to do, and better still, the power wherewith to do it.

THE HOLY SPIRIT—THEIR SOURCE OF POWER

In this mighty of the living God the Holy Spirit was honoured, and moved with power and blessing. They were as a tree laden with a ripe and luscious fruit.

We have oftentimes come to think of this tree as having eighteen apples—the nine gifts and the nine fruits of the Spirit. The gifts of the Spirit are Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, Healing, Miracles, Prophecy, Discernment, Tongues and Interpretation (1 Cor. 12:8–10). The fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, and Temperance. Against such there is no law.

When these early Christians met the sinner, they brought to him the Saviour, through the preached word. When they found the sick, they preached the message of the Great Physician, laid their hands upon them, prayed to Him who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and the sick were healed. Miracles and marvelous things were done. When one of their congregation sent in word that he was afflicted with some dread disease, instead of sending for the doctor, taking a bottle of tonic and a box of pills, their advice was as follows, “Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms. 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.”

“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 5:13–14).

There seemed to be no limit to their faith in the power of Almighty God and in His willingness to save, to heal, to deliver, or in the certainty of His being the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Take, for instance, the time that Paul was about to depart from Troas and spent the night before his departure in preaching. We read that “There were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep. And as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead.” (It is rather comforting to the ministers of today to know that at least one person fell asleep under the preaching of so great a man as the Apostle Paul, but the Lord was evidently not pleased with his slumbering, and we do not imagine that he ever slept again during the preaching of a Holy Ghost sermon.)

“And Paul went down and fell on him and, embracing him, said, ‘Trouble not yourselves for his life is in him.’ When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive and were not a little comforted.”

This instance seems to be one of a multitude to emphasize the power of those days. Picture, if you can, Paul preaching—a young man falling from the third loft, probably breaking his neck and taken up for dead! Picture again Paul excusing himself for a moment from his preaching and running over to embrace the young man! Such power and faith flowed from him that, at his embrace, the dead revived, was brought up again to sit and hear the balance of the sermon, probably back to his same seat, as the house was evidently crowded until no more chairs were left. Paul goes on with his sermon, the multitude drinking in the Word as though nothing

unusual had happened. So commonplace was the miraculous healing power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Shipwreckings, cold, nakedness, stripes without number, serpent bites, and treacherous enemies were as dust beneath the feet of these conquerors. Why? Because of their great learning and wisdom? No, for the majority of them were from the most common and uneducated walk of life. Because of their great physical prowess or mental courage? No, because, during the days of the Master’s trial, they followed afar off and were filled with timidity, shrinking, and hesitancy. Undoubtedly, the something which had so marvelously changed this company was the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, which the Lord had so insistently prophesied, and for which he had so urgently commanded them to tarry, saying, “John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. 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 parts of the earth.”

Oh, That Men Had Continued in This Power!

Chapter V

The apostolic days must have been wonderful days! How I should have loved to have lived in them! Many a one has exclaimed, “Did this power always last?”

Alas, no, there came a day when after the disciples, the apostles, and the immediate descendants of those who lived in the apostolic age had fallen asleep, unbelief and coldness began gradually to creep in. For some four hundred years, according to our church history, the power and miraculous manifestation of the Spirit continued. But there also came a day when this great church tree, with its fruit, its gifts, and its miraculous power, began to feel the insidious attacks of the enemy, not so much from without as from within. Lack

of prayer and consecration, a leaning upon the arm of flesh, began to weaken the church as doth the eating of a palmerworm.

Had this declension and falling away been seen and prophesied by the Lord, you ask? Yes, clearly as recorded in His own Word. These puny minds of ours only feebly grasp events of the past and are utterly unable to probe the depths or mystery shrouding the future. Unlike ours, the clear mind and eye of the Almighty God beholds the future clearly. Before His burning eyes of fire, and the glory of His presence, darkness turns into day, and the deepest mists are rolled away. Looking thus ahead, God saw, and moreover prophesied through the Prophet Joel, that the church would not always retain this glorious state of power, saw that the palmerworm, the locust, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar should rob and strip, mutilate, and well-nigh destroy this perfect tree with its gifts and fruit. He saw that that church tree, because of unbelief, blight, formality, and worldliness, would gradually lose more and more of its fruitfulness and strength, until it would be left desolate, barren, and despairing.

The falling away and destruction of this church tree did not occur in one day. It was a gradual deterioration accomplished day by day and stage by stage.

The first thing to be attacked by the palmerworm was, of course, the fruits and gifts of the Spirit, and they began to disappear in many sections. Not that God wished it so, but because faith was on the wane. Not so many sick were prayed for and healed as of yore, not so many miracles were performed. The arm of flesh began to be leaned upon rather than the arm of God. Gifts of prophecies, of tongues, and interpretations, which had been in the midst of the church all the way down through these years, were manifested more rarely. Men's planning began to take the place of God's holy will. The fruits of unselfish love, joy, and peace were also attacked by the palmerworm, who grew more bold and confident each day. The eighteen apples began to disappear from the staunch and upright

trees which had stood so gloriously heavy-laden through the years that had followed Pentecost.

This state of fruitfulness was indeed a condition worthy of lamentation, but the pity of it all is that the devastation did not stop with the havoc wrought by the palmerworm. Other years, and other worms, took up the work of destruction where the palmerworm had left it off, so that it could be truly said, "that which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten."

Once the enemy had gained a foothold and had weaned them away from their dependence upon the supernatural and the miraculous, it did not take him long to press on, taking trench after trench! As long as the church was of one accord, in singleness of heart, he could gain no footing, nor make serious inroads into the power and work of these devoted people, but now it was all changed.

THE FELLING AND THE RENDING OF THE GREAT TREE

When I was a little girl on the Canadian farm, it used to be my delight to go back into our great woods with my father when he was cutting the timbers for rail fences or for building purposes. Blow after blow, he would strike with the great shining axe glinting over his head in the sun's rays that came filtering down through the lacy boughs high above.

Everything in the woods and in the fields seemed to be alive and to be vested with a voice, especially to me in the days of my childhood. "Clip! Clip! Clip!" the axe would say, and the chips began to fly. At the first or second blow, a small piece of the tree would be hewn out.

"Pooh! That is only a little chip. I can spare that," the great tree would seem to say. "Never miss it in the world."

Clip! Clip! Two or three more chips, a little larger this time, would fall.

"Oh, that is all right! I never did need those special pieces of bark and wood anyway. I am too strong, too invincible for you, wee

man, with your tiny axe!" Chip! Chip! Around the outer edges of the tree, the axe was going in a steady circle until at last it was nearing the very heart of the monarch of the forest, striking into the very foundations, the fundamentals, the strength, the life, and then would come the call, "Stand clear, she is falling!"

Crash! Crash!! Crash!!! Down through the leaves, the branches, the limbs of other trees, then upon the earth with a resounding boom that made the ground tremble for long distances, the monarch would fall. Quickly, the branches and small limbs would be stripped away, and the great length of the trunk would be exposed.

"Humph! You think you are going to split me and make fence rails of me? Indeed you are not. I am solid, compact, every fiber in me from head to foot is of one accord. Nothing can divide me! Just try it!"

Next, my father would take a small chisel with a thin edge and drive it into the tree, shoving a little wedge into the aperture, and then he would take a thicker wedge, pounding that in, and then gradually a larger and a larger.

"Humph! A little thing like that couldn't split me. Takes something bigger than that to do it," the whole tree seemed to say. But gradually the wedges were getting larger and larger until, at last, with a great creak and groan that seemed to come from the very heart of the tree, the trunk began to be rent and was soon divided in half. After this it did not take long to finish the work and lay it in many rails.

So it was with the early church after the apostles, fathers, disciples, and their immediate descendants had fallen asleep and four hundred years had passed. With the gifts and the fruits gradually disappearing, the enemy advanced another step in his dire purpose of stripping and robbing the power and glory of the church.

The "Ifs" of Divine Healing



*Angelus Temple
September 1, 1923*



WE HAVE BEEN taking up the thought of Christ as the Great Physician during these Divine Healing services, and the Lord has been opening our eyes to one thing at least, that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." When one has said that, one has said all. It is just Jesus Christ, the same—the same, yesterday. You know what He did yesterday, and what He was. Read your Bible, and your heart will throb, and your eyes will fill with tears, and you will say, "Oh, I wish that I had been with Him then." But Jesus is the same today as He was yesterday, and He will be just the same tomorrow. Jesus is not the great I was; He is the great I am. When across the sea among a distant people, there once lived a man with gentle hands, one with a voice sweeter than the singing of the birds, one that made the blind to see and the lame to walk. Some people teach it as ancient history, but He is the same today. It is wonderful to see a magazine like the *Ladies' Home Journal* telling about Jesus as the same today as in the days of yore. It gives us new courage to look up to Him, who is the Healer, the Saviour, the Baptizer.

For a few moments we will speak about the "IFs" in Divine Healing. For a great while, I use to poo-hoo about it, about the idea of there being some "ifs." But a little study and a little experience brought me to the opinion that there are "ifs" in Divine Healing.

The first "if" is found in Exodus 15:26. God had formed man out of the dust. He had made all the other things, and He looked upon His work and saw that it was good. It was in the image of God. But with

the incoming of Satan in the form of a serpent and with the yielding of man to obey sin, there came down upon the world a terrible curse, a double curse—sin and sickness. And the earth was to bring forth thorns and briars. But there came at this time a promise from the Father’s lips, a promise of the Saviour, who would bear on the cross our sins. And with whose stripes, we are healed. The earth was to bring forth thorns, but Jesus wore a crown of thorns upon His brow.

God’s covenant of Healing began with “if.”

“If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God and wilt do that which is right in His sight and 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.”

“If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God and wilt do that which is right...” That is one of the “ifs” in Divine Healing.

When we come to the New Testament, we find them in actual life wrought out in our midst in the eighth chapter of Matthew, where we read that a leper came to Jesus saying, “Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.”

“Lord, I believe that you can do it. But there is an “if” in my life that bothers me about claiming salvation and healing, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. If you are willing, Lord. I know that you can, but are you willing to heal me? Or would you rather have me in this leprous condition. Perhaps it is to Thy glory that I should bear this, the terrible burning, the disease eating away my very flesh. Perhaps You want that it should go on and on, Lord. Oh Lord, I know you are able, but is it your will?” I wonder whether anything like that has been holding any one of us back here. A question, “Is He willing?” I know He can. “If Thou wilt.” But Jesus answered him, “I will. I will.” That settled it. That settles the question, for as “I will, be thou clean.”

“Lord, there is this cancer eating its way into my heart, there is this leprosy eating into my flesh, but perhaps it is Thy will for it to

be so, Thy will for me to suffer.” No, it is not. He wants to heal you, Brother, Sister. I picked up a paper the other day that said that there are one hundred thousand lepers in China. I remember when I saw my first leper. I was almost frozen with horror at the dreadful sight. This leper followed Jesus, crying, “if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.” Drug addict, are you saying, “Perhaps the Lord wants me to bear this terrible thing. Perhaps it is His will.” Jesus answered, “I will, be thou clean.” He is able to make you clean, and He is willing to make you clean. Someone says, “Here is my little girl. She has that terrible epilepsy, poor little lamb, so tormented. Would it be God’s will to heal her?” What did Jesus say to the leper? “I will.” Jesus put out His hand. Poor man, your eyes blinded with tears, and your flesh burning like fire. Is there just one thing holding you back? Is it the question, “If thou wilt?” Immediately the first “IF” was brushed aside, and his leprosy was cleansed.

The next is in the ninth chapter of Matthew. There came a woman into the crowd. There were a hundred things between her and her healing. “IF” is a little word, but, oh, how it can bind anyone! She had suffered for eighteen years, but she said, “If I can but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole.” There was that “if” between her and her healing. “If I can but touch him.” I think that that is one of the most serious “IFS” of the whole thing.

Hallelujah. If you can but touch the hem of His garment, He will make you whole. My Brother, my Sister, can you touch the hem of the Saviour’s garment? Are you surrounded by a throng—a throng of worldly things—by higher criticism, by unbelief, by those who tell you that the Bible is just a myth, that Jesus is not real, that is sealed, that the day of miracles is past though there is not one single verse or word of Scripture to back such a thing. Are you surrounded by the throng? These would hold us back, worldliness, indifference. Lay them aside, and press through as did the woman. She did not say, “If He will but touch me.” No, she said, “If I can but touch him.” He will never meet us on our own ground of sin and in our own unbelief,

but on the ground of faith and believing prayer. It means so much to have the faith to touch him. Jesus feeling that virtue had gone out of Him turned around and said, "Daughter be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole."

Daughter, cheer up, be of good comfort. Your faith has made you whole. The woman felt that she was well of her infirmity. Feeling follows faith. If we are going to feel, we must first come to God through faith, every time. Jesus said, "Who touched Me?" The disciples said, "Why, Lord, the people are thronging You on every side; why do You say, Who touched me?" That was the faith touch. There are many who are touching Jesus through prayer, but there is the faith touch. This afternoon on the steps a woman took hold of my dress. The workers were trying to get me out. They were saying, "You have five meetings within thirty-six hours; you must come now and rest." But the woman threw her arms around me, and she said, "I can't let you go. I must find Christ. I have got to be saved."

"You darling, all that you need do is to look up in faith and touch Him."

Then the sad, sad sorrowful story that she poured out into my ears. "Sister, you do not know the double life I am leading. You do not know how fair I have gone." But Jesus is the Son of God, and He has long yearned and longed to lift you up. He has longed to have you reach out to Him. "If I can but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole."

Then another one of the "IFS." In the twelfth chapter of Matthew, we read of Jesus healing the sick, and one possessed of a devil was brought to him, and the devil was cast out and the man both spoke and heard. But when the rulers and the ministers, the high priests saw it, they said, "This Jesus Christ is healing people by the power of Beelzebub." What made them say that? Because they did not believe in it. It is so easy for people to say such things when they do not believe anything. They could not doubt that the man was healed, for He was right there before them, and they saw it, but they doubted the source

of the healing. But Jesus said, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation. And every city or house divided against itself shall not stand. And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then His kingdom stand? And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? Therefore they shall be your judges. But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come to you." Hallelujah! Another of God's "IFS."

Then look at Matthew 18:10, "Again I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven." Oh, when the Son of man comes, will He find faith on the earth? It is such a precious article, such a rare article too. Have we faith?

Look at Matthew 21:21, "If ye have faith and doubt not ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea. It shall be done. All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." What is it that lies in front of you? Is it a mountain of sin? What is it that hinders you? Is it a mountain of suffering and sickness? Let us pray for the faith to cast the mountain into the sea. If you have faith, have faith in God. Have you faith? My Brother, my Sister, have you faith? It does not say that, if you doubt, the mountain will be removed, but if you have faith, faith is such a wonderful thing. When I speak about it, it is as though I can see armies marching and hear the roll of the drums, the sound of the trumpets, and can see the church of God going forth to victory under the banner of King Immanuel, going up to the citadel of Satan with the key to unlock the stronghold of Satan and set the captives free. I can see freedom coming to multitudes whom Satan has bound.

Just another "IF."

"When ye stand praying, forgive if ye have ought against any man that your father which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses." When you stand praying for your healing for your own body or for the healing of a loved one, forgive. If you do not forgive others,

then your Father in heaven cannot forgive you your trespasses. You are coming for Salvation, for Healing, the double cure. Forgive, forgive—just a little bit of enmity, just a little grudge, but it is going to hold you back. Forgive, get it all under the blood of Jesus. Then give the Lord all the glory. Hallelujah.

One more “IF,” and we will close. “If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you” (John 15:7). If ye abide. I would not have the faith to pray for you and say, “Please, dear Lord, heal this man, this woman so that they can go out and serve the Devil better. Heal these feet so that they can dance on the dance floor. Heal these eyes so that they can see the theater better, see to read the novel better. Open these deaf ears, so that they can hear the vaudeville jokes.” No. If you would ask what you would, you must abide in Him. We know not when our Lord will return. It may be tonight, or it may not be in this generation. If you are healed, what will your life be? Will you abide in Him? Will your healing be for the glory of God? If we spend all of our lives in serving the Lord, it is but our reasonable service. Our lives are in His keeping. The issues of life and death are in His hands. Take that wonderful thought with you, “If I may but touch Him, I shall be made whole.” Give God all the glory. Never say, “I heal; I am a healer. I can go around healing people.” No, Jesus is the Healer. You would not try to say, “I am getting people saved so I am a Saviour.” Oh, no. Jesus is the Saviour. Jesus is the Healer.

*What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry,
Everything to God in prayer.*

Everything, body, soul, and spirit, everything to God in prayer.
Let us pray.

Bottle, Bottle, What's in the Bottle



*Angelus Temple
September 9, 1923*



WE ARE SPEAKING today on the subject “Bottle, bottle, what’s in the bottle.”

We find that there are several kinds of bottles spoken of in the Bible. I want to show you the kind of bottles that I see, and I want you to see if you can tell what is in your bottle.

What is a bottle? It is a container, a conveyor, and a preserver. It is made to preserve and keep something in.

The first bottle we find in the Word of God is an earthen bottle. An earthen bottle is supposed to be rough (Jer. 19:1).

An earthen bottle. Every one of us has an earthen bottle. “Thus saith the Lord, go and get a potter’s earthen bottle.” And what are we to do with it? Practically all of us start with an earthen bottle.

But after all, it is not so much the bottle that we want to talk about. It does not matter whether the bottle is made out of gold, or whether it is silver-plated or made of clay or porcelain or enamel. It is what is in the bottle. Practically all of us are earthen bottles. They may be gold-plated or silver-lined, but we are all supposed to have the treasure of the Lord in an earthen vessel.

We start with an earthen bottle, and then we read of a bottle of smoke, a bottle that is in the smoke (Ps. 119:83). Their bottles were made of skin. We read that David had fallen into temptation and His enemies were pursuing Him. The effect was that he said, “I am become like a bottle in the smoke.” How many of us have started out with a good old-fashioned earthen bottle, a container, a preserver.

You have given your heart to Christ. You were in sin, in affliction, and you became like a bottle in the smoke. Some people get like that, a bottle in the smoke. I should think that the way some people smoke, they would be a bottle of smoke. But, praise God, they are giving it up as they come to Angelus Temple. You can be around this temple for days and see thousands of people and not see anybody smoking.

Then we read in Psalm 56:8 about a bottle of tears, “Put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?” David said, “Lord, I have been weeping, and You have been catching my tears and putting them all in a bottle.” Isn’t that wonderful, to think that God has a bottle for tears—all the tears that have been shed at the altars in Angelus Temple. I think that, when we look, we are going to find that those tears have turned into pearls, beautiful jewels to adorn the Master’s brow. We began with the poor earthen vessel. Then we became like a bottle in smoke, marred, twisted, so deformed in our thoughts and activities to what God would have us be. Each one of us can become a bottle of tears, and through old fashioned repentance with tears, we can come into the fountain.

The next bottle I read about is a bottle of water—water of life—water of salvation. All through the Bible we read about the bottle of water.

We read of a bottle of milk a little further. We first get the glorious water of salvation, and then we get the milk of the Word. What is in your bottle? Have you the sincere milk of the Word. Have you been reading it, hiding it in your heart?

Then, the next bottle that we read about is a bottle of wine. Is not that the bottle that the Lord has to give us? A beautiful bottle of wine.

The last bottle, the seventh—too bad about this bottle—the last was a broken bottle. I read, also in the Bible, about the bottles of heaven, but I am not going to talk about that. I looked all through my Bible for a bottle of medicine, but there was not one of them.

I read that “a merry heart doeth good like medicine,” and I read about the tree of the Lord, the leaves of which were to be for the healing of the nations. But I could not find a bottle of medicine.

Bottle, bottle, what’s in the bottle? What is in your bottle? Are you a clean bottle, just an earthen vessel? But, oh, God, grant that we may have the glory of the Lord in us! That we may be filled with His Spirit! We have the earthen bottle all rights.

But what about the bottle in the smoke—a bottle in trouble, twisted and hard. Without the Lord Jesus Christ, you are like a bottle in the smoke. We have left undone the things that we should have done, but a good many of us say, “I think that I am like that bottle of tears.” I have been grieved in my heart. I realize that I have failed my Lord—it seems to me that I have been a failure.” A lady took my hand and said, “I cried all last night. I thought, here I am fifty-six years old, and I have never led a soul to Christ, and I have not the blessing in my own soul. Tears were in that bottle. But, Hallelujah! Weep it out, and I believe that we can become a bottle of water.

Have you the water of salvation in your bottle? You remember when Jesus Christ came to the wedding, there were the bottles all right, but before they could get the wine—wine of the Holy Spirit—they must first be filled with water. The Lord said, “Go fill the bottles with water.” They went to the well and filled them to the brim. Oh, Brother, oh, Sister, would you like to have the baptism of the Holy Ghost? Would you like to have that bottle of wine? Would you like to be happy, to be filled with power to testify, sing, preach, pray, win souls for Jesus? Would you like to be filled to the brim with the Holy Spirit? First, we must have the vessel filled with water. Remember, you are an earthen vessel. It was when they were filled with water that there was wine. You say, “I know I am saved.” Yes, thank God! There were over a hundred who kneeled at the altar last night.

Now you need Bible study—now you need the sincere milk of the Word—a bottle of milk. Lord, make us a real bottle of milk, filled with the Word of God, and His glory be above all else.

But above all else, we want to come with a bottle of wine.
I must give you the references to which I have referred:

The bottle of tears	Psalm 56:8
The bottle of water	Genesis 21:14
The bottle of milk	Judges 4:10
The bottle of wine	Luke 5
The broken bottle	Jeremiah 19:10

It is the bottle of wine that I want to speak to you about especially this afternoon.

“And no man putteth new wine into old bottles. Else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles. And both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightaway desireth new. For he saith, the old is better.” (Luke 5:37) We must put the new wine into new bottles. Lord, give us these new bottles this afternoon!

As I speak to you about this wine, I want you to see the plan of God. Back in the Old Testament, there stood a man whose name was Joel. This man was a mighty prophet. He stood witnessing for the Lord, telling of the things that were to come. We read in his prophecy of the coming of the wine and of bottles that should be filled.

“Awake you drunkards, and weep. And howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine, for it is cut off from your mouth.” (Joel 1:5)

That new wine means the baptism of the Holy Ghost. “It is cut off from your mouth,” he said to them. But we have the promise of the new wine and of oil in Joel 2:24.

“And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil.” Then the third chapter, the eighteenth verse, “And it shall come to pass in that day that the mountains shall drop down new vine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters and a fountain shall come forth of

the house of the Lord and shall water the valley...” It was speaking of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, this wonderful blessing of the Lord.

Then came our Lord Jesus, Himself. It is wonderful to think that the Master began His ministry with turning water into wine. There was no wine left, and the first miracle that our Lord wrought was the miracle of turning the water into wine, and right there began He His ministry. You remember that the wine the Lord made was new wine. He did not make old wine. All through the Bible the power of the Holy Ghost is spoken of as new wine. He began with wine, praise the Lord! His ministry not only began with wine, but in the feast in the New Jerusalem above, where He is going to partake with His people in His Father's house, there will be new wine. His ministry began with a wedding, and it is going to and with a wedding, the marriage of the church with her Bridegroom, Jesus Christ. There He turned the water into wine. You remember that they had wine in this feast, but the wine ran low, as it did down through the dark ages. They began to cry, “We have no wine.” And the Lord Jesus said, “All right, you can have wine.” When they filled the earthen vessels with water—though some people think that there is no more wine of the Spirit to be had when it is poured out, they have to admit that the best of the wine has been kept to the last of the feast. This is just the beginning. Some day we expect God to pour it out over all the world. May we carry it forth, a bottle of wine, and the best of the wine at the last of the feast.

Now the Lord began His ministry after this message in Cana of Galilee, turning the water into wine. There were other times in our Lord's own life when He gave them wine to drink. There was, for instance, that time at the last supper. There was a table, and there again the Lord appeared to His people. He blessed the cup, which was His own precious blood. It is a wonderful table here.

Then I would have you see the table on the day of Pentecost, when the bottles were filled with wine. How hungry these people were for the wine! Jesus Christ had gone home to Glory. True, He

had left the cup. He had said, "If I go...I will come again." He had also said, "I will pray the father, and He shall give you another comforter that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth." On the day of Pentecost about one hundred and twenty bottles were up in the upper room, little empty bottles, longing that they might be filled. And the Lord filled them. Here was the table—one hundred and twenty bottles, empty, clean, yearning for the blessing. When the Comforter came, the Lord filled the bottles—half full? Three-fourths full? No, He filled them full to running over. The bottles began to run over, filled with the wine of the Kingdom of Heaven, the power of the Holy Ghost. Oh, they were happy people. They had been earthen vessels, they had been bottles of tears. Now they were filled with wine—wine of the Spirit. They acted so strange, these bottles. They had been filled, and they began to run over and splash over, and people came running to see what it was that made them run over. These people were drunk with wine of the Spirit, and they were acting like old-fashioned Methodists. There are James and John, Andrew and Thomas, there are even the women with faces upturned, saying, "Glory! Glory! Glory! My bottle has been filled to overflowing." They tell me that people who are drunk on the wine of earth are very happy for a while, but the next morning it is different—they have a headache. With this wine, there is no headache to follow, no heartache when your bottle is filled with the wine of the Holy Ghost. Lord, fill my bottle this afternoon.

This new wine overflowed as these people preached the gospel, and it flowed over the whole land. This was new wine of life. Joel had prophesied it. Isaiah had prophesied it, but there had been nothing like it before—this bottle of wine that was given on the day of Pentecost.

It was new dispensation, this dispensation of the Holy Ghost. It was new wine in new bottles in a new upper room. They were newly converted and newly filled with new wine, and they went out into a new world to preach it. Everything about it was brand new. Some

people could not understand it. They were earthen vessels, they were bottles of smoke, bottles of tears, but in the end they were filled with wine—these bottles. The people did not know that Joel had promised, "I will work a new work in the earth." They were overflowing with the wine of the Holy Ghost. But they had no bottle. Some of you may be saying, "I would give anything in the world to get that old-time power."

They see the shine on their faces. They can see the difference between the bottle of wine and the bottle of water. How do we get it? Get a new bottle. Do not try to get this new wine into your old bottle—what you believe, what you think, that you have studied in your books about the day of miracles being passed and all that. Most folks seem to think that because the wine ran low during the dark ages, that it is going to stay low. They do not realize that there is going to be a new outpouring of the Holy Ghost in our day, when He will make the mountains to drop with new wine. If you have had something in your heart and have thought that the blessing was not for today, if you have had old ideas, put them away, and get a new heart—a new bottle. Come and be born again, and then come in as simple as a little child and get your portion of wine. "But, Sister, why do I need a new bottle? I have been a preacher for forty years. Yes, I know that God is doing wonderful things in these days. My people and I have been praying for a revival in our church. But, Sister, I want to claim my merits." The new convert may get through just as quickly as the man who has been on the way forty years. We have got to have a new bottle filled with the Holy Ghost, if we would have a bottle filled with the new wine. Why? The Bible tells us that, if we put the new wine into the old bottles, the bottles will burst and blow up. We need to get rid of our ideas. Some folks almost burst when they even think about the new wine. They boil over in all sorts of tracts about it. They say, "I do not believe there is any new wine. I believe that the old wine they had back there in the beginning is all the wine there is. But it has all run out, and there is none for us."

“In the last days,” saith God, “I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.” My brother, it is right here now. Get a new bottle that will hold the new wine. Let the bottle that God has given you be cleansed and made ready to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Do not try to put it into the old bottle, or you are going to explode, you are going to blow up. But you say, “Sister, I like the old wine best. My great grandfather did not believe in it. He did not have it.” Well, praise the Lord, mine did believe in it. “But I don’t think so. I think we can have only the old wine.” Some folks think there is nothing but the old wine, and before they will drink it, they must make sure that it is a hundred years old, and that it has been packed away in the old books until it has mildewed with age and become full of cobwebs. But it is a new blessing for you, Brother. It is the only thing that is going to bring a revival, not our mildewed sermons, which we lay away in our libraries to bring out on some special occasion. It is the old by-gone experience. Some folks think that nothing is good until it is as old as can be. A hundred years old, like Limburger cheese that has to have whiskers on it before it can be eaten.

I would like to know what is in the bottle. What is in the bottle this afternoon? Bottle, bottle, what’s in the bottle? God can come along and shake us up and see what is in the bottle. You poor soul, bring your bottle to the Saviour. Have you been like a bottle in the smoke, twisted with sin and marred? There is nothing to straighten out an old bottle of skin like filling it with wine. It will straighten it all out. Real repentance, surrender to God, the milk of the Word, the wine of the Holy Spirit, it will transform the bottle.

You say, “Sister, what about the broken bottle?” But just a moment longer on the bottle of wine before we come to the broken bottle. How can I be filled? He is the Giver of the Holy Spirit. Jesus Christ is the Vine, and because He is the Vine, and we are the branches, through Him comes all fruitfulness, the sap, the wine.

We read about it in Isaiah 63:3. “I have trodden the winepress alone. And of the people there was none with me...who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save, wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winepress? I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people, there was none with me.”

We think of the Lord Jesus giving us the wine of the Holy Spirit. If He had never gone through with dyed garments, and if His precious blood had not been shed on Calvary, we would never have been able to have this wine. Here are people who have gone empty for a long time. We did not know what an old-fashioned testimony meeting was. They say, “I have been a church member for years, but I never heard an old-fashioned testimony meeting. I thought I had to be empty. I thought there was no longer any wine of the Spirit. If the preacher gave the call to say something for the Lord, I would get up and say, “I thank the Lord, He is my Shepherd,” and sit down again.” But, oh, the bright testimonies, how little we have known of them. We could not give a bright testimony for we had not experienced it.

“In the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.” The people are getting a new blessing. I believe that God is going to do a new work, working among the young people and among the old people as well, giving them the new wine. There is a new movement on foot. I know some places where, if you were to say, “Amen,” out loud in church, people would jump about a foot high. They would be right up in the air if you mentioned having an all-night prayer meeting. They would not know what to make of an all-night prayer meeting. Oh, Lord, make us elastic bottles—bottles that can stretch and not burst when a little new wine is poured into them.

Our Lord is coming, but other things are also coming. Tribulation is coming. The principalities of the air are marshaling their hosts for a great battle. There is going to be an awful famine and earthquake and the sun turned into blood, the stars falling, and there is going to be a time of tribulation and persecution. But it is a sweet thought that the Lord is going to take care of the bottle of wine (Rev. 6:6). "Hurt not the wine and the oil until I have sealed mine elect in their forehead." Lord Jesus, we thank you for sealing us by the infilling with the Holy Spirit. Has He filled you yet? "See that you hurt not the wine and the oil." That is the oil of the Holy Ghost. And "See that you hurt not the wine," the wine of the Kingdom, the new wine. "Till I have sealed mine elect in their forehead."

He is sealing the balance of His people today. But I do not believe that He is sealing theater-going, moving picture, oyster supper church members. But He is sealing a people who are filled with the Holy Spirit. The enemy will never be able to hinder the work of God. I believe that the Devil know that there is a great revival on hand. People say, "Are you not satisfied? There have been more than ten thousand people saved at these altars." No, I am not satisfied. I believe that it is a movement that is going to go through the churches and shake up the preachers and the people. The awakening is coming. The ark is coming up the road. It is not only for the house of Obededom. It is coming to the Temple, the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Lord fill us up to the brim with the water of salvation, seal Thine elect. It is important that we be sealed. You know when you are making wine, blackberry wine, or raspberry wine, it is important that it should be sealed up tight. If it is not sealed, it is going to spoil. If you are filled with the Holy Spirit, you want to be sealed. God does not need to worry so much about the people who are filled. It is the people who are half-filled. The fruit jar that you put the wine in must be filled to the very brim, or if there is air inside it may spoil after it is sealed.

God wants us filled so full that we will not be able to keep it all within ourselves, but so that we will run over until the whole world will get the message. And if you fill it full to overflowing with His Spirit, it is afterwards to be tested. When you seal a jar of fruit you test it. Mother used to turn the jar upside down, stand it on its head, to see whether it would leak. You seal it up when it is hot too, for another thing. I do not believe that God wants us sealed up cold storage. He wants us hot. If the jar of fruit leaks after it is stood on its head it has to be opened, the fruit taken out and then it is sealed up again. He may stand you on your head and see whether your blessing is going to leak out.

"See that you hurt not the oil or the wine until I have sealed mine elect in their foreheads." Has the seal of the Holy Spirit been put upon your heart? Then you are nearing the last table over here, where the bottle of wine is going to be opened when the Lord comes, for He said that He would not drink again of the fruit of the vine until He drank it new with His disciples in His Father's Kingdom. And He said that we were to drink of the wine of the Spirit while He was gone. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5:18). On the day of Pentecost they were staggering. They had been drinking this new wine, a very real sort of wine. But Peter said that they were not drunk with the earthly kind of wine, but that they were filled with the Spirit. Our Lord declared that He would not drink again of the wine until He drank it at His Father's table with us. We are going to feast at that table with our Lord.

When you get home to heaven, when you gather around the table, and when the Lord looks into your life, what is in the bottle? Suppose this were the day of the Lord. Suppose that today we were to be called to gather around that table. What is in your bottle? Empty bottles, bottles of tears? Somebody has gone home to Glory and left you. Are you broken, discouraged, sick? Look to the Lord to turn your bottle of tears into a bottle of wine. Read His word and

get that milk into your heart, and He can turn you into a bottle of wine, filled to running over until that great day of our Lord is come.

But what about this earthen vessel that is not filled? The bottle that is broken. We read about it in Jeremiah 19:10. They shall be broken in such a way, the Lord tells us, that they cannot be mended again. What a terrible thing to be broken like that, a break that cannot be mended! The Lord deliver us from being such a bottle—a broken bottle!

Angelus Temple is a bottle. What is in the bottle? Your church is a bottle. What is in the bottle. Is it the old-time power? What is in the bottle? Let's be filled with the wine.

My text again, "And no man putteth new wine into old bottles, else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles. And both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better."

They get so used to the old wine that they think that the old mildewed kind will do. But the new wine is better, the new wine of the Kingdom is here. He tells us that He will drink it with us, the new wine, in the Kingdom of His Father. Let us get filled with Himself today.

Moderation



Angelus Temple
September 16, 1923



AM SPEAKING THIS morning on a strange subject. I have been wondering whether anyone also ever preached on it, on MODERATION. We are going to talk about MODERATION. You say, "Sister, why are you taking a text like that?" Because we are going through the Declaration of Faith these Sunday mornings, giving a series of doctrinal messages. We want to know the doctrine, why we believe it and where to find it in the Bible. You were singing this morning,

**On Christ the Solid Rock, I stand.
All other ground is sinking sand.**

Not tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, but established. We have taken up by the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the eternal Godhead, the fall of man, the plan of redemption, salvation through grace, repentance and acceptance, the new birth, daily Christian living, baptism and the Lord's supper, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit-filled life, the Gifts and Fruits of the Spirit. In studying the Gifts and the Fruits of the Spirit and in studying all of these different scenes, we have gone through a regular tornado of blessing. heavenly breezes have been blowing. We have talked about how the gifts were given, how the Lord worked in healing, and in performing miracles, in the discernment at spirits, in giving wisdom, knowledge, faith and prophecy, all the wonderful gifts, and

then of the wonderful fruit of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Now we are coming to the next thing mentioned in the Declaration of Faith in connection with the church, MODERATION. I will read for you what it says, “We believe that the MODERATION of the believer should be known of all men, that his experience and daily walk should never lead him into extremes, fanaticisms, unseemly manifestations, back-bitings, murmurings, but that his sober, thoughtful, balanced, mellow, forgiving, and zealous Christian experience should be one of steadfast uprightness, equilibrium, humility, self-sacrifice, and Christlikeness.”

Our test is found in Philippians 4:5, “Let your MODERATION be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.” The Apostle Paul did not tell us that at first. He started out by telling us about Salvation, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, the gifts and the fruits of the Spirit, and how to get them by the lowly road of abandonment to God and self-surrender and love. After taking us through this mighty flame of glory, after starting us off with the sweep and the fire, the lilt and the glory, as though he were making a beautiful watch or some other beautiful mechanism, he slips in a little balance wheel, MODERATION. Let your MODERATION be known of all men, for the Lord is at hand.

What a wonderful thing it is to think that our MODERATION can be known of all men. Some people do not exactly have that. I know of some people who have some of the light on the Four-square Gospel. I have met with many strange things during the fifteen years since I first entered the Lord’s work.

I know of one company of people who received the light on the Second Coming of the Lord. But they did not have MODERATION. They did not have the little balance wheel. That is a beautiful term—balance wheel. They got a little unbalanced on the subject. Then some one of them got a message that Jesus was coming on a certain day. They gave away all that they had to the poor folks they thought

were now ready, they deeded away their homes and their property, gave away their business. I think that they were pretty good people. I think anybody who would sell out their business and home and go out like that to meet Jesus, saying, “Even so, come Lord Jesus,” I think that they were good people. Some people censure them most severely. But it was not quite the thing to do. They forgot that it was also said, “Occupy till I come. The Lord is at the door, but occupy till I come.” They went out under a great tree, and they waited until midnight. And with midnight there came a terrible storm, and when the storm came and the lightnings began to play in the sky and the thunders began to roll, people who had been making fun of them began to sit up and look out of the windows, wondering if it might be true after all and if Jesus might be really coming. But He did not come, and those poor, dear folks stood out there all night. They were drenched with the rain. They went back then and tried to get back their homes and their businesses, but they had deeded it away.

Oh, but I feel such charity toward them. They were good people. But they did not know that they were to let their MODERATION be known of all men. You can be an extremist on the coming of the Lord, on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. You can be an extremist on Divine Healing and forget the glorious cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, forget to preach Christ and Him crucified. “Let your MODERATION be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.” But let us “occupy till He comes,” building every day as though you did not expect to see Him for a hundred years, as though He were not coming for a thousand years. Prepare your missionaries just as conscientiously as though you did not expect Him within the next hundred years. Yet we are at the same time to live day by day, ready for His coming, expectant.

God did not say about your faith, “Let your faith be known of all men.” But your MODERATION was to be known of all men. Have the balance wheel, this MODERATION. Have you the balance wheel? We must have poise, not going to extremes. What a wonderful thing

balance is. When they were first starting out to get the airplanes to fly, a good many men lost their lives until they learned how to arrange balancers on the planes, so that when they struck the pockets in the air they would not fall. Many of you have ridden in a canoe. It is fine to have balance in a canoe. I found that out once. Yes, balance is a fine thing. We want to have balance in our church, balance in our experience. Balanced people, those are the kind of people that other people are going to have confidence in. They will say, "There is a man who is moderate. He is on fire for God. He does not run into coldness and formality, but He does not run over into wild fire."

I know that some people have thought that I was a little too hot for the Lord Jesus Christ. They have said, "Sister, I know you believe in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and in healing. I am kind of afraid of it." On the other hand, other people have said, "Well, I think he is too cold." They say, "Just you wait until Sister McPherson is gone. "When the cat's away the mice will play. But there—I didn't intend to call myself a cat.

I have heard of some wrecks after I had gone. I remember one time in Denver. We were preaching in the big municipal auditorium during this campaign. The big building was packed with some fourteen thousand people. The streets were packed in every direction. All the altar workers we had could not cope with the situation. You may find it hard to believe, but nevertheless it is true. We often had to give two altar calls in a meeting, one altar call for men only, when a thousand men would come at one altar call. Then the altar call for the women would be given, and a thousand women would come. It is startling to find how many churches have no altar workers. When I go into some churches to work I have said, "Where are your altar workers? Haven't you any altar workers?" They say, "Well, I am afraid not. I don't know of anyone we could quite put our hand on for that. Haven't you some workers with you that could do it?" There in Denver we needed altar workers so much that the city and the chief of police detailed to us all of the Christian policemen that

could possibly be spared to help at the altar as workers. These policemen would let men and women down the aisles to the altars. Albert Swain, that well-known journalist, who writes for the papers and who is known by most people who have lived around in that part of the country near Denver, was there. He was writing up these meetings. The press people used to have a big table, where some fifteen or twenty of them would sit, writing up the meetings for the various papers. Albert Swain was moved to great curiosity when he saw a policeman, a sergeant, down on his knees at the altar praying for a bootlegger and a jailbird. He leaned over to listen to what the policeman was praying. This is part of what he heard, "Lord, here is this fellow. I have knocked him around so much, and I have whipped him, but I could not whip it out of him. Here he is, Lord, You see what You can do for him now." Needless to say, the bootlegger was gloriously converted. Many were filled with the Holy Spirit in these meetings. I see that twenty-two of you are raising your hands, indicating that you were there and saw what God did in Denver. How many of you remember the big rack that we had on which the crutches and canes and braces were piled, and how one time it broke down and the things fell right on the preachers' heads.

But there were some of the deaf Pentecostal people who said, "Sister McPherson is holding things a little too much. I am afraid she is getting pretty churchy. She may be trying to cater too much to the applause of the people." I got them together, and I said to them, "Folks, you have been here all these years, trying to get a revival. But now here it is. Can't you trust me? I have never run a revival on the rocks yet. I know what I am doing, I think. I know that a little bit of wild fire would bring down ridicule." The Lord let the revival end beautifully. I do not believe that I ever saw a revival end so gloriously. As I stood up to preach that last time, I felt something soft hit me on the cheek and then they began to come down just like rain, a rain of flowers. The firemen had climbed to the roof of the building with great boxes and baskets of flowers, which they had been carefully

gathering for days and keeping them wet. When they got through, there was a great deep blanket of flowers all around us everywhere. The city was saying, "God bless you, Sister McPherson." Businessmen were saying, "God bless you, Sister. We have had bills paid up while you have been here that we never expected to see again." People who had given their hearts to the Lord had been making restitution for past wrongs. The hospitals and the jails of the city had been visited. The mayor of the city had had them ring the bells of the city, causing all traffic, all activity to stop. Men and women dropped down wherever they happened to be, on their knees, in the streets, in the shops, in their homes, and prayer was offered for the sick of the city, too great in number to find entrance to the building.

All this while these dear Pentecostal people were busy planning what they would do when we were gone. I announced their tent meeting along with the other meetings to be held after we left. And they started their campaign. But someone fell under the power of God in the public meeting. They did not believe in having separate tarrying meetings. Someone thought that the person was sick, and they insisted on calling a doctor. But the people in charge of the tent said, "No, you shan't call a doctor. This person is all right. God is working." But the others insisted on the doctor, and a fight broke out. Chairs began to fly, and the police came and shut up the place and refused to let them have meetings. They said to me, "Sister McPherson, what did you have to do with it?" I said, "I am afraid that I had nothing to do with it." MODERATION.

We had such a wonderful time in Oakland. Newspapers published column after column about the revival, and we had just a glorious time there. After the campaign closed there, were some who said, 'We will get the ground and have a tent and start a campaign. But they were not quite wise about keeping the meetings in hand, and so much noise was made that they were forced to take down the tent because the people in the neighborhood complained about it. Don't think that I am holding this thing too tight. If anything went

to smash, it would not be the person who did the thing that would be blamed, but the blame would all fall back on my shoulders. Take it easy—let people get healed and blessed. Don't try to drive them into things. Close your meetings on time. Don't keep things open till midnight and after, if it can possibly be helped. Get up at seven o'clock in the morning, and that way you will miss the curiosity seekers.

But the trouble in Denver did not prove so serious. We went back there and had a glorious time again. These people came up to me, and they said, "Sister, we thought you were holding things too much, but I guess you were right after all." They were lovely people. It means a great deal to have your MODERATION known of all men. As Willie Black said, "Many are cold, and a few are frozen." Not to be too cold or on the other hand to avoid fanaticism. In order that our MODERATION may be known of all men, we need to know the difference between the flesh and the spirit. How can I tell? you say. Even a sinner can usually tell the difference. I have seen times in our training school, times in the 500 Room and here too, when the Spirit of God has swept through, and they would break out in heavenly singing. Take for instance, sometimes when we ask you to stand and praise the Lord. Some places I would not dare to ask them to do that. Someone would begin to scream. But, praise God. Say, "Amen."

When you ask people here to praise the Lord, they do not begin to shiver and shake and have a hard time to get it out. When we praise God we should worship God, making one sound to be heard in the temple. When they say, Amen, they say it together. How can you tell the difference between the flesh and the spirit? Well, you know when someone is playing the piano, and they strike one wrong, discordant note, you can tell something is wrong. There is no harmony about it. Can't you tell the difference? It is the same way in a meeting. If they are in the Spirit of the Lord, there is going to be a giving of glory and honour and dominion, majesty, and power unto Him to whom these belong. But if there is anything of the flesh,

there seems to be something about the voice—a harshness. It is like a harp with a thousand strings. Take last Sunday afternoon, after that talk on the Holy Spirit, “Bottle, Bottle, What’s in the Bottle?” We decided to have a prayer meeting. Wasn’t it wonderful the way the people poured out and upstairs to pray. They filled the 500 Room, the Lecture Hall, the 120 Room, and then we rushed into the house and got newspapers to lay down on the cement in the dooryard, and men and women kneeled down there also to pray.

One little lady who had just come down from the north and had not been in the revival for very long, as the others were all praising the Lord and adoring Him, she began in a rather high-pitched, hysterical voice to make strange sounding noises. I watched to see what our people would do about it. I was curious to know how they were going to take it. I did not say a word. I could have gone to her and said, “Sister, don’t do it.” But I did not do it. I just waited and watched the others. Softly they all began to sing, “Speak my Lord, speak to me.” The sister stopped and looked at their bright, earnest faces, and then finally she began to sing it too with them, “Speak, my Lord, speak to me.”

Beloved, I do stand for the power of the Holy Ghost, for Divine Healing and the Coming of the Lord, for the gifts and the fruits and the ministry of the Holy Spirit, and for everything that God has for His people, but with it all, I believe in MODERATION and in keeping in the middle of the King’s Highway.

When I was going about from place to place, preaching in the various churches, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, etc., I had ministers meeting in conference, and they said, “It is all right, perhaps, for a short campaign, but I do not believe that it would work in a church. It would not work if you preached Divine Healing and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost for six months right in the same church.” But I said, “Brothers, I believe that it would work. It is the sanest thing in the world, and someday I am going to be able to prove it to you.” It has been over eight months now, going on nine, and it has worked

so far. Hasn’t it, beloved? I believe that our people are getting well-rooted and grounded on the rock, and I do not think that anyone could come in and sweep them off their feet very easily. “Let your MODERATION be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.”

MODERATION, means soberness. Oh, don’t you love to see anyone that is sober. It means not to be slothful, and yet to be sober withal. “Let your MODERATION be known unto all men.”

Someone says, “Yes, but I tell you, I am not going to quench the Spirit. If I feel like screaming, I am going to do it. Mustn’t quench the Spirit.” I do not mind how much the people praise the Lord if they really say something when they do. If they say, “Praise the Lord,” or, “Hallelujah,” or if they say “Amen,” and don’t just make a queer, meaningless, sound like a scream. If Jesus were here, in the flesh, so that you could see Him, I do not believe that you would think of hollering at Him. Do you remember last Sunday evening? In the afternoon, the bottles had been filled up to overflowing in the prayer meeting after the service, and they came down to the evening service just so full. Perhaps you noticed the little “Amens,” soft little “Amens” all over the audience. There was MODERATION. How beautifully the presence of the Spirit was manifested in soul winning. It was not, “How can I get a blessing? How can I get a thrill?” But it turns us into soul winners. “Oh, Lord, I thank you that I am leading my first soul to Thee or my fifty-second soul.” It seems to express itself in soul winning.

MODERATION means equilibrium. I know a man who worships in a certain place in this city. One day, he is way up on the mountain peak of blessing. The next day he is way down in the dumps. He gets blessed, and he lets everybody know it. And when he is down in the dumps, they know it too. He is so cross that he will be apt to snap your head off if you speak to him—down in the Slough of Despond. God does not want us to be like that. He wants us to have equilibrium. He wants us to be able to say “Hallelujah” even when things look dark. To sing

**On Sunday, I am happy. On Monday, full of joy.
On Tuesday, I have peace within, the devil can't destroy.
On Wednesday and on Thursday, I'm walking in the light.
Friday is a heaven below, and Saturday's always bright**

This will really be our experience if we really have this MODERATION. "But I can't quench the Spirit." Nobody wants you to quench the Spirit of the Lord. There is no bondage in this MODERATION, but there is a rejoicing in spirit, freedom. "Let your MODERATION be known of all men. The Lord is at hand."

Let us read this beautiful verse from Ephesians 4:14–15. "That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the slight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, but speaking the truth in love." Some folks speak the truth, but they do not always do it in love. "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ, from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." We are to be no longer children, tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine.

Take for instance the matter of water baptism. People may get tossed to and fro on that. Someone found an old book about people who once believed that it was wrong to baptize in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. They said there was just One person, that Jesus Christ was His own Father, that He was the Holy Spirit. There are not three, they said. Jesus sent Himself down to this earth. When He went back to glory, He did not go back to sit at His Father's side, because He was His own Father. They say also that Christ is the Holy Spirit. So He could not send down to earth another Comforter while He Himself went to heaven. Of course, it leaves out the Father, who sent the Son, and the Holy Spirit, who

represents the Son. How easy it seems to get people switched off. For a while, it took thousands of people. It took one evangelist who used to lead thousands of people to Jesus, and it put such a bitter spirit in his heart. They say, "You baptize them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but just you wait until we get them. We will baptize them in the name of Jesus only. Yet the Bible says, 'There are three that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.'" The Father gave the Son, and the Son sent back the Holy Ghost. The Son has gone back to the Father. Someday, my Lord is coming back in the clouds. The Holy Spirit will catch up the ready, waiting ones to meet Him in the air. Then my Lord will take His church and present it to the Father, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Yet without MODERATION, how easy it is to split. It is a getting down to little niceties, to doctrinal hair splitting, and getting away from our interest in soul winning.

When I came in this morning, I said to myself, "I do not believe that my people need this sort of a message. They are so sweet and so yielded and so wise." But someday, you may find somebody that does need it, and you might be able to pass it on.

Another thing about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I know some people who got the idea that, when they were filled with the Holy Spirit, they could not unite with others. They thought that they got a message that they were not to meet in a church, but just in little groups in cottages. They said, "The time for great revivals and for soul winning is over. We do not need to concern ourselves with street meetings and with altar calls. We must just feed the bride and get the bride ready to be translated." I said, "How long have you been feeding the Bride?" The lady who was telling me this answered, "For about ten years." I said, "Well, then, the bride ought to be pretty well fed up now and able to go out and help others." I guess she thought I was very irreverent. But I don't know about this thing of people separating themselves entirely from the people around them.

Then people will get personal messages for you. They will say, “The Lord tells me that you are to go to such and such a place, such and such a city.” If God wants to send you somewhere, He will speak to you about it. If you are so dull of hearing that you cannot hear His voice, then I do not believe that you are fit to go anywhere to work for Him, that you are ready yet to be sent on one of His errands. We once had a little lady who came to cook for us. She said that another lady got a message for her, that she was to come and cook for us. But it hardly seemed that it could have been that God sent her. It did not turn out well. There was a lady who got a message through someone else that she was to go and call on another lady. She got ready and went and found this lady away from home. If anyone else gets a personal message for you—or thinks he does—don’t you believe it. And remember that no Scripture is for private interpretation.

Some people have gone to extremes in Divine Healing. They condemn everyone who leans to a doctor—condemn them wholesale. You must let people obey the dictates of their own hearts and not try to force Divine Healing on them. They will not get anywhere that way. You will not help them. I believe that lots of people have gone to heaven though they had a doctor and took medicine. Divine Healing is not a club. It is a gate ajar into a land of milk and honey. Healing for the body is after all a temporal thing. Do not make it a test of Christian fellowship. Do not try to force people to think as you do. If everybody begins to argue, you say, “Oh, isn’t He wonderful, isn’t He a wonderful Lord? He has washed me in His precious blood.” Do you know, I believe that those people will get hungry for the experience you have.

I do believe that there is one thing that no one could go to extremes in, and that is Salvation. You cannot afford to get along without this Sympathizing Jesus, this Coming King.

In Virginia, there were some people who thought that they were getting messages from God. When you begin getting messages

outside of the Word of God, from outside sources, look out. I do not know why I am saying this today. They got a message that the Lord was coming a certain day, and that they were all to start for China and Japan, because America was to be destroyed. They would be in a pretty bad fix just now if they had gone to Japan to stay, wouldn’t they?

Then they got a message that they were to dress very plainly. A lady came up to me and said, “Sister, you ought not to be wearing that tie. That is spiritual pride.” I thought that I dressed so plainly, just a little servant’s uniform. She said, “You are all right, Sister, except for that tie.” And my wedding ring. She thought I ought not to wear that. I said, “Well, Sister, I will pray about it.”

A few days later, I went to her home, and in going in, I almost tripped over the rug. I looked down, and I said, “Why, Sister, did you know that your rug is turned up-side down?”

“Yes,” she said, “We had a prayer meeting, and the Lord told us that it was too bright to have the flowers showing, so we turned it over.” She had taken down all the pictures and the photographs and burned them, because Sister So-in-So had had a message that they were worshiping them as graven images. The thing grew and grew. They went from one thing to another. They very soon lost the respect of their associates, the people around them.

I believe that in Angelus Temple every gift of the Spirit is in operation—wisdom, knowledge. It takes a lot of wisdom and of knowledge on the part of the teachers in the Bible School and in the Sunday School to teach God’s word. Then there are miracles and the gifts of healing. People are being delivered from the tobacco and the narcotic habit, from temper. The gift manifested, in discerning of Spirits is being manifested till it seems almost as though we can see straight through a stone wall. The gift of tongues. People have beautiful messages as they praise the Lord. The gift of prophecy, speaking unto men to exhortation, edification, and comfort, not just some new thing to turn the world upside-down. It is a gospel of

power and like a live wire, but it needs to be insulated. If one leaves a live wire lying around, someone is going to get hurt with it.

Take your auto. It can make eighty miles an hour perhaps. They say that mine can, but so far I have only tried it at sixty-one. You say, "It has the power. I must let the power have its way." You take it down on main street and let it loose though, and what is going to happen? Someone is going to get hurt. You will come to grief sooner or later. The power is there. The gas is there, but you can't step on it and let it go. Remember your Brother and your Sister. Make the precious fountain filled with blood the central attraction. Because you are a great man and have a little boy about three years old, we will suppose. You say, I am going to make him walk just as fast as I do, and you take him by the hand, and you drag him along. He goes just as fast as He can with his little feet, but finally he falls down. Will you drag him along with you, saying, "Come right along. You must keep up with me." Remember, minister, that you are set to lead the people, not to drive or to drag them. You must suit your gait to their gait. Remember that our Lord Jesus slows down His pace to our pace. He is swifter than the flight of the eagle. Yet how patiently He will walk with me and talk with me. If you are walking with a sick person, you walk slowly. It is a wonderful thing—this MODERATION, if by any means you might win some. Lord Jesus, you are making us as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. We want to put on lowliness, mercy, meekness, forbearing one another and forgiving one another if any man have a quarrel against any. Amen.

The Murder in the Vineyard



*Angelus Temple
September 16, 1923*



WE ARE SPEAKING today of "The Murder In The Vineyard," and our text is found in Matthew 21:33. Also in Mark, the twelfth chapter.

"Hear another parable. There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it. And the husbandmen took his servants and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again, he sent other servants more than the first. And they did unto them likewise. But last of all, he sent unto them his son, saying, they will reverence my son. But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, 'This is the heir. Come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance.' And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him. When the Lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen? They say unto him, he will miserably destroy those wicked men and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons. Jesus said unto them, 'Did ye never read in the scriptures, the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes?'"

What sin! This parable was probably spoken on the Tuesday before the Lord's crucifixion. He knew that the time as near. He had

had that triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, with the loud acclaim and cry of the multitude. How strangely He talked, one moment talking about death, another moment talking about a kingdom that was not of this earth and again talking about being slain and raised up the third day. His friends were there, and His enemies were there. The Chief Priests and the Pharisees were there.

Up to this time the Lord Jesus had spoken softly and sweetly in the main. There had hitherto been a veil over His words as He spoke to the Scribes and the Pharisees. Now with His hands He took hold of the veil, and He rent it. They had stoned the messengers in the Old Testament, He showed them where they stood as murderers. He spoke these words, and so casually did He speak of His death, "They took the Heir and slew Him." As He talked to them and preached, He made them, as it were, condemn themselves. What a picture it was that He laid before them!

"There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard." That Husbandman was His Father. What a beautiful way to think of this world, a vineyard. In the beginning God spoke the heavens into being. He spoke the mountains into existence, He spoke and the stars of the morning sang His glory. And then He planted a vineyard—the trees and the vines that should yield him grapes and fruit. He planted a garden eastward in Zion—a vineyard, and the most precious vine of that garden was Adam, and then Eve, and then the children that came. There was Moses, Abraham, Enoch, those who knew God, and there are now the people of today. "He planted a vineyard." And, Lord, why did You plant us here? For we must realize that we are the vineyard, the vines and that He is looking for fruitage from our lives, that we might give forth fruit and the wine of love and obedience with which to fill His dear cup. It seems to me as I have preached to people sometimes in buildings holding from eighteen to twenty thousand, I have heard the piteous cry of my Saviour, crying from the cross of Calvary, "Lo, I thirst; give me to drink." Oh, I want to have fruit of my life to give Him to drink. He says to us,

"Now, you grow here. I want you to bring forth the fruits of love and obedience, the fruit of soul winning, adoration, and worship." He wants us to be a comfort to His own Father heart.

After He had planted the vineyard, He let it out to husbandman, and went away into a far country, and He left other people to gather the fruit down here. But they said, "He is gone now. I cannot see Him. I cannot feel Him. We will just have a good time, we will eat, drink, and be merry. I do not believe that He sees. We will just have a good time and not think about tomorrow." "The husbandman had gone to a far country, but He was yearning over the vineyard He had planted, and He sent a servant. It seems to me that He sent Moses as a servant, Enoch, Jeremiah, Elijah, Elisha. He sent His servants out—how beautiful to think that God sends the servants. You could not buy a servant like these for love nor money. They cannot be had for money; they must be sent by God and called for a definite purpose. Indeed they were sent. They were not manufactured from among the people among whom they lived. They were head and shoulders above the people around them. The people were thinking only of eating and drinking, dancing and merrymaking.

The servants came, asking, "Will you not give unto God the fruit of His husbandry, the fruit of your repentance, your adoration, and your worship?" They heard those prophets of God. They heard the sweet voice that rang out on the morning air. How I would have loved to hear Elisha, hands uplifted, preaching to the people, saying, "The God that answers, let Him be God. Render unto God the things that are God's." But we read that they caught the first servant that was sent, and they did beat him, and he went back wounded and hurt. Then the householder said, "I will send another preacher, another evangelist, another messenger. Perhaps that prophet did not fit their need. They do not know that I have given them the soil. They do not know that I have given them the rain, sending my rain upon the just and upon the unjust." This time we read that they shamefully treated him and cast him out.

Other servants were sent, and they got bolder. How many there were that were shamefully treated! They were turned away. There was that blessed prophet, Zechariah. There was Isaiah. Both were rejected and shamefully treated. Jeremiah was tied with a rope under his arms, and he was let down into a pit full of mire. But God heard his cry, and He made the people come and let down cords and draw him up. There was Daniel, that servant of the Lord if there ever was one, who was cast into the lion's den. There was Joseph cast into prison because he was true to the God he served. Then He sent another servant. "All these servants of Mine I am sending down to earth and telling them to hold a revival campaign." He would send another prophet and another and another, with fresh, clear voices, vibrant with the love of God, saying, "Give unto the Lord your lives, your life of service; give unto God a life of fruitfulness." Then they would not only beat and shamefully treat them, but they killed that one. They were getting stronger now and more audacious. He sent many others. It seems as though there was a stairway between heaven and earth, and down this stairway kept coming messengers. How beautiful that He sent His servants. It seems almost as though they were angels in disguise. But they were men, raised up to tell the story, and as one was killed and another stoned, again and again they came, others with fresh faces, unlined by the years, but their hearts seemed to be broken, and they went out wrinkled and old. One of them said, "I will sing a song of my beloved concerning His vineyard." He has digged about it. Here is the winepress.

And up there, the Father, who had sent His messengers and had had them rejected was thinking. He had one more arrow in His quiver. He had a Son. He said, "I will now send My Son, My Only Begotten Son, My Beloved Son. He shall leave heaven for a little while, leave the adoration of the angels, and step down through the pearly gates through the sunshine of the morning, and He shall walk among men. And then surely they will give Me the fruit. They do not know that the fruit is not theirs, but that they must render

unto God a record of the deeds done in the body. Do they not know that eternity is coming?" And so He sent the Son, and the Father said, "Surely, surely, surely, they will reverence My Son. Up here in the clouds of Glory, cherubims, seraphims, archangels falling down before Him, cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy." They are only men, just a vineyard of My planting. They may have stoned and beaten My servants, but they will reverence My Son."

And so He came, fairer than the morning stars, fairer than the rose of Sharon, more beautiful than the lily of the valley, and He asked that they should give unto God His due, saying, "You are a vineyard to bring forth fruit unto the Lord God Jehovah." And as He preached, He walked in their midst. He healed the sick and raised them from their beds of pain. The woman who touched the hem of His garment was made whole. Do you remember the little baby who was prayed for last night and how he started to run? Jesus touched the little baby. When He was on earth the Lord Jesus forgave the woman her sins. He was indeed the Son of God, full of grace and truth. As He walked among men, they began to say, "This He, the Heir, let us kill Him in His own vineyard. If we can kill the Heir, we are going to reign." Satan had put the thought into their minds. Satan was saying to himself, "I have charge of this vineyard. If I can only stir up the people to kill the Heir, I shall reign forever." So he began to plan.

When Jesus was just a little baby he tried to kill Him by stirring up a wicked king to slay all the little babies, but the Lord escaped to Egypt in the arms of His mother. Again some years later, when the Lord was baptized in the Jordan, the Devil took Him and tempted Him in the wilderness. He took Him up to the pinnacle of the temple and tried to get Him to jump off. But Jesus met him with the Word of God. He failed again. Then one day, the Lord was preaching, and His beautiful voice was like the bells of heaven. "Here is the Heir." Satan said to himself. "I must not let Him get any of the fruit of this earth." He stirred up the people's hearts, and they came to kill the

Lord, to stone Him, as they had stoned the prophets, but Jesus used His divinity at that time to escape. But again, one day Jesus was out on the Sea of Galilee, and He was asleep in the boat. Satan said, "I will send a storm and drown Him before He can get to land."

"Woo-oo-oo," went the wind.

The boat was rising and falling, and the disciples awakened their Lord. But no storm can swallow the Master of sea and sky. He stretched out His hand and said, "Peace be still." And immediately there was a great calm. They could see through this parable. They knew what these words meant. They knew what He meant. This was the Heir. "We have killed the prophets, and if we can only kill Him, we will own the whole earth."

He went to the garden, and there He prayed through. He had no sooner finished praying through in the Garden of Gethsemane than the sound of feet was heard in the underbrush, and the Saviour was betrayed and taken. What does it say? "They caught Him and cast Him out of the vineyard and slew Him." They held a mock trial. They had to do it at night because they were afraid of the multitude who had given Him their fruit. They beat Him, and they shamefully treated Him. They put a crown of thorns on His head and a cross on His shoulders. They led Him up Calvary's mountain. It was such a steep way. He fell beneath the load; your sins and my sins made it so heavy that He could not carry it. The Son of God was taken by wicked hands and slain. But before He went to the cross He said, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

"Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the just one, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." They killed the Lord Jesus Christ. They nailed Him to the cross. The Devil said, "I have killed the Son of God. I have slain the Heir. I will have

the world all just as dark as India. I will own the hearts of all men. I will keep all the world dark." He died on the cross, a murder in the vineyard. They murdered the Son of God.

"Oh, Sister, I would not do it. Every time you tell the story, it makes my blood boil." But, my dear brother, are you a Christian? Are you? If you are not, you are helping that murder in the vineyard, because if you do not accept Him and let Him come into your heart, you are equally guilty. Oh, do not think for a moment that those people who nailed those beautiful hands to the cross will escape any more than will anyone who hears the message of His love in Angelus Temple and yet turns it aside. He has sent me, just a little messenger, not a great man like Isaiah or Jeremiah. He drew me to Himself fifteen years ago. I was just a girl about seventeen years old when He saved me, and from that time, from this vine of my life, I have been giving Him my fruit. I am so proud of Him. I love Him. I feel like telling the story on land or sea. Have you heard it? Have you received it? Or have you just come to the temple saying, "I have just come to enjoy myself—beautiful organ, beautiful stained glass windows, beautiful music—I like to hear that little lady talk. But I am not thinking seriously about giving my heart to Jesus." Then, beloved, you are helping that murder in the vineyard. There are only going to be two sides when the Lord comes in the clouds of glory. Those who have given Him the fruit of their vineyard, and those who say, "We will kill the Heir. We will not let Him into our vineyard."

You say, "But, Sister, they nailed Him to the cross. Why then, how can I believe on Him now? Didn't you read that they killed Him? He is dead then, isn't he?" No, He is not dead now. After they killed Him, Joseph of Arimathea begged His body, saying, "I know His Spirit is gone. I know that you are through with the Heir." With loving hands, they washed that dear body, they bathed Him, and then they wrapped His body in clean linen and laid Him in the tomb. The stone was laid, and the seal was set.

Satan was chuckling, "I am going to own it all. I have killed the Heir." But bless the Lord! Though the sun went down, and the earth was plunged in darkness, yet something happened on the third day. As the sun came up over the eastern hills, bathing all the earth in its glory, as the birds were flooding the air with melody, the Heir, who had gone down into death, that He might succor those who are tempted, began to move. His hands moved, and His eyes opened. The grave clothes fell off, and He walked out, the same loving Saviour, the King of earth, the Lord of glory. As He stepped out into His own vineyard, He was alive, a living Saviour. He had triumphed over death. The King of Glory had conquered it, and He has put all things under His feet. And He is still waiting for the fruit.

Again the voices of His messengers, His prophets, His evangelists, His ministers, His servants whom He has sent are giving the call, "Give unto Him the fruit of the vine of your life. "What are you going to do about it? What would you think about anybody who would turn Him away? What would you think of anybody that came to a place like Angelus Temple, where there is a red-hot revival in progress, and who refused to let Him into His vineyard? If you were standing where I am, you would be able to see, as I can, the tearstains on these altars. You could see them on the chair where I sit, see the rose taupe velour stained with the same kind of stains, tears of those who have wept their way through to the Saviour's blessed feet. You can see them on the edges of the ramparts too, where people have knelt and said, "Lord, here I give You my heart." You heard little Gertrude Wilding stand up here and sing of Jesus and His love with Her sweet voice, you have heard the Crusaders singing. Anyone who heard me preach the gospel heard Dr. Gale bring the message, who saw the uplifted hands, and then said, "No, no, I will not go to Jesus, I am going to kill this message. I am not going to have Him rule over my heart now. Perhaps someday I may let Him in. Some other time, but I do not care to have Him now." What would you think of

anybody that would get up and go out? What would you think of them saying, "Well, I have to go home and get to bed, for I must get up early to go to work, I can't take the time to go to the altars?" What would you think of them anyway?

Dear, dear Jesus? He is alive today. He is here tonight by the power of the Holy Spirit. He is saying, "Son, daughter, give Me to drink. Lo, I thirst." What would you think of a man who felt someone knocking, knocking, knocking, like this, and who heard the Lord saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," and yet would keep Him knocking there in vain? What a pity to keep Him standing there! "If any man will open the door, I will come in to Him and sup with Him." What would you think about a man who would say, "Stop knocking? Take Your hand away? When I get good and ready, I will let You in and let You have Your fruit." What did Jesus say? "He will miserably destroy them and let the vineyard out to other husbandmen."

What a pity to think that you might have given Him fruit from your vine and that you did not! I believe that God has His table all set, and that it is laden with all of the dainties of heaven. Everything is on the table. The Son has made the call. If you do not answer the call, I believe that someone else will take your place, take your chair. I do not think that there will be any empty seats. Would it not be a pity to have anybody in this great revival left out? There is not a time day or night that prayer has stopped up there in the Watch Tower on the top of this building. Three hundred and twenty-five people pray in the Watch Tower each week. During this meeting, they have been praying. It may be that someone of us will be struck by an auto even tonight and hurled into eternity without warning. Oh, don't murder the Heir in the vineyard tonight. Do not murder or stifle that thought of "coming to Jesus," that conviction of sin. I know that I have told you no stories. I have not appealed to your sense of humor. Jesus died for you, and he wants your love. He wants the fruit of your life. Will you give it to Him?

Will—Is—Have



*Angelus Temple
September 19, 1923*



HIS AFTERNOON I want to speak to you for just a few moments about faith and how to claim the blessing from the Lord. I want to speak from the words WILL—IS—HAVE. These are found in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis. “I will make my covenant between me and thee and will multiply thee exceedingly... behold, my covenant is with thee...for a father of many nations have I made thee.” I want you to notice that in these few verses are given the future, the present, and the past. The future says, “I will make my covenant.” The present says, “Behold, my covenant is with thee.” And the past says, “For a father of many nations have I made thee.” These are the three tenses of faith that came to Abraham. During the many years that he and his wife had been childless, they had longed for a son to perpetuate the line down to Christ, and now, in Abraham’s old age, for he was now nearly a hundred years old, the Lord spoke, “I will make my covenant between me and thee.” He said, “All right, Lord, You say You will.” He had the future tense. When God saw that He took that and could grasp it, He then said, “My covenant is with thee.” The present tense. “I do—Abraham, take it by faith and believe that I do.” And then the Lord gave him the past tense. “I have made you—the father of many nations have I made thee.”

He had given him the promise. Here he was, a hundred years old. But God had said, “For a father of many nations have I made

thee.” Yet He did not have his healing, nor did His wife have her healing.

Beloved, it seems to me that there are those same tenses in Divine Healing today. Abraham counted the things that be not as though they were. Faith is substance—“The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not see.” Faith takes the promise. We read of Abraham in Romans that, “Being not weak in faith He considered not His own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old...he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith giving glory to God.”

How many people do you know today that stagger at his promises? When you tell them about the miraculous power of God, they say, “I do not believe it. God does not do things like that.” You will never get things that way. No one, no minister who thinks that he will experiment with Divine Healing will get anything. Abraham had a definite kind of faith which staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief, but he was strong in faith, giving glory to God. He was “fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform, and therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness.”

Will we see miracles today in the church? Yes. In Matthew 8:7, we find another promise, in the future tense. “I will come and heal him.” It was to the centurion, whose servant was sick, that these words were spoken. He had the promise, the future tense, that the servant would be healed. That man claimed the promise, and the servant was healed.

In James 5, we have the future tense again. “The prayer of faith shall save the sick. The Lord shall raise him up. And if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.”

We have the future tense in Exodus 15:26. “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 which I

have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth you.”

“Oh! Sister McPherson, I wish that I could claim that promise.”

First you must claim the future tense. Can you believe the future tense? “I will come and heal him.” I could believe it if I was sure that it was God’s will, if I can see it from God’s Word. “He has written it in great letters of fire all over the Book, “I will—I will.” He is willing. We know that He is willing, because of the Old Testament healings. We read of the sick and the afflicted all through the Old Testament, that those who trusted in God were healed. People were led through the prayers of Moses and Elijah and Elisha.

They were healed when Jesus was on earth, for Jesus healed the sick, and He wrote all over His ministry, “I will come and heal him.” His ministry was marked through by the healing of the sick. It was one of the outstanding facts of the gospel as Jesus taught it. And of His ministry, He said, “Lo, I come to do Thy will, oh God. In the volume of the book, it is written of me.” The healing of the sick was the Father’s will. It was the Father’s will that He should forgive that sinner and raise that sick man from his bed. And, as He said, “I come to do Thy will, oh God.” I believe that it is the will of God to heal you.

But before you come to the other tenses, couldn’t you take that future tense? “Well, how can I know? Where can I find it? How can I be sure?” Turn to where Jesus commissioned and sent out His twelve disciples—Matthew 10:6–6. He told them to go out, and in whatsoever town they entered into, to preach the gospel, and He said to them, “Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give.” He not only began by sending out the twelve, but He also sent out seventy and told them to do the same things that He had told the twelve to do. “Lo, I come to do Thy will, oh God.”

Then, in Mark 16, where He commissioned all who had faith, all who believed, by saying, “These signs shall follow them that believe...they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” We

know that it is His will because the New Testament people, after the ascension of Jesus Christ, prayed for the sick, and all through the teachings of the apostles is the teaching of Divine Healing. Then in the early days of Methodism and in the early days of the Baptist Church and the Presbyterian Church, the sick were prayed for and were healed.

In James the fifth chapter, it is written, “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.” There is your future tense—the promise of the Lord. How many of you can see the future tense? How many of you think that you can claim the future tense?

Now, what about the present tense? Abraham next had the present tense. God took him a step beyond the future tense, God said to Abraham, “I do make My covenant with you.” We have the present tense in Isaiah 53:5 and in Matthew 8:17, where it says, “Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.”

“With whose stripes we are healed.” That is right now while I am preaching. I believe that lots of you are not going to need prayer today. As soon as you get up to that present tense, you will be able to claim it. Can you do it, brother? Can you claim it, Sister? “Who forgiveth all thine iniquities? Who healeth all thy diseases? I am the Lord that healeth thee.” It is not only, “I will be the Lord that will heal you,” but, “I am the Lord that healeth thee.”

Where is the promise? (Exod. 15:26) The other day, while I was giving out the scriptures on Divine Healing one of the workers heard two ladies back of her talking. One of them was saying, “I wonder where that is. I don’t believe that is in my Bible. She must be reading it out of some different kind of a version.” Brother, sister, can you claim your healing now? We read that, “What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.” You cannot wait for feeling. We must say, “I believe You died for me,

Lord. I am trusting for my salvation or for my healing through the merits of Thy blood, shed on the cross of Calvary for my salvation, and in Thy stripes, which were for my healing.” When it is Divine Healing you ask for, when you pray, believe that you receive it, step out on the promise.

Then the past tense. God grant that we may get over into Isaiah 53:5—“With His stripes we are healed.” But then, beloved, let us get over into 1 Peter 2:24—“By whose stripes ye were healed.” We also find the past tense again in Matthew 8:17—“Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.”

He took them, while He stood there at the whipping post and while He hung on Calvary’s tree. “Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.” Can you claim it now? Can you see that, in His own suffering, He took your suffering and bare it on the tree? It may mean a stepping out on the promises. As Abraham believed and stepped out on the promises, God made it real in His heart.

In the sixth chapter of Joshua, we read that the Lord said, “I have given into Thy hand Jericho.” And He had not, as far as they could see. There was the enemy. There were the great stone walls, and yet the Lord said, “I have given Jericho.” He can never give you anything more than He has given. It is all paid for. Your salvation is all paid for. “I have given into Thy hand Jericho.” But Joshua had no sign of it, no feeling about it, no manifestation of it. To Gideon the angel of the Lord said, “Thou mighty man of valor.” But he was just a farmer boy. However, God was with him. “I have given into Thy hand Jericho.” He might have gone out and looked at those stone walls and said, “There are no signs of those walls ever falling!” That doesn’t make any difference. Sight does not make any difference. Feeling makes no difference. If he had doubted those words of the Lord, he would never have taken the city. The Lord said, “I have given it to you, but you must walk around the city and claim it.” They marched around it, and they took the ark of the Lord. As they marched, they went one time around the first day, and when they carne back—no difference.

Are you walking around your Jericho? It may be a weak body, a temper, a terrible appetite that you want to give up. Walk around it in the name of the Lord. The Lord has paid for your salvation. He has paid for your healing. They walked around it a second time. When they got around the second time, there was not even a crack in the foundation, and up on top of the walls, the enemy must have been making fun of them. "They are believing for nothing, these walls are not going to fall," the enemy must have said.

The third time, and still not a sign anywhere of those walls falling down. Nowhere a crack to be seen in the walls. The fourth time, they went around, again, the fifth time, and the sixth time. Not a bit of evidence of their falling down, of those solid walls tumbling. They might have said, "There is the promise, but maybe it is not God's will." But they did not. The seventh day, they got up bright and early, and they took up the ark of the Lord. Oh! Lord, help us to take You with us. We read that they went around the city seven times that day. They must have just been running around that last time. I believe that maybe they began very slowly.

Why do I think that they got enthusiastic? Because they shouted. When people get where they will shout, they are pretty near their healing. When I am praying for someone whose lungs or throat are affected, I often say to them, "Shout! Praise the Lord! Not in a little low voice, but shout!" Sometimes we have to walk and walk and go around our Jericho walls many times, whatever they be. But Oh! When we get to the shouting place, then the walls are going to fall. "I have given Jericho into Thy hands." I have made you the father of many nations." Shouting, a sign of victory and faith. And as they shouted, the walls fell flat. Those walls of sin and of unbelief will fall. If it is walls of sufferings and of pain that are keeping you back, I believe that, if you will walk around those walls in the name of the Lord and shout, there will be victory, victory through the blood of Jesus Christ.

Do you remember how Naaman had to dip seven times? He did not get His healing the first time. He had to dip nearly as many times as those people had to go around the walls. They went around those walls thirteen times. That was the unlucky number for the walls too. Jordan, dip in it. He has given us the promise, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Can't you say, "Sister, I do not need to wait. I can claim it now, right now." Oh! Can't you claim it while the sinners are coming to the altar for salvation? Can't you claim the promise? "With His stripes, I am healed." Can you say, "I do not feel anything. I do not see anything, but I believe"? Never mind if you don't see anything right away. Go on marching around the walls. They did not see anything either, but they went right on marching around Jericho and blowing their trumpets. Lord, help Thou our unbelief! We pray that faith may come this afternoon, faith in the word of God.

The Wanderer



Angelus Temple
September 23, 1923

And he said, "A certain man had two sons."

LUKE 15:11



WONDER IF ANY other words the Lord has spoken were the means of bringing so many wanderers to Himself as the following words. I wonder if any sermon has ever been blessed to the salvation of so many countless thousands as this story, which the Lord related here. "And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living, and not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country. And he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. And no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee. And am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants."

“And he arose and came to his father. And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, bring forth the best robe and put it on him and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and be merry. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.”

Bless the Lord. “And they began to be merry.”

“A certain man had two sons.” I was pondering the meaning of that tonight, why there were two sons. Why not seven sons? Why did the Lord select a family of two sons to bring out the love of the Father? I asked someone else, and they did not know why it was two sons. Then, as I was sitting here on the platform, the thought came to me, “Why the Father’s house is composed of two classes—the people who stay at home, eating at the Father’s table, enjoying His house—and the other son, the wanderer.” And you are one or the other of those children tonight. My brother, my sister, are you dwelling at home under the safe shelter of His love? Or are you the wanderer tonight?

*Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me;
And my rest a stone.*

I know that there are any wanderers in Los Angeles, in Hollywood, in Venice tonight, very many wanderers standing in line waiting to get into the theaters, many wanderers in the dance halls tonight. I am sort of hoping that some of the wanderers have drifted into this temple. Not drifted either for, if you have come, it is because God has drawn you. Maybe you thought that you just came to see

the largest unsupported concrete dome in the world, or possibly you thought you came to hear the great hundred-foot organ. Perhaps you thought that you came because of the novelty of hearing a handmaiden bring the message. But really, God has been dealing in your life, and there was a Divine purpose and plan back of it all.

Let me tell you the story of this man who had two sons, the stay-at-home and the wanderer. The wanderer said, “Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me...and not many days after the young son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country.” Perhaps his older brother had not been very loving or gentle with him. He did not seem to be very gentle or very loving. Perhaps something caused that boy to be a wanderer. Before he went out he said to his father, “Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, and He divided unto them his living.” Have you had your portion of goods? Do you realize that your life, your youth, your strength, your ambition have been given you by the Father? I believe that He has divided to you your living. What did He ever divide to you? He has given so much to the young men and the young women of Hollywood, so much to the young men and the young women of America. First of all, He has given you your life, so that you can breathe and move and live. Your life came from Him. Some people say, “My life is my own.” But no, your life belongs to Him, and it shall sometime return to Him. It is just lent to you. He has given you youth. It is a wonderful thing to serve the Lord in the days of your youth. I was converted when a high school girl of seventeen summers. Oh! I wish it had been sooner, but I am so glad that I came when I did. I have lived for Him in a humble way and have preached the gospel to hundreds of thousands of people, sometimes that many in one city, who would come to the various services for fifteen years, and I hope if He tarries that He will let me preach it fifteen years more. It is a wonderful thing to be young, to feel the blood of youth pulsing, pulsing through your veins, to feel that lilting, buoyant life, the strength to run for Him. It is wonderful when youth is given to Him, young life

and devotion poured out at the Saviour's feet. He gave me a strong body, a stout heart.

He has divided to the stay-at-home and to the wanderer. The sinner has his youth, and so has the Christian. What have you done with the portion of goods that He has given you? Have you used it for Him? your service, your loyalty, your ambition, or have you wasted it in riotous living? He divided to them his goods, He not only gives you life and youth, but He gives you talents too. Have you any talents? I believe that we all have some talents. "What do you mean by talents?" someone says. Why, are you able to speak for Jesus? Are you able to sing, to play a violin? I think I can find something that you could do, all of you. Take for instance the drummer here in our orchestra. He was a drummer in one of the theaters. When he was converted here, he said, "I am a drummer. What could I do?" I said when I heard of it, "Why, tell him to bring his drum right along. We could find a use for it I am sure." But people said, "But, you can't use a drum in this temple. It is so sensitive to every little sound. Why, what would a drum sound like in here." However, I told him to come along and bring his drum, and you see how fine it is in the orchestra. It just fills the temple with its melody. Brother was once using this talent of his in the theaters. Now he is using it for the Lord. But someone says, "I am too busy. I cannot do it. I have children to look after." So has brother. He has a dear little daughter, and she sits on his knee all during the meeting when he is not actually playing. He takes care of her. He did not know that I was going to talk about him tonight.

He has divided to you your living. You can work for Christ, Sister. "I do not believe that I have any talents." Can you write?

I heard of a little boy once. He was a little cripple, poor little fellow. He was sick, and he was paralyzed, and he lay all day long strapped to his little bed. One day he heard the story of Jesus and His love. It came up to him from a Salvation Army street meeting. Then somebody got him a Bible. He began to long to be a soul

winner, but he was so little, so weak, so crippled. Oh, if he could only preach. Then one day he thought of something he could do. Someone brought him some paper and a lead pencil, and he began very slowly and painfully, for his little hands were so weak and so crippled, to write out very carefully beautiful verses from the Bible. He would toss these out of his window, and they would go fluttering down, down, down to the street many floors below. "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you after many days."

"And so shall the word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me empty, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." Many of these little slips of paper fell to the ground unheeded and were trampled underfoot, but one day a verse of Scripture—"for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

It came fluttering, fluttering, fluttering down, down till it touched the hat of a man who was passing by that way, and as it fluttered on down toward the ground, he caught it and he read on it the words, "God so loved." He was angry. He was an infidel, and he did not believe in God. He crumpled that bit of paper in his hand. But then he began to wonder, "Where had it come from?" He smoothed it out and read it again. He looked up, but he could see nothing. The little boy was up so high. Then another day, and he was passing and strange to say another slip of paper came fluttering down, and it came near him, and he caught it, and it said, "How then shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" Was God speaking to Him? Were the angels writing to him? Looking up and up, he saw far above him a little white hand. The little boy was beckoning to him. He heard a little voice, and he began to climb the stairs until he came to the place where the little cripple boy lay, his mother out washing. All day long, he was there, lying in that hot attic, his pillow on the windowsill, and as the man came, he told the story. "O!" He said, "Jesus loves you. Won't you give your heart to Him?" And that

great infidel broke down and burying his face in his hands, he wept, and he prayed, and the little boy prayed for him. He was gloriously saved and went out and won many souls.

He has given to you your portion of talents. Have you been using them for Him, or are you a wanderer, wasting them? He has given you a love, whereby you may love Him. He has given you a strong body, your eyes wherewith to read the Word your hearing whereby to hear His blessed voice, hands to minister to others, feet to run swift footed in His service.

Not many days after that, the younger son gathered together all of his portion and took his journey into a far country. “Goodbye, elder brother. I do not want to stick around here. I am only young once. I do not want to be tied down at home. I have my strength, my youth, my talents, my portion.” Never mind, laddie. That very tongue with which you say, “Why should I serve God?” it is really His, His, His. His are the gifts, and then the younger son took his journey into a far country. “Well, Sister, I know I am not a Christian. I am a backslider. But I am not in a far country. My wife is a Christian. She is sitting beside me. I am not in a far country.” Yes, my brother, but you are in a far country. It may not be but a step apparently, but there is a great chasm, a great void. God only knows how far a country it is for some of us, how far many of you have wandered from Him, physically, some of you morally. Some of you are wanderers. God bring you back! Wanderer, God is calling you. He took his journey into a far country, into the land of sin.

A young lady said to me the other day, “I am a pretty girl. You know I am. I have big, bright brown eyes, a wealth of chestnut brown hair. I have an opportunity to go into the moving picture business.” Oh! Little girlie, he has given to you your portion. He has given to you beauty, a soul, a mind. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to a far country? Oh! My dear, think carefully. “I know, but I know how to dance, and I want to dance.” Yes, but he went to a far country. He wasted his substance. Most of us hate waste of any kind.

Some of us who are just as liberal as we can be, and yet we do hate waste, to see anything wasted. Yet we will waste our lives, the most precious thing we have.

During the first eight months more than ten thousand men and women wept their way to the altars of Angelus Temple, saying, “God be merciful to me, a sinner.” More than twenty-eight hundred have gone down with their Lord in the waters of baptism. Hundreds have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This revival is being written up in the New York papers. Even that signboard—most of you have seen it—out on Sunset Boulevard, has been written up in the *New York Herald*, one of the largest city papers in New York. Other cities are carrying more about it in their papers than our home papers are. I have watched the people coming, the youth and the maiden. I have seen old age coming. I have talked to people who have been converted at these altars. One was a hundred and three years old. I talked to another man ninety-seven, many people eighty and ninety, who have been converted for the first time in their lives. I have said, “Daddy, you used to know Jesus as your Saviour, didn’t you?” “No, Sister, I never did take any interest in these sort of things before.” My heart has ached. I am happy to say to them, “Come home.” But, oh beloved, what an awful thing to think that these had had their youth and their life and their talents, their time, but they wasted it, wasted years, wasted effort. Now look here, brother, sister. Suppose you do build up a great bank account, suppose you do have a great monument when you die. When you go into eternity, what are you going to be able to take with you? We brought nothing into this world, and we can take nothing out of it but the love of God. Not only to give him the dim eye, the palsied arm, but to be able to say, “Here am I, dear Lord, send me.” I wish that I had a hundred lives to give you Lord, but I give you now the life I owe.

He wasted it in riotous living. We see lots of that sort of living today, dancing, merry making, whirling life that it is.

“When he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.” It is a good thing that we get to the end once in a while. I wonder if there is anyone here who has spent all, your health broken, your lungs gone. When he had spent all, there began to arise a mighty famine in that land. All that he saw at first was the tinkle of the orchestra, the swish of dancing feet, the laughter of the throng. But finally, no matter how the Devil sends you from one pleasure to another, what have you left but a poor, aching empty heart “when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.” Have you gone that far? I hope that you are so starved tonight that you will just eat this message. Are you hungry for something that satisfies? Are you in the land of famine? Then you have reached the place where God can meet you.

“And when he came to himself,” it takes a great hunger in our soul to make us come to ourselves. He had been feeding the swine. He had been contented with earthly things. When he came to himself, that proves to me that he had not been himself. It seems to me that for anyone to go out and be a wanderer, you must be almost out of your mind to do that. I do not believe that anyone who had his faculties could go out, leaving the Lord and going to play in the mud, being contented with theaters, dances, with tobacco; don’t you know that you are hungry for something real? Haven’t you had chaff long enough, the things that the worldly people eat? When he came to himself, he said, “I will arise and go to my father...how many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father.” Will you come to yourself tonight while I am speaking?

I told you some weeks ago about a man who had married a beautiful bride, but through a shock, this bride had lost her mind. The husband was telegraphed for, and he came home. He could not believe that she had lost her mind. She was walking back and forth in the home, wringing her hands, and moaning. “Darling, don’t you

know me?” He said. No, she did not know him. They called in doctors. Everything they could do was done. Finally through the complaints of the neighbors about the noise of her weeping, they got a country home. They planted beautiful beds of roses and violets. They thought that, if she could walk out among the beautiful flowers, she might come to herself. But she trampled underfoot the beautiful flowers. At last, a great doctor said, “I believe if you will get a special train and take her back to her old home, where she lived as a little girl, and let her walk in the fields. The sight of the old surroundings may bring her back to herself.” So they did this, they had a special train, and they took her to her old home, but all unseeing, she walked through the fields, through the grounds beside the running brook. The husband, heartbroken, took her home. Then one night the husband came to sit by her bed as was his custom. As he looked at her, he saw that she was sleeping a natural sleep, breathing like a child. He sat all night, scarce daring to move. It was the first time she had slept without opiates. When the sun began to rise, he tiptoed across to lower the shades. Nine o’clock, he tiptoed over to stop the clock. Twelve o’clock. He could not bear the sound of the streetcars. He went to the mayor or the city, and he asked them to rope off the streets. The neighborhood was quiet. There was not a sound, and still she slept. Night came on. He sat by her bedside watching, waiting, and hoping. She had slept two nights and a day, and just as the sun was coming up, a little truant sunbeam came stealing across the bed, and it kissed her eyes to wakefulness. Her eyes opened. His heart was saying, “Will she know me? Oh! Will she know me? Will she be my old sweetheart again?” He leaned over, and she looked up. A little light dawned in them. “Why, where have you been?” she said. He answered her, happy tears in his eyes. “I have been here all the time.” Beloved, she had been a wanderer. How strange to think of wandering from a love such as that. Have you not been beside yourself to leave a Saviour like that? He is such a wonderful Saviour, such a glorious Saviour! I have seen Him healing

the sick. I have seen Him baptizing people with the Holy Ghost. Someday, I expect to see Him in the clouds.

When he came to himself he said, "I will arise and go to my father...and he arose and came to his father." It is one thing to say, "I will arise and go." And it is another thing to do it. He said to himself, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." He had it all fixed up. He did not expect to be a preacher or a soul winner or anything great. He was willing to be an usher or to clean the floors—anything, a servant. He would not ask to be a soul winner. He would be a servant. He would not ask to be a son.

"And he arose and came to his father." It is not very far home. You may think it is going to take you longer to come home than it will. I got out of God's work. I think that I was selfish at heart. I am a mother at heart. I love my babies. I thought that I had preached long enough. I thought that I would settle down and let other people do the preaching. I will never forget when I got away from Him. He was calling me. Finally I said, "I will arise and go." But I thought, "I will be only a servant. I would not expect to preach any more. I will go and be a servant." I made my way to a camp meeting. Everybody had told me that it was so hard for a backslider to get home. I said, "Well, I am in for it." When the preacher gave the altar call, I fairly ran down to the altar. "O! Will He take me?" I began to pray, "Lord, forgi—" but I never got the word out. A hand seemed to be laid over my mouth. He said, "Now, don't you say anything more about it."

"What is this that is stopping me?" I thought. "It must be Satan that is stopping my pleading." I began again, "O! Lord, please, please forgi—" But again the Lord stopped me. "Stop your pleading," He was saying. "I know how your heart has bled. I know how you have longed to get back. The past is all under the blood. Before you called

I answered. "O! Lord, do you really mean it? Would you really take me back like that?"

"Yes, daughter, I know that you have suffered so much being away from me." I went down then, one little crumpled, weeping heap. "Lord, it is settled now, live or die, sink or swim. I will never be selfish again. I will never try to save my life, my strength. I will be a winner of souls." I have been working for Him ever since.

It isn't hard when you start home. It isn't far. The Devil will make you think that it is far. He will try to make you think that it is hard to go. When he started, the Father saw him while he was yet a great way off. I sort of think the Father is watching you now. He is watching the wanderer where he is. He is saying, "Come home. Oh! Is he coming home tonight?"

There is a light in the window, beloved. The door has not been locked. The door is ajar. He sees that little mistiness, that little suggestion of a tear in your eyes. He sees that little lump in your throat. He knows how you are saying, "It is I that she is speaking about." He sees you, and when the father saw the wanderer a long way off, he ran out to meet him. Brother, the Lord is running to meet you. "Oh! Sister, I don't think I ever could get up in front of all these people and make a public confusion." Oh! You dear soul, don't you know that every step you take toward Him, He will take a dozen toward you. You stand on your feet to come to Him, and He will run to meet you. He will say, "Come on, come on, son, daughter." He will take your little hand in His strong capable one. The Father ran to meet him. He did not say, "You bad boy, you went out and wasted your portion." No. He fell on his neck and kissed him. He will put his arms around you. He will wipe the tear drops away, and He will give you the kiss of reconciliation. "Bring out the best robe and put it upon him and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet." My brother, there is nothing too good for you if you come home. All the wealth of heaven is at your disposal, the best robe. What is it? It is

the robe of His righteousness. “But, Sister, I would rather pay for it.” You cannot pay for it. Jesus paid for it. It will not cost you a penny. It is a seamless dress, woven from the top throughout, as we live our life day by day. He will put a ring on your finger. A ring is a symbol of unending love. There is no end to it. Had He been a servant, He could not have worn a ring. It meant authority.

They put his robe on. They put his shoes on. They put his ring on. All that you have to do is to stand still and let the Lord dress you, let His servant put on your shoes on your feet. All that you have to do is to get up and start. “I will arise and go to my father.” Oh, dear souls, I wish that I could just pick you up and carry you.

Then the last part of the story was the feast. He made him a feast. I wish that our eyes could be anointed with eye salve to see the great table loaded down with the good things of God. They have killed the fatted calf. Then the brother came in. He heard the music and the dancing. He called one of the servants and said, “What do these things mean?”

“I do not believe in revivals, in getting people in.” Then came the Father out to him, to that balky stay-at-home Christian. He will not come in to the feast. The big thing in this story is the Father. The Father came out to meet him. “He, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve Thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment. And yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends, but as soon as this thy son”—thy son, you notice, not my brother—“As soon as this thy son was come which hath devoured thy living with harlots thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.”

Isn't that just like some people. I get so happy when we have an altar call. I can hardly keep my feet on the floor, but I want to jump up and down and shout, Glory! I ring these dear converts' hands. Someone says, “Now I am a member of this church and I come here all the time. She never did that to me.” Do you not know that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than

over ninety-and-nine just persons have no need for repentance. The Father said, “Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found.” Are you alive tonight, or are you dead? Some of you dear folks have been wanderers. “He was lost and is found.”

Angel Visitation



Angelus Temple
September 25, 1923



WE ARE SPEAKING this Tuesday evening, as we have been every Tuesday evening for the last few months, upon the Angel visits of the Bible. We are getting near the end of the Bible now. There are not so many angel visits left. We have gone right through from the first angel visit in Genesis straight through to the first angel visit of the New Testament, where angels appeared to Mary. It was the annunciation of the birth of our Lord Jesus. Then the angel visit to the shepherds. Then came the angel visitors who supported our Lord after the forty days temptation in the wilderness, where He was tempted in all points like as we are yet without sin. Then the angel visit supporting Him in the Garden of Gethsemane. And last Tuesday, we studied the angel visit at His resurrection, and about how the angels rolled away the stone at the sepulcher and of their declaring to the disciples, "He is not here. He is risen." The angels who commanded Mary to go and preach the first resurrection sermon, telling His disciples that the Lord was risen.

Really, next in order should come the angel visit in the first chapter of Acts, when the angels stood in the midst of the disciples, who were gazing upward as Jesus was taken up from them, and when they announced the Second Coming of their Lord. But we are skipping those to take up the angel visit from the fifth chapter of Acts, where the angel opened the prison door for Peter and John. However, let us first go back to that first angel visit in the first chapter of Acts for a moment.

It was when the Lord Jesus was ascending into the clouds of glory that two angels stood in the midst of the disciples, who were looking after Him as He went up into heaven. These angels said to them, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus”—I praise God that it is this same Jesus, not some other, but this same Jesus—“Which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven.”

I preached a sermon on this subject before this. There is no message that lies nearer my heart than this of the Second Coming. You will remember that the night I preached over the Times Radio that I returned and preached that sermon to you, on this angel visit in the first chapter of Acts. The angels announced His first coming. They bore witness to the shepherds in the field. How appropriate that the angels should be those to say to the disciples, “This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come again.” And I believe that the next great angel visit to earth will be when they return with the Lord, when He comes in the clouds of glory.

So, for this reason, having preached on this angel visit before, we will turn to the fifth chapter of Acts. This is indeed a thrilling story of how the angels opened the prison door and said, “Go stand and speak in the Temple to the people all the words of this life.” The setting of these verses most of us remember. Of all the chapters which tell of the Acts of the Apostles, the fifth chapter seems to stand out in bold red letters, it seems to be one of the flaming peaks of this book, of the work of the apostles.

The book of Acts is a sample book, the sample book of the Bible. It picks out a sample meeting, a sample of how the Holy Ghost comes, a sample revival, a sample of the present day Christ in action. May I read you some of these verses surrounding this story? “And great fear came upon the whole church and upon all that heard these things.” That is, those who had seen and heard of the death of Ananias and Sapphira. “And by the hands of the apostles were

many signs and wonders wrought among the people; and they were all with one accord in Solomon’s porch.”

No wonder that God could work signs and wonders like that, because they were all of one accord. “But of the rest durst no man join himself to them, but the people magnified them.” People were afraid to join them who were not pure in heart.” But the people magnified them.” Some people think that, if you are a preacher or a Christian worker, the people will all be against you. But not so with the common people. They will usually stand with you. The high priests, some of the preachers, the worldlings, they may not be with you. Your preaching will not move them perhaps. But the common people will be there with a warm handshake and a God bless you! “And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women.” Not, many were added to the church, but many more were “added to the Lord.”

“Insomuch that they even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them. And there also came together the multitudes from the cities ’round about Jerusalem, bring sick folk and them that were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed every one.”

Oh, that we might get that same power today. Power to work signs and wonders in His name! People came. Multitudes would be laid in the streets and as the shadow of the people of the Lord passed by, they would be healed. Oh, it must have been the light of Jesus shining out through Peter. They brought the sick, with cancers, tumors, with tuberculosis, the paralyzed, the lame. They brought the blind, the deaf, the epileptics. They laid these sick folks along the pathway where they knew that this child of the Lord would pass. Oh, doesn’t it make you hungry to get that power? For, truly, the world is just as hungry. The world is just as needy. And the power is to be had just the same as it was in that time. The people were healed, everyone, it says. People jumped off their beds, and they began to run.

In San Diego, I had to preach in the Dreamland Arena. It is a great boxing ring where I was to preach. As I preached there, they had ropes around me. I said, "Oh, can't you take them down?" I always had to climb under the ropes to get up to the ring where I had to preach. But they said, "No, Sister, those are expensive ropes, and we have them just as we need them."

Oh, it seems to me that I have seen this chapter more nearly fulfilled there and in the meetings in Denver than anywhere else, but it was only a shadow of this scene in the fifth chapter of Acts, of course, only a shadow. People were standing everywhere. They sat all the way around me there, and I was in the ring in the center. The crowd was so great that all the people could not get in. They said, "Sister, we must have a larger place where the people can get in." So they opened beautiful Balboa Park, the Organ Pavilion. The naval men and others there said that the crowds numbered around thirty thousand people. It took all of the voice that I had, and my voice carries pretty well in very large places, to make myself heard in that great place. People came there, bringing their sick in wheel chairs and on stretchers. There were some of the worst sort of looking people as they came across the platform.

There was one man they brought with a broken back. They had to carry him in on his cot, face down. I said, "Oh, why do you carry him that way?" They said, "He cannot lay any other way. His back is broken, and he has suffered for months." I said, "Oh, Lord, what will it mean if he is not healed?" Then I thought, "But that is not faith. That is not the way to think."

"Dear Lord, give me faith."

It would almost be enough to make your faith go down to see him. The ministers of San Diego all came to those meetings, and they helped me as I prayed for the sick. We all laid our hands on this man. There were Methodist hands, Presbyterian hands, Baptist hands, Congregationalist hands, Pentecostal hands, all sorts of hands. The Lord touched that man, and with one bound that scared

me, he jumped and landed on both feet. He could bend and walk and everything. It was a collapsible cot, and he folded it up and walked away with it. If we ever needed this power, we need it now. Chaplin Spots, who is not here tonight as he happens to have had to be away, would remember that man, I am sure. A sister down here says that she remembers him quite well. If ever we needed that faith, we need it now. We cannot have too much faith.

But I think there was one time when I had too much faith. There was a lady who came to the meetings in a wheelchair and her crutches were hanging by her side. We prayed for her. Poor dear, you could see by her face that she had suffered so. After we had prayed, we commanded her in the name of the Lord Jesus to walk. She said, "Give me my crutches."

"Oh," we said, "You don't need your crutches, God has healed you. Get up and walk. God has delivered you."

Sister began, "But nine years ago—"

I said, "Oh, no, no, it does not matter what happened nine years ago."

"But Sister, nine years ago—"

"Oh, dear Sister, lay down your crutches."

Then, finally the dear old soul got one word in edgewise. "Sister, nine years ago they amputated the one leg."

God did wonderful things there in San Diego those days. He touched so many sick people in answer to believing prayer. What a day it must have been in the fifth chapter of Acts! Unclean spirits came out of those who were possessed with them—the epileptics were delivered from those terrible unclean spirits that would cause them to fall in such dreadful convulsions anywhere—the lame were made to walk, and the sick made well.

You would have thought that everybody in the city would have been happy. Would you not expect your city to rejoice? But there were a few people—there will always be a few people—who object to God's working in that way.

“Then the high priests rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation.” The last persons you would have expected to see rise up! “The high priests rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation.”

Why should any preacher, or in fact any living soul, object to God’s touching those poor sick folks? You would have thought they would be happy. But perhaps they had reasons we do not know about. But they “laid their hands on the apostles and put them in the common prison.” Oh! Are you not glad that we do not live in such days? “But an angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors and brought them out and said, go, ye, and stand and speak in the temple to the people.” You can picture those two children of God, Peter and John, who had been preaching, toiling all the day.

People will say, “Oh, that is an easy life to preach and pray for the sick.” I do not believe that they would think so if they had tried it for a while. I do not think that a young woman of normal temperament would just exactly choose that sort of a life. Because you can hardly put your foot out of your door without finding clutching hands ready to lay hold upon you. You can hardly turn around and not see someone with a cancer or some other terrible disease waiting for you. When this meeting is over, I must get into my automobile and go out and pray for some sick ones.

When in San Diego I had been preaching and praying one day, loving toiling, throwing my whole self into the work. It did not seem that I had held anything back. I had had no breakfast, and no lunch as yet, and it was getting well on in the afternoon when I thought that I would slip into a restaurant and get a little lunch, that I might have more strength to go on with the work. I was not very hungry, because it was so hot. I had been working straight on through the heat, and I thought I would go in and have a nice steak. I sat down, and they had just brought me the steak. Oh! It was so nicely done, medium rare. It did look so good. But no sooner had I taken one

mouthful of that lovely steak than I heard a voice, “Oh, Sister, I am so glad to see you. You are just the person I have been looking for these two or three weeks. I just want to tell you about my uncle. He has such a terrible cancer on his neck. Why you can’t imagine what it looks like. Why it is just like that steak you are eating!”

“O-o-o! Sister. Why did you say that!” My appetite, of course, was gone. I could not eat any more. That is just a little sample of what people are like. No consideration. You can hardly walk around anywhere. There is scarcely a department store that I can walk through without someone saying, “Oh, Sister, I want to tell you about my aunt and her lumbago.”

After a long, record-breaking day, they were in prison. Anyway they had rest here. Perhaps it was the prison under Pilate’s judgment hall, where they had had Barabbas. The disciples fell asleep. Oh! Sleep is such a wonderful thing. They fell asleep. But suddenly something happened in the darkness of that prison cell. There appeared a light in the prison, a light! Someone was coming! It was an angel arrayed in shining garments. He drew near them, in glorious robes. The angel came and opened the prison doors. I do not believe that even a great detective could have kept those doors shut. The angel did not need a key. “Come along, Peter, come along John.” And he woke them up, and they went out after the angel. And as the angel passed through the gates, they swung to behind him. He knew how to open the doors, and he also knew how to lock them again. God cannot only open the doors before you, but he can also close them behind you. He can both open doors and close doors. God has opened the doors for these two dear boys of ours who are expecting soon to go to India. But God cannot only open doors, He can also close doors.

I have often been asked, “Sister, how do you get your calls? How do you know where you are to go?” Of course, I know that, for the present, God has put me here to preach the gospel, but for many years I was travelling in evangelistic work and would need to know

where God wanted to have me go next. I use to pray, "God, open the door where You want me to go. Where You do not want to have me go, Lord, shut the door."

Some places where I have been urged to go and where I have wanted to go, God would seem to shut the door in some way. There were some dear folks, one dear sister in particular, who urged us to come out to Redlands one Monday for a meeting. They said, "You know you only have Monday night free. A meeting is so much needed there in Redlands." And these dear people went to work to advertise it, though we said, "Please wait until we pray about it." When we prayed, there seemed to be a check about it somehow. God seemed to say, "No, you are not to go there that night." We told those dear ones that we did not feel that we should go. They said, "But you must go. It is the will of the Lord for you to go. You will have to answer to God for this, Sister. God will hold you responsible for this." Mother said to them, "Oh, you must not talk like that about it."

"Well, I suppose, then, we will have to go and phone them that you will not come." When we saw the papers, we understood the check. On the very night when we would have been holding that open-air meeting there, a cyclone came, blowing down trees and blowing the roofs off several houses. It would have broken up the meeting if we had gone, and some people might have been hurt. I believe that we should be governed by the little checks.

So the angel of the Lord opened those prison doors. Why, there is no prison when you are in the will of God. When you go out to preach the gospel, high priests may try to shut you in some sort of a prison, try to shut you in a corner. But there is no prison, no corner in the will of God. Even to the dear old martyrs, who sealed their faith with their own blood, there was no prison, but there was joy in the will of God. They counted it all joy to suffer for Him.

But I have not yet come to the message of this angel visit. Here is their command, "Go stand and speak in the temple to the people." It is such a wonderful thing to be able to stand. "Speak in the

temple"—some of the words of life. Leave off a corner here, leave off a corner there, anything you think might offend them. No! "Go stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." Praise the Lord! That is the Four-square Gospel.

Sister, brother, can you stand? Not in your own strength, but in the strength of Him who has called you. You can stand, and having done all to stand, your life will be not just a little flicker here and there, not just a little flare, when there is sunshine, when it is calm, where there is applause, but where there is hardship. That is the command of the angel, "Stand." Stand, especially if you take the middle of the road, some people will say, "You have too much fire, too much shouting, too much prayer meeting, you are too warm." Then, on the other hand, the people who are too fanatical will think that you are cold. It is very interesting. Very.

Of this keeping in the middle of the road, people will say, "I don't want anything to do with him; he is Pentecostal." Other people will say, "He is not Pentecostal."

"He is."

"He isn't."

"He is."

"He isn't."

Oh! It is very interesting! I can certainly assure you it is interesting. "Stand in the temple." Stand when you get something flattering. Stand when you get an unsigned letter, something terrible. Stand! If it is praise, stand. If it is otherwise, stand in the temple, stand! I believe that is where the Lord wants His message to go forth. That is the place to stand. Jesus, only Saviour, Baptizer and Healer, Jesus, the coming King.

When the disciples heard those words they went and stood in the temple. "When they heard that, they entered into the temple early in the morning and taught."

You notice that it was early in the morning. They did not say, "Well, we are out of prison now. It is pretty early. They are after us. I

guess we had better lay low for a while.” No, they stood in the temple early, and they preached.

“But the high priest came, and they that were with him, and called the council together, and all the senate of the children of Israel, and sent to the prison to have them brought.” I think the humor and the pathos in this chapter is wonderful. I think I can picture it. See if you can picture that scene. The temple, the jail, and the judgment hall were close together, a good deal like the post office and the Hall of Records and the jail here in the city. Here was the temple where the disciples were preaching to the people, and over there was the judgment hall. The high priests, with their long faces and their long robes, marching in, very pompous. The senate, with their great long robes, marching in.

The Sadducees and the Pharisees were there. They all came marching in, filing solemnly into them boxes. They all looked so solemn. They must have been the very same crowd that held that mock trial when the Lord Jesus stood before them, probably in that very same court room. Then the judge got up, and he said, “Now, you had better bring in the prisoners.” So they sent the officers to the prison to get them. Oh, it seems to me that I can see them, with all their gold braids, looking so important, their mustaches all curled at the ends just so. They said to them, “Go to the prison and get them, get Peter and John.” And they went—My! Can’t you see them? Why, I have laughed over this story. Talk about the humor of the Bible! Can’t you see these officers as they got to the prison? There stood the guard outside the locked doors. They saluted, and then the turnkey was called, and he saluted. Then he unlocked the doors, and they went in, and they looked everywhere, but they could not find any prisoners. “Have you seen those prisoners, those heretics that have been preaching Jesus to the people?” They must have asked everybody. Finally, someone spoke up and said, “Behold, the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple and teaching to the people.”

Oh! Can’t you imagine what it must have been like? Can’t you see the picture as they went back to that solemn body, the senate, and the high priests, and as they said, “The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing before the doors, but when we had opened, we found no man within.” What must they have thought? It says that, “They doubted of them whereunto this would grow. Then went the captain with the officers, and they brought them without violence for they feared the people lest they should have been stoned. And when they had brought them, they set them before the council, and the high priest asked them, saying, did not we straightly command you that you should not teach in this name? And behold, you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine and intend to bring this man’s blood upon us.”

Yes, that is what the preaching of the gospel will do. Either it will bring His blood upon you if you reject Him. Or it will bring His blood upon you in cleansing. But the disciples said, “We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins, and we are His witnesses of these things. And so is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey Him. And when they heard that, they were cut to the heart.”

But, listen, instead of repenting, “they were cut to the heart and took counsel to slay them. Then stood up one of the counsel, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had a reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space, and said unto them, ‘Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men.’ For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves, who was slain. And all as many as obeyed him were scattered and brought to naught. And after these days rose up Judas of Galilee, in the days of

the taxing, and drew away much people after him. He also perished, and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed. And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone. For if this counsel or this work is of man, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, we cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. And to him they agreed. And when they had called the apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus and let them go.”

What do you think of that fellow? Do you think he was all right? I have often wanted to read between the lines. Do you like the person who sits on the fence? The person who does not seem to be able to come out on one side or the other? I like the person who will take sides in anything. I like to see a person not sit on the fence but get over on one side or the other. I know of some people who sit on the fence, “If this...be of man, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, etc.”

One place where we were, there was a minister who announced that he was going to attend Sister McPherson’s meetings and not take any part in them at all. He said that he would watch them, and then three or four months after, he would tell people if it was of God or not. The poor man. Right then and there, he showed—he confessed—his lack of discernment. I do not believe that any of the rest of us would have to do anything like that. If anyone is glorifying the Lord Jesus Christ, His precious atoning blood, I believe that is a child of God. And if you are also a child of God, there is going to be a little jump spark that will leap from that preacher’s heart to your heart and let you know, whether it is of God or not. That man did not have discernment. He said, “Let it alone. If it is of God, it will prosper. But if it is not of God, it will not prosper.” But at any rate, they listened to him.

They sent for Peter and John, and, “When they had called the apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus and let them go.” They beat them. You

hear people, and some of them say, “I am afraid if we prayed for the sick today and saw God do such wonderful things, we would be so well thought of by everybody that we would get puffed up.” Don’t you think it? There will be a beating about it somewhere. You can depend on that. If the Lord sees that you are in any danger of getting puffed up, he will be sure to send along some sort of a beating to puncture you. It may be a beating in the form of a tongue lashing. They may write some sort of a tract about you, saying that you are all of the Devil and things like that.

Then after they had beaten these disciples, they threatened them and let them go. But when people are reduced to threatening, they are not very dangerous. And as for the disciples, “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 preach Jesus Christ.” Not, “They ceased not to preach psychology, social reform, community uplift, the digest of the latest novel,” but, “They ceased not to preach Jesus Christ.”

Oh! Don’t you all think that this fifth chapter of Acts is wonderful? Won’t you take with you the words, the angel message, “Go stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.”

Power! Power! Power!



October 1923



OWER! POWER! POWER! All the world is thinking and talking and planning Power. Take Dempsey, for instance, and the great world championship. For months the headlines of the papers throughout the world were filled with speculation as to whether he would have the power to overcome Carpentier. For many months he trained for it, planned for it, shunning tobacco, liquor, late hours, and life, which would tend to weaken him physically or mentally. He lifted heavy weights, he punched a bag for hours, building up muscles and physique, that he might have the power to overcome in the great fray toward which the world was looking.

Take again, Babe Ruth, the great baseball player. How the power of that strong arm, of those swift limbs, those keen eyes, are lauded and read with interest by sportsmen everywhere.

Again, the aeroplane. Power, power, power is the constant cry of those planning the ships of the air. They are building now in New Jersey, a US Army dirigible almost as large as steamers that sail the seas, having in it staterooms, kitchens, dining rooms, bedrooms, dance halls, etc. Ships that can go from Paris to Berlin between sunset and sunrise are expected soon to fly across the Atlantic or the Pacific to us, to the United States. The world's record that has recently been made in crossing the United States in such a few hours awakened the keenest interest of the world. Power, power, power.

And the automobile. Who wants to buy a motor car that has no power, that cannot climb a hill, that coughs, sneezes, sputters and stops at every little grade? The horsepower, the strength, the speed,

the durability are all talked as selling points. The horse and buggy of yesteryear are left far behind.

The railroad train must be drawn by a swift, powerful engine if it is to compete with the other transportation systems of today.

The steamship that plows the sea must have power and swiftness if it would win the full passenger list. For instance, when traveling to Australia a short time ago, it was our misfortune to get upon a ship which took a full month to make the journey. The boat seemed to go so slowly, and we were so anxious to get this trip over and be back in America, where our work lay calling us, that we felt oftentimes as though we would like to get out and push. Coming home, however, was a different matter. We took passage on a swift liner that had power in the engine and sailed almost two weeks of time.

The radio of today which is broadcasting its messages across the continent and to the ships far out at sea is also the object of the planning of the most brilliant minds, and the thing of which all are speaking, and the end toward which every energy is being bent is that of power, power, and then more power. How far can you broadcast? How far will the message reach you? How many tubes have you and what power? That is the standing cry.

Take again, the guns used in the late world war. All those that were found to be able to only make a big bluster and bang and send their missiles but a short way were cast into the discard. Guns of more power and of longer range were needed. Big Berthas were made with a firing range of almost thirty miles.

Then again, the explosives used during the world war must be those of power. It was then that TNT, the greatest explosive known, was manufactured. Power, power, power—the cry of the whole world.

What would you think of a prizefighter, a baseball star, an aeroplane, an automobile, a railroad engine, a steamship, a radio, a cannon, or an explosive that had no power?

I would not think much of it, you reply.

Then, I ask, what would you think of a church that had no power? Everyone else is thinking, planning, seeking more and more power.

And the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, the working organism of our Earth, seems to be the only one that is giving little or practically no thought to power today.

She has brought up artificial means of gaining a crowd and interest—worldly music, picture shows, dances, smoking rooms, card parties, etc. But these have all taken away from the old-time power of the church of our Lord.

Let us consider the power needed by the church today, and ask ourselves the following questions: Firstly, what is this power? Secondly, do we need it? Thirdly, if so, how shall we receive it? Fourthly, how it will manifest itself?

1. We are told clearly by our Lord what this power is in Acts 1:8: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Again in Luke 24:49, "Tarry ye in the City of Jerusalem until ye be endued with POWER from on high."

Again, "Being assembled with them, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem but wait for the promise of the Father, which said He, 'Ye have heard of Me.'"

The Holy Spirit, the Blessed Paraclete, the Dynamite of God has been sent by the Father Heart of love into the hearts of believing Christians as the greatest weapon, the greatest explosive. The TNT that can blast its way through the walls of unbelief into the citadels of higher criticism and worldliness. Without it, we are weak indeed.

2. Do we need this power?

The question can perhaps be answered best by concrete examples given us in the Word of God.

Moses surely needed it when, standing at the edge of the Red Sea, cut off from escape on the right hand and on the left, pursued

by Pharaoh and his hosts, he commanded his people to stand still, to tarry until he should hear from heaven, until the Power of God should come to fight for him. Then came the command, "Go forward," and under the rod the waters were parted, and the children of Israel led through dry-shod. Not by power, nor by might, but by His Spirit doth the Lord ever seek to lead His believing children into the land of promise.

Ezekiel knew the needs of this Power. His place was in the midst of the Valley of Dry Bones. Death and Backsliding, Coldness and Formality on every side, dried up skeletons that had not an "Amen" in their being, lay bleaching in the sun on his right and on his left. Then it was that he cried for the Power from heaven prophesying unto the wind and calling, "Come, oh Breath, and breathe upon these bones that they may live."

David knew this mighty Power when surrounded by his foes. Outnumbered by the enemy, he called upon God and heard the command, "Tarry until you hear the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and then you shall know that the Lord hath come to fight for you."

Rather remarkable, was it not, that it should be a wind—the East wind—which parted the waves of the Red Sea, a wind which blew over the dry bones in the Valley and brought them into life until they stood upon their feet—an exceeding great army, a wind that brought the clouds when Ezekiel prayed until the rain fell, a wind that stirred the mulberry trees, and the "sound as of a rushing mighty wind that filled all the house where they were sitting" on that memorable day of Pentecost? It must have been the POWER of the Holy Spirit. Indeed!

Do we need this power today, you ask?

Let us consider the condition of the early church with and without it. Picture, for instance, Peter—impetuous, warm-hearted, lovable Peter, with a spirit that was willing, but flesh that was weak. He failed his Lord in his prayer life in Gethsemane and slumbered and

slept when needed most. He failed his Lord in his testimony life, denying him before the little maid who kept the door when he should have stayed most staunch and loyal before the Master. He was all discouraged, planning to go back to the old life, and saying, "I go officially after the death of the Lord Jesus."

And take Thomas, for instance. So filled with doubt was he that he had to say, "I must handle or touch with these hands before I can believe."

And, as a matter of fact, take all of the disciples who were assembled in their house after the Crucifixion, bolting the doors, pulling down the shades and hiding lest they too should be crucified. Fear was in their eyes, panic in their hearts.

"Sh—h—h! Bolt the doors. Draw down the shades. Be quiet. Somebody may see the light or hear our voices. Sh—h—h!"

This was the condition of the believers herein assembled. A pretty poor outlook for them who were entrusted with the evangelization of the world! Like sheep, they were scattered, tremblingly huddled together.

Did they need power? Surely no one in the world could doubt it!

Are we not situated similarly today to those trembling hearts of the days of yore? Are we not surrounded by our foes—unbelief, worldliness, formality, higher criticism and the lure of the world? Our remedy, our source of victory and conquest lies exactly wherein the source of their victory and power do lie—the Holy Spirit.

We have spoken of the condition of these early believers without the Spirit. Now, let us look at them for a few moments after having been endued with Power from on High.

Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost brought three thousand souls unto the Lord. He was changed instantaneously from a timid, shrinking witness to a bold lion, to a flaming Evangel of the gospel of Jesus Christ! Hear him crying out, "You are the men who killed with wicked hands our Lord! The Son of God have you crucified

and slain! But this Jesus had God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses!”

“Peter, aren’t you afraid to talk like that? Aren’t you afraid that they will kill you, too?”

“Afraid? No!”

Ah, fear and compromise have been taken away by that Power which he had received, for He that was in him was greater than all that could be against him.

The healing of the lame man in the third chapter of Acts, which resulted in the conversion of one thousand souls, led the jealous and enraged rulers and high priests, who called them to task, to say, “By what power or by what name have ye done this?”

One can read but very few lines of the Acts of the Apostles after the Day of Pentecost without coming upon that soul-stirring word—Power.

Their answer to opposition and to obstacles seemed to be Power. Power and then more Power.

Take, for instance, the story related in the fourth chapter of Acts—the imprisonment and the trial of Peter and John, the gathering together of the rulers against the Lord. Their remedy was sought and found in a prayer meeting wherein they prayed the following prayer, “And now Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto Thy servants with all boldness they may speak Thy Word. By stretching forth Thy hands to heal, and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of the Holy Child, Jesus.”

“And when they had prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spoke the Word of God with boldness.”

What power these people had! Power that filled them to overflowing, power that shook the very building in which they were assembled, as a dynamo or motor today causes to reverberate the building in which it is contained. In the thirty-third verse, we read,

“And that great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all.”

When someone was needed to care for the proper division of food, raiment, and the overseeing of the waiting on of tables, the command was, “Look ye out among ye seven men of honest report full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.”

And we read that the man picked out to oversee it all was, “Stephen, full of faith, and who did great wonders and miracles among the people.”

Paul’s first introduction to Christianity came with Power which struck him down on Damascus Way, and from that day on his life, his ministry, his preaching was one of Power. Some idea of his utter dependence on this “Power” is given us in the second chapter of First Corinthians, wherein the great Apostle says, “My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.”

And again, in First Corinthians 4:20, “For the Kingdom is not in a word, but in Power.”

Evidently the great Apostle leaned upon his own understanding. He neither leaned upon great oratorical flights of eloquence or flowery sermons. He depended entirely upon that Power of the Holy Spirit, the Dynamite of God, the TNT sent from heaven. Heartily he daunted at those who had not this power. Ministers, churches, and religions that were cold, formal, and lukewarm, declaring that, “In the last days perilous times shall come when men should arise having a form of Godliness, but denying the POWER thereof.”

To this prophecy, the Apostle added the injunction, “From such turn away.”

Ablaze with glory, vibrant with power, all agleam and aglow with life and energy, were those early Christians.

3. How may we receive it?

By treading the very same trail that leads by way of Calvary's Cross, by the way of utter surrender, the consecration and abandonment to the will of God, by opening our hearts to the great white Searchlight of the Throne. By being emptied of self and filled with the Spirit. By "tarrying until we are endued with power from on high."

The first steps that will lead to this enduement are those of a contrite spirit and of a realization of our own dire need of such Power. As long as we say within ourselves, "We are rich and increased in goods and have no need of anything," the Lord can never fill us.

But when we realize that we are naked and blind and helpless and weak, that round about us is a world steeped in sin and iniquity who are going down, while we look helplessly on without the ability to aid or succor, and when we cry to Him to meet with the olden Power He is able, ready, willing, and anxious to fill us with His Mind.

4. How this Power manifests itself.

- (a) Power to live the Christian life consistently, to keep us filled with love, gentleness, long-suffering, meekness, temperance, faith. Power to keep us even-balanced, not one moment cutting off the high priest's ear with a sword in defense of our Lord, and the next moment denying Him and saying, "We know You not." Power to walk in a Spirit-filled existence, ever glorifying the Christ, ever exalting Him and lifting Him up from the Earth that He may draw all men unto Him!
- (b) Power to pray. Power to be an intercessor, power to lay hold of the horns of the altar and pray through. Power such as that possessed by Jacob when he wrestled with the Lord until the breaking of day and was rewarded by the voice of Jehovah

saying, "Thy name shall not be called Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince thou hast Power with God and with man thou hast prevailed."

- (c) Power to witness. Power to tell the story under the unction and glow of the Spirit. Power to exalt and to make beautiful, winsome, and appealing the story of the Cross, not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit.
- (d) Power to help the fallen, lift the faint.
- (e) Power to preach the Great Physician for the healing of the sick. Power to bring and keep the fire of a continuous Holy Ghost revival.
- (f) Power to be a "middle-of-the-roader," not running into fanaticisms and extremes on the one hand, nor into coldness, ossified formality on the other. Power to keep along the middle of the King's Highway with eyes fixed upon the Cross of Calvary, with the light of the Glorious City streaming through the gates of pearl just beyond, with extended hands to gather the harvests' golden sheaves and bear them safely home.

"For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of Love, and of Sound Mind."

Here in a practical sense are the evidences and the results of the incoming Spirit—Power, Love and a Sound Mind. The love is needed with the Power. And the sound, balanced mind which can keep poise and equilibrium is needed with them both.

Power, Power, Power is needed today. Power under control. Power used in the right way. Power directed into the proper channels. We must have it. And the Lord is more willing to give than we are to receive. Power to send the revival chariot sweeping up the hill of Victory. We have, as it were, the automobile with the shining hood and the machinery underneath, but let us remember to

tarry at the filling station until we get gasoline—the Dynamite of God—because it is pretty hard pushing and very slow and painful work without. Therefore, “tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with Power from on High.”

The Declension of the Power of the Church

October 1923

Chapter VI

NEXT TO BE attacked upon the tree were the leaves—or, in other words, the real knowledge of the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit.

Like the work of the locust wrought upon the leaves of the trees of the field, so the enemy came, sweeping over vast territories of country, stripping and laying bare all that he touched. The old-time prayer meetings were disappearing, formality and sectarianism began to take their places. One day, someone apparently discovered a new way of being filled with the Spirit without all this tarrying and heart searching and emptying of sin and self, this seeking until the empty, cleansed temple was filled to the brim and running over, this speaking with other languages as the Spirit gave utterance and introduced what seemed to be a much more simple, better, and easier way—namely, that of “taking it by faith” and trying to make one’s self believe that one had all there was to be had, without any definite manifestation or special spiritual enthusiasm.

What a nice easy way there now was! You simply kneeled down in a row, the minister came along, laid his hands upon your head and said, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost! Now simply take it by faith! Believe you have it, and go on!”

“The experiences received in Acts 2:4, Acts 10:46, Acts 19:6 are no longer necessary though we must admit they were for both Jews and Gentiles of Apostolic days. God has changed his mind, mayhap,

and is no longer making things according to the pattern shown us in the New Testament on the Mount. Just believe that you receive the Holy Spirit upon all your worldliness and sin, feathers, flowers, tobacco, and theater-going. There is nothing real to be felt. No real definite experience, just take it by faith!”

God help us! Is this not the very attitude of many today? Substituting our way for God’s way? But it is not as good! Our way is a failure! His, a glorious and grand success! Why substitute man-made excuses for God’s own power?

In that day, as humility, godliness, and the manifestations of the Holy Spirit vanished, persecution and reproach vanished also. As meetings of the older order were converted into dignified services of a more orthodox (?) form, more the Holy Spirit as a gentle dove was quenched and grieved and stifled until He silently withdrew. His wonder working manifestations, and joy and gladness were withheld from the sons of men!

Because it meant too great a sacrifice, too much emptying out and humbling in the dust before God, too much seeking and waiting, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit was not received as of old. Then came men who professed to have the Holy Spirit in a new way, that is without any Bible seal or evidence such as accompanied the coming of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. This simplified matters greatly for them, and the professor no longer needed to be a possessor. Thus the Baptism of the Holy Spirit was lost sight of by many, though there always was a remnant of the faithful few Spirit-filled saints through whom God manifested Himself in a very real and supernatural way.

THE CANKERWORM AT WORK

It was a sad day when the leaves were thus stripped from the church tree, and the locust had done its work, but days that were still more sad were to follow, for we read, “That which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten.”

After the fruit and the leaves had been destroyed, and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit ceased to be preached in its power and fervor, the cankerworm made his appearance and began his work upon the branches and tender shoots of the tree, making cankerous and unsound that God-fearing walk of Holiness above the world and sin, so long enjoyed by the children of the Lord. As the sap, the life of the tree, was consumed, and the branches became more and more cankerous and unsound, things that used to appear sinful appeared sinful no longer. The world that used to be barred outside the doors of the church now leaned back in contented languor in the cushioned pews or sang in the choir. Christians let down more and more the high standard of Holiness to the Lord, which they had erstwhile been holding aloft, and now it trailed, bedraggled and unnoticed in the dust.

COME IN, OH WORLD!

“Open the door! Come in, world! Come in, fashion, pride, and money! Come in, scheming for social success, and make our church thy home!”

“Come in Miss Prima Donna and sing for us on Sunday. We know that you sing for the world all week, but your voice is very sweet, and we will pay you fifty dollars to sing for the Lord on Sunday. True, though you draw nigh Him with your lips, your heart is far from Him, but come in, Miss Prima Donna and, sing!”

“Come in, oyster suppers and chicken dinners! Come in, box socials and community card parties! Come in, moving picture screen and moving picture play! Come in, dance floor in the basement! Come in, smoking room for our worldly men! Come in, I say, and take the place of the old all-night prayer meeting, the old Amen Corner and Hallelujah chorus, the spirited testimony meeting, the forgotten mourners’ bench! We have lost these spiritual things, and superficial appeals to the worldly side of men must fill their place!”

“Come in, worldly preacher, liberal higher critic and agnostic, and preach psychology, community uplift and social reform. You say that you do not believe the Bible literally, that you say the story of creation is a myth, that the great fish never swallowed Jonah, that the virgin birth and the deity of our Lord is an insult to intelligent thinking people, that our Lord was merely a good man and a wonderful martyr, and that there was no real need of His cleansing blood. We know that you doubt the resurrection and say that what the hundred and twenty received on the day of Pentecost was merely hysteria and a repetition by their lips of languages, which they had heard round about Jerusalem, and which were now repeated by their subconscious minds, and that you say the Second Coming of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is impossible and ridiculous. We know that you believe the promise of a latter rain outpouring, and almost all the supernatural promises of God are for the Jews and not for the Gentiles. We know that you believe the old-time religion, with its altar calls and crying out in repentance for sin, is emotionalism and an old-fashioned eccentricity of yesteryear—nevertheless, come in, and preach in our fashionable church to our fashionable people the little which you still believe to be true, of the dear old Book. Instead of preaching its miracles and the power of the present day Christ, you may fill in the gap with your psychological sermons, your lectures on foreign travels, the literature and writers of the day, popular subjects. Then the moving picture entertainment might help fill in when you run short of a message, or the interest of the people wanes.”

These words might indeed be spoken of many a modern church throughout the world today. Realizing that there is something missing, that there is a leak in the craft of faith, that we are at our wits end to know how to hold the people and hold the interest, the great mistake has been that of trying to fill in the gap, and the empty spiritual wastes, with the worldly things with their pomp and show,

instead of getting back to Calvary, back to Pentecost, back to the old-time power with the old-time glory.

Well and thoroughly did the cankerworm do its work until sanctification and holy, clean, separated living was well-nigh devoured from that olden-time church.

THE YEARS OF THE CATERPILLAR

Quickly upon the trail of the cankerworm followed the caterpillar. We read that, “That which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.”

We are now nearing the lowest ebb of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. The perfect tree is perfect no longer. Stripped of her fruits, denuded of her leaves, her branches made white, laid clean and bare. It was not long until the trunk and the roots of the church tree began to decay, and the caterpillar made his nest in the hollow of the church tree.

Chapter VII

The next step in the declension and falling away was a bold stroke indeed on the part of the enemy, namely, the attack upon the trunk and roots of the tree itself—even Justification by Faith. Oh, no? He would not have dared suggest the touching of this great fundamental theme in the early days of the falling away!

Little by little he had inserted the wedge, until now the great body was rent asunder and this is just the way, if one begins to take one thing from God’s Word and say this, that, or the other is no longer necessary, one finds one’s self removing other things until soon there is little left.

THE MUTILATED BIBLE

We have perhaps all heard the story of the minister who, while calling on a parishioner, noticed lying upon the table a badly mutilated

Bible containing a few pages which remained intact. During the parishioner's absence from the room, the clergyman picked up and wonderingly examined the book. Chapter after chapter had been cut out. Verse after verse had been removed from some of the pages which remained. Whole lines had been blue penciled in the remaining verses.

When the parishioner entered the room, the minister reprimanded him sharply and said, "My brother, what have you done to your Bible? I never saw a book so mutilated in all my life."

"Pastor," the man made answer, "that is all that you have left me! First, you said that the latter part of the sixteenth chapter of Mark did not belong in the Bible. I came home and cut that out. Then you said that the story of Mary Magdalene had never belonged in the Bible. I came home and cut that out. Next you said that the story of the creation was all a myth, a fable, or an ancient legend, and I cut that out. The book of Jonah followed. The story of Sodom and Gomorrah, with its miraculous fire and of the wife that turned to a pillar of salt was the next to disappear. Elijah and Elisha with their miracles, the manna in the wilderness, you said were only legends, allegories typical of Christian life, so I took them out. The virgin birth of our Lord was, you said, a mooted question. Likewise the miracle and the atonement. So, one by one I have cut out each thing that you said didn't belong in the Bible, because I want my Bible to be perfectly accurate. As you see, I only have a few pages left, and I am not sure what day they too may be sentenced to banishment and be removed."

God help us to believe the Bible, grand old Book of God, in its entirety, its inspiration, its authenticity, its infallibility, and help us to cling tenaciously to contend most earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Help us to firmly believe that not one jot or tittle of the word shall fail, that even though heaven and earth may pass away, Thy Word, Thy promises, the undergirders of Thy precepts can never be removed or even shaken!

How the devil must have rubbed his hands in glee when he had brought the church to the place where even justification by faith was doubted, and ceased to be believed! Quickly life and strength disappeared. Spirituality was at its lowest ebb.

No tree can long eke out its existence without leaves through which to breathe, without branches and limbs through which the sap of life may course and flow, and bring to fruitfulness.

For a believer to live without the Holy Spirit, which is the very breath of God, or without the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus as revealed by the Spirit coursing through His veins, is to eke out a meagre, barren existence, nowhere recorded in the Word of God.

The tree is now in the most lamentable condition. Fruit gone, leaves gone, branches bare, trunk decayed and rotten, a nest for the caterpillar. In other words, the fruits of Spirit were gone, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost no longer preached, separation and Holiness lacking, and justification by faith had disappeared. Well might the angels lean over the balustrades of heaven and weep! Well might man wring his hands and mourn, saying, "Alas! Alas! We shall never again know the power of yesterday." There is no hope now of the perfect tree which had once stood clad with the power and glory of the Holy Ghost. There remained now naught but a name, not even a remnant of her former splendor as she entered into the DARK AGES.

THE DARK AGES

No wonder that these were called the Dark Ages! Dark indeed is the night wherein the face of the Lord Jesus is not beholden by His people. He is the Light of the world, and when the church lost sight of the atonement, the precious blood of Jesus shed at the cost of such vicarious suffering, there was almost a total eclipse, and the face of the sun of righteousness was obscured. Thus the years that immediately followed are known as the Dark Ages.

Men and women groping in gross darkness, trying to find their way to heaven by doing penance, locking themselves in dungeons,

walking barefooted over red-hot plowshares, inflicting unnamable tortures upon themselves and upon one another, blindly trying by some work or deed to pay the debt that had already been paid on Calvary's cross and effect the atonement, which, had they but known it, was but waiting to be claimed by the heart of a believing people.

Most graphically indeed did the Prophet Joel sketch the picture of the days that followed, saying, "Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth. The meat offering and the drink offering I cut off from the house of the Lord. The priests, the Lord's ministers, mourn. The field is wasted, the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted. The new wine is dried up; the oil languisheth. Be ye ashamed, oh ye husbandmen; howl, oh ye vinedressers, for the wheat and for the barley, because the harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered, because joy is withered away from the sons of men. Gird yourselves and lament ye priests. Howl, ye ministers of the altar. Come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God. For the meat offering and the drink offering is withholden from the house of your God. Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord. Alas for the day! For the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty, shall it come. Is not the meat cut off before our eyes, yea, joy and gladness from the house of our God? The seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down; for the corn is withered. How do the beasts groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate."

The great arrow had been steadily going down, down, down, dropping from point to point, pitilessly, relentlessly down until it seemed as though it would never reach the bottom, but now, it had

struck the depths, the church had seemingly lost all; the tree was almost dead!

Yes, indeed, there was every reason why the angels might have wept and mortals have found their spirits to fall within them for utter despair. But God, looking ahead into the future, had spoken through the prophet Joel, showing the way to recover that which had been lost. The Lord never finds fault with conditions as they are without showing the way back to better ones. There is no advantage in starting a tirade against coldness, backsliding, worldliness, formality, and lack of power with one hand, unless with the other, one points the way to a better condition of living and a recovering of the old-time glory. There is not a bit of use in mourning about the wilderness unless one also leads to the promised land.

Read then these few words, which are a portion of the remarkable prophecies of Joel: "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly. Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts. Let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare Thy people, oh Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them. Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God? Then will the Lord be jealous for His land, and pity His people. Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto His people, Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith. And I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen. But I will remove far off from you the northern army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up, because He hath done great things. Fear not, oh land. Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things."

“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 rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil.”

“And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army, which I sent among you. And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you. And my people shall never be ashamed. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else. And my people shall never be ashamed. 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, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.”

In the midst of the declension, when the church was at its lowest ebb, at midnight, when the dark ages were the most filled with the blackness of ignorance and unbelief pertaining to the things of God and His Christ, the Lord sent flashing down from glory the promise of restoration and a return to old-time power, glory, and perfection.

Consider for a moment the church at its lowest ebb, no longer even preaching justification by faith, but trying to atone for their sin by their own penance, having lost sight utterly of the fact that,

**Jesus paid it all,
All to Him we owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.**

But man's extremity is ever God's opportunity! When man is utterly at the end of his own resources, wisdom, and power, and then steps off into the Infinite, God rises up to catch him there, stands him upon his feet, and if that soul be willing, sets him upon a new plane 'neath the sunshine of his own light and blessing.

“I will restore all the years that have been eaten! I will restore. I will restore. I will restore!” Over and over the words must have rung through the corridors of heaven, over the seas, the mountains, the plains of earth. “I will restore all the years.”

Unquestionably, the Lord had given the promise of the restoration, of the bringing back to the church the old-time Pentecostal power, glory, victory, and blessing, but how, where, and through whom was this to come?

Angel Visit to Cornelius



Angelus Temple
October 2, 1923

WE HAVE BEEN taking as our subject on these Tuesday night meetings a series of angel visit messages, going straight through the Bible and taking them as they come. The last that we studied was in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—the angel visit that came to Peter in the prison. I am skipping one of the angel visits—the call of Phillip, “Go speak to the Ethiopian,” in the deserts, and I am turning to the tenth chapter of Acts tonight.

“Now, there was a certain man in Caesarea, Cornelius by name, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man and one that feared God with all His house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always. He saw in a vision openly as it were about the sixth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in unto him and saying to him, Cornelius. And he, fastening his eyes upon him and being affrighted, said, ‘What is it, Lord?’ And he said unto him, ‘Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa and fetch one Simon, who is surnamed Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside.’ And when the angel that spoke unto him was departed, he called his household servants and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually. And having rehearsed all things to them, he sent them to Joppa.” Praise the Lord for this angel visit. There is more of it, but I am going to talk about these verses first.

“There was a certain man of Caesarea, Cornelius by name.” What a wonderful thing it is to know that God can look down over a whole continent, over a whole state, over a whole city, into a certain neighborhood and into a certain family and see one certain man. It is almost awesome, “A certain man in Caesarea, Cornelius by name.”

I was standing up on Mount Wilson. Have you ever seen the cities light up at night, some forty-two cities, lighted up and spread out in a great panorama? I saw the lights flash, flash, flash. I saw the sun go down, the moon come up, and then the many lights flash out. There was Glendale, Pasadena, Los Angeles, lying like a seven-pointed star. People said they had never seen the lights of Los Angeles like that—the City of the Angels. Then we saw all the beach lights, Redondo, Santa Monica, Venice, and Long Beach. We could see a place that was down near the Mexican border. There we stood looking down on the city. Someone pointed out, “That is Colorado Street; that is Broadway.” I was thinking, “Yes, and how tiny men are. The streets themselves look so tiny.” And men themselves looked so tiny that one needed to have a glass to see them at all. But to think of the Lord God, Jehovah, looking down and taking notice of a certain man or a certain woman and calling them for a certain work.

We went into the big observatory where there were a lot of little balls hung up, showing the relative sizes of the different planets. I was noticing the relative size of Saturn and our little earth. It seemed that you could lose a thousand of those little earths in one of those greater planets. Then to think that God could look down over all the stars and moons and suns, and that He could look down on that little earth, and that He could look down upon a certain city, and a certain neighborhood, and see a certain man.

Cornelius was a great man and a centurion. But listen; men saw that he was a captain that he could lead an army, but God saw something more than that. God saw that he was a devout man. It is a great thing to be a great man, but he was also a good man. He was not only a good man himself, but he had his household and

his servants praying. He feared God with all his house, and we read two more things about his character as God saw it. He gave much alms to the people and he prayed to God always. Talk about your recommendations. Isn't that a wonderful recommendation that God gave him? He served God with all his heart, and he gave alms to the people and prayed, by fits and starts? Oh! no, but continually. “He saw in a vision...an angel of God coming in unto him and saying To him, Cornelius,” Though the Father is way beyond the infinite blue of the starry heavens, and though the earth is such a little thing, yet here was a man who prayed to God always, and his prayers had gone straight up to the throne of God. He was a hungry man. I would not be surprised if it could be said of Cornelius, “As the hart panteth after the water brook so panteth my soul after Thee, oh God.”

Have you been trying to fear God with your household, with your Sunday School class, but have you had that secret feeling that there was something more for you that you had not had before? That there was power to witness for Christ and win souls?

Cornelius not only prayed, but he gave of his money, of his hospitality, and of his love. That is the kind of a man that God is going to send his angel to. A man who not only prays to God, but who lives the life. Did you read in the papers about that minister up north whose wife had to sue him for a divorce because she said he was a different man in his home than he was in the pulpit. He was so lovely in the pulpit, but the minute he got inside the door of his house, he was so changed, so profane and abusive. Her heart was finally broken, and she sued him for a divorce. He prayed to God—Cornelius did—and he also lived the life in his own home. A devout man—to a man like that God is going to give aid. God said, “I will dispatch to him an angel. He is living down in a place where there is no revival. What he needs is the baptism of the Holy Ghost.”

But how was God going to do it? He saw Simon Peter living with another Simon the tanner. He said, “If I can just get these two

men together—Peter knows all about Salvation, and he can tell Cornelius.” So he called an angel, and there was another angel visit. He dispatched the angel to the house of Cornelius. Down over the bulwarks of heaven he came, and he appeared to Cornelius in a vision about the ninth hour of the day. He came in, saying, “Cornelius.” How wonderful that God knows the name of the man or the woman who prays! Are you a praying man? Are you a praying woman? Do you know the meaning of the word intercessor? Have you ever had a burden, a travail for souls, a burden for a revival? Then, Cornelius, God has land ahead for you.

Are you looking for something that satisfies? Have you been a devout man? A devout woman? Have you had your name on a church roll, but have you been longing for a greater blessing?

When he looked on the angel, Cornelius was afraid and he said unto him, “thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.” Your prayers have come up before God, and your giving to the people has come up before Him for a memorial. Did you ever see a memorial? Of course you have. As a little child, I use to love to stop at the different parks and look at the memorials. I wanted to see the Statue of Liberty that France gave as a memorial. What are these memorials? As you pass Gettysburg, you will see out upon the sides of the mountain the square slabs of marble that stand for the men who died there in fighting for their country. What is a memorial? It is something to abide in a certain place, lest we forget. We read that, before God on His throne, there was a memorial. His prayers and his alms were there. Oh, my brother, my sister, I wonder if we have a memorial before God. Will we be able to find out into a marble or maybe a pearl slab up there, a memorial that we gave largely of our money, of our time, of our loving service, of our fruitage? Some of us do not do it. Some of us can be pretty big about big things, but mighty little about little things.

Last Sunday when the crowds were so great and hundreds upon hundreds were unable to get in at all, we said to our own people, “You do not mind going up into the gallery, do you?”

“Oh, Sister, we will stand up with our backs to the wall to give some poor sinner our seat,” they said. But there were some people who got sort of offended. We found them crying in the lobby. The workers said to them, “Why, what in the world is the matter?” and they said, “Somebody took the seats we always had right near the front.” The workers said to them, “Why, how long have you had the seats, six months?”

“No,” they said, “We have had those seats eight months, but someone took them, and I guess we will leave this church—someone has our seat.”

Just to think, they had a front seat for eight months, and yet they could not give it up one Sunday to let a poor sinner sit in it. That should be part of our alms deeds. Have you prayed, and have you done any alms by giving up a front seat? Have you given something that might have cost you a little sacrifice, something that would have been a comfort to you? Thine alms have come up. Isn't it wonderful that you cannot get ahead of God? Whatever you give, he gives you back ten-fold. Many men have left houses and lands, mothers and fathers, but to think that God says that he will repay ten-fold.

Now, many of you know that you have some alms up before God, something that you gave, something that you sacrificed.

The angel said, “Now, I have come to tell you what to do. Send men to Joppa, and call one, Simon, whose surname is Peter, who lives with one Simon a tanner,” Cornelius did not say, “What, send clear over to that place, all that long journey, I guess not.” No, he did not do that but, praise the Lord? He called his servants and a devout soldier—that shows that a soldier can be devout—and he sent them all that long way to Joppa, where Peter was. I wonder how many of you

there are here tonight who have come from distant states to attend the meetings. Here they are:

Oklahoma—two
Texas
Canada—two
South Dakota
Montana
Colorado
Washington (state)
Washington, DC
New York—two
Florida
Illinois—two
Kansas
Arizona
Wisconsin
Nebraska
Ohio
Missouri
New Jersey

These have come from these different states just to attend the meetings. How many of you think that is wonderful to see people travelling across the continent. Why? Because, maybe the Lord sent His angel. Maybe it was just a little tract. Perhaps it was just a little Bridal Call. Nothing would have seemed too much to me after I was converted and was hungry for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, hungry for God. I believe that, if anyone had told me that, if I would walk a hundred miles to Toronto, I would receive the Holy Spirit, I believe I would have started out that very night.

Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if God would make us His Joppa for a while? If God could send people clear across the continent to

find out how to be saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit? "Send men to Joppa, and fetch one Simon who is surnamed Peter; he lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside." Notice that there were none too many preachers. God knows your name and your surname. He knows who you live with. He knows the street. He knew the street, and He knew that it was by the sea. Isn't it wonderful that God knows who you live with and what your business is?

"Thou God seest me." Especially for a sinner that must seem terrible. He has His eye upon you—"Thou God seest me." I remember when I first realized that God's eye could see us wherever we are. I remember that once, when I was just a little girl, our Sunday School teacher drew an eye on the board, and she wrote, "Thou God seest me." My, everywhere I went that eye seemed to follow me. I couldn't get away from it. As we were starting home, I said, "Mama, God can't see me now, can He? Right through the buggy top?" And she said, "Of course, He can." My! We got home, and I said, "God can't see me now, can He Mama, not through the roof, can He?" She said, "Why, yes, He can see you, child." I remember I crawled in under the big reservoir back in the corner, and I peeked out at Mother and asked, "God can't see me now, can He? Not through all this steel and everything, can He?"

"Yes, child, God can see you anywhere. He can see us in the dark. 'Thou God seest me.'"

So God knew where to tell Cornelius to send his messenger. When the angel was gone, Cornelius called a devout soldier—that shows that a soldier can be devout. He sent his servants, and they drew near to Joppa where Peter was. God got them started, but now He had to make connections with the evangelist. Praise God? He can not only speak to the needy, but He can speak to the preacher too.

Has God ever called you to pray as He called Peter to pray at that time? Have you ever been washing the dishes or sweeping the floor, have you been wetting down the lawn or writing a letter and

had God call you to go and pray? When you were in the middle of washing the dishes, did He ask you to come and pray, and did you say, “Oh, no! I must finish this first,” and then when you finished, that there was the floor to sweep, and when you finally got around to pray, all the desire to pray had gone. It was too late. On the other hand, have you ever been doing anything that you considered important—how important we do consider the things we are doing—and have you dropped it and has God opened the flood-gates of heaven to you?

As the messengers drew nigh, Peter went up on the house-top to pray. When God gets a man to praying, God can talk to him. I wonder why Peter went up on the housetop to pray. I think, today, lots of us have such a lot of things going on in the house, the children’s voices. Wouldn’t it be nice to have a pair of stairs leading up to the housetop? Sometimes I wish that I could get up on my housetop. I get into my machine and go over into Elysian Park, where I can pray all I want to and cry all I want to.

As Peter prayed on the house-top, he heard an angel’s voice talking to him. About the sixth hour, Peter grew hungry, it says, and while they were preparing something, he fell into a trance—a regular old-fashioned Methodist trance; we would call it being under the power of God, today. And while Peter was in this trance, he saw a sheet let down from heaven full of all kinds of four-footed beasts and creeping things, and he heard a voice saying, “Rise, Peter, kill and eat.” But what did Peter say, “Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean.” What was his objection? “I have never done it before.”

How we all like to go the beaten track, the settled beaten way! But how the Lord sometimes leads us out into new paths! We say sometimes, “Oh, Lord, I have not done that before.” I really believe that God is getting ready a called-out people, a peculiar people, zealous of good works. But the voice spoke again to Peter, “What God hath cleansed make not thou common.”

We sometimes hear people say that about Divine Healing or about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Some of the manifestations they object to. If God has sent it, let us take care how we speak about it. It was done three times. God had had to call Peter three times. It was three times that Peter had denied his Lord, and it was thrice that Jesus had said to Peter, “Lovest thou me?” God was really calling Peter to preach to the Gentiles. I know a preacher, a great preacher—at least, he is considered great—who says that all the Old Testament is for the Jews only, and all the New Testament except about three chapters is for the Jews. That is rather hard-line. But I believe that all of it is for us in that it happened to the Jewish people for our example and reproof and instruction. But Peter could not see it. He thought it was all for the Jews, like that preacher does.

“Now, when Peter was much perplexed in himself what the vision which he had seen might mean, behold the men that were sent by Cornelius, having made inquiry for Simon’s house, stood before the gate. And called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, was lodging there. And while Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, behold three men seek thee. But arise, and get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting for I have sent them.”

Isn’t it wonderful how God could make connections? Here, these men had travelled clear from Caesarea, and Peter was right down there to meet them. We have seen such things right in our own lives. There were some people who were ready to give up and commit suicide, but God would have someone right there to speak to them at the right time.

I remember one time, there was a dear old colored lady who was praying for a revival in Corona, Long Island. God said to her, “You write to Sister McPherson over in Cape Cod, where I was holding a revival.” Before this letter came I was praying, and while I was praying, God would say, “Corona.” I said, “Well, praise the Lord! I believe God is going to give me a Corona typewriter. I always wanted one.”

But while I was praying there came this letter from Corona, Long Island. Instantly, the Lord spoke to me and said, "You are to go to Corona."

I never to my knowledge had heard of such a place before, though it is not far from New York City. I had not known the place by name before. But my people insisted that I should go to Connecticut for arrangements had been made for halls and buildings. But I said, "God has called me to go to Long Island, and I must go." They said, "No, the arrangements have all been made. You must go to Connecticut. But I said, "God has said Long Island, Corona, Long Island." They said, "Do you know whether there is a hall there, or whether they have anything ready? Come along, don't be foolish." So we started, but the last thing I said as we started was, "We ought to be going to Corona, Long Island."

We started out in an automobile, and I never saw so many things happen to an automobile in all my life, and I have driven clear across the continent and in all sorts of places and over all kinds of roads. I am not afraid of any road. First of all, the tires blew out. I think all four of them blew out, if I remember right. The night came on, and the lights went off. We could not make them burn at all. Then something went wrong with the starter, and they had to crank it. Finally we lost our way. I kept saying, "Oh, if we had only gone to Corona, we would not be here."

Finally we turned around, and as we backed up, we went into a ditch. The gasoline tank was on the back—it was an old machine—and they could not get the gas up to the engine. The two men cranked and cranked—they puffed, and they cranked. I was sitting in the machine, a baby in each arm, praying, "Oh, Lord, I know you called me to go to Corona. Lord, if I had gone to Corona all this would not have happened. Lord, we are not in Your will. You never led me like that."

Corona, Corona, there was a woman praying in Corona. Finally I said, "Lord, if it is Your will for me to go to Corona, let them be able

to crank the car." And I said to my husband—the two men were sitting on a stump resting—and I said, "If you will crank it once more, and if it is God's will for me to go to Corona, it will start. If it doesn't go, I won't say any more about Corona." They said, "Well, that will be some relief, anyway to have you stop talking about Corona." So they gave it just a spin or two, and it started. They had left it in high gear, and it got out of the ditch all by itself, and they had to jump in while it was going to stop it, and we headed for Corona.

When we got there and knocked at the little door, I found it was a colored woman who had written me the letter, but she was devout—a saint of God. There was a poor, scraggly little lawn. But she opened the door, and she welcomed us in. I said, "Sister, where are we going to have the meetings? Who is going to help? What ministers are there with us? She said, "Why, we'll have the revival in Corona, in the city."

"That's f—fine. Yes, we'll have it in the city, but where will we find the building, where is the building?"

"Why, you see, I can't walk much, being old and pretty lame. It is hard for me to get around, but I thought you could find the place when you could get here."

"Ye—s—s. And the ministers?" I said.

"The churches in this place don't seem to want any revival. There aren't any ministers."

"Yes, and where would we find the building?"

"I don't know, but I knew you would find a building when you came."

She took us into her little house, and she tucked us in there in the attic. The next morning, I started out to find a building. We looked everywhere, and there was no town hall, no municipal auditorium. All we found was a little room back of the town saloon, and they said we could have that. But I took a look at the place and at the men, and I said, "No, thank you. I guess we will look a little further." I thought I could hardly shine very well there. When I would

come into the house the folks with me would say, "If we had gone to Connecticut there would have been the halls and the buildings all ready and everything."

Then from upstairs, I heard someone knocking at the door and a cheery voice saying, "I hear there is a little evangelist lady here. I wish she would come down to our church and give our folks some meetings." So we went. It was just a little place, about three times as big as this platform. My, what cold sort of folks they were. Never an "Amen," never a "Hallelujah!" But I went on preaching to them. They had three people converted that night, and the people were so astonished, they did not know what to do. So it went on until, on the third night, the glory of God came down, and the Sunday School superintendent got the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. My! He got so happy about it, but some of the people were not so happy. They said it was emotionalism.

One minister, a Baptism minister, warned his people to stay away from the meetings. He said it was emotionalism, and he told them to keep away. But after telling his people not to come, he came himself, and he sat in the back of the room. He was such a fine looking man, and I called on him to lead in prayer that night, quite ignorant of his feelings in the matter of course. He did pray just beautifully, and while he was praying, I was praying, "Oh, Lord, send your power down on Corona." Though we had seen about fifty conversions, I felt that the flood-tide was just ready to burst.

That minister went home to his wife after the meeting, and he said, "That little woman has something I need, something I haven't got." She said, "Now, you look out, William, or you will be getting what you warned your people against." But the next night he came again to the meeting, and I happened to preach on, "Lost and Restored," a message the Lord gave me in London, England, showing how the people had started out on the day of Pentecost with all the gifts and all the fruits on the church tree, and how, through

unbelief, they lost them one after another till they came to the time of the Dark Ages, when the church tree seemed dead and barren.

Then we spoke of how God had begun to restore to the church, bit by bit, the old-time fire and power and glory, beginning with the return of the belief in justification by faith, down to the present-day outpouring of the Holy Ghost. God surely did help me that night, and after the meeting, that minister came up, and he wrung my hand. He said, "Will you come over and give that message to my people?" He said, "Our church is three times as big as this one is." So we did go, praying, "Lord, send that revival that you promised that dear old colored sister. It was very hard for her to get out to the meetings, being old and lame, but when she did get there, she would sit, clasping and unclasping her hands and saying, "Lord, you promised, Lord you promised."

People would look at her sort of funny. They did not know that she was the force behind the movement, that it was her prayers that had brought the revival. They did not know that she was the Cornelius whose prayers and whose alms had gone up before God. I prayed, "Oh, Lord, help me." This minister had invited about five other ministers. They sat there back of me, looking so straight, with their long-tailed coats and their vests fastened way up the front just so. Oh, how wise they looked! They were looking at me over their glasses. I took one last look at them out of the tail of my eye as I began to talk, and they did look so much like five blackbirds sitting on a fence. But as I preached, such a change seemed to come over the place. It seemed as though God had everybody by the shoulder, and when I gave the altar call, the people came jamming to the front, till there was no room for them, and they began to fill the platform as well as the altar. The ministers had to move off to let the sinners come on.

In the audience, there were two men who were brothers according to the flesh, but they had not spoken to each other for a year.

They had quarreled over how a store window should be decorated, and neither would speak to the other one for a whole year. At the close of the meeting, one of them came across the room to where the other one was standing, and he said, "Forgive me, I was wrong." The other one said, "No, I was wrong, forgive me." And the one who said forgive me first fell right down there on the spot under the power of God, and the man was gloriously saved and baptised in the Holy Ghost. Others went down under the power of God, and when I saw them, I said to myself, "Oh, my! Oh, my! They will not have me back here again after all this. I looked at them, down under the power, their faces just shining, and just when I was expecting to hear the minister coming to me and saying, "I guess we will not want any more meetings after all this," the minister touched me on the shoulder, and he said, "I have been talking to my deacons, and we would like to ask you if you would be willing to come back again and give us some meetings. Will you? When?"

"Tomorrow night, please." I said.

We went back there and hundreds were converted. Why? Because one dear old colored saint of God had been a Cornelius. One had been praying, and God spoke to an evangelist. So many people received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Everybody was happy, but one sour old deacon. He did not believe in so much noise. I said, "I don't like the noisy sort of meetings either, brother. Will you help me to keep the meetings quiet?"

"Yes, yes, I could. Yes, I will help you keep them quiet."

I said, "Brother, are you hungry, hungry for more of God?"

"Why, yes, yes, of course, of course."

"Well, Brother, won't you come to the altar and pray that the Lord will bless you? And I will try to keep everybody else quiet, so that you can pray."

So he said that he would. He came to the altar that night. I went along, saying, "Hush—now let's all pray just quietly, the Lord can hear you when you pray just as softly as can be."

Then suddenly I heard somebody give the most awful roar, and someone fell on the floor. I thought, "Oh, my! Oh, my! What will I do? Whatever will that deacon think?" And I hurried to get around the other people to where he was, and when I did, I found that dear man down on his back on the floor under the power of God. God filled him with the power of the Holy Ghost that night, and about midnight when I was starting away, the meeting all over, he came out to the car, and he said, "S-s-s-s-ter M-m-m-c Pherson, wh-en-n-n c-c-c-an I eve-r-r get-t so-o I can speak E-english a-a-g-gain?"

You remember, when Finney was holding his meetings, there was a man who used to go ahead of him to the place where he was to hold meetings and pray. He would pray the revival through before Finney got there.

I wonder how many of us, when we stand before God's throne, will find a memorial there. Oh, what a wonderful altar call that was on Sunday—afternoon and evening both. Yet, why was it? Somebody had prayed. Many somebodies, in fact, had prayed.

Peter arose and went with the messengers to the house of Cornelius, and Cornelius gathered his family and his entire household together, and he even invited the neighborhood to come too. And Peter began to preach. He was just telling them how Jesus died and was raised again that He might send down to us, the gift of the Holy Spirit. And he had not finished his sermon when the power fell. Some people think that, when there is a revival meeting, they ought to wait about two or three weeks before they give the first altar call. In fact, an evangelist who is known all over the country, well-known, very seldom gives an altar call until the tenth day. As we have been preaching across the continent—I saw it only to the glory of God—we have always given an altar call at the first meeting, and people have come to the Lord. Take for instance the first day that the Temple here was opened. We had one of the biggest altar calls that day that we have seen. "While Peter yet spake these words, the holy ghost fell on all them which heard the word."

Do you want the Holy Ghost tonight? We can be saved and healed and filled with the Holy Ghost all at the same time, the same day. While Peter spoke, the Holy Ghost fell. Will you open up your heart and say, "Lord, fill me." He will send you out to be the winner of many souls. Lord, teach us how to pray.

Floods and Flames



*Angelus Temple
October 7, 1923*



HIS AFTERNOON WE are going to speak to you from the eighteenth chapter of 1 Kings, upon, "Flames and floods." And, oh! Lord, send the fire! Many of you are well familiar with the story contained in this chapter. It is a story which, alas, was repeated again and again throughout the history of the Old Testament, namely, that of a famine which had come because of unbelief and worldliness. And the story has been repeated on down through the ages.

The plot of the story is laid in ancient Israel, in the land which had once known peace and plenty. Once the hills had yielded their increase, and the fields their fruitage, the vine had yielded its increase, and the vats were made to overflow, when the people walked with God. But now unbelief had crept in. Earthly power and popularity were made gods, and because men's hearts were turned away from the old-time power, the fields were bare, and the cupboards were empty. There seemed to be nothing left for the children, no bread in the larder, no water in the well.

Rain had not fallen on the earth for three and a half years. Three and a half years is a long time to go without rain, but three and a half years is a long time to go without a revival.

Even as unbelief had brought famine on that land, I wonder how many places are in a famine today. How many churches, Sunday Schools and Christian workers are famine-ridden? Their unbelief stopped the rain. Unbelief always stops the spiritual rain. We need

it these days. It seems as though we can look through the pages of history and see the church lying bleak and empty, having become a valley of dry bones. It seems we can see people all around us whose lives are parched and withered. The parched ground, cracked and dry, the drooping flowers, all breathing out one word, "Water, water, water!" How we need the floods of latter rain, the flames of revival fire, to awaken the fields into fruitfulness! But the rain was to come down by and by, when the people would return to the Lord. Are you having a famine? Is your church having a famine? "Why, what do you mean? We never had such fine collections, never were so prosperous. Why we have a lot of wealthy members. We just got Mr. Richrox in. He has lots of money. What do you mean by asking whether we are having a famine in our church?"

Are you having a spiritual famine in your church? "Why, what do you mean? We have a lot of fine people with fine standings in the clubs." But are you having a famine? "I don't know what you mean. Why, we have a fine choir. We have a fine soprano soloist. She is an actress, and she sings for the world in the theaters on weekdays, but on Sundays, we pay her fifty dollars to come and sing in our church and she does just fine, I preached on politics last Sunday and on social reform this Sunday."

But a famine—a famine for the old-time religion, a famine for the time when we will see tears like rain on the faces of our congregations, when we will see people weeping their way down the aisles to fall prostrate at the Saviour's feet. Is it quite a while since you had an Amen Corner in your church, since someone said, "Amen," out loud in church? Has it been a long time since you had the old-fashioned altar calls, the all-night prayer meetings in your church?

It does not matter so much how fine the choir in, how high the soprano can go, but are we having a famine when it comes to the fruitage of our work today? I believe the rain is going to fall before we finish this message this afternoon. I pray that it may not only be rain but floods and flames. Rain upon the dry country, so dry that

you could not hear anybody say, "Amen." So dry that people not only did not believe in it themselves, but they would not let anybody else say it.

Into a dry country like this, there stepped a commanding, an interest-awakening figure. His name is Elijah. Well, we might call him the prophet of fire. Into the drought, into the famine, into the midst of the hungry-hearted people, there stepped Elijah, the prophet. When they saw him coming, the king cried out to him and said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

"Are you the one that has been troubling Israel?"

But Elijah answered, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

"Are you he that troubleth Israel? Are you the one that is stirring up trouble, getting people discontented with the famine? Our people were contented to sleep and starve till you came along, but now you get them to asking when we are going to preach on the Holy Ghost, when we are going to preach on Divine Healing when we are going to give an altar call."

"No, I am not the one that is troubling Israel. It is you and your father's house. You have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and followed other things."

Oh, to get back to the old-time gospel and the old-time power! How Elijah's voice must have rung out over the heads of that assembled multitude. What a picturesque place it must have been to preach the gospel, standing on the side of that hill!

"Now, therefore, send and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves, four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table."

How many have been eating at the table of the world—the table of Jezebel? Coldness, theater-going, moving pictures, worldly books, instead of getting back to God—back to God's table." Go and call those four hundred worshipers of the gods of the world." And Elijah

said, as all the people were gathered together about Him at Mount Carmel, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him...I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men."

"I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. I only remain." How tempted we are to think that once in a while—some of you, dear preachers, some of you, dear evangelists. You are here from twenty-six states, besides Mexico and Canada, as delegates who have come just to attend the meetings. You say, "Sister, how can we get the revival to our hometown? How can we carry it to our churches?" Perhaps you have been surrounded by liberalists, by higher critics, who scoff at the virgin birth, who laugh at the thought of God's being able to work miracles. Perhaps you have been tempted to say, "I only remain. I am the only one remaining to the Lord."

But, praise the Lord! Don't think that. Elijah afterwards had his eyes opened, and he saw that there were thousands who believed it. I believe that there are thousands today who believe the dear old book from cover to cover. You say, "Yes, Sister, but you know I have to appeal to a thinking people. It is an insult to ask a man to believe such a thing as the story of Jonah or the story of the virgin birth. Such an impossible thing. I am afraid I would lose my congregation if I came out and preached the old-time gospel in its entirety." No, you would not. They will respect and revere you throughout time and eternity because you preached the gospel, the old book from cover to cover, without fear or favor.

"Let them therefore give us two bullocks. And let them choose one bullock for themselves and cut it in pieces and lay it on the wood and put no fire under and I will dress the other bullock and lay it on the wood and put no fire under. And call ye on the name of your God"—pride, power, fashion—"and I will call on the name of the Lord. And the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God. And

all the people answered and said, it is well-spoken. And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first—for ye are many—and call on the name of your God, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, oh Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped about the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon that Elijah mocked them and said, 'Cry aloud, for he is a God. Either he is musing or he is gone aside or he is on a journey or peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked.' And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And it was so when midday was past that they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening oblation. But there was neither voice nor any to answer nor any that regarded."

Ah, what a picture! There was their man-made altar, their own plans, their own ambitions. The wood was on the altar and the bullock, out in pieces, was on the altar, and they were saying, "Oh, Baal, hear us! We are going to work up a revival. We are going to get this revival in our own way. We have never worked as hard as we are going to work now. Folks, I want you to get out and call on all the clubs. You go out and sell a whole lot of tickets for a chicken supper. We will get the people in to that chicken supper, and then after that, we might be able to keep them for a little while for a prayer meeting. We will get the people in to see that good comic picture, and then we will persuade them to stay when they are here. Oh, yes, and we will plan a bridge party for our people. And we will build on a smoking room on our church. The men go to the clubs and smoke there, but now, if we can just get them here to smoke instead, they might stay. Sisters, we never worked as hard as we are going to work flow. There are our young people. We will get up our basketball teams. You know we cannot keep them by the Word of God. We will have to make the church more attractive than the world."

“There is our Sunday School. Now, let us get up some weekly meetings and have some dances in the homes of our scholars. And then—then—we will call down the fire. We have got to do something to hold our membership together. Oh, Baal, hear us.” But no fire came down. They prayed again and again, but there was neither voice that heard nor any that answered.

I have been reading many denominational papers recently. I am longing for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit from coast to coast. I know there are blessed men and women in every church. They have not all gone over to the liberalists. They believe in the old-time gospel, and they would give every drop of blood in their bodies for God if it were necessary, I believe. I read with great interest what Bishop Berry said, “Our pews are empty. Our altars are deserted. What we need is to get back to the old Pentecostal power.”

I could say, “Amen, that is what we all need.”

They cried, “Oh. Baal, hear us!” How many of us are trying to work up a revival? You cannot work it up. You will have to work it down—to cleanse the Temple—our own bodies, our own lives. Put out everything that would hinder God’s having right of way.

They prayed from morning till noon and from noon to the time of the evening sacrifice. But there was no one that heard and no one that regarded. Then—“Elijah said unto the people, come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.” Elijah repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down—he repaired it! Isn’t that beautiful? Repaired it! Jesus Christ must be the cornerstone of that altar. We must believe in His deity. Lots of people say that He is divine, but they say that we are all divine, and they deny His deity, the only begotten Son of God, born of the virgin Mary, full of grace and truth. Oh, let us put that stone in the altar, if it is not going to be shaken down. And we want to put into it a firm belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures—that holy men spake as they were moved of the Holy Ghost.

I remember reading about a minister who went into the home of one of his parishioners, and he saw a Bible lying on the table, and the Bible looked so thin. He picked it up, and to his horror, he saw that the Bible had been terribly mutilated. There was nothing left of it but a few pages, and some pieces were cut out of them. He said to the man, “Sir, will you explain to me the condition of your Bible?”

He said, “Why, yes, sir. I wanted to have a true Bible, and so everything that you said in the church that did not belong there, when I came home, I cut it out. You said that the story of the creation was a myth—that the sun and the moon and the earth were all a great big whirling mass, and that they flew off into space one by one and stayed there, and that was how the earth and the sun and the moon began. And the stars too, they flew off. So I cut out all that it said in the Bible, because it was not like that. And then you said that it was all wrong about man. Man evolved and evolved from monkeys till they got to be like they are now. So I tore out that. Then you said that the story of Mary Magdalene did not belong in the Bible, and I tore it out. And the sixteenth chapter of Mark—you said that was not meant to be in and so I cut it out. The virgin birth of Christ—I took that out because of what you said about it. The story of Jesus walking on the sea and the story of Jonah and the whale—that I had to take out. Then you said that most of the rest of it that was left was only for the Jews and not for the Gentiles. You said we made a great mistake by quoting it. So I cut everything out that you said did not belong to us Gentiles. I wanted a true Bible. This is what is left, and I don’t know when I am going to lose that.”

Praise the Lord. I believe the old book from cover to cover. And if we are going to repair the altar of the Lord, we must put in the Bible, the whole Word of God. If we are going to repair the broken-down altar of the Lord, we must put in the blood atonement—for “without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sin.” It is not enough to grow up in the Christian faith, to be a child of a church member. You need a personal experience—a born-again

experience. “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” Yes, let us put in the blood atonement—The Second Coming of our Lord should be in the altar too, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, the old-fashioned “Amen” corner.

He repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. Let us put it all back in? He put in the stones that were fallen out, and he built the altar in the name of the Lord. Then he dug a trench around it, and he put the wood in order. Let’s have a fire in Angelus Temple! Let’s call down the fire of the Holy Ghost in real power and glory. You precious ministers and evangelists and missionaries, who are here to study the revival, put the wood in order. Ask everybody to bring some wood to your church. Not old, dead wood. But praise the Lord. Get some good, sound wood, consecrated, yielded, cleansed, surrendered lives.

Then after he had put the wood on the altar, he cut the bullock in pieces and put it on the wood. You will read in the Old Testament how the bullock was cut in pieces. The head was always to be put on the altar first. Beloved, if we can get our heads on the altar, it will be easy to get the rest of us on too—what I think—what I believe—what our fore-fathers taught. Then the balance of us will go on.

Then Elijah said, “Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt offering and on the wood. And he said, do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran around about the altar. And he filled the trench also with water.”

They did it three times, bringing four barrels of water each time, and they poured it on the altar. I don’t believe that the enemy would have let them get away without some cold water. I do not believe the enemy would let us get the altar of the Lord repaired without pouring some cold water on it of some kind—perhaps having somebody write a mean little tract about it—or a piece in the paper. A revival is not worth anything if it cannot stand douching a little. So we might as well pour the cold water on ourselves. After they put on all the

cold water they could, something happened. The water ran down about the altar in the trench.

“And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening oblation that Elijah the prophet came near and said, oh Lord, the God of Abraham of Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word. Hear me, o Lord, hear me that this people may know that Thou, Lord, art God, and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again.”

“Oh, Lord, I live in a day when people say that your power is dead. They say that the day of miracles is past. They say we must be contented with a cold, backslidden, luke-warm experience. But I believe that You are the Great I AM; let the fire fall.”

“Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt offering, and the wood and the stones and the dust and licked up the water that was in the trench.”

“Then the fire fell”—only a few words, but oh so fraught with meaning! Do you know what God did with that water that had been poured over the altar and the offering? “I tried to have a revival in my town, but they wrote a little tract about it, and they put an article in the paper, so I gave it up. They poured cold water on it.” But do you know what I believe? I think God turned that water to gasoline, and that made the fire burn all the more. He will make your enemies bread for you. He will make them stepping stones to the glory of the Lord. The fire fell, and it consumed the sacrifice. If you would have a revival in your church, in your Sunday School, if you would have the fire fall, put your all on the altar, and let the fire consume it. The fire licked up the stones, the water and the dust and when the people saw it they said, “Oh, I do not believe in it?” Oh, no, you never heard of the common people saying that.

“And when all the people saw it they fell on their faces. And they said, the Lord, He is God, the Lord. He is God. And Elijah said unto them, ‘Take the prophets of Baal. Let not one of them escape.’ And

they took them. And Elijah brought them down to the brook kishon and slew them there.” Let us slay the prophets of Baal; let’s slay unbelief and worldliness and pride and things that would hold us back.

So much for the flames—now what about the floods? The revival fires have fallen, but we need the water too. The whole earth is crying and groaning for rain from heaven. The little bit that they could draw up from the wells was not enough. They needed rain, and we need rain.

The Prophet Elijah, made his way to the top of Mount Carmel “and he bowed himself down upon the earth and put his face between his knees.” He did not try to do it in a pretty way. Isn’t that a funny way to pray? He got right down on his hands and knees. But before he went up to pray, he said, “There is the sound of abundance of rain.” And then when he began to pray, the Lord sent the rain. His hearing had not been because of sight, but it was merely by faith that he heard it. “Lord, send the rain. I live in the midst of a people who need a revival. They are so dry. I ask them to get up and testify, and they stand up and say, “The Lord is my shepherd,” in a little bit of a weak voice, and then they sit down again. Oh, Lord, make them fruitful for Thy work.”

“And he said to his servant, go up now, look toward the sea, and he went up and looked and said, there is nothing. He told his servant to go and look and see whether he could see the rain coming. But the servant went out, and he looked for a minute, and then he came back and said, ‘I do not see any sign of any rain—I don’t see any sign of a revival.’”

“The master put his head between his knees again. ‘Lord, send rain, send rain, send the floods.’”

“Look servant, look again and see whether you see any signs of rain.” The servant looked and came back, “No. I don’t see anything.” He may have said, “Whatever makes you think there is going to be any rain? There are no clouds. You just imagine it. You just imagine that the rain is coming—you just imagine that there is a revival

coming.” And the prophet said nothing, but put his face between his knees and prayed, and again he asked the servant to go and look for signs of rain, but he did not see any signs of rain. He sent the servant to look a fourth time, a fifth time, and then a sixth time. Beloved, when you go to pray for rain, do it that way, and you will get your answer.

I have heard my father tell the story of a dear old couple in Canada who went to pray for rain. Samantha and Hiram, their names were. The country was parched and dry. There were great cracks in the ground. The crops were dying, and the whole country was crying out for water, water—rain, rain. So that Sunday, the minister said, “Now, if it does not rain by Wednesday, we will all meet here at the church and pray God to send rain.” Wednesday came, and there was no rain, so people began to go by, up the road to the church, for a prayer meeting, going to ask God to send rain. They went by with their sunbonnets on, their nice stiffly starched gingham dresses. But not so Hiram. He got out his great rubber boots, and he pulled them on. He got out his big south-wester, and he put it on. He got into his big rubber coat. Then he got out the big rubber blanket and put it on the horse. And old Samantha put on her hat, and she put on her old dress and her big coat, and she took her umbrella. They put up the rubber buggy top. The dust was lying on the roads almost an inch deep. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sun was pouring down, and it was so hot that the people were fanning themselves as they went along. Then they saw them coming, Hiram in his big rubber coat—Samantha in her big coat and with her umbrella in her hand. The poor horse was perspiring under his big rubber blanket. “Why what in the world are they dressed like that for?” They did not answer the people except to say, “We are on our way to the church to pray for rain.”

The people laughed about it. They thought it was so funny to see these two old people all dressed up for rain when there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky. They all got to the church, and the

people gathered around to pray, and these two were in the middle. They began to pray, "The country is so dry and cracked..." They would mope awhile. "Oh, Lord! Send rain."

The people were so amused at these two that they did not notice that the church was getting darker and darker, and then suddenly something fell on the roof. Something was coming down like hail. It came faster and faster. It ran down the roof, and it filled the rain barrel. It went slithering—slathering down the roof, on the ground, down the lanes and in the road. "Oh, people, it is raining, it is raining! I ought to be home! Oh! I must go home. But oh, dear me, I haven't even an umbrella. What will I do?"

But not so with Hiram. He picked up his big south-wester and pulled it on. Samantha picked up her umbrella, and they got the old mare out of the shed, and down the road they went, "Slip-slop, slip-slop, slip-slop," through the mud and through the rain. They had come to pray for rain, and they got just what they came after, and the other folks got the benefit of the rain too.

"I hear the sound of abundance of rain." You better get ready, for it is coming. The other people went home, the starch all gone out of their nice stiff dresses and their sunbonnets. That is what often happens in a revival. People lose all the starch that makes them so stiff and so sedate. It is coming—the rain is coming! Before Jesus Christ comes, the mighty latter rain is coming. The reaction is coming. People have grown so tired of the coldness and the lack of the old-time power. They are tired of the fire in the basement cookstove, and they want the fire in the pulpit instead. Less pie and more piety is what we need in our churches.

Elijah sent his servant out a seventh time. And the servant came running back, crying, "Oh, there is a cloud, I see a cloud! It is about the size of a man's hand!"

"Behold, there ariseth a cloud out of the sea as small as a man's hand."

"Oh! I see the cloud. It is a little cloud, but it is getting bigger. It is sweeping over the country."

The prophet arose, and he dusted off the dust, and he said, "Ahab, make ready thy chariot and get thee down that the rain stop thee not. Get ready—for the rain is coming on this dry, parched ground. And it came to pass in a little while that the heaven grew black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode and went to Jezreel." But, praise the Lord! Elijah did not need a chariot. "The hand of the Lord was on Elijah, and he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." The hand of the Lord was upon Elijah, and he ran before the chariot, and he got therefore the king did.

The Lord had sent the floods and the flames.

Stranger of the Night



Angelus Temple
October 7, 1923



AM READING TO you tonight from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the text being the thirteenth verse. "These all died in faith not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them and embraced them and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth... By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain by which he obtained the witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts, and by it he being dead yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death. And was not found because God had translated him...By faith Noah being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house...By faith Abraham, when he was called to go unto a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed as he went out, not knowing whither he went...By faith Jacob when he was dying blessed both the sons of Joseph and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff...By faith, Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents."

And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barak and of Samson and Samuel and of the prophets. Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again, and

others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned. They were sown asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, and tormented, of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise. God having provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect—"strangers and pilgrims in the earth."

Strangers of the night—what a long night it has been! But praise the Lord! The morning cometh. The day soon shall dawn, whose sun will never set. When God made this earth, His Spirit brooded and moved over the surface of the waters, saying, "Let there be light." And there was light. His Word there was light. He made the world exceeding glorious and beautiful, the sun to shine by day, and the moon and the stars to shine by night. It was a beautiful and a glorious place, the Garden of Eden, but Satan entering in tempted its two inmates, and they sinned then. With the coming in of sin came darkness, fear, sorrow, sickness, and thorns and briars. The sun went slipping down into the West that night, and there was darkness—darkness that will never be completely vanquished, the night of sin I am speaking of, the night of selfishness and pride and rejection of the Word of God, until the Lord comes in the clouds of glory, bringing His angels with Him.

But still they are moving in our midst, these strangers of the night. When sin came in, bringing in the twilight shadows of sickness and pain and death, the darkness drew denser as the years went by. People got very fond of sin, and they decided to build a great tower that would reach to heaven. They believed that there was no God. There came a time, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, when sin covered the earth till it seemed that there was none righteous, no,

not one, but Noah, who walked with God. The people about him were thinking of nothing but eating and drinking and merry-making. For the children of the darkness love the darkness because their deeds are evil.

But a peculiar people were seen crossing the span of life and disappearing on the other side. They might well be called strangers of the night. They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

One of these strangers was Abel. He confessed that he was a stranger. He seemed very strange to Cain, who brought the fruits of the earth and laid them down and said, "Lord, here is my gift." But God did not hearken, for everything that is of the earth is earthy, and God did not want that kind of an offering. He did not heed the offering of Cain. But Abel came bringing a different offering. There came a stranger to Cain and to the people of sin. He came with blood as he worshipped the Lord, and the Lord accepted the offering of Abel, and He sent the fire down, and the flames ascended to God. But it made Cain angry, and he slew his brother. It seemed as though that light was gone.

But others came—strangers of the night. One would be slain or shamefully treated and pass out, and another would spring up. More and more rapidly they came. There was Noah. Surely a stranger of the night was He. He lived among a sinful generation. Men had no thought of God. They were busy with merrymaking, marrying, and giving in marriage. But there came to the horizon of that night a stranger of the night. His face was not down toward the sordid things of the earth. He was a stranger of the night, and as he moved about, his face was ever lifted heavenward. We read of this stranger, "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." A stranger of the night. People looked at him. "He is not like the rest of us. Here he is up on a hill building a three-storied ark. He says God's wrath is going to fall on the earth. But we need not fear. We need not repent. God's wrath will not come upon the earth, as this strange man says." But

the stranger finished the ark, and it was the others who had laughed at him and made fun of him who were drowned by the flood that followed. But Noah was lifted up above it all.

Strangers of the night. Abraham was a stranger of the night. He was living among worldly folks who loved to worship idols. But God called him out. He was a stranger, a pilgrim. “Do not detain me. I must not tarry. I must not linger, but I am going to that city far above.” He moved out from his own land. He was going to Canaan. A man who had faith, a man who travailed in prayer for the deliverance of a wicked city, Sodom. People pulled their garments about them and let this stranger pass. Strangers of the night. This man so believed in God that he was able to offer up his only son, Isaac. And he received him again from the dead, as it were, for it was as though he was raised from the dead.

Jacob leaned upon his staff and blessed the children of Joseph. He was a stranger of the night. And one night out under the stars, he wrestled with an angel till the breaking of the day, saying, “Unless thou bless me, I will not let thee go.” People would say, “He is strange. I do not understand him. I can understand a man’s dancing all night, or going to the theater, but I cannot understand a man who will pray all night and say, ‘Except thou bless me I will not let thee go.’” He comes over the eastern horizon, walks for a little day, and is gone, and others are taking his place. It seems that there is no end of them, strangers of the night, who say that they seek another city, eternal in the heavens, whose Builder and Maker is God.

There was Joseph, who was tempted and tried, but he did not fall. He was sold into Egypt by his own people. His brothers could not understand him.

Then there was Moses, a stranger of the night. He came to his people in Egypt, and he spoke of deliverance, but they did not heed. They were heavy with their cares. He spoke with wringing voice, and he awakened—praise the Lord—thousands of others who became strangers of the night, strangers in a strange land, who arose

and crossed the Red Sea, which God miraculously parted for them. Pharaoh could not understand them. Neither could his horsemen, but they were seeking a better land.

Gideon was one who confessed that he was a stranger. He marched around and ’round the camp of the enemy at the command of the Lord—the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. But what a strange way he had of fighting. He did not get his cannon and his poisonous gas, his poisonous fumes, his liquid fire. But as He, with his little army, surrounded the place with a song on their lips, the Lord led them through victorious.

There was Barak, that wonderful leader. Then there was Sampson, a stranger of the night. It seems to me that David was one of them, as he played on his harp and sang, “I am a stranger. I am a pilgrim; do not detain me. I am going to that beautiful city.” He described it again and again as he sang.

How many there were. One came and went, and another took his place. There was Elijah that we studied this afternoon. He flashed upon the horizon. People looked at him askance. People who have had the call from God are strange people, peculiar people, a stranger, lonely. A man or a woman with a real call from God is usually a lonely person. Elijah was lonely, sitting by the brook, fed miraculously by the ravens. Last of all, this stranger of the night crossed the Jordan. He is looking for a better land. The food and the raiment—the soft raiment of kings do not seem to hold his eye, as he looks across the sands of life, this stranger of the night. Suddenly, there appear a flaming chariot and horses of fire. He was so strange—so used to fire—that this did not seem so strange to him, and he stepped on board. He was a prophet of fire. He felt at home where there was anything on fire. A stranger of the night—but suddenly he was gone—there would be no more Elijah. But, no, Elisha came, following in his footsteps, and caught up his mantle.

Then there was Enoch. He was always talking about the things of God. This strange man, Enoch, believed God and walked with

God. And as God walked with this stranger of the night, they were so much interested in talking that, before they noticed it, they were so near God's home that God invited him to go home with Him. "And Enoch was not for God took him."

There was Jeremiah, a stranger of the night. He wept as he told the people of their sins. He told them of the calamity and sorrow that would come upon them if they did not come to God. They listened to his warnings till at last they were tired and could not stand it any longer, and they lowered him into a pit that was filled with mire and awfulness. People said, "He is an odd man, he is queer, all the time talking about judgment and about heaven." And they left him there in all that mire. But finally someone's heart was so touched that they brought him up again, and in order to get him out of the mire—he had sunk down so deep—they had to lower clods and things for him to stand on so that they could draw him up with a rope tied under his arms.

Isaiah was a stranger of the night. Ezekiel was a stranger of the night. They just seemed to come up and pass across the horizon of life and disappear on the other side and then others would come to take their places. They arose and crossed man's vision, all with their faces not in one direction, seeking that better land, that city eternal in the heavens.

Ezekiel was a stranger of the night. He was down in a valley of dry bones. But he had a real prayer meeting there, and he preached the gospel to those dry bones. They did not understand him—he was so strange, a stranger of the night. But, praise the Lord! God shook them up, and they stood up on their feet, an exceeding great army. The Spirit of the Lord came upon them, and they followed Him.

Who are these people who are always coming up over the horizon and are disappearing? Where are they going? Are we one of them? Are they strange? Or are we strange if we do not go with them? They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims and sojourners.

There was Daniel. People could not understand him. He was a man who believed in prayer. Three times a day, he would get down by his window. People had to listen and stop when he prayed and take notice. But finally they could not stand it any longer, and so they had him put in a den of lions, but the lions thought that he was so strange that they would not bite him.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were so strange that they would not bow down to the worldly gods of the people around them, and so they were cast into a fiery furnace. Everyone else was willing to get down and worship the gods of the world, pride, popularity, wealth. "Strange people! What is the matter with them? They are not willing to smoke tobacco. They are not willing to play cards. They are not willing to go to the dance hall, to the theater They are not willing to bow their knees to the gods of our people. Let's put them in the fiery furnace!" But, praise the Lord, these people were so strange that the flames could not harm them, the flames could not hurt them. And they saw one like unto the Son of God walking with them.

Christ was a stranger to the men of His own day, a stranger His own. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

John the Baptist was another of these strangers. How they did pop up! Folks said, "Isn't he a strange man?" People said, "Have you heard of that strange man out in the wilderness. He has a garment of camel's hair. He eats locusts and wild honey."

"Why does he not live among us in a home like the rest of us?" But he lived out there in the wilderness and he preached what to them seemed so very strange. He said, "There cometh one after me." You think, "What would happen if he died? If he was lost?" But, "If I should die, there cometh one after me." The Lord seemed to raise someone up to take His place.

We thought we could not get along without our beloved President Harding. But, yes, "There cometh one after me." There is another coming to fill the place. All through the ages, prophets and sages

were killed and sawn asunder. But God raised up another in their places. Do you know, I believe that if we fail God, He is going to raise up someone else to preach the gospel, and I believe that, if we all fail, God will have to raise up angels to preach the gospel. "There cometh one after me. He is filled with the Holy Ghost and fire." But at last they got so tired of hearing him that they had his head out off, and his preaching was stopped. And then came the Lord Jesus.

They saw his star in the eastern sky. He came, walking over the sands of Galilee, a Stranger of the night, and as He walked, He said, "You know Me not. I am with you, but you know Me not. Who do men say that I am?"

"Some of them say that You are Jeremiah, that strange man that they put down in the pit. Some of them believe you are John the Baptist, whose head they cut off." A strange Man! While the world is busy with its merry-making and its dancing, a stranger of the night is passing slowly by. His face brighter than the light. He was as one who shines in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended Him not. "I was a stranger, but you did not take me in."

Brother, this Stranger of Galilee is here tonight. The Stranger of Galilee is in Angelus Temple tonight. He is walking in these aisles. He is holding out His blessed arms and His blessed nail-pierced hands. They killed the other prophets. They were destitute, afflicted and tormented. They suffered cruel mockings, bonds, and imprisonment. Oh, yes, they were able to stop the mouths of many of them, and they even killed the Lord Jesus Christ. But, praise the Lord? He is alive forevermore. He is in the midst and that to bless, praise the Lord!

This Stranger of the night did such strange things. People did not understand Him. He would stand in the midst of them, and He would heal their sick. His flaming eloquence could turn their hearts. And yet He could stop and, stooping down, take a little child in His arms and say, "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Here was a Man who could stand in stern rebuke against those who were like the Pharisees. And yet a Man who could take into His arms those who were broken and in trouble and comfort them. After He had wrought miracles people talked it over and said, "We have seen strange things these days." Who was strange? The Lord of them? When this Lord went home to the GloryLand, others followed Him, and they seemed just as strange as He was.

There was Peter and the hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost. They had been up in the 120 Room. They prayed unto the Lord, and they all got the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. And when they came down the stairs, they were reeling. People looked at them, saw their faces shining so, their hands up, and heard them saying, "Glory to God." They said, "What is the matter with these?" Some said, "What meaneth this?" Others said, "They are drunk with new wine." Are you one of the strange people? Are you one of the sojourners? Can you say, "I am a pilgrim, a stranger?" Are you a stranger or are you weighted down by the things of this earth? Are you a stranger?

Peter was such a stranger. They put him in jail, but, praise the Lord? He was so strange the jail could not hold him. He was so strange that at last they crucified him, head down.

A stranger was Stephen. He worked such mighty miracles that they stoned him to death.

Then who should come but Paul, named Saul. Why, he was counted one of the people, and they did not know what had happened to him, what was the matter with Him. He began to preach this glorious gospel. His face, instead of being down, was uplifted. He said, "I seek a city whose Builder and Maker is God. Who are these people? What is this procession that is leading Christward? It is a procession that I want a part in." He was stoned and scourged. A stranger of the night.

A stranger of the night was John, the beloved disciple. There was a man who was certainly a stranger in the world, who moved in the world but not of it. He was so strange, his smile was so sweet,

his words so potent, so gentle, and yet so searching, that they finally arrested him. He was sent to the Isle of Patmos. And he was such a stranger that, though he had to work hard in a copper mine, he was so strange that he saw a strange vision of heaven. He has given us the only real vision that we have of heaven, and of that city, whose walls are made of jasper, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose gates are made of solid pearl, that city that lies four-square that has no need for the sun, for the Lamb is the light of that place. And he saw the saints coming, marching with crowns on their heads, with palms in their hands. They were so strange that, when they met Him, they sang a strange song, a new song, that no one else can learn. Are you a stranger of the night?

Then on down through the years come other strangers. Martin Luther was a stranger of the night. Wycliffe was a stranger, Huss was. Many of these strangers who came up through the dark ages were sawn asunder, pulled apart on racks.

John Wesley was a stranger in his day. Everybody reveres a man when he is dead, but not always while he is alive. He was a stranger. “Why were these strangers persecuted?” You say, “If you were of the world, the world would love its own.” Beloved, if we get in solid with the world, the Devil lets us alone. God grant that we may always keep so holy that we will always be peculiar.

This Bible is strange, It tells us in Hosea, “I have written to him the great things of my law, but they were counted a strange thing.” The Bible is certainly considered a strange thing. He has left His Word with us, and it shines as a light in a dark land. “I have written my word, but it is considered a strange thing.” We will talk about this next Sunday—people who are called great. They say that the Bible is full of strange things. The strangeness of creation. A fish swallowing Jonah—that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin—that Jesus Christ died and rose again. That is a strange thing. Strangers of the night—the procession is moving on to that greater land. Thy Word is a lamp

unto my pathway, a light unto my feet. Strangers of the night—lead me gently. They are moving on, such a wonderful procession!

You say, “Well, I have a preacher. Nobody thinks he is a stranger. Nobody writes a tract about him. He preaches a smooth gospel.” But I believe that God is going to get preachers today who are going to dare to stand up and preach the Four-square Gospel, Jesus Christ, the Saviour, Healer, Baptizer with the Holy Ghost and Coming King. What college did they graduate out of these strange people? Trinity College faculty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Then we read as we reach the end of the way, “Now you are no more strangers but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.” While we are strangers to the sinners, we are not strangers in the house of God. We are builded on the foundation of the prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone, in whom ye are fitly joined together, a habitation of the Spirit. Strangers of the night.

But beloved, we are moving homeward. Think of what the end will be, if we are strangers and pilgrims here. “And I will establish My covenant between Me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to Me a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee. And I will give unto them and to thy seed after thee the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession.”

We are going home to a city whose Builder and Maker is God. Some people say, “I do not know whether I would like to live in heaven. Will they sit around all day and sing psalms?” Well, I would rather sing psalms all day than be down yonder and cry all day. Praise God! It is a wonderful city, and all the strange people are going to it, all those who are strange because of their love for God. We shall see its pearly gates swing wide. People say, “Are you looking forward to the day when you are going to die?” It is a strait betwixt two, whether to depart and be with him or to stay and be a blessing.

They are coming, these strangers of the night. You can hear their feet. They are marching past, “Left-right-left-right,” palms in their hands, singing as they move along:

We are bound for that land.

As they go they are looking at you and saying:

***Say will you go,
To the Eden above?***

Sometimes they do such strange things. They go out on the street corners and thump a drum. They want other people to be a strange as they are. These strangers do such strange things. You see them get down on their knees. These strangers of the night—they have a Watch Tower right on the American continent. They are such strangers that you see men getting up all times of the night and going up to that little room on the top of the Temple to pray. Did you ever see such strange folks? They are so happy. They are smiling all the time. They get so happy sometimes that they clap their hands. When they sing they get the strangest light on their faces, as they sing:

***In the sweet by and by,
When we get to that beautiful shore.***

They sing, and their faces are uplifted. And then they seem to want to get other people converted. And finally we, who thought we were kind of wise, are just as strange as they are, singing:

I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

They seem to have a sort of a lodge that no one else can get in. And they have their sign too. I know I am one of the strangers of

the night. I was telling of one time I was crossing the continent. The other people on the train were very worldly, and they were playing cards around me and gambling. They would come to one and then to another and say, “Come along and have a game.” But they did not say that to me. They seemed to know that I was a stranger. There did not seem to be any other stranger on the car. Till, by and by, I saw a man and his wife get on the car. I said to myself, “They look like my kind. I will give them the sign, my Christian sign.”

The Elks have a sign. It must be like this. They were looking over at me. And I said, “I will give them the lodge sign.” I reached down in my bag and pulled out my Bible. He reached in his pocket and pulled out his testament. He said, “Why, how do you do, Sister.” We were no longer strangers, but fellow citizens and of the household of God. I said, “Brother, who are you?”

“I am a missionary just home from China, and this is my wife.” And who are you?” I am just a little evangelist lady.” Strangers, but fellow citizens and saints. Strangers of the night.

Beloved, we are going to see Jesus very soon.

By and by we are going to see the King.

We are going to see the Stranger of Galilee. People have said, “We have seen strange things.” His face will be radiant, His smile and His hands will be held out in welcome. He will say, “I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”

“Be careful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

“I was a stranger, and ye took me in, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” But there is coming a judgment day. Our Lord is coming back with those who are children of the light. heaven and earth are going to flee away. Everything shall be illumined with His glory.

And then what about the people of the world? They may realize then that they are the strangers. The Christian is not really the

stranger. The Christian is the person who is really wise and sensible. The person who is on their way up there is really sensible. The sinner is really only building a little sand fort, and the waters are going to wash it away someday. In that day, people are going to weep and wail, without any revival, no altar calls. Think of it, hundreds of you are eating a little cold lunch, no hot meal on Sundays, but you are coming and staying all day to the meetings. That seems strange to some now, but in that day, they are going to see that they were the ones who were strange not to let the Saviour in.

Fellow sojourners on the way to heaven, let us go through, and you who have not made Him yours, come, be one of us. Get on the road that leads to the gloryland. Soon there is going to be an end of the night. The Saviour will appear, and we shall see things in their true light.

Prayer at Conclusion

Oh, Lord, what a pity it would be to be a stranger on that day, a stranger to Thee. Oh, let us be ready when You come, and not hear You say, "Depart from Me, I never knew you." And to find that the sinner is really the stranger to the Lord. Oh, that You need not say to anyone here, "I was a Stranger, and you took Me not in." But that You may be able to say, "I was a Stranger, and you took Me in." Oh, Stranger of Galilee, come to each one of us here tonight. Amen!

An Angel Delivers Peter from the Prison



Angelus Temple

October 9, 1923



AM TO SPEAK this evening on one of the angel visits we have been studying these Tuesday evenings, and I am reading you the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, beginning with the first verse. "Now about that time, Herod the king put forth his hands to afflict certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also. And those were the days of unleavened bread. And when he had taken him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to guard him, intending after the Passover to bring him forth to the people. Peter therefore was kept in the prison, but prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him."

I love those words in the Bible, the—"BUTS."

"But God."

"But prayer."

"Peter...was kept in the prison. But prayer."

Sister, Brother, prayer can help you, no matter what kind of a prison you are in, a prison of sin, a prison of sickness or temptation.

"And when Herod was about to bring him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and guards before the door kept the prison. And, behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shined in the cell. And he smote Peter on the side and awoke him, saying, "Rise up quickly." And his chains fell off from his hands.

And the angel said unto him, "Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals." And he did so. And he saith unto him, "Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me." And he went out and followed, and he knew not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. And when they were past the first and the second guard, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city, which opened to them of its own accord. And they went out and passed on through one street, and straightway the angel departed from him.

And when Peter was come to himself, he said, "Now I know of a truth, that the Lord hath sent forth His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews."

And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together and were praying.

And when he knocked at the door of the gate, a maid came to answer, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for joy, but ran in, and told that Peter stood before the gate.

And they said unto her, "Thou art mad." But she confidently affirmed that it was even so. And they said, "It is his angel."

But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened, they saw him and were amazed. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him forth out of the prison. And he said, "Tell these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed and went to another place."

Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter. And when Herod had sought for him and found him not, he examined the guards and commanded that they should be put to death.

And he went down from Judaea to Caesarea and tarried there. Now he was highly displeased with them of Tiro and Sidon. And they

came with one accord to him, and, having made Blasts the king's chamberlain their friend, they asked for peace, because their country was fed from the king's country.

And upon a set day, Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel and sat on the throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people shouted, saying, "The voice of a God and not of a man." And immediately an angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost.

But the word of God grew and multiplied.

And Barnabas and Saul returned from Jerusalem, when they had fulfilled their ministrations, taking with them John whose surname was Mark."

Just one chapter out of the Acts of the Apostles, one chapter out of the dear old Word of God. It is one of the most glorious and one of the sweetest chapters out of that dear old Book, a chapter that is brimming over with the lilt and the song and the glory, the crash and the roll of the drums, as the enemy is gathering round about the camp of the Lord. It is a chapter of stress and persecution, when we hear the clanking of chains in a prison cell, a chapter where we see the prison wardens standing guard over the children of the Lord, when we see a wicked king plotting the destruction of the people of God. Rare, we see the end of man-made strength brought about by God. It is a chapter where we see the angel of the Lord coming, a light filling the prison. And a chapter where we see God's power manifested to deliver in answer to the unceasing prayers of the church. It is just one chapter out of the word of God, but, oh, what a chapter it is!

First, I would like to have you see the scenes lying around this angel visit. In the first place, there was Herod, a wicked king, who stretched forth his hand, ready to kill the children of the Lord. First he tried to kill the Christ Child, but failed because he escaped into Egypt with his mother. He was ready to kill those who vexed him because of their love for the Lord. But now Herod had killed James,

the brother of John, with the sword, and seeing that it pleased the people, who cried, "Hooray! Here is a king who hates the children of the Lord—a king who kills the righteous," He proceeded further to take Peter also. And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him, intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people.

So "Peter was kept in the prison, but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." I want you to get this first scene first. Peter in the prison. Peter bound with chains. But Peter with heart as free as a bird. Peter, knowing that, unless God intervened, he would be brought forth in the morning to the people to be killed as James was. The people who are trusting God can be at peace no matter what is going on around them.

Over here is Herod, thinking what he can do to put Peter out of the way.

But over here in a cottage prayer meeting, the church is praying. A church may not be made out of brick and mortar. It may be in your own home, or it may be in a cave, where people that love the Lord, but who are being hunted and persecuted, meet to worship and pray. The meeting was in the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark. The church is praying, "Oh, Lord, Herod says that soon Peter must be killed. Oh, Lord, deliver Peter! It is not too hard for you, Lord."

"Peter was kept in the prison. But prayer."

Sister dear, do you need prayer in your life? Brother dear, do you need prayer in your life? Are you in a prison? Are you in trouble? Are you bound with affliction? Are you beset on every hand with necessities? Prayer changes things. Prayer changes things. If you are a sinner, prayer can change it. If you are sick, prayer can change it. If you are brokenhearted, prayer can heal your heart. If you are ready to give up in despair, prayer can change it.

"Peter was kept in the prison...sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains...but prayer was made for him without

ceasing." Without ceasing, prayer was made, "Oh, Lord, deliver Peter. Herod says he is going to kill him. The great armies are against us. We are weak, but Thou art strong."

And as they prayed, God heard their prayer upon His throne. But He did not answer their prayer as soon as they prayed. If you have ever prayed and have not had your prayer answered at once, do not be discouraged. Keep on praying. Remember the man who went to the home of his friend at midnight to get bread for his friend, who had arrived tired and hungry. The friend did not answer his knocking at once. But finally, he did open the door and gave him all that he wanted. He does not answer our prayers at once sometimes.

Remember that when the brother of Mary and Martha lay ill, and they brought word to Jesus, saying, "Lazarus is lying at death's door." But, because He loved them, He tarried a few days where He was. Why did not His love cause Him to hasten at once to Lazarus. Sometimes love delays. This was one of love's delays. He tarried where He was till Mary and Martha had had a chance to trust Him, and then He went and raised up Lazarus from the dead. Sometimes we do not get the answers to our prayers at once.

Here were the people praying. Tomorrow was to be Easter. Herod was to bring out his prisoner and kill him. The church decided that they would not go to bed that night, but they would have an all-night of prayer. They would have an all-night prayer meeting. They would not get up off their knees all that night.

But listen to the next verse. "And when Herod would have brought him forth the same night, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains, and the keepers before the doors kept the prison. And behold the angel of the Lord came to him." The Lord let it go on till the last night and till the last hour before daylight.

Perhaps there is something you have been praying for, something you have been asking for. He that you seek shall suddenly come to His temple, but hold fast and keep on believing.

“The same night, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains.” Isn’t it wonderful to think that a man can sleep when he knows that he may be killed in the morning? But you can sleep when the Lord is on your side. You can sleep like a baby, no matter what might be going to happen. He slept between two soldiers, and the keepers before the doors kept the prison. Can you picture it? Here lies a keeper, and here a keeper, and in the center lies Peter, chained on this side to a keeper and on that side, and outside stood another keeper, keeping guard over the prisoner. Over here is Herod, plotting what he will do. But over there is the church praying without ceasing. How helpless they were! They had no guns, no armies; how helpless they seemed! And how helpless was Peter, bound by two chains to his keepers!

“But prayer—but prayer—but prayer was made without ceasing.” Prayer is stronger than the strongest battleship that sails the seven seas. Prayer is mightier than the greatest cable that spans the mighty, rushing torrent of water, supporting the great steel bridge. Prayer is stronger than any bird that ever took flight, even the strong-winged albatross that soars on and on across the sea. Sister, brother, have you tried it in your need?

And as he slept—“Behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison!” What had prayer to do with the angel of the Lord coming? It had everything to do with it. They prayed, and the angel of the Lord was sent, and he came. They prayed, and God heard. They prayed, and God dispatched an angel over the balustrades of heaven. They prayed, and the prison doors were as thin as ether. They prayed, and a light shined in the prison. If you are praying the Lord to send light, He can send light to the one you are praying for. Pray, and the Lord can send light to your wandering boy your wandering girl. They prayed, and the light shown around him.” And he smote Peter on the side and raised him up.”

Why did the angel smite him? Because Peter was asleep, and God had to smite him to wake him up. Here is a brother that was on

the stage. A lady, hearing him sing, said to him, “Your voice is too good to be used by the devil.” He did not think much about it then. Till he fell sick. He was struck down with—what was it?—double pneumonia, and he could not get up. He said, “Oh, Lord, I will give You my life if You will spare it.”

I know that God smote me when I had stepped out of His will. I said, “God does not need me to preach the gospel. He has enough men to preach it.” And I thought that I could step out and take it easy. It was sickness that smote me till I said, “Yes, Lord, I will go.” Has He ever had to smite you?

The angel of the Lord smote Peter. Lord Jesus, smite any of us who are asleep. But there is one thing about the angel of the Lord. When he smites us, he raises us up again. He smote him, and he raised him up. The world and worldly people will smite you and you go down, but they do not raise you up. But the Lord is different. He smites you, but he also raises you up.” The angel of the Lord... smote Peter on the side and raised him up.” But he also said, “Rise up quickly.” He does not want to have to do all the lifting for you. He wants us to rise to our feet and start out to walk.

The angel touched him, and the chains fell off. The angel of the Lord is here to touch you brother, sister. If you will rise up, the chains will fall off.

The angel said unto him, “Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals.” And so he did. And he saith unto him, “Cast thy garment about thee.” Here Peter lay asleep between two soldiers and he felt something smite him. And, while still half asleep, he was told to stand on his feet. And there is a light. He is standing there, and I think his mouth must have been open. The angel said, “Now, Peter, rise up and gird yourself. Put your sandals on your feet.”

How methodically God moves. He had to tell Peter just what to do for poor Peter was in such a daze.” Now cast your garment around you.” Peter was so dumbfounded that he could not think what to do. God had to tell him everything.

“Follow me,” the angel said. Happy thought! Just the words for the angel to speak! Peter was familiar with those words. Were they not the words of his first introduction to Jesus Christ? Had He not said as He walked along the sands beside the Sea of Galilee, “Follow Me, and I will make you a fisher of men.” They were the happiest words the angel could have used.

“And he wist not what had happened but thought that he saw a vision.” What a visionary fellow he must have been. Visions were so common to him—he had had one up on the top of the house.

“When they were past the first and the second ward, they came to the iron gate that leadeth unto the city. God can lead His people past the keepers. They came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of His own accord. And they went out.”

Did you ever hear of a gate doing that? I remember one once. I was staying at a big apartment house where they had great iron gates that led to the streets. At night, I remember these were locked, but in the day time you stepped on a great big mat, and it said “Welcome” on it, and the iron gate opened. It was the weirdest thing I ever saw. And when you got through the gate, you stepped on another mat, and it closed, after you. Have you ever come to an iron gate that led to a city? And seen it open of its own accord? I have—Los Angeles, for instance—Denver, Colorado, St. Louis, Melbourne, Australia. I have gone to the iron gate, and it has opened of its own accord. They have said, “Sister, this is one place where nobody can have a revival. The people come over the Rookies, they leave their religion behind them. You can’t have a revival in Los Angeles—the City of the Angels.” But I will never forget the first sermon God gave me to preach when I first came to this city. It was, “Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city.” Is there anyone who heard me give that sermon? I said, “Folks, I do not understand why I am preaching this sermon.” Los Angeles did not mean anything special to me at that time. But

this text had never been given me to preach from before. I know now why it was. Praise the Lord!

I know how Peter must have felt when they came to the iron gate that led to the city. It is when we get to the iron gate that God does the miracle. It is when we get to the hard place—the iron gate seemingly—that God opens a way for us. Praise the Lord! When we get to the iron gate, we may expect to see God work. I think that, if there was an enemy, anybody who did not like revivals, I would like to camp right at that person’s door, right by their gate. It is where there is an iron gate I like to camp, for there is the place to see the Lord work. They said, “You can’t have a revival in this city”, but—Hallelujah!—just as I came up to the iron gate, it has opened of its own accord, and the first nights have seen the altar filled.

And when they went through this gate, they passed on through one street, and then the angel departed. You notice how soon the angel left him to his own resources. And when he was left to himself he came to himself. As long as we have somebody to help us along, to pray us through, we won’t try to help ourselves very much. But when we are left to ourselves, we come to ourselves. We say, “Now here I am, and I have got to fight this battle alone.” And He makes you strong. As long as you carry a baby, it will never walk. I knew a little baby once that did not seem to be able to learn how to walk. He could not seem to walk alone. As soon as he had nothing to hold on to, he would fall down. His mother took him and put him into a bed of asters one day, and he would hold to the asters and walk, imagining that he was holding on to something. But left alone he would sit right down. The Lord lets us stand alone sometimes, and He lets us get a hard little bump too once in a while. The Lord wants us to learn to pray for ourselves.

When Peter was left alone, he came to himself. And when he came to himself, he said, “Now I know of a truth that the Lord hath sent forth His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod and

from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. And when he had considered the thing—”

“When he had considered the thing.” I love those words. Dear old Peter! I think I can see him standing there in the empty, deserted street. The stars were just beginning to grow dim. The evening star was just losing its light. The morning was coming. He was thinking there in that quiet street. He was thinking what to do. What a picture this is! Finally he said to himself, after he had considered the thing, “I will go to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname is Mark.” So—“he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together and praying.” He went to just the right place. Peter probably knew that they prayed late at this house—and he went there, thinking that he would probably find some of them still up.

And Peter came to the gate and he knocked. The church was in there, praying so hard that they could not hear him. “Oh, Lord, deliver Peter. Oh, Lord, deliver Peter.” And all this time here was Peter standing outside and knocking at the gate.

Then it says, “When he knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel maid answered, named Rhoda.” A damsel—those damsels were slaves who waited and served in the house. This little damsel had run to the gate to listen. Her name was Rhoda. It means a rose. Surely she is a rose that has been kept blooming for nineteen hundred years. Rhoda was listening at the gate, and she heard Peter when he knocked. But it says, “When she knew Peter’s voice, she opened not the gate for joy but ran in and told that Peter stood without.” Oh, she was so glad when she knew that it was Peter standing out there and knocking that she forgot to let him in, but she ran in to tell them that Peter was without.

But outside stood Peter, and he was knocking, knocking. Any minute, the officers might come along and see him there.

“Oh, stop, stop praying and listen,” Rhoda was saying to them inside. “Peter is outside.”

“Child, you are mad. Peter is not outside.”

My, isn’t that a picture of people praying, praying but not expecting the answer? When someone said, “He is delivered,” they said, “You are mad, you are crazy.” I know some people who are praying for a revival, who are saying, “Lord, repeat Pentecost.” But when the word comes along that the revival has come, they don’t believe it. They say, “Why, you are crazy.” Funny people we are, aren’t we? But praise the Lord!—she said, “But Peter is standing before the gate.” They would not believe it. “But she constantly affirmed that it was even so.” God bless Rhoda! I believe God is going to have some damsels today who will constantly affirm that it is so, that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. “Stop praying, folks, stop praying. Your prayer is answered. Peter standeth without.” But they said, “Rhoda, you are mad.”

“But she constantly affirmed that it was even so.” So finally they said, “Now you are mistaken, Rhoda. It isn’t Peter out there; it is his angel. They must have killed Peter, and his angel has come to comfort us perhaps, or else it is his spirit. But it can’t be Peter.”

“But Peter continued knocking.” That was just like Peter. “Peter continued knocking.” You could not expect him to stand out there and keep still all that time. He kept on knocking, and he knocked louder and louder all the time. So finally they came and opened the door. They heard the knocking at last. “And when they had opened they saw him and were amazed.” They must have all been talking at once and making a great noise. They were so excited that they all talked at once and didn’t give Peter any chance to answer their questions, for it says that, “He, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him forth out of the prison. And he said, tell these things unto James and to the brethren, and he departed and went to another place.” It does not say where he went. Perhaps when these words were written, they were so used to keeping things quiet that they just did it from habit.

What a lesson! Prayer—just think—God in His mercy answers prayer, but when the answer comes we say, “It cannot be.” A mother, came to me the other day and said, “Oh, sister, pray, oh, pray.” I said, “Yes, I will pray, but what is it? What is the matter?”

“Oh, Sister, my boy is in prison, and he is not guilty. My boy isn’t guilty. Will you pray that he may get out.” I said, “Darling, of course I will pray. Mother, God can save your wayward boy.” She thought he was not guilty. Every mother thinks that. Mother, God can bring back your poor wayward girl. You do not know where she is, but God does. He can bring her back. God can bring a revival to your church. But when you hear that it is coming, believe it. I have been praying for some things, and when people would say that it had happened I would say, “No, no, why you don’t say. Can it be?”

Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers about what was become of Peter. And when Herod had sought for him and found him not, he examined the guards and commanded that they should be put to death. And he went down from Judea to Caesarea and tarried there. “And he was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon. And they came with one accord to him, and having made Blastus the king’s chamberlain their friend, they asked for peace because their country was nourished by the king’s country. And upon a set day Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel and sat on the throne and made an oration unto them.”

I want to show you the difference between weakness and greatness. Here was a man who was great in the eyes of men. He had the church on his side. He was on a throne. He had everything, worldly glory, money, and popularity on his side. He had the great armies on his side, “Upon a set day, Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel and sat on the throne and made an oration unto them, and the people shouted, saying, ‘the voice of a God and not of a man,’ and immediately the angel of the Lord smote him.”

The angel of the Lord smote Herod, and what happened? “Immutably an angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not

God the glory. And he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost.” What had happened? “An angel of the Lord smote him.” Why? “Because he gave not God the glory.” But an angel of the Lord smote Peter too, but Peter, it did not hurt him. Ah, but it is a different thing when the Lord smites a sinner than when he smites a child of God. “And he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied.”

There are three “buts” in that story. “Peter was kept in the prison. But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.” Next, the church was so busy praying that they could not believe that Peter was standing without, “but Peter continued knocking.” If you continue knocking, God is going to answer, and the door is going to be opened. And last of all, “Herod...gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied.”

*Trial of the Modern Liberalist College
Professor Versus the Lord Jesus Christ*



*Angelus Temple
October 14, 1923*



INTRODUCTORY FOREWORD BY Aimee Semple McPherson,
Attorney for the Prosecution.

Now, this afternoon as we take up the study of the higher critic, college professor versus the Lord Jesus Christ. We have the gentlemen of the jury here, and the foreman of the jury, Professor Carpenter, has been professor of Los Angeles High School for many years and is one of the leading mathematicians on the Pacific Coast. Professor Carpenter, foreman of the jury, will you give us the names of the jurors?

The case tried before a jury of twenty-eight members—chosen from various churches and from the various professions.

Foreman—Professor Carpenter, says, “I have been asked to read the names, the professions, and the churches to which these jurors belong. To save time, I will say that the churches represented are Angelus Temple, the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the Friends Church, the Mormon Church, no church. The professions of these various members are baker, electrician, mill superintendent, railroad engineer, missionary, contractor and builder, dentist, real estate man, lawyer, teacher.”

Mrs. McPherson says, “Everybody satisfied with the jury say, Aye.”

This afternoon we are taking up a subject which I believe you will all agree is timely and of the greatest import to the Christian religious world, important because of ourselves, important because of our children, important because of our command to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and important because we believe God's Word to be the greatest Book in all the world or in heaven above that we know of.

We are here this afternoon, gentlemen of the jury, to consider what I have drawn in the form of a chart on this little paper, in the form of a pair of scales. Here is the upright, and here the balances on either side.

On the one side, I have placed the higher critic, the college professor who is a higher critic. The people are paying money to the people to whom we are sending our beautiful boys and girls, to Princeton and Yale and to the other great theological seminaries. On the other side of this scale, I am placing the dear old Book, the Word of the Living God. I wish, gentlemen of the jury, that you could see it. I have so much on the other side that I cannot hold it all. The higher critic and the Word of God. I want you, gentlemen of the Jury, to decide which is right, to which we shall cleave. We must be on either one side or the other. Either it is time to build schools that are going to teach the Word of God, or when we put our money into some school or seminary to make sure whether it is being put in one that teaches the Bible or one that teaches evolution and Darwinism. God grant that the decision may be what our Lord would have it, were He here in person.

There is so much to say, one scarcely knows what to say when one takes up this subject. May I be pardoned, gentlemen of the jury, if, as a preamble to the presentation of my evidence, I give a little of my personal experiences, after which will follow the evidence which I have compiled and arranged in Exhibit A, Exhibit B, Exhibit C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O.

First in this little preamble or introduction—I was born over the line in Canada, in a little town called Ingersoll. I went to public

school. My earliest infancy was surrounded by the influences of a praying mother. At night she used to rock me in her arms and tell me stories from the Bible and sing me Christian hymns. Before I was born, she gave me to the Lord, and when I was only six weeks old, she dedicated me to the Lord in the Salvation Army.

My people had all been Methodists. Our family had been a straight line of Methodists, preachers and teachers, Sunday School teachers, right down from the time of John Wesley. I had never been brought up to doubt the Bible. We were taught to believe that it was God's Word. We had heard that there were some people called infidels, but till I began to go to high school, the word did not mean much to us. Even then I went through my first year, the second year, and the third year without any trouble, and then in the fourth year, there was placed in my hand a little book called "High School Physical Geography," which is still being used in the schools, teaching us the Darwinian theory, throwing doubt on God's Word and I began to look on God's Word as a myth. They had fossils to prove it all. We could not understand them—and I doubt if they could understand them either—and they said that men sprang from monkeys. It began with the tiny fungus, the scum that comes on water when it stands. Then came the bigger organisms, jellyfish, and shellfish and up and up to the kangaroo and finally the monkey and then man.

I came home to my mother one night from school, and I met her at the head of the cellar stairs. She had a pan of milk in her hands. I said, "Mother, how do you know that there is a God?" My mother was so startled that she almost fell down the stairs. With the pan of milk on top of her. She sat down in a kitchen chair and said, "Aimee, what are you talking about?" I said, "Mother, you say there is a God, but how do you know it, if anyone asked you to prove it?"

"Why, why, child, just look at the sun and the moon and the stars and the world God made."

"Oh, yes, but our high school books explain it all. These were all a nebulous lump and this mass whirled around and around and

finally the sun flew off, and the moon flew off, the stars flew off and then the earth flew off.”

“But child, who made man then?”

“Why he just sprang from moss and insects up to our present state of development, and we are all getting better and better all the time.”

My mother was horrified. She said, “To think that I have lived to see a child of mine say a thing like that.” I said, “Well, I am going to find out what other people think about it.”

So I wrote to the Canadian Newspaper, *The Family Herald and Weekly Star*, one of the biggest papers which is read and known today...In my letter I told what was taught in our school books, and I said that it did not agree with what the Bible said, and I asked which was right, evolution or the Bible. They printed the letter, and I got all sorts of letters in reply. Archbishops, bishops, preachers, all wrote letters to answer my letter. Our farmhouse was just buried in letters those days. But only one out of all those writers said, “Little girl, stick to the Bible.”

Since that time, praise God, gentlemen of the jury, I have been converted. It was in a revival meeting. An Irish evangelist called Robert Semple preached under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and fire, and I received and accepted the Saviour. Since that time, I have come in touch at various times with what people are pleased to call higher criticism—though I doubt it—the higher critic. Some of their explanations I am going to lay before you. Some of the college professors and the colleges of America to which we are sending our boys and girls, and what they are teaching, versus our Lord Jesus Christ and His own eternal Word.

Liberalist, higher critic, modernist, all are more or less synonymous terms, for they all claim to take the liberty to say that God’s Word is not entirely inspired, that the modern man cannot believe that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin, that it is ridiculous to believe

that, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, we have atonement for sin. I would like to lay some of these charges before you.

Exhibit A—I would like to take up some of the teachings of Princeton University. I would like to call your attention to the fact that Princeton is the largest of the theological seminaries in the United States, having between two and three thousand students.

I am bringing before you some of the statements of Lucias Hopkins Miller. First of all, let me say of this man that he is the instructor, the theologian instructor of the Bible at Princeton University. I would like to bring before you some of the things that he doubts in God’s Word.

He says, “Our sources of information do not enable us to answer explicitly. It is not clear just when He was born, nor where, nor under what circumstances. It is certain that this significant event in the history of mankind occurred near the end of the reign of Herod the Great, somewhere in what we now call Palestine. If you should press me for my opinion regarding further details, I would say that He was probably the son of Joseph and Mary, and that He was born in Nazareth of Galilee.”

This is but mild compared to some of the colleges, who say that it is ridiculous and a sin against the Holy Ghost to believe in the virgin birth. “Probably the son of Joseph.” Shall we accept probabilities instead of facts? “Concerning the days of His youth and young manhood, we have no clear information. Whatever else we may or may not believe regarding His conception of Himself, we are constrained to hold that He considered His life and teaching the consummation of Old Testament prophecy, and that He builded consciously on the basis of truth the prophets had already laid down. But, regarding His early environment, we know that He had four brothers and at least two sisters.” In other words, we do not know whether the Lord lived three years or one year or four years of ministry, but we do know that He had four brothers and two sisters. How did this man

come to know that Jesus had four brothers and two sisters and yet not know these other things that the Bible so distinctly tells us?

“John the Baptist preceded Jesus, baptized Him, and in more essential ways prepared the way for Him, is certain. That he sustained such a conscious relation to Jesus as the Gospels of Matthew and John record is improbable. He (John) inaugurated the rite of baptism, which differed from all previously known religious lustrations and furnished the basis for Christian practice. Finally, he baptized Jesus Himself. The nature of the baptismal accounts and the testimony of the later parts of the synoptic Gospels warrant our holding that, at His baptism, Jesus had an unusual inner experience which determined His whole after-life.”

He had an inner experience, this man tells us, not an outward visible dove-descending-from-God and “lighting upon His head,” but just an inner experience, “an unusual inner experience which determined His whole afterlife.” An inner experience! “The previous development in Jesus’ inner life would lead Him to sympathize with John’s movement and with others to join it through the rite of baptism. This notable event seems to have brought His developing experiences to a focus and to have given Him divine assurance of the rightness and reality of His own relation to God and to man. It convinced Him that in the propagation of His own life lay the hope of men, and naturally being a Jew of His own time, He associated this experience and work with the messianic idea and began to think of Himself probably as Messiah.” The unreliability of the fourth gospel and the meagerness of the synoptics leave the matter in the twilight, whether His ministry lasted one year or three, we cannot say.”

Gentlemen of the Jury, I would have you notice these words: unreliable, meagerness, twilight, probabilities, leave us in the twilight, we know not whether His ministry lasted one year or three. But we know that He had four brothers and at least two sisters!? How did he come to know that and not know what the Bible tells us about how long Jesus ministered on earth?

Then this higher critic says, “Besides preaching, Jesus certainly performed acts of healing, chiefly on those who thought themselves possessed by demons”—not really possessed by demons. They merely thought they were, some psychological impression. Oh, if those men were just alive today!—just imagined they were possessed of demons! This man goes on to say, “The Gospels support the conclusion which our natural inferences would lead, He at last, speaking of Calvary, submitted to His fate, believing it to be the will of God and believing also that His death would in some way advance the interests of the kingdom.”

He says, “We must bear in mind with regard to the specific sayings referring to His resurrection, it may be that these verses record what, in the light of their experiences, later disciples thought He must have said.” Or, the writers of the Bible, he believes, merely thought that Jesus must have said these things. We may now know what He said, what He taught, but the writers of the Bible give me many of their own ideas, according to this man.

But, oh, beloved Book, oh, Word of God! We love you. We believe that “Holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”

Continuing, in commenting on John 14:16–20, this college professor says, “These words cannot be taken as coming from Jesus Himself, for they are thoroughly characteristic of the phraseology and point of view of the author of the fourth gospel. If the transfiguration story is not entirely a myth, back of the evident legendary embellishments there may lie a real experience of an exalted nature—an experience which Jesus shared with His closest friends, growing out of the kind of conversation that was now uppermost with them.”

The transfiguration, he says, was just a psychological effect of their conversation. “The story of the cursing of the fig tree is probably an example of the development of a parable into a miracle.”

“Jesus’ death has been theologized out of true perspective.” I believe, gentlemen of the jury, that this critic’s article leads to the beautiful Island of No-where.

Speaking of our Lord's resurrection from the dead, we read that He was not resurrected. We read that it was just "an apparition—a supposed visible spirit—a specter—a ghost." It leaves us to choose whether just imagined He was there or whether they saw some sort of a vision.

Then, speaking of His being seen after His resurrection, I would like to read you a little more, gentlemen of the jury, than I have time for now, describing how these disciples had fretted and wept after He was laid away in the tomb. And how, as they were walking in the places where He use to walk, there came to them a series of visions. At first those visions came to Peter, who was such a visionary of a person anyway. It says, "These visions were inner, spiritual experiences, easily propagated from individual to individual and from individuals to groups. Thus they spread, probably from Peter first, as the records all suggest, and in every case colored, most naturally, by the content of Jesus' personality by which their lives were dominated." The impressionistic Peter had some visions, and they spread to others. Oh, Lord, I believe You rose in your power. Oh, beloved, don't we need instead of the froth and the foam of these things the solid foundation to stand on and it can only be found in the dear old Word of God.

I wish to give into the hands of the jury these words of Lucias Hopkins Miller, Modern, liberalist College Professor and higher critic, standing at the head of that great Presbyterian University, Princeton University, founded on the principles of Christianity.

Exhibit B—As my second exhibit I would bring to you some statements from the teaching of the University of Chicago, which for twenty years has been at the head of the leading attack against the Bible, taking their stand against the Bible. On this side, against the Bible, stands Dr. Shailer Mathews, theological professor of the University of Chicago, and on the other side, the dear old Word of God. I think that the Word of God needs no defense. People say, "We must defend the Bible." No, for it is a lion. Just open the cage

and let it out. Dr. Mathews, a leader in the religious thought of this country, goes to say that all men are divine in the same manner in which Christ is divine.

Dr. Earnest D. Burton, also of the Chicago University says, "Some among us have been constrained to admit that the books (of the Bible) are not infallible in history or in matters of science, and not wholly consistent, and therefore not ultimately and as a whole inerrant in the field of morals and religion."

And Dr. Shailer Mathews adds, "For, in the New Testament, there are conceptions which the modern world under the dominance of science (at the heart of which lies the evolutionary philosophy) finds it impossible to understand much less to believe."

That is the Chicago University—and Dr. Mathews. Listen again, "In the New Testament there are conceptions which the modern world finds it impossible to understand, much less to believe." But, oh! It is true, true, true—this Bible is the Word of God, and I love it.

Dr. S. B. Messer of Crozer Theological Seminary, New York, says of the Scriptures that they are, "The survivals of the fittest of those communion experiences which men who lived intensely in the moral interest have had with God."

And Dr. H.C. Vedder of the same seminary says, "The scriptures grew in accuracy as they were written."

Professor Patton says, "Evolution is the accepted doctrine of the natural sciences to the extent that it has long ceased to be a subject of debate in the standard scientific journals or in organized conferences of men of science."

Rev. Dwight Bradley, a Cleveland, Ohio, pastor, says, "There is no escape for intelligent people today from the acceptance of the law of evolution...It follows that what we call sin is the remains of a lower form of life. We are in the midst of the slow process of ridding ourselves of our animal inheritance."

Dr. Mailer Mathews, standing at the head of that great institution of learning says, "But for men to think of God as dynamically

imminent in an infinite universe, who think of man's relation to Him as determined not by statutory but by cosmic law, who regard sin and righteousness alike as the working out of the fundamental forces of life itself, the conception of God as King and or man as condemned or acquitted subject is but a figure of speech"—and therefore, not to be tolerated.

Dr. A. C. McGiffert says that Christ "is no more divine than we are or than nature is." Evolution explains that there was "first just the little scum on the warm, stagnant water, and then the little colonies of cells, the organisms, the green moss and the lichen, the beauty of vegetation, and the movement of shell fish, sponges, jelly fish, worms, crabs, trilobites, centipedes, insects, fish, frogs, lizards, reptile birds, birds, kangaroos, mastodons, deer, apes, primitive man, cave man, man at the stone age of earliest history, Abraham's migration, the Exodus, the development of the Jewish religious life, and the climax in that purest of maidens Mary of Nazareth. The hour had come for the dawn of a new day, and the light of that new day was the birth of Jesus. The eternal purpose of the ages was now to be made clear and the long eons of creation explained."

It is no wonder that, after quoting these words, the Sunday School Times exclaims, "In other words, without moss we could not have had Mary, without an ape we could not have had Abraham and—shocking blasphemy—without a centipede we could not have Christ!"

Yet we let that be taught in our colleges. I do not believe that it would take much to bring about a great religious uprising—to cut off the support of those who take our beautiful boys, with their bright eyes and warm hearts, and turn them out cynical, doubting God's Word. But, praise God, we may turn from this to the words of God, "For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the discernment of the discerning I will bring to naught."

Dr. Gerald Birney Smith of the University of Chicago says, "To insist dogmatically that without the shedding of blood there is no

remission of sin is both foolish and futile in an age that has abandoned the conception of bloody sacrifice and which is loudly demanding the abolition of capital punishment."

Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, leading professor in Auburn Theological Seminary, New York, said, "What the death of Jesus now does for us, the death of the prophets did for Him."

Dr. H.C. Vedder says, "Jesus never taught and never authorized anybody to teach in His name that He suffered in our stead and bore the penalty of our sins. The one crowning absurdity of theology is that the penalty of an evil deed can be vicariously borne by another while he goes scot free."

That, he says is the crowning absurdity, that Jesus died to carry our sins. Oh! Take that away, and you have nothing. You cannot say, "Oh! Ye that are thirsty, come ye to the feast." But you have to say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to a bean festival in the basement of the church, and afterwards we'll show you Charlie Chaplin doing funny stunts."

Dr. J. H. Coffin of Earlham College, Earlham, Indiana, says, "The sacrificial life of Jesus is the essential factor of His atonement. His principles and example are the way of the individual and society to God."

Dr. E.D. Burton, head of religious training in the YMCA, not only of America, but internationally, says, "Jesus was a Teacher of great principles, which it is incumbent upon us to apply to the multitudinous phases and experiences of life and the embodiment of an ideal, which it is ours to endeavor as best we can to achieve." And in the YMCA stand Fosdick, Rauschenbusch, and Burton as leaders, all of them higher critics, modernists, liberalists. It is rather interesting to notice these men's names and know where they came from. Where did higher criticism come from? It came from Germany. Yes, it did come from the Devil first but next from Germany. And these men teaching in our colleges were trained in Germany. And, dear ones, what has it gained for Germany, their rationalism? You know

that morally and religiously and politically it has crashed. You know that it brought them nothing but heartaches. Beloved, I believe the Bible. It is true, true, true.

William Jennings Bryan has said, "Having had opportunity to make a personal investigation, I feel it my duty to warn the lovers of the Bible of the insidious attacks which are being made upon every vital part of the Word of God."

A father tells me of a daughter, educated in Wellesley, who calmly informs him that no one believes in the Bible now. A teacher in Columbia University begins his lessons in geology by asking students to lay aside all that they have learned in Sunday School. A professor of the University of Wisconsin tells his class that the Bible is a collection of myths; a professor of philosophy of Ann Arbor occupies a Sunday evening explaining to an audience that Christianity is a state of mind, and that there were only two books in the Bible with any literary merit. Another professor in the same institution informs students that he once taught a Sunday School class and was active in the Young Men's Christian Association, but that no thinking man can believe in God or the Bible. A woman teacher rebukes a boy for answering that Adam was the first man explaining to him and the class that the "Tree man" was the first man. A young man in South Carolina traces his atheism back to two teachers in a Christian college. A senior in an Illinois high school writes that he became skeptical during his sophomore year but has been brought back by influences outside of school, while others of his class are agnostics. A professor in Yale has the reputation of making atheists of all who come under his influence—this information was given by a boy whose brother has come under the influence of this teacher. A professor in Bryn Mawr combats Christianity for a session and then puts to his class the question whether or not there is a God and is happy to find that a majority of the class vote that there is no God. A professor in a Christian college writes a book in which the virgin birth of Christ is disputed. One professor declares that life is merely a by-product

and will ultimately be produced in the laboratory. Another says that the ingredients necessary to create life have already been brought together and that it took a million years to do it.

These are a few of the illustrations furnished by informants whom I have reason to believe. Or in other words men are believing we are our own gods. I am the master of my soul—I am God. No, we are not. He is God. There is but one God.

Gentlemen, I have brought to you the teachings of several of our colleges. Now I would lay before you the Union Theological Seminary, with Dr. Fosdick, the liberalist leader at its head. At the last Presbyterian conference, Dr. Fosdick split the general assembly wide open. Some fifty percent went to his side—while the other fifty percent remained loyal to the dear old Word of God as inspired. But Dr. Fosdick is still at the head of this great Presbyterian University.

I would draw to your attention that these men say that Jesus Christ did not die. Someone says, "He merely fainted—swooned—and when placed in the quiet of the cool tomb—He revived and walked out." They say that the thieves on either side of Jesus had their legs broken by the soldiers to hasten their death, but they thought when they looked at Jesus that He was dead and so took Him down from the cross, and they laid Him in the cool cave, and the coolness of the cave soon brought Him back to Himself, and He arose and walked off.

I would lay before you, gentlemen of the jury, though I am not going to defend the dear old book, it is a defense for all who trust in God; I want to remind you that the heart of Jesus Christ was pierced through with a sword, so that it brought both blood and water, showing that the heart itself had been pierced through, and that therefore life was then impossible. So there was no chance of his being in a swoon and at the coolness of the cave bringing Him to Himself.

I would lay before you Yale and some of its teachings. Yale, we read in the Sunday School Times, is a Congregational center, and Congregational ministers, many of them, are taught there. To a great

extent they are uniting with the Universalists. I am not taking my words, but I am taking the words of the Sunday School Times. The seminaries and colleges, the YMCA, the Federal Council of Churches, the student conferences—in short the whole institutional of American Christianity—is at the present time being subjected to a liberal theological boring-from-within process. Those who are engaged in it are both inside and outside the evangelical churches. In such an atmosphere, it would be strange if the hymn-book were to escape.

In the Century Company's new "Hymns for the Living Age," edited by H. Augustine Smith, one is struck with the number of hymns by Unitarians, some sixty-seven in a total of five hundred and thirty-two—every eighth hymn in the book. Very few of these are found in the usual hymnals. One has the impression of strange faces in a packed caucus: Freckleton, Clute, Burleigh, Chadwick. Samuel Longfellow, a Unitarian of the older generation, appears with thirteen hymns. This is a larger number than is accorded to Watts, Wesley, Bonar, or indeed any other hymn-writer of the church. Christ is mentioned by name in but two of these sixty-seven hymns, and allusion is made to Him in but four or five others. There is no room to exhibit the colorlessness of various of these hymns further than to give stanzas from #78 by S. Johnson. This is apparently an imitation of Toplady's, "Rock of Ages":

*Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty.
Never was to chosen race,
That unstinted tide confined,
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.
Breathing in the thinkers' creed,*

*Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
'Freshing time with truth and good.*

A sample of the hymns that are coming out in a modernist church hymn book.

Exhibit D—Bishop Cheney, head of the Episcopalians, answering the question, "Why candidates for the ministry are diminishing?" lays the blame upon "the theological seminary that changes the evangelical ardor of the young student into indifference and sends him out with the admonition that the business of the twentieth-century minister is to lead in sociological reform rather than convince of sin and the need of salvation, provide a better environment to the poor, rather than preach to them regeneration, substituting hygiene for heaven, food for forgiveness, country air in place of confessions of faith." Dear Lord, may the old-time gospel with the old-time faith and power come to be taught in our churches from coast to coast!

Such teachings as these we have quoted were what lead Bishop Fowler to say of his own denomination, "The schools of the Methodist church belong more to the devil today than they do to our churches." Don't blame me for it. The things that I have been reading you have not been my words but the words of men high up in church circles. Beloved, out with the higher critic. Oh, gentlemen of the jury, I believe that we need God in His power and in His fullness today. Praise the Lord.

Dr. Crist is the presiding elder for the Methodist Episcopal Church from Los Angeles clear to San Diego. Chaplain Spots was approached by him upon the subject of his taking a Methodist Church. He was asked, "What are your convictions along the line of premillennialism?" He said, "I believe that the Lord is coming—that this is the blessed hope of the church." Then he was told, "You will not do—we have orders that no premillennialist is to be accepted." He

was told that they have an open position that “no teacher that holds this pernicious doctrine shall be allowed to teach in their schools.”

According to their reasoning, it is a dangerous, destructive, and damnable doctrine and begets a lazy, indifferent, stargazing constituency, who do nothing but sit and gaze at the heavens, waiting for some sign of the Lord’s return, idle, indolent, insipid, and irresponsible people, who will not open their churches for moving pictures, card parties or dances, nor take any part in the great uplift program of the church!

The Northwestern University, with its five or six thousand students, remember a Methodist through and through. My people have been Methodists for years. Thank God! There are Methodists who believe the old book from cover to cover. There are thousands of Presbyterians who believe it too. The very fact that that great Presbyterian split wide open and that they did not all go over to the liberalist side proves it. Dr. Munhall was here not long ago and was telling us so many things. He was also with us in one of our revival campaigns in the east. He is a staunch Methodist and is doing all in his power to get out these teachings against the Word of God.

Sometime ago we held a revival campaign in Canton. There was nobody back of the meetings, and when we stepped off the train we were practically unmet. There was but one man who met us as we got off the train. I saw the big building that had been hired for the meetings. But people said, “You cannot have a revival here, little lady. This is the one city in the United States that has not been touched by a revival.” But we went ahead and advertised the meetings as best we could. The first day that the meeting opened, a few people were gathered in the front. I said, “Mother, dear, you ask them if any of them can sing?” Mother began to pick them out to sing, and she brought them up on the platform and put chairs on the platform for them. When I came in I gave one horrified look, and I said, “Oh, Mother, don’t put any more behind me, or I will have more people back of me than in front of me.”

But in three days’ time, God gave us the city, so to speak. People were crowding that building and standing everywhere, all over. The ministers of the city came to the meetings, and they sat back of me on the platform, all of them came but one. He did not like women preaching. He was a bachelor, I believe. Well, the ministers sat on the platform. I do not know whether they believed all I was preaching or not. I preached salvation, and they said, “Amen.” I prayed for the sick, and they helped me. And I preached the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and most of them said, “Amen.”

But Dr. Day, head of a big fashionable church in the city—My! Such furs, and such ear-rings and such sparkling jewels as those people had!—He came to me and said, “I heard you say that you did not want anybody to get up and talk against you and write a tract about you, but that if they thought you were wrong, you wished they would come to you and tell you about it.”

“Oh, yes, brother, I know I do lots of things wrong. I often get twisted when I talk and say, “He anointeth my cup with oil, my head runneth over,” and things like that. But I don’t mean it that way. It is just that I get twisted a little.”

“Yes, yes, now. But this is something more serious.”

“Oh, is it so serious? Why, what did I do, brother? What was it?”

“You said that on the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit came upon the people, and they all spoke in other languages. You said that you believed that it was a supernatural thing, But,” He said, “it is now taught that that which was received on the day of Pentecost was like hypnotism. The people had been brooding and praying and fasting for ten days. And Jerusalem is a very cosmopolitan city. The banana man, for instance, talked one language, and another vender called his wares in another language...and the people were used to hearing all sorts of phrases. So that day, after brooding and fasting so long, they got a lot of these phrases tangled up in their minds, in their subconscious minds.”

I said, "Brother, what is the subconscious mind?" And he explained it to me. I had not known what it was before that. He said, "My sister, when these people became delirious in the upper room, they began to say sentences that they had heard these other people saying." I said, "Oh, I cannot see it, brother, I cannot believe it."

"Well, you will come to it gradually. You cannot expect to see it all at once. But God will reveal it to you." I said, "No, doctor! I know that I received an experience that was not like that! I am a pretty level-headed woman. I can keep my head under all sorts of circumstances. Brother, I do not believe that if you knew me you would think that what I experienced was a delirium."

I was preaching in Dr. Longworth's church—such a fine man as he was. This other preacher invited me to come to his church and hold a meeting. Oh, what a congregation! The rings, the bracelets, the necklaces, and the ear-rings, the tinkling ornaments. He said, "What are you going to talk about?" I said "I will talk about clean Christian living and what it means to be separated from the world." And he said, "Now be careful, be careful." That minister wondered whether there would be an altar call and when I did give one in that fashionable church, he was so scandalized that he nearly fell off his chair.

Back, back to the faith of our fathers, to that faith that made our land what it is. Praise the Lord!

Once one minister said, "You want to be careful about your preaching. You insist too much on the virgin birth." I said, "Why, I did not know that anyone could insist too much on that." He said, "Well, there is no use of stirring people up. I do not believe in it."

"You don't believe in it!"

"No, Sister, I cannot believe it."

These are some of the things that great—question mark—great men and teachers say about the birth of Christ. Some schools and colleges teach that to believe that Jesus was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary is a sin against the Holy Ghost.

Reginald T. Campbell in, *The New Theology* says, "The credibility and significance of Christianity are in no way affected by the doctrine of the virgin birth, otherwise than that the belief tends to put a barrier between Jesus and the race and makes Him something that cannot properly be called human. Like many others I used to take the position that acceptance or nonacceptance of the doctrine of the virgin birth was immaterial, because Christianity was quite independent of it, but later reflection has convinced me that, in point of fact, it operates as a hindrance to spiritual religion and a real living faith in Jesus. The simple and natural conclusion is that Jesus was the child of Joseph and Mary and had an uneventful childhood." This man seems to think he would not be able to feel with us and help us in our sufferings if he was any different.

And Harnack says, "It is a dangerous and fallacious dilemma that the idea of the God-man stands or falls with the virgin birth."

Different books in explaining that the virgin birth is not true say it is against the laws of nature, and that it would have been no advantage to Him to have been born as the Gospel records declare.

Gentlemen of the jury, I believe that you have had enough.

A Congregational minister in Springfield, Massachusetts, in a recent interview with a local paper a few weeks ago, said, "Our membership increased from three hundred to seventeen hundred in a few weeks by allowing dancing in the church. The young people dance each week, sometimes several times a week. The elders, many of them descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, join them in the dance, also the minister. We dance the toddle and all the modern dances. It is the only way to save the young people from the dance hall and sex problems."

It is more like filling a fire extinguisher with gasoline and saying that is the only way to put out a fire. Not putting out the fire but adding to it.

One or more of our professors used to ask, "How can you expect Christian people to contribute to an institution that gives no

assurance of what it will teach ten years from now? No conscientious truth seeker can give any assurance to anybody as to his teachings. Knowledge grows by revisions. The religion of the future must be absolutely scientific. The oft-repeated remark that only faith moves a world higher than that of science springs from a pernicious confusion. The age of minds with water-tight compartments is forever past.” Or, in other words, you are old-fashioned if you believe as our fathers did. Praise the Lord! I want to be a little old-fashioned then.

We consider that the people who deny the deity of Christ are the higher critics, but I believe that the people who deny Divine Healing deny a part of the Word of God. On which side shall we stand? Taking the whole Word of God as it stands or not?

Here is a little article by Dr. White. He says, “The New Testament church began at Pentecost, but it is quite significant that, after Paul turned from Israel, the nation (Acts 28:25–28) there is no reference to healing in his epistles that followed. These epistles are full of the gospel of grace. They are full of the atonement. The sacrifice of Christ has a large place in them, but they say not one word about the healing of this mortal body.” These great messages deal with the sin question and not with bodily infirmities. Or, Mr. White says, that the apostle Paul used to pray for the sick but stopped, and in his epistles, he did not mention healing...That is a mistake. Paul wrote the epistles when he was in prison. When he came out, he talked to the people and to the kings and rulers, and in the last chapter of Acts, it says that Paul prayed for the sick on the island of Malta.

Mr. White also says, “Every believer is baptized in the Holy Spirit the moment he believes. “For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body.” The Holy Spirit comes in response to the promise of our Lord. He is here. He has not gone away. Every believer is baptized into the body of Christ “by the Spirit.” Every believer, Mr. White says, has the Holy Spirit when he is born again, only he doesn’t know it. But, beloved, if you will read the eighth chapter of Acts, you will see that when Phillip went down to Samaria and preached the Word of

God, the whole city turned to God. “They believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ. They were baptized—in water—both men and women.” But then we read, “When the apostles, which 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.”

I am not going to take the other side—the side of the Bible. For I feel that the Bible can defend itself. But I want to read you what some of the great heroes have said of the Bible.

General George Washington and Abraham Lincoln read the Bible and spent whole nights in prayer.

Thomas Jefferson said, “The Bible makes the best people in the world.”

Daniel Webster said, “I read the Bible through every year for my help.”

Patrick Henry said, “The Bible is worth all other books.”

Gladstone of England said, “The greatest thing in the world is our responsibility to God and our fellowmen, and the acceptance of Jesus solves all the great questions of the world.”

Milton said, “There is nothing else comparable to the Bible in literature or life.”

Benjamin Franklin said, “The Bible is our only certainty and belief for this life.”

General George Washington said, “He is worse than an infidel who lacks faith in God and does not acknowledge his obligation to his Creator.”

During the war, General Stonewall Jackson, General Grant, General Robert E. Lee, General Sherman, and all the gallant heroes of the world read the Bible and were men of prayer. This is true of all the greatest men of the world today of all nations. In summing up my case, e’er the jury go out to bring in their decision, I would

say a word in pleading for the dear old Bible. I would refer you to some men such as our late President Harding, who declared that what we needed was to get old-time revival of the old-time power.

Thank God for the Bible. Shall we keep it, or shall we tear it page for page? Shall we believe the virgin birth? Shall we believe Jesus Christ, that when He was baptized with the Holy Ghost, it was a real experience, or that He just imagined it?

I believe that we shall support those schools that believe and teach the Word of God in its entirety, that we shall stand by the ministers who believe it. If you stand by the Bible, you may get some persecution it is true. As sure as you live, I will get some letters this week about this sermon. I will get all sorts of criticism. But, praise the Lord. I love the Book, and I would die for my Bible. I believe that we have practically five thousand red-blooded Americans here today who would die for the Book. However, we are not being asked to die for the Book, but we are being asked to live for it. We are not asked to defend the Book. It is a lion. Let it out of its cage, and it will defend itself.

Jury Files out for Deliberation—

Returning with the Following Verdict

Professor Carpenter, Foreman of the jury, says, "I have this report to make on behalf of the jury, and I will have to do as they have told me. And one of the most emphatic things they told me to do was to tell this audience that they unreservedly believe in and agree with the gospel preached in Angelus Temple."

(Applause)

"Especially am I instructed to say that they believe in the inspiration of the Bible, as the Word of God, and in its literal interpretation.

They believe in the virgin birth of Christ. They believe in the deity of Jesus Christ. They believe that Jesus Christ was God Almighty manifested in the flesh.

They believe unequivocally in Divine Healing. They believe in the soon coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they believe in the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The jury stands unanimously, without a dissenting vote, in favor of the Foursquare Gospel of Angelus Temple."

(Applause)

"One other thing they affirm emphatically is their disapproval of any teachings of higher criticism or evolution in our schools and colleges. They believe unanimously that it is our duty as Christians in Angelus Temple to support Sister McPherson in this particular, as there is so much false teaching in our schools and colleges that it throws upon us a load of responsibility, and we will be unfaithful to God if we fail to help in providing for a first-class Bible School, to be associated with Angelus Temple, and for a suitable building, which shall be soon erected. How many people that are here in this audience this afternoon believe that, if we do not do our part in getting this gospel to the world and around the world, and in getting evangelists and missionaries ready to go, God will hold us responsible? How many of you are ready and willing to help in establishing a proper building?

I want to say that I thank God from the depths of my heart when I think of the thousands who have kneeled at these altars, when I think of the work of our Sister. We read that Joshua succeeded as long as Moses' hands were held up. Sister McPherson is our Moses, and Joshua is our Lord Jesus Christ. Joshua will succeed as long as Moses' hands are help up. God will succeed as long as Sister McPherson's hands are held up."

Sister McPherson responds, "I wish he had not brought my name in. I am just a little handmaiden of the Lord, not worthy to have my name connected with His name. But I want to see the Lord Jesus exalted and the Holy Ghost having right of way, and this revival sweeping on. How many of you agree with the jury? Thank God for the Bible!"

The Great White Judgment Throne



*Angelus Temple
October 14, 1913*



ORD, GRANT THAT we may all be there on that day. Not only there, but saved, washed, in the blood of the Lamb, ready, pure, spotless, that we may reign with You and look into Your beautiful face forever. Oh, Lord Jesus, speak to every sinner here tonight. Speak to every backslider, dear Lord Jesus. Do not let anyone leave this building without having decided for Christ, for God, and for eternity. Lord, help me to preach as I never preached before. Dear Lord, strengthen me. I feel Thy strength, The Lord is my strength. Dear Lord, help me to make it solemn and yet so sweet and so winning that hundreds of hearts may be turned Godward in this hour for Thy glory. Amen.

This evening we are speaking of the great white judgment throne. I feel that God's Word is so wonderful, so self-explanatory, so mighty, that it needs very few words of mine to be added. So, with your kind permission, I am going to read you some passages from this dear old Book, so do I love and revere this book. I am reading from Revelation, beginning with chapter four:

After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter. And immediately I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon

like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold. And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunders and voices: and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God. And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind.

And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. And when those beasts give glory and honour and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever,

The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals

thereof? And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon.

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne.

And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever.

And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.

And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.

And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.

And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death,

and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

Oh, praise the Lord. We can abide it if we are washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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 any more; 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.

Next, the fourteenth chapter.

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

Revelation chapter twenty.

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the

dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

And now Daniel. I think this is the most majestic verse in the whole Bible. You may have found one that seems more majestic to you, but I have not.

Daniel 7:9–11.

I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened. I beheld then because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake: I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame.

Beloved, we read in the Word of God of a great white judgment throne. We are invited to a throne tonight, which is a throne of grace. But, ah! If we reject the throne of grace we must needs come to the throne of judgment. None of us need come to the throne of judgment. Tonight, we may all come to the throne of grace, to a blood-sprinkled throne, the blood-sprinkled mercy seat. There are four great days that stand out before all others in the history of the world. The first was the day when the world was created. Second was the day when sin came into the world. The third was the day when the world was redeemed. And the fourth day, when the world shall be judged—the day when the sea shall give up its dead, when the

graves shall open, and when all, rich and poor alike, the servant and the master, shall be called to stand before the judgment bar of God.

But, Hallelujah! We do not need to stand there. We can be washed in the blood of the Lamb, redeemed. Tonight, before we come to the judgment throne, I want you to see something standing here. It is the old rugged cross. It has stood through the centuries—arms still extended to the world, saying, “Come, come, while there is yet time.”

Where are you tonight? Turn again, backsliding Israel, turn again to the Lord who loves you and who died for you. There is still the precious body of our Lord Jesus Christ that was broken for us. He has formed a way that leads to glory. If we would go to destruction we must stop over the bloodstained body of our Lord Jesus Christ. We must pass by that old rugged cross, which stands with arms outstretched, pleading with us to come to Him for salvation. The world is going on at a merry rate tonight. Dance halls are in full swing. Orchestras are in full swing, feet are gliding over smoothly polished floors. Theaters are full, cafés are full. Thousands of automobiles are gliding, skimming, slipping by, carrying Sunday pleasure seekers home. Streetcars are going by, carrying their quota of people. Men’s noses are buried in newspapers. The Monday morning papers are just now coming of the press. Newsboys are just now calling the baseball score, telling what happened in the great ballparks today. Tomorrow morning, early steam will be up in the great boilers, the great wheels, and the great belts will be whirring. Typewriters will be clicking, clicking. Telephone girls are busy now, calling, “Number please,” swishing the little plugs in their places. Some people say, “Oh, it will always be so. There will never come an end.”

But the end is coming, when God will finish things up on the earth, and when we will stand before that great white judgment throne. It is coming, we know not when it will be. But, oh! Would it not be wonderful if we should see His dear face tonight? If tonight should come that meeting in the air? The rapture! Everybody will

be assembled finally before that great white judgment throne. The graves shall be opened, and the sea shall give up its dead. And I saw a throne. Let us see it tonight. Let us glimpse it—a great white throne.

I wonder if we have ever seen anything white. We say we have a white dress on, we have white paper. But the white we see is flecked with gray, with somber shades, when it is compared with that great white judgment throne. The whiteness of the sun will pale before it and become as the moon. There was once a minister, who was calling one day on a Scotch lady. She took such pride in the whiteness of her clothes. And she would rub them and rub them until they were snowy and white. The washing was hanging out on the line as the minister came, and he said, as he looked at it, “What a wonderful washing! It is whiter than snow.”

He thought that it was so. She said, “I hope so.” But while the minister was calling it began to snow, and the flakes fell faster and faster, till the snow lay on the ground like a blanket. The minister finished his call and stepped into the light of the outdoors, and he saw the snow as it glistened in the sunlight, and above it he saw the washing still hanging on the line. Was that the white washing that he had seen? Why, it was gray. Why, what had happened? “What can have happened to your lovely white washing?” He exclaimed. The woman looked at it in consternation. Then she said, “I guess after all there is no white on the earth when we compare it with the good God’s snow.”

That great white throne—we cannot imagine how pure it is going to be, how white! Every impure thought will be laid bare before it. The man who says, “Oh, I am good enough. I am a moral man, I pay my just debts. I don’t need to give my heart to the Lord and be converted.” How he will shrink from the whiteness of it! The man who says, “I have done nobody any harm—it does not matter if I smoke, if I tell a few foolish stories, crack a few funny jokes. I do not need to go to the altar, I am a good, moral man.” But the great

white judgment throne. There is only one way to be white before that throne, only one way to be able to look upon its dazzling glory.

*For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb*

He said, "He that overcometh shall sit and reign with Me upon the throne." Then John, the Beloved, tells us that as he looked, and he saw the 144,000 before the throne, and they were singing a new song. These wore dresses that were white even in the blinding, searching light of heaven. He saw them standing before the throne, not cowering, not begging to hide, but standing happily, joyfully, singing a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy to take this book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood...Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour."

"Majesty and might, forever and forever, belongeth unto Him."

He saw before the throne the four and twenty elders, bowing down, saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," before the throne. Then, as he watched, he saw another scene, another angel came, and he says, "I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair."

"Oh, Sister McPherson, it will never come, never in the world." That is what the people said in the days of Noah. "The flood would never come," but one has but to get out and study the condition of the rocks to be convinced that it did come. Even scientists believe in the flood in these days.

What a day that will be! After the earthquake, the sun will withdraw its light, "And the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as the fig tree casteth her untimely

figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together." It seems as though first there would be that strange terrible, unearthly light—the eclipse of the sun, not time for an eclipse. They were not expecting it. There had been nothing in the papers about it. A strange thing—a startling thing. People are looking out of their windows to see what it is—a strange hush over everything, not a leaf stirring on the trees—the waves of the sea die down, holding their breath. Then—suddenly—there is the sound of a mighty thunder, and the heaven is rolling away, fold upon fold, rolling up like a mighty scroll, and is disappearing, and through the opening such a scene. John the beloved says, "And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it. From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away. And there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened. And another book was opened, which is the book of life. And the dead were judged every man according to their works."

"He saw that great white throne, and before it, he saw all the people gathered together; suddenly, miraculously the graves had opened and given up all their dead. The waves of the sea had opened and from them arose they that had gone down to the sea in ships" (Dan. 7:9).

"I beheld till the...Ancient of days did sit, whose garments were white and...Before him thousands of thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him."

Where had they all come from? For the first time, and also for the last time in our history of time and eternity, all the people are assembled. Heaven is empty, and earth is empty. Hell is empty too—for it says that death and hell gave up the dead that were in them. Those that slept in the depths of the sea are all there—ten thousand times ten thousand assembled before the throne. "Oh, but, Sister McPherson, I do not believe that I need to be a Christian. I think that with so many people there, with such a crowd, I can slip around

without anybody seeing me and get on the right side of the throne, I may be able to hide.” But no. One may be able to hide down here, but up there, there will be no hiding from the eye of the Almighty God.

There was a man in New York who committed a frightful crime in the basement of a New York store. It was such an awful thing; we shuddered as we read it. They sought for this murderer. The bones of his victim had been found out in pieces and left in a sack in the basement. But this young man—he was an Italian—had escaped the country. He had reached his own country and then defied our authorities to take him, and of course, they could not. His ring, for it was a ring of vice, gathered their skirts around him and protected him, they hid him till he was safely out of the country. But there is no hiding in that day. The man who says, “I have no time to go to church. There is my oil well, and I have got to bring it in,”

“I am a druggist. I cannot close my store. I have no time to go. I am a busy man.” No time now—but there will be all the time in the world then. The great clock of time has stopped its ticking—time is no more. In that day, when we stand before the judgment throne of God, everything will be stopped. There will be no more clicking typewriters, no whirring belts. Every store and factory and foundry will be left empty, no more automobiles, trains, streetcars, running to and fro. They shall all stand before the judgment bar of God. The books are opened; the judgment is set.

Then, what a cry, “Oh, Lord, I am going to hide—Oh! Mountains come, fall on me, oh, rocks fall on me and hide me from the face of Him that sitteth upon that throne.” I cannot look upon that white throne. I cannot say that I did not have a chance, like some of the poor heathen people may be able to plead, I was down there in Angelus Temple, and if anybody preached it straight and unvarnished that little lady did. She told me that, if I did not repent, I would certainly perish. She did not pat me on the back and say, “Brother, you are all right. Be a good moral man—that is enough.” I heard those people

in Angelus Temple singing. I heard that little woman give the altar call, and I saw men and women running down those aisles to fall at the altar. I saw their shoulders shaking with sobs as they prayed and heard them saying, “God, be merciful to me a sinner.” But I put my fingers in my ears, and I said, “Not tonight. Some other time I will let the Saviour in.” And I got out of my seat, and I went out the door. I cannot say that I did not know. I cannot plead as do the poor Africans and many of dark China that I did not know. I lived in one of the most beautiful states in America, beautiful California. I lived in Los Angeles—City of the Angels—and I sat in that beautiful Angelus Temple and heard the choir singing:

I am redeemed: I am redeemed.

I heard the voices of little children speaking from the gallery and saying, “Praise the Lord.” I saw Sister McPherson holding out her arms, heard her saying, “Come.” I saw people going up the aisles to the altar, and I saw them get up afterwards, their faces shining, singing:

I am washed in the blood of the Crucified One.

But I did not heed. I said, “Some other day, some more convenient season, on Thee I’ll call,” but it is too late now—Oh, it is too late now. “I was going home in my automobile and crossed that railroad track that I had crossed again and again, and a train was coming. I did not hear it. I did not see it till it was right upon me. It struck my car—and now! I have awakened in eternity. The wrath of God is fallen upon me.” Though we should hide in the depths of the earth, in the deepest cave, He will bring us forth.

You say, “Why, Sister McPherson, what has gotten into you. You always preached the love of God. You made the way seem so smooth and so easy.” Yes, beloved, and I will tell you how easy the way is now,

but I must also tell you this side of it, because it would not do for you to be able to stand there that day and point your hand at me and say, "If you had only told me about this, that if I rejected Christ, I was just as guilty as those men who nailed his beautiful hands to the cross. I am lost, and it is your fault."

One time there was a minister who was sent for to come to the bedside of a young man who was dying. He held the young man's hand, and he said, "You are going now, and I hope that it is all right. I hope that you are right with God." The young man said to the minister, "What do you mean, 'Am I all right?,' I have been in your church for eighteen years, ever since I was a little boy, and you never once asked me, 'Boy, are you all right? Boy, are you a Christian—are you saved?' You never gave in altar call. And now I am dying. I am going to be lost—Oh! I am going to be lost."

"Oh, no, no!"

The minister said, "Give your heart to Jesus now," The boy went on, "Why didn't you speak about it? You spoke about politics. You talked about social reform, civic conditions, national problems—you talked about other things, but you NEVER said, 'Boy, you are lost, and if you do not come to Jesus Christ, you will be lost forever. Come while the door is open.' I am lost, and it is your fault." And with that, the boy closed his eyes, and he fell back on his pillow. He was gone. The minister was stunned. He never did know how he stumbled out of that room, how he stumbled down the stairs, how he reached the gate. He staggered on and on and on down the road, and when he came to himself, he was alone under a tree, beside a river. He dropped upon his knees, and he said, "Oh, God, if you can ever forgive me I will go back to that church and preach so straight and so clear that no one can ever say that I failed to tell them. I will give an altar call, and I will tell the people to give their hearts to Thee before it is too late. Oh, my God, give me another chance."

That dear minister went back to that church of his a different man entirely. He had been a proud man, but now he was a humble

man, a man with a broken spirit, a man to whose eyes the tears often came as he told the wonderful story of love, and it won the people. When he gave an altar call, scores of men and women came flocking to the Lord Jesus Christ. A revival broke out in that city, and it lasted a whole year. And at the end of that year, the minister announced a testimony meeting for the new converts, those who had been converted in the church during that year, and he said that they would continue the meeting till each one had had a chance to testify. The meeting began in the morning, and it lasted all the night, and it went on and on right through the next day until four o'clock the next afternoon, and still the people were testifying who had been converted in that year before.

In that day when we stand before the great white judgment throne and say, "I was too busy," how futile the words will sound! "I put it off." How cheap the words will seem! "I was good enough," How empty and poor and naked we will be. "I thought nobody would find out." How empty and naked the words. "I was a good church member." Ah, but that was not enough. Were you cold? Were you living the life? Were you living the life in your home? Was it one thing on Sunday, but another thing during the week? He sees through our inner motives. He will not have to say, "You are wrong." We will know it and fall at His feet.

But, beloved, Hallelujah! The great white judgment throne is not visible yet. The Lord Jesus Christ, Jehovah, with the hair as white as wool, is not on that great white judgment throne yet. He is still on the mercy seat. It is a blood-sprinkled throne. He is stretching forth His dear nail-pierced hands and saying, "Come, come, come, daughter." Oh, won't you say, "Yes, Lord, I am coming now. I give my heart to you just now?" What an awful thing it would be for some of you wives, who have Christian husbands, to be separated on that day, not to have the Lord accept you. I buried four people not long ago who were killed in a train wreck. The family said, "We want to get lots side by side." Bodies laid side by side, but that is only the little

tenement, the little house that we live in. The real you, where will it stand? Will you be ready on that day?

“I beheld...And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away...And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened. And another book was opened, which is the book of life. And the dead were judged every man according to their works.”

They were judged according to the things which were written in the books. Nothing will be left out. It is just as though God had a moving picture camera turned upon us all the time. The crank is winding, and the lens is following us wherever we go. And God has a camera that can take pictures in the dark, in the night time—things we think mother does not know about—things the wife does not know, things the neighbors do not know—that shady deal, cheating that man out of that money. He knows the little orphan boy and the money that belonged to him that you were taking care of. He knows what you did with it. He knows—it is all in the books, writing, writing? He knows about that oil stock you sold. He knows about those oil wells—knows that you knew that there was no oil. He knows why that bank broke and how. He knows about that automobile. You had part of the payment made on it, and you thought, “Now I can slip just one or two of those packages of bills away and then mix the books up, so that it will not be discovered till the end of the year” and if you could manage to keep it a secret some way, you would think up a way. Ah, but He knows, beloved.

There is just one way to get the record off the books, and that is to be saved and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah! Out comes the page, and the Lord gives you a new page. “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isa. 1:18).

“Stand before the throne of God.” Oh, what a solemn day that is going to be! A thunder storm is solemn. You don’t have the big

thunderstorms out here, I know. But have you ever stood out in a thunderstorm? Have you heard the crash of the thunder, seen the flash of the lightning? I have—I have stood out in our Canadian farm, have heard the thunders rolling far overhead—have seen the lightning as it rent the skies. An ocean tempest is a solemn thing. I have been in a storm on the sea when the waves rolled mountain high, in the Indian Ocean on the Bay of Biscay. An earthquake is a solemn thing, when the earth begins to rock and to tremble beneath your feet. “But my building is made out of concrete and steel.” But in Japan the great concrete and steel buildings twisted and went down. A volcano is a solemn thing, that white-hot lava shooting out through the night, flowing down like a mighty river of fire, burying under it whole towns and cities, setting a blaze to homes as though they were nothing but little straw huts. But it is going to be a more solemn thing when the trumpet of God shall pound and when the heavens roll away with a great noise.

“But, Sister, you preach that God is a God of love. Do you mean to tell me that, if He is a God of love, He would let me be lost? Would He let me to destroyed?” God does not want you to go to destruction, my brother, my sister. He does not want you to be destroyed in that day. If you go to your doom, you must pass by the bloodstained cross of Christ. “But it looks so foolish to me.” Yes, the preaching of the gospel is foolishness to them that perish, but it is life to them who believe it. Do not turn away again. How many times have you said, “Some other day.” Brother, those words have lost more souls than any other words that were ever spoken.” The Lord loves you, “He was clothed in a vesture dipped with blood, and His name was the word of God, out of His mouth proceeded a sharp sword...His name is King of Kings and Lord of Lords...I saw Him that sat upon the throne.” Praise the Lord, His face was fairer than the rose, sweeter than the lily. His hands were pierced with nails, His feet, and there was a great wound in His side. His heart was calling, “Come son. Come daughter. Give your heart.”

Then, in closing, I want to show you the glory side, what about those who were written in the Lamb's book of life? "And He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them, they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. 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." Praise the Lord! "And I looked and, lo, a lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder."

They praised the Lord till it sounded like thunder. Hallelujah. The Methodists will feel at home there.

"Worthy is the lamb which was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing."

"Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the lamb forever and ever."

The stars of the morning will sing together in glory, the hills will skip LIKE A LAMB: the trees clap their hands for joy, the rivers and the torrents, the cataracts will sing of His glory. And we—if we are redeemed—will be there. "And they sang a new song." No man could learn that song unless he had been redeemed. "These are they which have washed their robes and made them 'white in the blood of the lamb.'"

Some to be saved—some to be lost. But you must choose, my dear brother, my dear sister. You must choose. Oh, if I could only choose for you, how glad I would be to do it! Why will you choose death rather than life? "But, I cannot give up my job, and I can't keep my job and be a Christian." Praise God! What is money, what is anything against that great white judgment throne? What does it matter? You say, "I would have to break up my home if I came to the Lord." Then little girl, leave it. Step out for Jesus now.

Dare to be a Daniel.

He saw that great white judgment throne. Will you be ready? Will you?

You say, "But, Sister dear, just a moment before you close. Now you know He is a God of love. Wouldn't He forgive me in that day if I cried and if I pled with Him?" He would love to do it, brother, but then He cannot do it. Have you ever heard of the man who was rescued from drowning? A certain judge came along, and he saw a man who had fallen into the water—and the man was drowning. The judge jumped into the water and saved him. The man thanked him and was so grateful. A year later this man was hauled into the court, charged with an awful crime. The trial was held, and then the verdict of the jury was brought in, "Guilty," The sentence was pronounced. "This man shall hang by the neck until he is dead, dead, dead." The man shrank back from the horror of the thing. Then he happened to glance upward toward the judge. And he stared in amazement. "Why, could it be he?" He looked again. Yes, it was that same man who had risked his own life to save him from drowning just a year before. He rubbed his eyes and looked. It hardly seemed that it could be. He broke away and cried out, "Oh, Judge, Judge, don't you remember me? Don't you remember how you saved me from a watery grave? Judge, don't you know me? I am the man you saved from drowning. Oh, Judge, save me, save me now. You saved me before." The Judge was looking at him, the tears stealing down his face, and he said, "No, you poor man. I cannot save you now. That day, I was your Saviour—today, I am your judge."

What about Jesus Christ? Today, He is your Saviour. Today, the mercy seat lies before you. Today, His loving arms are stretched out to receive you. But tomorrow, the books will all be opened, the judgment set.

As I was coming out of the store the other day—it was Saturday, and the store closed at one o'clock—I came out by the employees'

entrance. It was just closing time. A lady rushed up to me thinking, I suppose, that I was one of the employees, and she said, "Oh, can't I go in? Can't I get in? There is a dress in there that I have just got to have. I just must get in. Can't I?" I said, "Why, I do not know, but you might try." I saw her go from door to door, but every door said, "Closed" on it. The door keeper was saying, "Sorry ma'am, but the door is closed." And his arm came out—that uniformed arm. "I am sorry ma'am, but you cannot come in now." Oh, a little shiver ran through my heart as I thought that was only a little thing, but what an awful thing to think that someday the door of heaven will be closed. You know it is the only way to live—the only way to die. You cannot afford to live without Him. Oh, Brother, Sister, you can go out of this place tonight with a heart that is singing, you can go out happier than you have been for years.

"Oh Lord, how futile, how insignificant will seem the things of earth when compared to the whiteness of that throne. Dear Lord, will you help me once more to pull the nets to shore for you and for eternity?"

*Christ's Attitude in Regard to Divine
Healing Compared to Man's Attitude*



*Angelus Temple
October 20, 1923*



WANT TO SPEAK to you tonight for just a few moments. I feel that God's Word should find a home in every one of our hearts tonight. I feel that God's Word is the big thing and the great thing and that we should build our hopes upon it. I want to speak on Christ's attitude in regard to Divine Healing as compared to man's attitude. I trust that it will not be startling. Christ's attitude in regard to Divine Healing as compared to man's attitude.

I will give you just seven short instances which show the differences between Christ's attitude and man's attitude, beginning with Matthew 9:2. A man had been let down by cords through the roof before Jesus. A paralytic man, sick with the palsy, bedridden, helpless. See him coming down in that startling manner. Christ looked at him, saying, "Son, be of good cheer. Thy sins be forgiven thee... Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house." Christ's word, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee... Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house." But now will you please notice man's attitude—the scribes' attitude, "And behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, this man blasphemeth." Oh! To say that about Jesus Christ! Jesus said, "Arise, take up thy bed."

"Son, be of good cheer." That was His attitude, but what was the scribes' attitude? It would be a strange thing if man had not

changed a great deal through nineteen hundred years, and if someone should be left today who had the same attitude that the scribes and Pharisees had.

Now Matthew 9:24. The Lord had been called in to the bedside of a little maiden who had died. His attitude was, "Give place, for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth." And He said, "Arise." Now, what was man's attitude? He said, "Arise." But they laughed Him to scorn. What was Christ's attitude? "The maid is not dead but sleepeth, arise." Man's attitude, "Ho-ho-ho."

"They laughed him to scorn." The idea that a miracle could be wrought! That that child could be raised to strength and health again! Are there any left today that feel like that?

Mark the third chapter, the first to the fifth verses, tells us again Christ's attitude to the sick. Christ had found a man with a withered hand. What would be His attitude to that man? Christ looked at the man. But while He was looking at the man, the others were looking at Christ. It says, "They watched him whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day that they might accuse him." They watched Him. They watched Him! Do you know, I have been conscious of people watching me in the audience. I have been conscious of people sent from various churches to watch me, "What is she going to do?"

"What is she going to say?"

"I wonder if she is going to say something unscriptural?"

"They watched...that they might accuse Him." Strange if some of them had not changed! What was Christ's attitude? "He said unto the man which had the wilted hand, stand forth, and He saith unto them, is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days or to do evil? To save life, or to kill?" Somebody was telling the other day about a lady in their congregation whose little baby was healed, and it seemed that the brother in charge of the church did not like it. He seemed upset about it. And when the word came to me, I was upset because he was upset. I said, "Mother, what was the trouble?"

"The doctors had said that the baby would die." I said, "Why, he did not want it to die, did he?" She said, "I do not know. You had better ask him."

And then Jesus looked around on those people with anger. We never read that he looked at the sick with anger. And when He had looked around about on them with anger, bring grieved for the hardness of their hearts, He saith unto the man—Christ's attitude to the sick—"Stretch forth thine hand. And He stretched it out. And his hand was restored whole as the other." He stretched forth that withered hand, and it was made whole like the other. We saw something like that in Denver, when a little girl with a withered hand was prayed for, and she stood there, before fourteen thousand people, stretching out that poor little withered arm that had been so helpless. And how they gave glory to God. "He stretched it out and his hand was restored whole as the other." That was Christ's attitude, but what was the Pharisees' attitude? They straightway took counsel together that they might destroy Him. They had a meeting, and they said, "What can we do to hurt Him? What can we do to stop these crowds? What can we do to break His heart? What can we write against it?"

The Pharisees went forth and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him how that they might destroy him—him—him. It is always HIM.

In Luke 13:11, we read again His attitude toward the sick. What a beautiful attitude it was! "And behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years and was bowed together and could in no wise lift up herself." What a hideous sight she must have been! Poor little lady! She could not see the sun. She could not see the sky—could not in any wise lift herself up. And when Jesus saw her, what was His attitude? Did He say, "Now this is your cross and you must bear it?" When He saw her, He called her to Him, and He said unto her, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And He laid his hands on her. And immediately, she was made straight" Oh! Hallelujah! She could see the sun. She could stand up straight.

She could bend this way and that. She could see the clouds above, but best of all—she could see the Saviour’s face. This was His attitude, “Woman, thou art loosed”

“You have been bound long enough.” That was His attitude. Now see what was man’s attitude? “And the ruler of the synagogue—the highest one the synagogue—answered—with joy? Oh, no! “Answered with indignation, because that Jesus healed on the Sabbath day, and said unto the people”—the only thing that he could find to find fault with—“There are six days in which men ought to work. In them therefore come and be healed and not on the Sabbath day.”

“And the Lord answered him.” Not as He had answered the sick. “The Lord then answered him and said, thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall and lead him away to watering.” And then He said—how different was His attitude toward the sick? He never spoke sternly to the sick. “Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom God hath bound, lo, these many years?” No, it is not God that binds us as some people say. “Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath days?” Oh, what a sort of a plaintive plea it is! With a minor refrain, “Ought not this woman...be loosed.”

“Ought not this one be loosed that has been bound so long?”

We see people that are bound today. Take for instance that little girl with the brace that weighed eighty pounds. Some of you remember how she came—the little curved spine—the little withered leg, the one that would turn over on the side like this when she attempted to walk. Is anybody cross with me for praying for the sick? Is anybody going to write a mean little tract about it? But does anybody care? You are not angry with me, are you? Are you cross about it? Oh, please don’t be. Ought they not to be loosed?

Over there is a little lady who was bound down for seven years out of ten, a nurse with her all the time. They had spent all the money they had on doctors and on treatments, and they had mortgaged

their little home right up to the limit, in order to get money to pay the doctors and the nurses. She was taken to the Glendale Sanitarium and to other sanitariums and hospitals and finally to the County Hospital, and finally they found that all that could be done was to give her shots from the hypodermic needle. That little woman suffering such pain, the home mortgaged, the husband’s heart broken, “Ought not that woman be loosed?” I do not believe that she was bound by God. How many of you think it was God that bound her? I don’t believe that anyone does. If so, get up and declare yourself. I do not plead any mercy because I am a woman, but I want anybody to say it before me, and not say it behind my back. Say it on some night when I can come and hear it.

Poor little Sister Jordan. There was a dear family in San Diego who helped her during her long years of sickness. She had seven abdominal operations and had to keep the shades down in her room. Could not bear the light of the sun, all shut away there in that darkened room. Isn’t it nice to have her teaching a Sunday School class of girls and working so faithfully for the Lord? Is anybody cross about it? Does anybody mind? “Ought not this woman...be loosed? Whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years.”

“And when He had said these things, all His adversaries were ashamed, And all the people—all the common people—“rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by him.” Everyone who thinks that they had a right to rejoice say, “Amen.”

Then in Luke, the eighteenth chapter, the fortieth verse we read that there was brought a blind man to Jesus, or rather he sat by the road as Jesus passed by he cried, “Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy on me.”

“I know I am poor and dirty and blind, lying by the roadside, but, Lord, have mercy on me.” What was man’s attitude? “And they that went before rebuked him that he should hold his peace.”

“Don’t you know that He has more important things to think of? He has no time to think of you.” But what was Jesus’ attitude? “Jesus

stood and commanded him to be brought unto Him, and when he was come near he asked him saying, what wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" His hands were all aquiver and aflutter with blessing to get them on those poor blind eyes. And He said, "Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee." In Luke the eighteenth chapter, the Lord has given us a blessed story. And He will surely hear us as we call out to Him.

In John the ninth chapter, the Lord found a man who had been blind from his birth. And His disciples asked Jesus, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" That was their attitude, man's attitude. "Jesus answered, neither has this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be manifest in him." What was Jesus attitude? Jesus said, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing." Hallelujah! What was Jesus' attitude? "Go wash in the pool of Siloam, this is come unto thee that the name of the Lord might be glorified."

But what was man's attitude? When the Pharisees heard about it, they said, "Who healed you?" And he said, "I do not know, but it was a man with the sweetest voice in the world." They said, "Give the glory to God. Give God the praise; we know this man is a sinner."

"We know that this man, Jesus, is a sinner." Is it possible that they would say it? Is it possible that they would say that about Him? "You give God the glory, for this man is a sinner." What an awful thing to say! The man said, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. One thing I know that whereas I WAS blind, now I see." Glory to Jesus forever and forever!

I want to go back and give you again the instance in Mark the third chapter where the Lord said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thy hand." What did men say? "The Pharisees went forth and straightaway took counsel with the Herodians against Him, how they might destroy Him." But Jesus preached right on. And he had healed many, insomuch that they pressed upon Him for to touch Him, as many as had plagues. "And unclean spirits, when

they saw Him, fell down before Him and cried, saying, Thou art the son of God. And he straitly charged them that they should not make Him known. And he goeth up into a mountain and calleth unto Him whom he would. And they came unto Him. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with Him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils." This was His attitude toward the sick, "He ordained twelve... that we might send them forth to preach and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils."

"And the multitude cometh together again so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when His friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him, for they said, he is beside Himself."

There was Jesus in the midst of this multitude, and he could not get out, and when His friends heard about it they said, "He is mad!" And they tried to get Jesus out of the crowd. But notice Jesus' attitude, "I will come and heal you." They pressed upon Him, saying, "Jesus, touch me. I am so poor and so sinful."

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." What was man's attitude? "When His friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him, for they said, he is beside Himself."

"He is letting His sympathy run away with Him." The scribes said, "He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils, casteth he out devils." What was Christ's attitude? "Come unto Me, and I will heal you." Man was saying, "I do not believe in it. Jesus Christ is doing it by the power of Satan." Surely no one would say a thing like that today! And yet, Ah, me! Some people today deny the virgin birth and the inspiration of the Scriptures. If some deny the resurrection and the Second Coming, why would not some deny divine healing. And if they deny it, they say that He does it by Beelzebub. But how could the Devil break these bonds of epilepsy? If Satan rise up against himself, he shall be divided, and how shall he stand? And Jesus said, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and their blasphemies

wherewith soever they shall blaspheme. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." Oh! How was this sin against the Holy Ghost? Because the Master said, "These works I do not of Myself, but He that dwelleth within me, even the Holy Ghost, He doeth the works." They said, "He hath an unclean spirit." But the Master was in the midst, and He loosed the sick and the afflicted.

I will, only refer to my seventh proposition. "Death cannot hold its prey." Jesus said, speaking of His own body, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." But men say, "His disciples came and stole Him away."

This book tells us of a man who was healed when his withered hand was stretched forth, and the common people said, "Blessed be the Lord, for he doeth all things well." We have not very many high priests, that is not many cross ones who write awful things about it. I think there are very few of the scribes and the Pharisees. But praise God! There are many of the common people, who lift their hands and lift glad voices with one accord and cry from full hearts, "Blessed be the Lord, for he doeth all things well."

"Ought not this woman to be loosed?"

Church Relationships



*Angelus Temple
October 21, 1923*



OUR MESSAGE THIS morning is on the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Those of you dear members and friends, delegates and visitors who are going through this campaign with us know that each Sunday morning we are taking up from the Declaration of Faith what we teach and believe, founded on God's Word, that the friends and visitors, as they go out from the temple to preach and to start a work in their own town may know what the Word teaches. I would remind you that we have covered in these discourses:

The Holy Scriptures.
The Eternal Godhead.
The Fall of Man.
The Plan of Redemption.
Salvation Through Grace.
Repentance and Acceptance.
The New Birth.
Daily Christian Living.
Baptism and the Lord's Supper.
The Baptism of the Holy Spirit.
The Spirit-Filled Life.
The Gifts and Fruits of the Spirit.
Moderation.
Divine Healing.

We came last Sunday morning to The Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This morning, we are studying Church Relationship. What is the church of the Lord Jesus Christ?—What are our duties toward it?

First, I want to speak about the foundation of the church and the formation of the church, the surroundings of the church, the personnel and the officers of the church, the members, the purpose of the church, its meeting place, its gospel, its missionary enterprises, its power, the power back of the early church, which was greater than the power back of any other organization. Those early Christians were killed, destroyed scattered, but these persecutions did not kill the church. I want to speak about the benefits that a country reaps from the church of Jesus Christ. It is a good deal to cover in one day, but we are going to try to cover it.

First—the foundation of the church. Upon what foundation is the church builded? Is it builded upon a shaky foundation? Is it builded upon quicksand? Is it builded upon land like San Francisco is? Is it builded over a volcano, on land like Tokyo and those other cities of Japan were built upon? Is it built on a foundation like jelly so that, when the waves of affliction come, it is going to fall? No, it is builded upon the Solid Rock.

In Matthew 16:18, the Master has been questioning His disciples, “Who do men say that I am?” And they told him, “Some say John the Baptist, some Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.” Then Jesus said to them, “But who say ye that I am?” Clear as a bell came back the answer of Peter, “Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.” And the Master had happily answered, “Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee that thou art Peter.” Peter means stone. “Upon this rock will I build my church.”

What rock? Peter? Oh, no. If God had builded His church on Peter as the foundation, it would soon have gone down. Oh, no.

It was not Peter, or it would have fallen a little later. For fear that anyone would misunderstand, Peter in one of his epistles declares that we are little stones, but living stones, and that we are builded together upon the rock which is Christ Jesus. This temple of the Lord, its foundation is on the Rock, Jesus Christ—upon His Deity, His Sonship, upon the very surety that He Is Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Perhaps you noticed that there is to be a convention where they will discuss whether it is absolutely necessary to deal with and stick to the virgin birth of Jesus Christ as part of the foundation of our faith. But beloved, I believe that if you take away this foundation of the church, you might just as well close its doors. He is the Son of God, not the Son of Joseph. He is the Son of God, born of the virgin Mary. “Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” What was to be the power of the church? “I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be found in heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.” Praise God!

Unto the church that is builded upon the Rock and the Sure Foundation, there have been given the keys of heaven. Oh, beloved, it is a very important, a very solemn mission that is placed in our hands. I believe that today I have the key and you have the key. “How can it be used?” you ask. By opening wide the door of mercy through the preaching of the gospel. The Lord is the real Keeper of that door, but He has given us the key, you and me, that we may open it and point men to our Lord Jesus Christ. Sinners will be loosed every time if we will use the key. They will be loosed by prayer. Those who have been bound by the narcotic habit will be loosed. “Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.” Thank God!

Many spirits are being bound, the spirits of evil, the spirits of condemnation. I believe that these spirits will be bound through eternity, while we ourselves will be free through the Son of the Living

God. God grant it. So we read in the eighteenth chapter and the nineteenth verse the power of the Lord Jesus Christ and the power He has given the church. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything, they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father, which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Who is the speaker? Jesus Christ. And of whom is He speaking? Of His church, the body of which He is the Head and in whom we are all builded together, fitly framed together to be a house of prayer, a place of power.

When was the church formed? In the Old Testament? Oh, no. Not till the day of Pentecost. Then the church was born and came into existence. The Lord had been getting the material together, getting together the stones that went into it to build the great turrets and the towers...and on the day of Pentecost, the church came in with a glorious celebration. It came in with a tempest of glory. The whole house was filled with the glory of the Lord. They saw it coming with tongues of flame. That is the way it should be builded. Not on an iceberg, but tongues of flame coming down on their heads to set them all aflame. Then, having been filled with the Holy Ghost, this little company of believers, a hundred and twenty in number, began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. And as people listened, they heard them all speaking in their languages, telling of the wonderful works of God. Then Peter arose as the spokesman in the midst of them, and he preached a sermon that brought three thousand to the Lord in one day. That is the way that the church should get its members. Peter was so filled with the Holy Ghost, and he was so backed up by the prayers and the loyalty of the hundred and twenty behind him, that, as he preached, three thousand were born again and added to the church. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had a membership of just one hundred and twenty to start with, but if the Holy Spirit was so wonderfully poured out, that at the end of the day we had three thousand, one hundred

and twenty members. It was that way on this first day of the church. Three thousand were added to the Lord in one day.

What kind of members were they? They were first to repent and then be baptized in water and then to receive the promise, "You shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." I am hoping and expecting that, by January first, we will have five thousand members. I feel as though that is such a small number, though, when we think of seeing three thousand saved in one day. I do wish that we could see three thousand added in one day. Maybe if one hundred and twenty of us all went out and began to shout the praises of the Lord and believe for it, we would. I believe we would. I believe we could. By the end of the year, I want to see five thousand members, every one of them saved, every one of them baptized in the Holy Ghost according to Acts two and four, and every one of them healed, not one sick or weakly among them, like it was when the Lord brought His children out of Egypt (He said that those things were written for an example to us), and every one a soul winner, each one having won one soul at least to the Lord.

How did this early church gain its personnel? The people who gathered around it? The next chapter of Acts, the third chapter, shows us the man that was healed at the beautiful gate of the temple. The healing of that man brought five thousand more to the Lord. The people saw him dancing and leaping and praising God. They knew that he had been so lame, and they knew that he had never walked. They had had to carry him. He was lame like this little lady here used to be, in her wheelchair and in bed for years. And now to see her running up and down stairs, helping the invalids up to the 500 Room. Five thousand more people were converted and added to the church. But, beloved, I believe that, in order to get into this church, you must be born into it. You cannot get in by just coming up and shaking hands with the preacher and signing a card, but its foundation is one of the deepest spirituality.

It had one of the humblest beginnings. It began in an upper room. That is the way all the churches began, in the little cottage meetings here and there. You say, "Sister, do we see anything like that today?" Yes, indeed, we do, and we are going to see God work in that place out on Thirtieth Avenue. Yes, indeed, you are going to see it there.

We have one dear brother here. He was saved, and he is singing here in the choir, one of our boys. He works out in the Goodyear plant, and they have a Community Church there. But how are they going to get a revival in that church? One time, a Jewish rabbi preaches, and the next day a Catholic priest, and another Sunday, a Theosophist speaks. They are trying to get up a revival. Maybe so, but I do not know how. Then, this dear brother started out to have meetings in his house. First, they started with the children. They had children, and they must be in Sunday School, and it was too far to try to bring them to the temple. So they started a little Sunday School right there, and it grew till finally they had fifty children in the Sunday School, and these children would go home and tell their parents about it, and the parents commenced to come, and the little house began to overflow, and they did not know where to go, where to take the people. Then they thought of the backyard. They are going to have a tent in their backyard and have the meetings there, and we are going to help them, with getting the chairs, etc. My mother was out there yesterday to lunch, and she said, "When you get the place, how do you think you can get the people to come?"

"Get them to come!" they said. "Why, they just pack the place; people pouring in before there is any place for them."

People say, "Sister, that early church was persecuted." Yes, it was one of the marvels of the age that ought to make anybody believe in the Bible if nothing else would. Peter preached to a strange audience that first day, but the dominating power of the Holy Ghost filled his heart so that thousands were saved. But the Devil brought

up his great guns against the church, and he began to fire his guns at them. The high priests and the Pharisees put them in the hold until the next day. They told them they must not preach any more, but they went right on preaching, and they shouted and praised the Lord that they were accounted worthy to suffer. What could you do with a person when you whipped them, and they would rejoice that they were worthy to suffer?

And then we read that, as they began to preach and lead people to God, there was persecution. Paul, who was called Saul then, was at the head of it. They went into the houses where they thought that they were, and they broke up the meetings, and they led them out into the streets in chains. They would put them in prison. But other people would go right on with it. They would get a lot of them and think they had killed it out, and then another church would spring up. And when one man started out to destroy the church in Damascus, he got converted on the way, and he went to preaching the gospel. It seemed that, the more you would try to crush it, the more it would grow. Had not the Lord told them, "A corn of wheat except it fall into the ground and die abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

You thought you had killed it, but you had just dropped the kernel into the ground, and pretty soon, it had sprung up again stronger than before. Lives meant nothing to them if the glory of the Lord should be magnified. They were burned to death, or they were thrown to the lions. But the people who came to watch them as they were thrown to the lions were disappointed. For there were no screams, no outcries. They saw only the uplifted faces, heard only prayers and praises. A wicked ruler made up his mind that he would make torches of the Christians and light the streets by these living torches. He had them tied in great long rows. He dipped their garments in oil and in pitch that they might burn more brightly. Then he was carried out on his couch to watch them as they burned. And though they were to be a torch for that wicked ruler, you could not

stop their mouths, "Cheer up, Sister! Cheer up, Brother! Soon we shall see His glorious face."

"Lift up your face, Brother. Soon we shall see Him! Soon we shall hear the sweep of the angels' harps."

And as the men came along to light the torches they were stricken with conviction and prayed to be forgiven for what they had to do. The wicked ruler watched them as they burned. But as the last flicker died down and went out in those torches, there was kindled a blaze that scattered the light around the world. Other torches caught it up, and they are holding it up today. Oh, I wish that today we could catch the spirit of that New Testament church. Oh Lord, come and kindle a flame of heavenly light in our hearts today! I believe that some of us are living a very passive Christian life today. I believe if great persecution should arise against the church that we would die for our faith. But He does not want us to be heroic in that sense that we should die for Him. But that we may live for Him, that they may behold in us the glory of our Father, which is in heaven. How was this early church kept alive? Burned in oil, torn limb for limb? Have you ever read how the birds carry the seeds, and how they will drop them in the valleys here and there as they fly? I have read about how far the big birds will sometimes carry a seed. As these people were scattered, they went everywhere, dropping a seed here and another seed there.

We read about the Apostle Paul, and we read that he said that they were sending with Titus "the brother whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches" (2 Cor. 8:18). What did these people preach? They did not give a study of anything but Christ. "We have sent with Him our brother, whose praise is in the gospel, throughout all the churches, and not that only, but who was also chosen of the churches to travel with us with this grace, which is administered by us." We read that they were messengers of the church. Paul spoke of Titus as a fellow helper with him. "Whether any do inquire of Titus, he is my partner and fellow helper concerning you, or our brethren

be enquired of, they are the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ."

"But, Sister, I do not understand how that church could keep alive." Why, it could not die. In Ephesians 5:30, "For we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones." Because He lives, it too shall live. The church could not die because they were members of His body. Praise God for that body! There are some places in that body still to be filled in.

You say, "What does it mean, Sister, about the members?" Paul explains it in 1 Corinthians the twelfth chapter, verse twelve, "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that body, being many, are one body. So also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member but many."

People cannot say, "We are the only church, the only one that is going to be saved." Many members, but one body. "If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?"

"Oh, Sister McPherson, I do not believe I am in the body. I am not an evangelist—I am not a mouth." No, but I praise God, you can be the foot then. You can run errands for the Lord. "And if the ear shall say, because I am not the eye, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?" Or, if everybody was an evangelist, who would be the workers? Who would be the people, who could go out when we say, "Here is a place where a worker is needed; here is a place where we need a church"? If everybody was an evangelist, could we do that? If everybody was an eye, where would be the hearing? If everybody was a mouth, who would be the feet? Let us exhort people to come to the Lord. But praise God, there is one thing that we can all do. We can live the life, the Christian life.

And they had their elders and their deacons. They were to be men of good report, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. “What were the elders to be? The elders then were the preachers. As they went out, they were to look after the needy. Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church” What an awful thing if we wanted to send for the elders, and we did not find them at home, but if we found one off at the theater, one in the poolroom, another in the dance hall, and another smoking. And we called them together, one from the theater, where he had been hearing those foolish jokes, another from the pool table. No wonder some people do not believe in Divine Healing! It means living a clean life, coming out on the Lord’s side and living a clean life.

And where did they meet? We read again and again of their going to the church which was in the house of So-in-so.

What did they preach? They preached politics? They preached that we need a new chief of police and new sewer pipes? That we need a new jail? No, and I do not believe that their gospel was one that knocked people by name. Their gospel was not negative. It does not say, “You must not do that. And don’t do this.” It was a positive gospel. “This is the Word—this is the way. Walk ye in it.” Again and again we read, “And he preached Christ unto them.” Oh, Lord, may we as a church today preach Christ. May we remember that this is what the church is hungry for! One of the little children was telling us about a speaker who wanted to have a crowd the next Sunday, and he announced that they would have a supper. And he said, “If you come, I promise you I will not preach to you. I will not say a word.” The little one came back and said, “If you announced you were not going to preach next Sunday night, I don’t think anyone would come.” I do not believe that we need to apologize for the gospel.

I believe people are hungry for the gospel, hungry for the power of God. You know how we have tried to cut down the number of these meetings. Cut them down—you could not do it. People came and came and came. People said, “We have driven in from Santa Barbara

just to hear the message.” Or, “We have come clear from Needles, Sister, aren’t you going to preach?” What could we do? “Feed us on the finest of the wheat.” Rising to glean, just like Ruth. It was a beautiful gospel. But if they had preached Christ as the Great I Was, they would not have kept the power. Do you think so?

This church was filled with missionary enterprise. Jesus had said, “Preach the gospel to the ends of the earth.” But, praise God. They did not do it all. There is still some left for us to do, that you and I may be partakers with them and share in the glory.

Isn’t it enough to say, “I am a Christian? I belong to the church?” Is that not enough? No. But you are expected to unite with the church down here, with the livest church, the church that is alive with missionary enterprise. I believe that we should be a church member, if we can find a place that preaches the whole gospel. Some people say, “Oh, I like to go to this church sometimes, but I like to go somewhere else too.”

“I come to one place when I like it, and then I go somewhere else another Sunday.” But I believe that it is a fine thing to be connected with some church and feel responsible to help bear the burdens. I say, “Where were you last Sunday night?” Or, “Where were you on Tuesday night?”

“Oh, why I thought I would go down to that little mission over yonder. I thought they would not need me here. I was somewhere else on Tuesday night.” But suppose I came into this church, and I said, “Why, where is the pulpit today?”

“Why, they needed it over in that other church today.”

“Oh.”

“And where is my chair?”

“Well, they needed that somewhere else.”

“Where are the windows? Where is the organ?”

“Oh, they had to go somewhere else; they did not seem to have any special responsibility.”

“Where are the pillars?”

“Oh, the pillars have gone somewhere else today.”

It is a wonderful thing if people are responsible for a certain thing. How many of us say that we do not believe in being under government, and yet we love to live in a country that has a good government, that has a good strong navy to patrol its coasts, to keep the enemy away. We say, “I do not want to be a citizen. I do not want to be called on to do anything.” Yet we want to enjoy the protection of the country. If we are going to attend a church, we ought to help, and we want to hold up the hands of those who are giving out the message.

Then the place of the church. It has the highest place. I believe that it is more important than the school—though I do believe that the schools are of very great importance. The church transacts the most important business. The church is the greatest place of law giving there is, because He writes the law in our hearts, and then we obey the laws of God and of our country too. It seems to me that our churches in California should be the most spiritual of any place in the world. And especially the churches in Los Angeles, because Los Angeles is the meeting place of the world. This is the playground of the world. Our trains are unloading twelve thousand people every day, by actual count. They are coming in from New Jersey, from New York, from Canada, from the islands of the sea. They are coming from South America to get away from the heat, and from Alaska to get away from the cold. Here is where the birds of travel are gathering together. Are they going to find food, spiritual food, to carry back with them? Back east, they say that you leave your religion behind when you come over the Rookies. But may they come here and find a blessing that they can take back with them!

It seemed to me as we were building this church that I could see them coming. There were the carrier pigeons, the doves, and the eagles. And I wanted that we should have food for them all. Not politics or social reform or community uplift, but that we should get a little message ready in a little bundle and tie it under their wing. Then they would begin to say, “Now I must get back. I must go back

to my farm.” And as they go back, they would be like the homing pigeons. They would carry it home to the minister; they would carry it home to the neighbors and to the church. They would be carrying home the message till the seed should be scattered over all the land. Lord bless Angelus Temple and every church and every minister in the city. That as people come to this land, they may go back with a greater vision of what it means to be a member of this glorious church of the Lord Jesus Christ. For, indeed, we are many members, but of one body, of which Christ is the Head.

The Promised Restoration



November, 1923

Chapter VIII

WHEN GOD IS about to launch a great revival or to start a mighty reformation, He first begins to look for a man whom He may use, through whom He may speak and lead His people to victory. Through and through the country searched the eyes of the Lord, and again there must have been a conference in heaven among the Lord and His angels similar to that overheard by the prophet Isaiah in the sixth chapter and the eighth verse, wherein he heard the voice of the minister saying, “Whom shall I send, and who will go down for us?”

Away down yonder, climbing the cathedral steps on his hands and knees, the Lord saw a man—Martin Luther by name—seeking to do penance, and thereby thinking to atone for his sins. As he was toiling painfully and laboriously up the steps in this manner, sincere in his heart, a voice from heaven said, “Martin Luther, the Just shall live by Faith!”

At the words, a great light fell from heaven. It banished the darkness and doubts. It illuminated the soul of Martin Luther, revealed the finished work of Calvary, and the saving blood that alone can atone for sin.

“For nothing good have I whereby Thy grace to claim. I’ll wash my garments white In the Blood of Calvary’s Lamb.”

Martin Luther turned and looked up into that blinding shaft of light that fell from heaven, rose from his feet, brushed off the dust of penance and self-expiation of sin, and the message went ringing,

resounding in the chambers of his heart, “The Just shall live by Faith; the Just shall live by Faith.”

The days that followed were eventful days, epoch-making days, fraught with self-sacrifice and suffering. Amidst all the desolation, God had begun to move. The treading of His footsteps was heard. The roots of the tree again began to sink deep into the earth, rich with the promises of God’s justification by faith, but the way of the reformation, the way of the conqueror, the way that led back to revival glory, was a way that was paved with suffering, with tears, and with the blood of many a martyr. Out of the seas of travail and suffering that followed the doctrine of justification by faith as proclaimed by Martin Luther and the band who gathered about him, there was born a little body of blood-washed, fire-tolled pilgrims willing to suffer persecution for His Name’s sake.

Martin Luther and his followers were turned out of the churches, excommunicated, spoken against falsely, accused of all manner of evil. As Martin Luther, Knox, Fox, Miles Coverdale, John Rogers, Tyndale, Wycliffe, Fletcher, Calvin, and many other blessed children of the Lord up through the succeeding ages have stood firm for the truths of salvation and a sinless life, they suffered all manner of persecution. God’s word plainly states, “They that live godly shall suffer persecution.”

One after another, God sent forth His messages of fire with the message of restoration and getting back to old-time principles, fundamentals, and living.

THE RESTORATION BEGUN

The last thing that was lost, that is, justification by faith, was of course the first thing to be restored. One would not have expected the gifts and the fruits of the Spirit to be restored first. The trunk, the base of the tree, the roots, salvation must first be brought back and preached again in fullness, and then the limbs, and then the leaves, the flowers, and the fruitage.

Therefore, Martin Luther, the man of the hour, the man with the message, took back the first trench from the enemy, and as others caught up the flaming torch of the truth and carried it on, the work spread everywhere, a work that could not be overthrown. Then came the ways when the printing press was discovered, and the Bible could be put out in great quantities. It was the first book to be printed and bound in the English language. The truth was catching fire everywhere in such mighty power that all the fire extinguishers of the enemy seemed unable to put it out. As the noble church tree again put down her roots of justification into the fertile soil of faith, as life again began to surge through the trunk and leaves of the tree, every demon in hell seemed to be raging and howling against those who saw and accepted the light of salvation. Martyrs were burned at the stake, stoned to death, swung from public scaffolds, suffered the tortures of the inquisition, their eyes put out with hot irons. They were beaten until great gashes were cut in their backs and salt rubbed into the wounds. They were cast into dark dungeons, still true and unflinching for the Lord Jesus. They were tortured in unspeakable ways, beheaded, sent to the guillotine. Covenanters were driven from hill to hill and often had to hide themselves in caves, in order to pray or sing the praises of the Lord, hunted and harassed at every turn.

But the Lord had said, “I will restore the years that have been eaten.” And in spite of the burning stake, in spite of the blood and fire and deep waters of tribulation, in spite of the raging of the demons in hell, the great arrow that had been so long pointing down had at last started upward and was never to go backward, until it reached the top, and the tree was again restored to its perfection. Persecutions cannot stop God. Floods cannot stay His step. Fire cannot delay His progress. So line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, the work of the restoration has been going on from that day until now as fast as man would journey and permit the Lord to take him through.

THE YEARS OF THE CANKERWORM RESTORED

Justification by faith having been preached and restored as a great fundamental, it was the will and purpose of God to take His church on another step in the work of restoration, for He is ever calling a called-out people, a called-out from a called-out. Our God, His revivals and restorations must necessarily be progressive. If one gets a clear truth and is the man of the hour, the man with the message leading the people on another step, he is apt to be bitterly opposed for the time being, but he is bound to conquer if he is moving in the will of God, and though he may not live to see the full restoration of that he has preached and for which he has fought so nobly, his work shall follow him.

There is, however, a grave danger of the generation immediately following such a movement failing in this progressive walk, and settling down content to hold the trench already recaptured—failing to go on, to climb the hills and view the distant promised lands, content to sit and boast about what the great forefathers, the head of their particular movement, accomplished. The road to heaven is so steep that you cannot stand still upon it. One must either go up the hill or slip back down, for our Christian experience chariots have no brakes upon their wheels.

It was, perhaps, not the original plan in the mind of the Lord that there should be so many denominations, but practically every one of the great denominations have had for their original leaders men with a mighty vision and the message of their particular hour, who have dared to be a Daniel, dared to stand alone, dared to have a purpose firm, and dared to make it known. And as they have lifted their standard and carried it on to some new height, a company of faithful believers has rallied round and stood by their side, but when the leader was gone, the people left behind have again been brought to stay upon the hill of conquest, and there begin to erect their walls of denominationalism saying, “Here shall we ever abide. The hill which our great leader captured is enough

for us. We will go no further with the work toward the completion of the great restoration.” The result of this always is that, in standing still, coldness, backsliding and worldliness creeps in till we sometimes wonder whether, if the great leaders and founders of many of these denominations were suddenly to return, they would recognize their own offspring, whether they would recognize the formal, cold, and worldly church member of today as the red hot revival child of yesteryear.

Justification having been preached firmly and with blessed result, the next step was the preaching of Holiness, sanctified living, entire separation from the world, with a body, soul, and spirit yielded upon the altar of Almighty God, devoured by the living fires of His Spirit.

As this entire consecration and Holiness unto the Lord were preached, God called out a still more separated people, with a deeper realization of what it meant to leave a life already given up and consecrated to the Lord, but they also were met with opposition. And one of the most peculiar things about this great restoration, which has come, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, is that people a step lower in spirituality and consecration have always seemed to feel that it was their holy duty to fight and bitterly oppose the people who were taking a higher step. Return unto us, oh, Shulamite!

A CALLED-OUT, OUT OF A CALLED-OUT PEOPLE

Again and again, God permitted the work of sifting and separation in His people as He led them forth to greater heights. Even as He tested Gideon’s army, bidding all those who were afraid of opposition and misunderstanding go home, and those who bowed down carnally to think of themselves, forgetful of the great cause of the Lord, to depart. And “as He with His three hundred” chosen, persevering, dauntless believers led the way onward, storming citadel after citadel, reclaiming from the enemy each foot of land upon which they set their feet, so Jehovah, while permitting the sifting, led forth

His chosen called-out Jew to sure and certain habitation in the land of promise.

As one church grew cold, lost their first love, or fought higher truths, they lost out spiritually. As soon as one body would refuse to walk in the light, as given by the Lord, or began to set up man rule and reject the restoration of the Holy Spirit, to a large degree the Lord simply stepped over their walls and left them to their forms and ceremonies, with a measure of His Spirit, taking with Him the little “called-out, out of a called-out” flock. In many instances, the recording angel has had to write upon the door of the now-fashionable churches, who were once so spiritually filled and blessed, “Thou hast a name that thou livest, and the dead,” or “You have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.”

But the work was not stopped. Somewhere people were praying, somewhere hungry hearts were gathering—in little cottage prayer meetings, or on the street corners, and the tender shoots and branches were being thrust forth on the tree. Consecration and holiness were being preached, and the years of the cankerworm restored.

JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley was a man with a message. He knew what persecution was. Preaching on the street corners in those days, faithful followers were often stoned and rotten-egged. They were fought, but not defeated. They were surrounded, but not overcome. The power of God was manifested in the dear old Methodist church, also in Chas. Finney’s meetings, in a wonderful manner. Men and women were slain under the power of God. At times, the floors were strewn with the slain of the Lord. Signs and wonders accompanied those who preached the “meat in due season.”

As these churches lived godly, prayerfully, separated, mighty lives for the Lord Jesus, they suffered persecution. But when they, too, in many instances, began to drift away from that old fire and fervor into the same cold formal state as others before them, the power

and manifestation of the Spirit did in many places leave. When the supper room takes the place of the upper room, and the concert, the place of the prayer meeting, the Spirit is grieved away. Body after body, that began to organize and throw up walls of difference, scarce realized when God stepped over them and again called out another separated people, willing to suffer and sacrifice for Him.

“I will restore all the years that have been eaten. I will restore. I will restore,” the words rang out again and again upon the earth. And again and again God found and sought the man with the message of the hour, who would have the courage to preach in His Name.

WILLIAM BOOTH

Then came the day when William Booth was called to decide whether he would compromise or follow the greater light God had given him. As he hesitated a moment, considering all he might lose, and what the consequences would be to his wife and his family, wondering whether he should yield, Mrs. Catherine Booth, his wife, suddenly leaned over the balcony rail of that thronged church and called out in a great voice, “Say No! William Say No! Say No!”

And William Booth said “No!” and refusing to fail God and the light that had been given went forth and preached the message that had been given him.

In the early days of the Salvation Army, they, like everyone else stepping up with the light of the hour, were very unpopular, suffered persecution, were a peculiar people. They too were stoned and imprisoned. Some were even martyred, but neither the devil nor his agents could stop God and His work of restoration. In these early days of the Army, it was nothing uncommon to see men and women prostrated under the mighty power of God. Some of their number received the Holy Spirit with what they called the languages of the angels, which they now realize was nothing more than the experience of the hundred and twenty recorded in Acts 2 and 4. All-night prayer meetings, dancing before the Lord, and mighty power

manifested in their midst was the order of the day. True to prophecy, as they lived this separated holy life, they were persecuted and unpopular with the world. "He that liveth godly shall suffer persecution." What a remarkable badge of godliness!

But Ah! When business, need of great funds, and a rejoining of hands with lodges and friends of the world creeps in, how often the keen edge of the old-time power is lost and materialism takes its place!

Then came the Holiness churches, wonderfully blessed by God, and the Lord moved in their midst in a mighty manner. Many of these dear people thought that the Lord had restored all that He ever meant to restore to His church and believed that they now had all that the Lord had for them. But not so. God had said, "I will restore the years that the locust, the cankerworm, the caterpillar, and the palmerworm hath eaten." This necessarily meant ALL. Now, so far, only the years eaten by the cankerworm and caterpillar had been restored, viz., justification, holiness, and the preaching of entire separation, though many individuals such as Finney, Wesley, etc., had been wonderfully filled with the Holy Spirit, the preaching thereof had not become universal.

Chapter IX

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST RESTORED

Peter, in answering the question of the amazed multitude on the day of Pentecost, had quoted the Prophet Joel as saying, "In the last days, I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." He was quoting from the prophet who had said of the Lord, "He hath given us the former rains moderately, and He will cause to come down for us 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."

Now had come the time for the outpouring of the latter rain. The former rain had fallen on and after the day of Pentecost, to

soften the heart for seed sowing. We were now, however, nearing the time of the latter rain, which was to be sent for the ripening of the harvest grain, when the Lord should send for His angels to gather the fruits of the field together.

In many places, the Word had clearly shown that, in the last day, the love of many should wax cold, multitudes should have a form of Godliness, but deny the power thereof. There would, nevertheless, be an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the faithful believers, a filling of the vessels with oil, a trimming of the lamps ere the Bridegroom should come.

In order to restore in its fullness the power of the Holy Spirit, its fruits, and gifts, the Lord must needs again look for a man who would bring the message of the hour.

IN WALES

This time, though, He looked all round the face of the earth. He could not find just the man, and so He looked down in the earth, and there in the depths of a coal mine, He found Evan Roberts and called, "Evan Roberts, oh, Evan Roberts, come up and wash the coal dust from your hands and face. I am going to stand you in the midst of the people to preach My word."

Then the fire fell because, for that late hour for which he was most needed, was found the man who was humble and yielded and would let God have His way. The world has heard the story of the great Welsh revival which resulted. Multitudes were saved and were filled with the Holy Spirit. Men fell from their wagons, under the power of God, in the street and were converted. Merchants finally had to close many of their stores to attend the great outpouring. The British press took up and published the news. Scores were at times slain under the power of God, and many of them, remarkable to note, when filled with the Holy Spirit, found their language changed and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, as had the early church in the first days of the outpouring.

IN INDIA

Over in Mukti, India, the latter rain was outpoured. Pandita Ramabai, a consecrated missionary, was praying with a band of Hindu girls. They had spent days and nights in prayer when, suddenly, the Spirit was poured out in their midst, as He had been poured out on the day of Pentecost. Visible fire is said to have been seen upon one girl's bed, and we are told that when the other girls went for water to extinguish the flame, it was discovered to be a different kind of fire, the sort of fire Moses saw in the burning bush that was not consumed, and it sat upon the heads of the hundred and twenty in the upper room. One dear girl, filled with the Spirit, began to speak in the English language, which she had never learned, and the message spoken through her was, "Jesus is coming soon, get ready, get ready to meet Him." And wherever the Holy Spirit has come in from that day to this, this has been the first message. The Lord Jesus is coming, behold. He is even at the door. Get ready, get ready.

Upon many other Hindu girls, the Spirit fell and large numbers of them, without having studied the Word especially upon this subject or having heard of such an experience having come upon others in this place, began to speak with other languages, as the Spirit gave them utterance at the time of their infilling and many times afterwards in prayer.

Almost simultaneously, the Spirit was poured out in our own United States of America, in England, in Canada, in Africa, upon missionaries in China, and in the islands of the sea. Never was such a world-wide revival known to have spread so quickly, so simultaneously. The Spirit was poured out upon praying bands in numberless places, who had never before heard of the incoming of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal power and fullness. The thing which caused these outpourings to stand out in bold relief was the fact of their beginning to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, in languages that they had never learned, exactly as did those who had received like experience in Bible days. The latter rain was falling on the earth.

The Lord was restoring leaves. The flower, the promise of coming fruitage, were being brought back.

IN CANADA

Away over in Ontario, Canada, the message came to our hometown of Ingersoll. The writer went to one of the services being held by the Irish evangelist, Robert Semple, entered the meeting practically an infidel, having studied Darwinism, atheistic theories of evolution, until faith in God's Word was shaken, and faith in the lives of professing Christians, who lived one thing on Sunday and another thing all through the week, was also shattered. Never will those moments be forgotten. One could feel the power of God the moment one entered the building. Such singing, hands uplifted, faces radiant, such Amens and Hallelujahs, such power and fervor back of every word that was spoken, such exaltation of the deity of Christ, the necessity and power of the atoning blood, the Second Coming of Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit to energize and get the believer ready for His coming, gripped and stirred the heart. Then came the moment when the Evangelist, filled with the Spirit, began to speak in the language of the Holy Spirit Himself. Instantly, the arrows of conviction entered my heart. The Holy Ghost used this "sign to the unbelievers" (1 Cor. 14:22) to break and melt and draw my trembling conquered being unto Himself. After this came the days of seeking the knowledge of salvation, the great golden glory of it all, the days of waiting for the incoming of the power of the Holy Spirit, the mighty flood tide of His incoming presence, the seal which was given accordingly to Bible pattern, Acts 2 and 4, and the call to the harvest fields.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN HOUR

Never, never, can the writer forget that hallowed hour when, kneeling by a Morris chair in the home of a lady friend, early in the morning, with uplifted arms, she prayed and felt for the first time the tremendous inflowing power of the Holy Ghost. Never can she

forget how that unworthy, empty vessel was filled, filled, filled, to the brim and running over. How waves of blessing like the billows of the sea, rolled over and over her soul till she was gasping with the glory of it all. Never forget the glimpse of Calvary's cross with the Saviour hanging, bleeding, dying there, nor the harvest fields that stretched on and out, far and wide, whitened, ready, waiting for the gleaner's hand. Nor how the Spirit took possession of the unruly member, the tongue, and poured from her innermost being rivers of living water in the ecstatic utterances of his own vocabulary the praises of the King. Hallelujah! That was the powerhouse, the source of blessing, the secret of inducement for the soul winning in that poor unworthy yielded life!

In order to receive the Holy Spirit, one had to be empty of self and sin, for the Holy Spirit does not fill unsanctified, unclean, unyielded vessels. Poor and rich, black and white, the mistress and the maid alike received the Holy Spirit when they humbled themselves and sought with all their hearts. Those who received praised the Lord and magnified His Name, as none but Spirit-filled saints can do. Waves of glory, floods of praise, swept over assemblies that had received the Holy Spirit. It seemed there was no way of stopping this great revival. Nor did the recipients of it wish to stop it.

heavenly singing and beautiful informality, a spontaneous, ever-changing program seemed to be the mind of the Holy Spirit. Large congregations would become as a harp of a thousand strings for the finger of the Holy Spirit to sweep, making melody unto the King.

LATTER RAIN TRUTHS FOUGHT

Just as demons and men had fought the restoration of the years eaten by the caterpillar and the cankerworm, so now they fought with renewed vigor the restoration of the years that had been eaten by the locust.

Again history repeated itself, as the saints of God a step lower, unwilling to humble themselves and admit there was something

more for them, fought those who had gone a step higher and refused to walk in the light. Many failed to realize that God really meant what He said when He promised to restore "ALL" that had been lost. They lost sight of the fact that the Lord was coming for a perfect church, clad with all the glory and power of the Spirit, thought perhaps that He was coming for a tree that just had trunk, limbs, and leaves, instead of for a fruit-bearing tree, bearing upon its branches the gifts and manifestations of His indwelling presence. Some even went so far as to declare that this blessed infilling of the Holy Spirit was not for these days and did not seem to understand that we are still living in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit and will continue to do so until the Lord Jesus comes to claim His waiting bride. Others thought the blessings were for the Jews only and failed to realize that the Lord had caused both Jew and Gentile to drink alike "of this precious gift."

Even as ministers and high priests had fought each upward step in the days of Luther, Knox, Fox, Wycliffe, Fletcher, Calvin, Wesley, and Booth, so now preachers jumped to their pulpits in many places and began to condemn those who had received the Holy Spirit in the Bible way. Oh, the blindness of these dear persecutors' eyes. They, who themselves had been persecuted for former light a few years previous, were now persecuting those who were moving on into greater light. Papers were printed to condemn the outpouring, great preachers mounted their platforms to denounce it. But they could no more stop God from restoring the teaching of Baptism of the Holy Spirit and pouring out the latter rain than the former persecutors had been able to stop the restoration of the truths of justification and Holiness unto the Lord. The great revival was on. The sound of abundance of rain was filling the skies.

Draw Me, and I Will Run



*Angelus Temple
November 1, 1923*



WANT TO leave you four verses tonight hanging upon the pictures of memory's wall, for I think you will never forget this night no matter how long you live. You are going to get a blessing tonight. You will say, "This is heaven." I don't know how many people have asked me if they could be baptized over again. But there is "one faith, one Lord, one baptism."

The Song of Solomon 1:1-7 says, "The song of songs, which is Solomon's. Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me, we will run after thee. The king hath brought me into His chambers. We will be glad and rejoice in thee. We will remember thy love more than wine. The upright love thee. I am black, but comely, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me. They made me the keeper of the vineyards. But mine own vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, oh thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon."

I am so glad that, since we have found our Saviour, we have a song in our heart, and it is the song of songs. The song of perennial love, the song of eternal strains. We have a song that lives day and night. It is the song of songs, the song of Solomon, which means "Prince of Peace." Ours is the song that pertaineth to the Prince

of Peace. The Alpha and the Omega, who has become to us the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the one altogether lovely. The First and the Last, the Beginning and the Ending, who has come to fill our lives, our waking hours, and even our sleeping hours with dreams and thoughts of His glory. It is a wonderful thing to be a Christian. How some people can say that they are Christians, but don't know whether they have had a real experience, is a mystery to me, because to be a Christian is to be active in His service, and to have thoughts and hearts that are filled with His love.

"Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth." The first kiss which we receive from the Lord Jesus Christ is the kiss of reconciliation. It was that which the prodigal son received when he came home. Thank God, that many of us have received it. Once we were out in the fields of sin, we were wandering far from the fold of the Shepherd. We had left father's home and were feeding upon the empty husks. But, praise God, some of us have come to ourselves and have said, "I will arise and go back to my father and home." Some of you, standing on your feet, have started down these aisles to the altar, and the Lord met you. It wasn't as hard as you thought it was, now was it? He ran to meet you, and He has given you the kiss of reconciliation. As the father kissed the son who came home, so the Lord kissed you and said, "Your sins are gone. I have freely pardoned and forgiven you." The kiss of betrothal. We are now the bride of the Heavenly Bridegroom. "For thy love is better than wine." I have found that His love is better than wine. I have never tasted earthly wine, but I have seen others who have. It makes them light of foot and light of heart. This earthly wine usually gives people a headache the next morning, and they want a pitcher of cold water. Praise God. His love is better than wine. It changes our whole life. It changes our sadness into gladness, our darkness into the likeness of His beautiful life. True, it makes us dance and sing, but it leaves no trace of aching heads. Hallelujah, it leaves the glory of the Lord springing in our hearts and a new day in which to worship and serve Him.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee." Oh the fragrance, the perfume of thy good ointment! Have you the fragrance, the perfume of the glory of the Lord? Have you ever felt the breezes of God coming toward you? "Because of the savour of thy good ointments." What does that mean? For fear we would not understand, he adds this, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." And it certainly is. Brother, sister, "Take the name of Jesus with you. Take it then where e'er you go. It will peace and comfort give you. Take it then where e'er you go."

His name is like an ointment. What is ointment for? It is to heal, to take the sting and the burn out. Thank God, His name is an ointment. No matter how heavy your heart is, His name can make it light. His name is like an ointment. It brings life, peace, and joy in place of death, sorrow, and discouragement. "Thy name is as an ointment poured forth." There is healing in the name of Jesus, not only for souls but for bodies. When my little boy or my little girl hurts their hand or their foot, they come to me and say, "Mamma, I have hurt my hand. Will you please pray?" I always have a box of ointment ready and, in the name of Jesus, pray for them. Thank God, for the ointment.

"Thy name is as an ointment." Sister, dear, has your heart been hurt? Have you been burned, brother? There is a Balm in Gilead. There is healing power in Jesus Christ. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." What do those words bring to your mind? It brings to me this verse, "He poured forth His soul unto death." And when I think of that, I see my Christ upon the Cross of Calvary pouring forth His life and blood for me. "Thy name is as an ointment poured forth."

Another thought, the alabaster box. Do you remember the woman in the Bible who anointed Christ for burial? Did you ever see an alabaster box? When she brought it to the Saviour's feet, she could not open it because it had no opening. There is only one way to get it open to get the beautiful perfumes, only one way, and that is to break it. And she broke it over His feet. That was a beautiful thing for her to do, but it was only a type of Jesus Christ. He was

the Alabaster Box of mercy, pardon, healing. Before we can get the beauty of it, it must be broken. His ointment was poured out! I am so glad the perfume has lasted. It is filling the whole world yet. "Thy name is as an ointment poured forth."

"Therefore do the virgins love thee." If you have ever caught a glimpse of Jesus Christ on the Cross, you cannot help but love Him. Who love Him? The virgins, not those wedded to the world.

The last thought. "Draw me, we will run after thee." Lord, I have seen you on the Cross, your body broken and bleeding for me. Draw me, and I will run after thee. "Draw me, we will run after thee."

"Draw me, we will run after thee." Is that what your heart is saying, "Draw me. Draw me, Lord." We never could save ourselves. Some of you were saved Sunday night, some yesterday, and you may feel very weak and timid, but there is land ahead. Keep saying, "Draw me." For some of you, this is a new life, a new step. You never have had a family altar, never have prayed. "I do not know much about the Bible, but you said, I should repent and be baptized, and now according to God's word, I am going to be baptized.

How can I grow?" By saying this, brother, sister, "Draw me, and I will run after thee." He will do the drawing, if you will do the running. It is a sort of cooperative scheme. You must run, and He will do the drawing. Something pulled you right down to the altar. That was the Saviour drawing you. He will never leave you out. "Draw me, and I will run." Some of you ran down these aisles. Thank God, you have come. I will never forget when He drew me to the Cross, and then He drew me to the prayer room. He drew me to the water baptismal fount. He drew me into the evangelistic field. He drew me to Canada, England, Ireland, the United States of America, Australia, and back again. Oh, so many times He has drawn me to speak a word. I hope I can always answer back, "Draw me, and I will run." Lord, you have called me. Here am I. Send me.

Let us ever follow Him and run in His footsteps, until at last we see Him in glory.

The Eyes of the Lord



*Angelus Temple
November 4, 1923*



LAST SUNDAY, WE studied "The Power of God," and when we had finished that theme, we were made to realize that we had just begun it, but touching on the highlights we thought, thrilled, and gloried in the power of God. Today we are going to talk about the eyes of the Lord.

Eyes are the window of the soul. When we look at a person, we usually look into their eyes. We don't usually watch their feet while they are talking, nor their hands, but we watch their eyes. Somehow, the eyes are more truthful. When people fabricate, they hold their face as if they were telling the truth, but we can look into their eyes and can usually see whether they are telling the truth way down in their hearts. But, praise the Lord, the eyes of the Lord are ever truthful. And, oh, that we may gaze into those eyes this afternoon, that we may see His love, the love light, shining there. That we may see mercy and pardon mingled freely. That we may see the suffering, the compassion, the searching of those eyes.

"The Eyes of the Lord." But, before we begin to think about these eyes, I wish that you could become conscious of these eyes. I wish that you would put this unworthy handmaiden behind the Cross and see only the eyes of the Lord. They are here now; they are looking down upon you. His eyes see through the dome, through you, through your coat, through your cotton or satin gown. They look into your heart. Lord, we are conscious of your eyes this afternoon, and may we find grace in your sight.

“The eyes of the Lord.” First, these eyes are all-seeing. There is nothing hidden from His eyes. A man talks about his telescope and how far he can see with it. One man says, “I was on Mount Wilson and saw more than 150 miles.” Yes, but God sees all around the world. My little daughter and I were talking about the eyes of the Lord and she said, “Mama, that is a queer thing. How can He see on both sides if the world is round?” I think He must look right through it. At any rate, the world is like a map before Him, and His eyes are all-seeing. It takes only a little thing that can obscure our view. I see that balcony, but now I hold an envelope before my eyes, and I can’t see it. It only takes a little thing to cut off our view, but the eyes of my Lord are all-seeing. “Thou God, seeth me.” We have the telescope and can see some wonderful things, but with our most powerful telescopes, we can only see a little. But think of the eyes of the Lord. Sometimes when we are on a dizzy height, like Pikes Peak or Mount Wilson, we see for miles in every direction at night, what seems to be a far land. There is Riverside, Pasadena, San Diego, Santa Barbara. Isn’t it wonderful?

[this portion of the sermon has been lost]

“That is all right, Sister, but you said He had it all written down.” Yes, but do you know what He will do? He will wipe it clear and throw it behind his back. And, Hallelujah, God never looks back. Then He will turn to a clean white sheet, call the angel to bring the gold ink and will write your name on the top. Then He is watching. “The eyes of the Lord run to and fro.” There is nothing that misses Him.

“Sister, how in the world am I going to live a holy life? How am I going to make His eyes pleased with me?” By being washed in the Blood of the Lamb and keeping His banner of love over us. Those dear searching eyes! That which is down in the secret closet, that which we would not have anyone know shall be proclaimed upon the housetops. “Oh, Sister, it doesn’t mean that, does it?” It certainly does. “Well, I am a businessman here. Folks know me. I know some of them and would like some liquor, so I went into the bootlegging

business. I thought they would never know it. Oh, I thought I could hide it. I thought no one knew. And, oh, the money I am getting from it. It is moonshine stuff. I know people go to the hospital from it, but look at the money.” Brother, don’t touch the money, it is cancerous money. I would rather be poor in this world than to be rich and have to answer for those people. The eyes of the Lord are upon you. He sees the columns, the accounts, the cash register. His eyes run to and fro. I think there is nothing that really matters but being right in the eyes of the Lord.

“I am getting, discouraged, Sister McPherson. I guess there is no hope for me.” Of course there is hope for you. All that you need to do is to come to this altar and plunge into the fountain filled with the Blood of Jesus Christ. You will get the peace of God when this is done. “What if I do anything wrong after that?” He wants you to walk perfect, but “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous.” If we fall, He will pick us up. “Sister, do you think He really would?” Why, I know He would. “I don’t know. I got straight here several months ago, but I backslid, and I never had the courage to come back. Sister, I took a tumble and fell.” Why didn’t you come back to the place where you found Him the first time and get the glory in your soul again? “Oh, I was afraid He would cast me off.” Never, never, never.

I was so proud when my little girl began to talk. Her daddy died before she was born, and I had to be her father and mother. I had her back against the wall.” Come Roberta, walk to mother. Come on.” She put out her little foot and got away from the wall. She took another step, and the first thing I knew, down she went. What did I do with her? Did I throw her outdoors and say, “You fell down, and I shall never have anything to do with you again”? Remember, if a mother loves her child, the Lord loves you more. “I know, but I fell.” Well, will He throw you over the fence? He knows how we have been bent by the world, and He knows how weak we have been. Look at Peter. When he began to walk on the waves to his Lord, the eyes of

the Lord were upon him. While Peter kept his eyes on the Lord he was all right, but when he got his eyes on the waves that moment he began to sink. Jesus did not give him a push and say, "You are no good. I am going to push you right under." He didn't do that. Peter said, "Lord, save me." He didn't waste any words. "Lord, save me," and immediately the Lord put out his hands and caught him. That is what you should have done. Come to the Lord, and He will hold you fast. Oh, those searching eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ! We know that He sees every secret, every hidden part.

The eyes of man and the eyes of the Lord are a great deal different. Sometimes, under man's eyes, we are all right, but there is only one way when we are right under the eyes of the Lord, and that is when we are under the Blood of the Lamb.

The eyes of the Lord are yearning eyes. They are yearning over you. They are not only yearning eyes, but they are wistful, forgiving, blessing eyes. His blessing is just hovering over you. "I have set my eyes upon you for good."

"But, Sister, I have so many problems in life. I don't know what is right. I don't know what to do about certain things." The Lord says, "I will guide thee with mine eyes." Oh, I do want the Lord to guide me with His eyes. Praise His name! There are some people whom the Lord cannot guide with His eyes. He has to bribe them.

How many have ever broken in a horse? We had a horse that was violent, and nobody could ride him. How hard it was to get on his back, but I determined that I would. I decided to make a ragman to put on his back and see how he acted. I took father's trousers and stuffed them. Then I tied it on the horse's back and strapped it underneath. Oh, how that horse acted. The dummy's head fell off, his feet fell off, and nothing was left but the trousers. The horse came back just a lather of sweat. Winter came, and I led the horse up to a snowbank. I got him in the deep snow and got on his back. I had the bit and the bridle, and I held him. He got tired, and I petted and talked to him. Finally, he got used to it, and at last, I was able to ride

him. I could take him to water down the road, but I always had to be careful about that bridle. At last I could go without that bridle, and I could jump on him like any other horse. Praise God! I believe the Lord wants to get us where He can guide us with His eyes. With some of us He has to hold a bridle, and sometimes He has to use a whip. But, ah, He wants to get us to the pliable place where He can guide us with His eyes.

Yes, "speak my Lord, speak to me. Speak, and I'll be quick to answer thee."

"I will guide thee with mine eyes." So many want to go their own way. "Let thine eyes be opened into this thine House. I have hallowed this house." Do you believe He has? I do. "I have hallowed this house." It seems so hallowed to me that even when they are cleaning, if I hear them lift their voices or begin to run, I say, "Oh, don't do that. Speak softly and walk." The Lord is saying, "I have hallowed this house."

The eyes of the Lord are tireless eyes, sleepless eyes. You can call upon Him in the night watches, and He is wide awake. He sees the parties when they break up. "Thou God seest me." And now these sleepless eyes are watching. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth."

"The word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight. But all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4:12-13).

"Sister McPherson, you have been talking about the eyes of the Lord, but that doesn't mean me. I am a little cripple." Listen. "There is no creature that is not manifest in his sight. All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." The

eyes of the Lord are like flames of fire, but His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of water. The Lord has two different glances: one for the Christian and the repentant sinner, and the other for those who reject Him and turn away. He is looking at us this afternoon. When He comes in the clouds of glory, I want to be ready, don't you? I want His eyes to be as the eyes of the dove. I want Him to be able to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I don't know when He will take me, but I want to be in harness working for Him. Oh, that I will be true and in the center of His will.

His eyes are like rivers of water, His eyes are like the eyes of doves. When the words "Well done" are spoken, I think I would be so proud, so proud that I wouldn't speak to the angels for a week. "My Lord said "Well done." Did you hear it? That is what I am yearning for, to be found with grace in the eyes of the Lord, not the eyes of men or the club, but the eyes of the Lord. Hallelujah!

But when He comes to those who reject Him, I am so sorry that His eyes are going to be like a sharp sword, and man's heart shall quake and tremble. The man who said, "I don't care. I don't believe in all this." But His heart will melt and go down beneath those eyes. The Lord's eyes will say, "Brother, you knew. You had the Bible. You lived in America. You heard that little woman tell the story of the Blood and of its atoning power. You looked, but you would not listen. You saw the agonizing eyes of the Christ on the Cross. But now it is too late."

"The eyes of the Lord." His eyes change as He looks upon us. Come, child, enter into the joy of the Lord. Dear Lord Jesus, let us see your eyes as you look upon us.

"The eyes of the Lord." Remember, if we are sinners, we can be cleansed by His precious Blood; if we are unjust, we can be made just. Every bit of temper, pride, worldliness, selfishness can be cleansed away, and day by day, we will be made into the image of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And when He shall come, we shall see Him as He is. Hallelujah!

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen



Angelus Temple

Sunday evening, November 4, 1923



WE ARE TO speak tonight upon the subject of "lost, strayed, or stolen." For many years the Lord has permitted me, as a humble handmaiden, to preach the gospel fifteen years. I have preached in Canada, Hawaii, Australia, the United States, and in various places, witnessing for my Lord. And I love Him so Who first loved me! But, during my travels, I often used to think I would dread to be a pastor. I have met some pastors who say, "I have been here for ten years preaching to these people." Isn't it wonderful? I don't know how I would do it. Just think of preaching to the same people Sunday after Sunday, month after month, and year after year. Where do you find your sermons? I always dreaded the day if the Lord should tie me down to a place. But for ten months now, I have been in this place, and to think the Lord has helped in giving me a pitcherful to help fill the pitchers of others! Dear Lord, give us a pitcherful tonight.

I feel that there may be many people here tonight who are either lost or badly straying or stolen. Lord, "bring them to yourself tonight" is the prayer of our hearts. David tells us in the 119th Psalm, the 176th verse, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep." I wonder how many lost sheep there are here tonight? In Jeremiah, we read, "My people hath been lost sheep. Their shepherds have caused them to go astray, they have turned them away on the mountains. They have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting place."

“The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.” In the Bible, we read of things being lost and found. Dear Lord Jesus, grant that anyone lost here tonight may be found before the meeting is over. Say “Amen.” Are you praying?

We read of a woman who lost a penny but found it. We read of a shepherd who lost a sheep, but it was found. We read of the prodigal son, but he came back to his father who rejoicing said, “This my son was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found.” Lord, send every lost person here tonight. What an awful thing it is to be lost! Is there anyone here who has been lost? The worst place to be lost is in a crowd. My little daughter was with me in a large department store. She began to stray away, admiring the dolls and other pretty things. She turned several counters, and in a moment, she was lost. “Where is my girl?” About that time, there had been notices in the paper of people who had been kidnapping children. I looked and looked and finally heard a cry, “Mamma, mamma, where are you?” I knew her voice and found her. But what a white little face! Last Sunday, a mother came to the Temple and asked, “Do you know anything about our little girl? Do you know where she is? She came here but did not come home.” I called the little girl’s name, and, yes, she was here. Oh, how happy they were because they had found her. There was a little girl in the lobby crying. “Darling, what is wrong with you?”

“I have lost my Momma. I ca—can’t find her anywhere.”

“Is she in the Temple?”

“Y—e—s, y—e—s, in there, but I want my Mamma.” The poor little girl cried like her heart was broken.

It is an awful thing to be lost, but I am afraid some of you are spiritually lost unless you come to Jesus Christ. It is awful to be lost in a crowd, but it is still more awful to be lost in the desert. How many stories we have read of people being lost in the desert. Life is like a desert people lost and seeking the water of salvation, yet not knowing what they seek. Seeking shelter, peace, and following the desires

of worldly pleasure. “Come, I am money, social success, find me and you find success.” Ah, how many have chased these things, but when we come, there is nothing.

Many are lost in a forest. I heard of a man who was lost in a forest, who went round and round in a circle, until at last he found his way to deliverance. It is an awful thing to be lost in the mountain, an awful thing to be lost in the sea, but a still more awful thing to be lost in sight of home. Many are on the sea of life, sailing and wandering from the shore. What an opportunity to make the harbor of God’s love! The captain who knew that something was wrong with his rudder said, “We will not fix it now but will wait until we go in dry dock.” So they sailed through the calm, but just before they made the harbor, there came a storm, and the ship began to toss higher and higher. Instead of being able to steer it safely, the ship went on the rocks. The rudder failed. So near the harbor, but yet they could not make it. The ship was crushed upon the rocks. Others tried to rescue them, but they could not reach them in time. It is an awful thing to be lost at sea, but the most awful thing I know is to be lost in sight of home. There were loved ones on the shore waiting for them; they stretched out their hands, but they were lost in sight of home. Beloved, you are in sight of home tonight. Some of you have a faulty rudder. Come on board tonight, and make it right. So near and yet so far. You are near the harbor, but you may be lost. Here is the harbor, but there is the rock. Lord, grant that none may be lost.

If I was getting out a spiritual newspaper, my first ad would be, “LOST, somewhere between the sunrise of life and sunset years of age, one precious soul worth one million dollars. A large reward offered for the evangelist who can find that soul and bring it to Jesus Christ.”

Lost, one precious soul between sunrise and sunset. Is it you? Is it you? There is a large reward offered me if I can find you. The Lord says He will put my name on the book and write, “Well done.” And that is the biggest reward I know of. LOST one precious soul. Is

it you? Is it I? “LOST one golden minute, studded with sixty golden seconds. No reward because it can never be found.”

Lost, one golden minute, but many of us have lost precious hours. Some of us have lost precious years. We have lost the months studded with their weeks, and some of us have lost youth itself. “LOST,” how many could answer that ad tonight. Lost, one beautiful youth twenty years long. Never a year lived for Jesus, never a testimony given, never a soul one. Not only twenty years of youth, but young manhood and womanhood, that you might have lived serving the Master. LOST. No reward offered because it can never be regained. Gone into the bottomless sea of the past, and no chain can be made long enough to bring back your past. No matter how long you have lived, you can never get it back. But, thank God, we have the future.

LOST middle age, twenty years of my youth. LOST twenty years of midlife, strength, mind, talent, voice, service. Golden opportunities, all lost. Last Thursday evening, at the baptismal service, we baptized a girl and a boy.

“Do you love Him?”

“I do.”

But the last one to come into the baptistery was a good old man. His hair was silver with the foreglow of the setting sun; he leaned heavily upon the bannister. He came out tottering.

“Grandpa, how old are you?”

“Eighty-two years, Sister, and I bought my first Bible today. I was just converted yesterday.”

God bless him. Thank God he has come. But forever there is that sign. LOST, twenty years of youth, twenty years of young manhood, twenty years of midlife, twenty years of old age, and two years over on borrowed time. Thank God, the Saviour met him and loved him. Of course, he will go to heaven, but what a terrible loss, an irreparable loss!

What about you? What would be the ad that would bring you back, if I should put out the paper? Would it read something like this, “LOST one mother’s son. He had two clear blue eyes as clear

as the sky. Two strong hands ready, willing, and quick. Two strong limbs and feet. One staunch, brave heart. Lost, one mother’s son. Last seen on merrymaker’s turnpike facing toward the dance hall, card tables, pool room. Mother’s heart breaking. A light in the window awaits him. No questions asked. Lost, one mother’s son.”

“Is it you?”

“Yes, Sister, it is I, but I don’t think she would take me home.”

“Look here, buddy, how long has it been since you wrote your mother?”

“I have not written her for five years. We had a little quarrel, and I left home. I have often regretted it, but I cannot go back. She would not have me.”

Oh, boy, she is waiting for you. Remember, she loves you, but God loves you more. LOST one mother’s boy. At home, she is praying tonight perhaps right now. “Oh God, you know where he is. Take care of him. He is out in the world, but I can’t help him. Let some angel reach him. Let someone preach a sermon that will bring him back.”

LOST one mother’s boy. “But, Sister, I am such a wreck since she last saw me.”

An evangelist was to preach on “The Prodigal,” but before the service, he said to a certain lady, “I want you to sing “Where is my wandering boy tonight.” With a startled look she said, “I can’t do that.” When pressed for a reason she said, “Well, it is because I have a wandering boy. He went away years ago because of a quarrel about his pay. He never came back. I don’t think I could ever sing it. I wonder where he is, whether he is dead or living. I don’t think I can sing that song.”

“Sister, I am sorry for you, but I grant you to sing it more than ever.”

“If I sang it, I would break down.”

“Sing it anyway. If it comes from your heart, it will reach other hearts.”

She sang, "Where is my wandering boy tonight, the child of my tenderest care. Oh where is my wandering boy tonight. Oh, where is my boy tonight." Then she struggled through the last verse, "Go for my wandering boy tonight; search for him where you will. But bring him to me with all his blight and tell him I love him still." A man got up, and he looked through the mist in his eyes and started rather stumbling down the aisle. She was singing, she had not seen but a shadow. He fell at her feet and then threw his arms around her and said, "Mother, Mother, you don't mean it, do you?" She looked down at him, and though his coat was ragged and fumes of liquor were on his breath, she looked at him with a mother's love, brushed his hair back, put her cold lips upon him, and said, "My boy, my boy, of course I love you."

"Mother, you don't mean it!"

"Of course, I mean it. Have you come back to me, darling?" Then they made their way down and kneeled at the altar. He was lost but was found again. Hallelujah.

LOST one mother's boy. Laddie, may I find you tonight and lead you to the Christ of Galilee, who loves you more than a mother does? Imagine how a mother feels when she loses her baby, a father when he loses his son! It is an awful thing to lose a baby. Yes, but do you know that God loves you more than a mother loves her baby? A mother may forget her own offspring, but God never forgets you. He is looking for you, girlie, laddie.

LOST somewhere between sunup and sundown, one precious soul, worth one million dollars, yes, more than that. "Sister, you don't mean me; I am only worth twenty cents." Ah, you are worth more than the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, the gold, the silver. "Sister, I don't think so. I was just thinking about ending it all. I don't see anything to live for." There, there, you are worth saving. One soul is worth every cent that was put into this Temple. Praise the Lord!

It is not only sons who are lost, but daughters too. If I were writing, I would write an ad like this, "LOST one foolish, beautiful butterfly,

fluttering, giddy, lighthearted butterfly. Last seen near the white heat of the candle. Lost, one beautiful butterfly, so thoughtless, gay, and bright. Last seen fluttering near the light of the candle. Her wings are singed; she has changed in many ways, but a large reward is offered for her return. Mother's arms are open for her; the light is in the window. Lost, one mother's girl. Last seen wending her way in the lights of the ballroom. Her heart was light, her life was bright. But, ah, where is she now. Last seen in the lights of the ballroom, not looking down, not knowing that the ballroom was filled with pitfalls. Mother waits. Jesus Christ waits. Earnest Christian workers wait. God bring her back."

"That is me you are talking about now. But, I don't think I could get back. My wings are singed, my morals gone, but I don't care." Yes, you do care. Come to Jesus Christ, and He will make you that bright singing girl you were. Come home, He loves you. "No, He doesn't; He isn't a God of love. I heard someone say that God was going to send me to hell." No, no, no, He would never send you. If you go, you must go over the body of Jesus Christ; if you go, it is of your own free will."

"Don't touch me, I want to go down." Don't do it; you know you are not happy. Come home, mother is waiting for you.

Do you know that, when this Temple was built, I wanted to build a temple unto the Lord. Then the people came in and helped me. I brought most of the money from outside of California. I found a plan whereby each person might donate one seat to the temple. No one could purchase a seat unless he promised to pray every night for the person who might sit in his seat at every service. "When you put in that seat, remember this, I want you to pray every night of our life for whoever sits in that chair." For fear they might forget, I had a little chair made, and they promised to stand this on the mantelpiece and pray every night for whoever sat in their chair.

"Lord God, I am not able to preach, but you have called Sister McPherson to tell the story. Lord, I might not be able to get to the

temple. I am way back here in Canada, Australia. But Lord, I am going to pray. Who sits in my chair tonight? Lord, the number is 7361348. I don't know who is in it, but there may be a motherless little girl. Lord, save her tonight. Maybe she has been a gay butterfly. Maybe her wings have been burned. God save her. Save the poor child tonight. Help Sister to say some loving word that will bring her to Thee tonight. Or, Lord, it may be some young man in my chair tonight. Save him." My dear, don't you see it might be your chair that that lady is praying for tonight? Lost, lost, lost. Is it you? Come to the Lord Jesus Christ tonight.

Or, it may be tonight LOST the peace and happiness of one mother's mind. Lost while yearning for her boy. Lost while leaning over the chasm looking for her girl. Is it your mother?

Then, I think I would put in another ad, reading like this, "LOST the old-time religion from one church. Lost, the old Amen Corner from a certain congregation that I know. Lost, the old altar calls. Lost, the old preaching of God's love for the sinners and the cry for them to come home." I feel that this is what our nation needs. Dear Lord, get us back to the old-time religion. We need it. We need it. When a minister is getting sinners to come to the altar, others should never, never, never be jealous of him. They ought to take off their coat and say, "Girlie, I am with you. Boy, I am with you." There is so little of it today that when we see anyone with the desire we should help them in every way possible.

Lost, lost, lost. But, Hallelujah, the Lord Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost. He who found the prodigal son can bring you back. He who found the lost sheep can bring you back.

"LOST – STRAYED – STOLEN."

You have gone way down in the valley. It is years since you had a family altar. You have gone so far that you have even taken the name of the Lord in vain. So far that you have laughed at the people who took the step. That was because you were under conviction yourself.

There are some tonight who have gone far astray. Lord, bring them in I pray.

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep." It is easy to go astray. Just go down a little ways from the Cross, just this one novel, just one cigarette, I won't go very far just a little way. Just one game of bridge, whist, poker. Just the first shot of the needle with morphine—everybody is talking about it, and I might try it.

STRAYING, STRAYING. Brother, Sister, you are on the wrong road. "I have gone astray like a lost sheep." Is it you? Just one joy ride. "Here is the automobile and a couple of young men I have never met before."

"Girls, don't you want to take a ride. Come along." Girls, what do you say? "Well, I guess there could be no harm in it." My girlie, there is harm. I believe those joyrides are full of more pits than the dance hall. Girlie, don't do it. Rather walk on your shoes every minute of your life. But if you have gone astray, the Lord is ready to bring you home. Isaiah says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned everyone to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"LOST – STRAYED – STOLEN." "Oh Sister McPherson, before you leave that subject. I know it is right. You said, "Strayed, one boy or one girl." You got me Sister. "Could He take me back? Does He love me?" Of course, He does. "I don't think my father would take me back." Yes, He will, if the love of God is there. A minister in a Scotch Church preached a very strong religion. He said, "Sin is sin, and right is right. If you are right, you are right, and if you are wrong, you are wrong. Those who are right are going to heaven, and those who are wrong are going to hell." One day, his own little daughter was led like a sheep astray. The father heard of it and drove her from his door. "You are my own daughter, but you cannot stay here. You are wrong, you are wrong," and he drove her from the house. She put her plaid shawl around her and went away, saying, "God, I know I am wrong."

The father said, "I have done right, she is wrong, and I believe in standing up for what I preach." Yes, but it is a pretty hard gospel.

The father's heart was broken, and he could not preach. A young man came and preached on John 3:16, "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." As he preached the tears ran down his face. "The Lord loves you. It matters not where you are, his love will bring you back." The father sat there and said, "That is what he preaches?"

"It matters not who you are. It matters not how far you have strayed, his love will bring you back." The second Sunday, the minister gave the same text, "God so loved the world." The father began to melt. Pretty soon, he got his handkerchief and wiped away the tears. Could it be? Could it be that God had a love like that and that he would bring his daughter back?

"God forgive me, I am wrong."

"He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

"Father, forgive me."

As he prayed, he felt better. He used to sit on the piazza waiting for the lassie who never came back. "Lord, where is she? I was wrong to drive her from the door. Lord, bring her back to her father. You know I love her."

One night, the father was in the house praying, and he had the Bible opened at John 3:16. "Oh God, bring her back. Bring her back. Bring her back tonight." Suddenly someone was coming over the hills, down the dusky highway. The sun had set, but a light was in the father's window. As the girl came, there was a little bundle in her arms. She came to the gate. She stood and poked in. She saw the light in the window. What did it mean? It had never been there before. "Father, could you forgive me. Father, I knew I was wrong. Could you forgive me?" But she was afraid to go in. Then she said, "I will go in. If I cannot go home, where can I go?" She went up the old walk, she came to the steps, she made her way up to the door. She

knocked, and she heard the creak of a chair someone was coming with a bound to the door. Her father drew her in his arms, bundle and all, and said, "My lassie, my own sweet lassie. I knew you would come back to me. I did not know about the love of God, the height, the length, the breadth, the depth. You are tired. We will kneel together and tell our Father all about it. And as they kneeled there, they prayed. And she had come home.

"LOST – STRAYED – STOLEN." The Lord is looking for you. He wants to bring you back to his own heart.

STOLEN. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." Ah, dear one, how the devil would like to have you stolen! How he would like to steal away your happiness. You cannot take the wealth of this world with you. How the devil would steal your ambition, your golden opportunities, your heavenly home! Oh dear ones, come back to Jesus Christ. Have you been taken captive by the enemy? Has he stolen your heart, your vocation, your life? Come home. Come home. "Sister, why do you plead like that? What do you care about me?" What do I care about you? Don't you know that I love you? But my love is nothing like the love of God. Right now I would like to go down behind this pulpit and weep out my heart for you. If I could pick you up in my arms and bring you to Jesus Christ, how quickly I would do it. But I cannot do it. I tell you that one soul is worth this whole world put together. Who knows but that someone's boy or girl is here tonight. God bring them home.

A mother had two sons. One went to sea, but she could not let the other go. However, his heart was there. A ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland. You could hear the ship crack. People were going to the shore to help. The boy tore from his mother's arms and said, "I am going to help."

"Don't you go, Bennie."

"Mother, that ship is going down, and I must help, and you can't stop me." It took the men a long time to throw the life line, but they

had it free. They sent it over the sea, and it landed where the ship was breaking to pieces. They were sinking, but strong hands from the shore were going to save them. They were bringing them back. This mother's son made trip after trip. He was the means of rescuing many. The mother was on the shore and thanked God. But she said, "Bennie, don't go any more."

"Just once more, mother." There is one man I saw out there clinging, and I must go.

"Bennie, don't you go."

"Mother, I am going."

He made his way along from hand to hand. At last, he reached the spar; he reached the poor man who was unconscious. As he looked, he saw that that man was his own brother. The mother had two sons now. Oh beloved, it may be one soul tonight. If I can get that soul, that boy or that girl. Come to Jesus. LOST, STRAYED, or STOLEN, but He is ready to bring you back.

The Divine Exchange



*Angelus Temple
November 7, 1923*



WANT TO SPEAK to you for a moment about the Divine Exchange—something you are going to exchange this afternoon for something else. Oh, praise the Lord! I pray that every one of us may get the glory this afternoon.

Did you ever read about the man who was looking for a certain lamp which he could rub and get anything he wanted? In order to get this lamp, he had to get all the housewives to turn out their lamps, and he would go down the street and say, "New lamps for old! New lamps for old! New lamps for old!" And they could make an exchange, get rid of their old lamps and get the new lamps.

Some of us are exchanging our old-time religion for a new religion. But what is the new? There is an exchange I want you to make this afternoon, really to exchange your old lamps and get a new one. You can really exchange your old body and get a new one. You can exchange your old heart and get a new one. You can exchange your old life and get a new life, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

When I see this great crowd of people, my whole heart flows out with sympathy and with love—and my heart is so little compared with the heart of the divine Jesus. My heart is like a little thimble by the side of this whole Temple, compared with His heart. Oh, how He loves you! One of the first things I want to impress upon you is His love, the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It seems to me sometimes that, if a little more of that love could be injected into sermons, we could get greater altar calls. People are hungry to hear about the

love of God. This love of God has made a wonderful provision for divine exchange.

You have come in from the street, you have come in the streetcar, you have come in a limousine, you have come in a Ford—it makes no difference, you have walked through these doors of Angelus Temple and are now seated under this beautiful dome.

You are heavily burdened; you are bowed down. Perhaps you don't realize yet how little you are.

“Oh, Sister McPherson, I have always lived a good life. I pay my debts. I haven't done anything wrong—no great sin, mine are just little sins.”

“Sister, brother, do you know who is the greatest sinner in the world?”

“Why, yes, the murderer.”

“No.”

“Oh? The thief?”

“No.”

Who is the greatest sinner in the world? What is the greatest sin? The greatest sin in the world is rejecting Jesus Christ; the greatest sin in the world is rejecting Jesus Christ. In order to reject Him, you don't have to do anything—just do not accept Him, that is all. Just remain neutral. That means the door of your heart is fast shut. If you are keeping the door of your heart shut, you are a great sinner, no matter how moral you are. You are a great sinner if you reject Jesus Christ, for that is the great sin, that is the root, that is the trunk of the tree itself of which other things are the fruits. Oh, my brother, my sister! If you are a sinner this afternoon, my Lord wants to save you.

Or it may be you are like this laddy boy who gave his testimony, with his body just quivering as he told the story so bravely. That meant something to that boy, to get up here and give his testimony. Perhaps you aren't one of those self-righteous, moral sinners; perhaps you're just a common, every-day sinner. God grant you are, for

you are far more easy to reach than the other kind. Perhaps you are just that ordinary sinner, you say, “Yes, it is I, and I feel I have wandered so far from the Lord, I can never get back. My heart is stained with sin. I have been using tobacco for years. I am addicted to this, to that, to the other. There is temper; there are so many things. My heart isn't fit for the Lord to live in.”

And you are the one I want to talk to about divine exchange. You can bring up that sinful heart and leave it here this afternoon and get a brand new heart.

“But my heart is so hard, Sister. I would give anything if I could get broken up like those people, but there is just something in me that won't break. I don't know how to explain it, but when my little boy died, I couldn't cry. I just seem to be hard. I have been in business, I have struggled with the world. I just can't—”

Divine Exchange will fix you up. He says He will take away the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. He will give you the heart of a little child. He will take away your heart, and He will give you a different kind of a heart, a clean heart, a pure heart, a saved heart.

“But, Sister, I don't know. I don't think that I could be a Christian. I would like to. I sit in this audience, I hear you talk about it, I would give anything in the world to have that experience. Take for instance swearing. I swear, I can't help it. When I get mad, when I hit my thumb with a hammer, I just say things it comes out before I know it.”

Well, Divine Exchange will fix you up. He will give you a new heart, and with the new heart, He will give you a new conversation, and don't you see, if the heart keeps right, everything else will be right. “Out of the depths of the heart, the mouth speaketh.”

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” If you get this Divine Exchange to working, Jesus Christ will take the old heart and give you a new one, and praise God! When you hit your thumb, you will say, “Hallelujah! Thank the Lord for victory! Praise God!” When you have to get out and change an automobile tire

when you're in a hurry, you will say, "Thank God for victory! Praise God! I can keep sweet in a time like this." How was it done? Divine Exchange.

How was this man, Captain Fitzgerald, whom the world would call a dare-devil, happy-go-lucky, thinking only of the world and of those things, soaked with tobacco, through these years thinking only of the things of the world. How in the world comes a man like that to come to Angelus Temple, come up here to the altar boo-hooing like a baby, with his face in the crook of his elbow, sobbing until his shoulders shook, saying, "God, I have been a wicked man, but I give you my life now." What does it mean, his saying, "Folks, the most wonderful experience has come to me? I have been saved!" What does that mean? How did he come to get rid of that tobacco? How does he come to be so changed, his face shining like that, healed now and able to worship God like that—how did it come? Why, Divine Exchange. He has given up the heart of sin, and the Lord has given him a new heart, a new life from sin set free.

I would like to show you how the exchange is made, and I think lots of you will find that you have got something you would like to exchange for something else. Praise the Lord!

First of all, some of us have sins we would like to have exchanged, Sinfulness to be exchanged for Righteousness. If you will just get up when I call you, stand to your feet, make your way to the aisle, come forward, and kneel at the altar, I can assure you that you can get this Divine Exchange this afternoon, a sinful nature for a righteous nature. Will you come? "Well, no, Sister, I don't care to come up there to the altar, I will get it right here." There you go! You aren't doing what I tell you. You remember when the leper, who wanted cleansing, came to the man of God he was told to go down and dip seven times in the Jordan River, he turned away, saying, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the River Jordan?"

"My way is good enough, why can I not get it right here?"

"What is the good of going to the altar? Can't I get it here?" There you go! You have tried your way, why not try God's way?

You have tried getting it in a nice, quiet, genteel way, where no one would know; why not try the Divine Exchange?

Come up to the altar, where the business is transacted, and the Lord is right there to make the exchange. And as you come up, say, "Lord, I now give you my sinful nature, the burdens of years. Lord, I am giving the whole thing up, by your grace, this afternoon. I give you my temper, I give you my meanness, my tobacco habit, the swearing, card playing, the love of dancing, the desire for drink. Lord, I now give up my pride, I now give up my folly. I now give up my utter selfishness that has made me want to live for self. I give up the fear of people."

And really that fear of doing it before people is being ashamed of Jesus Christ, if you analyze it right down to the depths. Jesus Christ was not ashamed of you. When He took a stand for you, He took a public stand. Is it not wonderful to think there is a place where we take a public stand for Jesus Christ? "Lord, I give you my pride. I give you all my sinful nature. Lord, what may I have in exchange? There it is, Lord, I empty it all out on the altar." The Lord says, "Wait a minute child, I have something to exchange for that sinful nature." And He just hands it right out, and it is His divine nature of righteousness. And, in the place of sin, there is righteousness. In the place of that pride, there is a beautiful humility. In the place of that fear of what people will think, there is a holy, sweet, assured boldness to witness for the Lord Christ. In the place of swearing, there is praising of the Lord Jesus Christ. In exchange for the love of dancing and worldliness, there is now a dancing heart that leaps and skips and throbs with the praises of the King. Divine Exchange. He takes your sin, you take His righteousness. You say, "Sister, I don't know what He would want with my sins. They are terrible." Of course He wants them. He wants to get them all and tie them up in a bundle. Praise

God? He won't even put your name on them. He will just throw them right over His shoulder and forget them. Divine Exchange!

Won't you make Him yours this afternoon? Your habits—would you like to exchange them for heavenly habits? “Well, I don't see any harm in tobacco. And I don't see any harm in this and that.” Maybe not. Maybe not. But you will see different when you come to Jesus Christ for this Divine Exchange, and your new heart, which you get will give you new desires, and the smell of that old tobacco—you won't want to see it, for you will be exchanged. “I still hold that there is no harm in smoking a good cigar.” That would Jesus do? Can you picture Jesus Christ coming to Angelus Temple? “Yes, I can, Sister dear; I feel His presence here now.” Well, can you imagine him making the journey to the Temple with a cigar in his mouth? Can you imagine putting your hand down in the Lord's pocket and finding a pipe and in another pocket a tobacco pouch? Don't argue. “Be ye clean regarding the vessel of the Lord.”

It isn't only the men folks. “Sister, we have lots of habits to exchange, nagging and being sharp and quarrelsome.” You may have them exchanged for the sweetest, most even temperament in the whole world, and it isn't something we make ourselves, it is something that is given to us. Divine Exchange!

I think some of us would like to exchange our weaknesses this afternoon. Weak of will, some of us weak of heart, weakness of purpose, weakness of character, and some of us weakness spiritually, and many weak in our body. Bring it all. Divine Exchange will take care of you. Bring Him your weakness. Bring Him your poverty. Bring Him your needs. Divine Exchange! For your weakness He will give you His strength. Oh! I have proved that again and again and again! I have seen people that just seemed they couldn't make a decision. They did not have the courage to say no; they were easily molded, easily pulled by any wind that was blowing, pulled to bad companions here and there. When they came to Jesus Christ, they suddenly

became like a rock, praise God! Divine Exchange! They gave Him their weakness, He gave them His strength.

That will take care of you physically, too, because, if you bring Him your heart, you are going to bring Him your whole self, body, soul, and spirit. And He will keep you perfect that you may be able to present yourself a perfect sacrifice, body, soul, and spirit, and that will take care of your weak body. When you do business with God, you get the best end of the bargain, every time. You give Him your weakness, He gives you His strength. Hallelujah! Give Him your inefficiency, He gives you his all-sufficiency.

The first thing that should come in making this exchange must be a bargain. You say, “I will do thus and so,” and the Lord says, “All right, if you will do thus and so, I will do so and so.” You must first come and say, “I will repent. I will surrender here and now.” The Lord says, “All right. I will accept your surrender, I will accept your repentance, and because of your surrender and repentance, I will freely forgive you and make you mine” (Jer. 33:8). “I will cleanse you from all your iniquity, whereby you have sinned against me. And I will pardon all your iniquities, whereby you have sinned, and whereby you have transgressed against me” (Isa. 57:15). “For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.”

“Lord, I will be of a contrite and of an humble spirit.”

“All right, my child, I will come and live with you.” If you purpose to be with Him, He will come and dwell with you “to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. For I will not contend forever, neither will I be always wroth. I have seen his ways, and will heal him. I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him. Now, let us see. I have seen, I will pardon, I will heal, I will restore.” Now, there are very direct promises in your Divine Exchange. Come and take them this afternoon (Isa. 40:29). “He

giveth power to the faint, and to them that hath no might He increaseth strength.”

“I give you my weakness, Lord; you give me your strength.” You get this Divine Exchange. You give Him your weak body, as well as soul, and He will give you a strong soul and body (Isa. 40:31). “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.” Hallelujah! “Lord, here am I.” Divine Exchange, this afternoon.

Give Him first your heart, give Him your life, and then we can talk about your body. “Sister McPherson, I wish you would hurry up and tell us a little more about Divine Healing. I do want to know about it.” My dear brother, sister, I am telling you. It is Divine Exchange. But if you will be healed, first give your heart to Jesus Christ. The first thing you do, lift your hand and say, “I am a sinner.” You know whether you are really a Christian or not. “I don’t know whether I do or not. What is a Christian?” A Christian is someone who lives like Christ. Are you like Christ. Do you live like Christ? Do you act like Jesus Christ in your home? Have you acted like Christ to your little boy? Have you acted like Christ to your wife, or your loved ones? Have you acted like Christ in your business? Have you acted like Christ in your habits?

A Christian is one who is like Jesus Christ, being molded, shaped into his own image. If you are not a Christian, my dear, you are a sinner, and the Lord wants to save you this afternoon. So, the first thing to do is to lift your hand, saying, “Sister, I am a sinner.” Second, get to your feet, “I am going to have this Divine Exchange, I am going to exchange my sin for His righteousness.” Come to the altar, get down, and say, “Lord, I am a sinner. I have wandered away from you, my heart is far from you, but I give you my sins, my unworthiness, my all, Lord, in Divine Exchange. I do not deserve it, but give me cleansing, pardon, peace, salvation, and righteousness. Thank you, Lord. Now, Lord, I not only give you my sinful nature, but I give you myself,

body, soul, and spirit, and I take yourself, Lord, I take your love, your life, your strength, your blessing, the courage that I need. Lord, I thank you. The exchange is made.” You get up and say, “Thank God, I am a Christian. Once I was a sinner, but now I am a Christian. I am going to follow Jesus now. I am only a babe, I am only weak and new in the way, but by God’s grace, by prayer, and the precious Bible, will be like Him.” You are saved now. You can sing, “Oh Happy Day!”

But what about that body? Thank God! You give Him body, soul, and spirit. How should you get your healing? Something like this. Begin to work for God. I dare say, there are a great many people in this audience who have never spoken to one sinner about the soul’s salvation. If you begin to do it when you are sick, you will find your body improving. There is that lame limb. You can’t get around very well on that. There is that boy, who is stone blind, who says, “Lord, I can’t work very well like this.”

“Here I am with this crutch—I wish I had a strong body. If I wouldn’t work for you in this revival! I can’t get around very fast like this, but I am willing to do all I can for Thee. But about Divine Exchange. Would it be possible for me to give you this crutch, this cane, these braces, this wheelchair, these blind eyes, this punctured ear that I got out there in-the football grounds; if I give you that, Lord, in place will you please exchange with me and give me your strength?”

“I will strengthen you, I will heal, I will restore.”

“Lord, I have read this. May I have it?”

“Why, yes, Child. Do you want it for the Lord.”

“Yes, Lord, not for a selfish purpose, not that I can be rid of pain only, not that I can go out and work for the world and the devil, but I want it that I may work for Thee. Sister McPherson is here in this meeting, Lord; I want to help her. If I can help win souls to Christ, Lord, heal me.” Divine Exchange!

“If I give you my weakness, give me Thy strength, that I may work for you. Glory to God! It is done!”

“Sister, someone told me if I would come up here, you would heal me.” Oh, I wish I could! I wish I could give you my strength—although I need it all myself. I wish I could give you my health—I would be willing to share up with you. But I can’t do it, so I can’t heal you because what you want is exchange. You can’t give me your cancer, and I give you my strength. you can’t give me your paralysis, and I give you my strong limbs. I can’t do that. But I know someone who can. If you will come to Him, He will take the exchange. He will take your weakness and your timidity, and He will give you the baptism of the Holy Ghost, fire and strength and power and glory to go out and work for Him. He will take your quarrels at home and give you in exchange quiet and peace. He will take your broken heart and give you a happy heart. I have proven that. Praise the Lord? He will take your burden and give you a load of joy.

“Sister, you transact the business for me.” My dear, I can’t do it. Don’t you see, if you had a piece of land this afternoon that you wanted to exchange for another, I couldn’t do it. You have to transact your own business. It is just like that with salvation. You must come, you must transact the business. You give Him your heart; He will give you His heart. You give Him your love; He will give you His love. It is the best bargain that anyone ever made in this world or in glory above. Divine Exchange!

Blessed is He



*Angelus Temple
November 8, 1923*



HIS EVENING WE are going to read the thirty-second Psalm, a little message of blessing to the candidates for baptism.

“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity and in whose spirit there is no guile. When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night, Thy hand was heavy upon me. My moisture is turned into the drought of summer. I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord. And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found. Surely, in the floods of great waters, they shall not come nigh unto him. Thou art my hiding place. Thou shalt preserve me from trouble. Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. I will instruct Thee and teach Thee in the way which Thou shall go; I will guide Thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto Thee. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass Him about. Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous. And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.”

When my eyes fell on this passage, it seemed like nothing could fit the occasion better. First, I believe we can all say “Amen” to “Blessed is he.” Happy is he, prosperous is he, wise is he, or “Blessed”

covers all these. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." Many people are trying to be happy, seeking it through the world, wealth, fashion, pleasure, but there is only one way to be really blessed, really happy, and that is through the Lord Jesus Christ, and through the knowledge of sins forgiven. Are you one of the blessed tonight? Or, are you on the outside? Do you feel left out? You looked up into the choir and saw their shining faces, you saw the people to be baptized trembling, yes, but it was their first testimony, and they did look happy. "I am not a Christian, but I wish I was." Hallelujah! You can be one of the blessed tonight. You can be washed in the Blood of the Lamb and know your iniquities are forgiven and your sins covered. Covered with what? Some try to cover up their sins but are not blessed. Some try to cover them with excuses, saying, "God will forget." But that isn't the way to be happy. "Blessed is he whose sin is covered," covered by the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tonight, we are reckoning that your sins are covered. As an outward sign you are coming to be baptized in water, coming to step down these steps to stand at the front. Lifting your hands, you will say "Praise the Lord," and your face will be beaming. Then you fold your hands, reckoning that you are dead. Dead to sin, to the old life, to the chains that once held you. Dead to the habits of yesterday. Dead to the sinful life. And you are not only dead, but buried. You are going down, down, down, until in a moment you are covered by that water. It is only an outward sign as to what is taking place inwardly. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Being dead to the old life, we are buried with our Lord in baptism. If baptism doesn't mean buried, what does it mean! Jesus Christ died on the Cross and was buried. So we reckon we are dead and are buried with Him in baptism. But, Hallelujah, He didn't stay in the grave. So are we raised up, and we can sing, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity and in whose spirit there

is no guile." Satan says, "You know how proud that woman was, how worldly." But Jesus says, "You cannot bring it up for the past is under the Blood." Calvary's flow makes you whiter than snow. It is a daily walking with the Lord.

"Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile."

"Sister, how could a man have guile about religion." To come in the church to be a professor but not a possessor, that would be having guile. But, "Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile." He is genuinely born again. He has had a definite experience. He is brought up with a new love, walking along with Jesus Christ.

"When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night, Thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." How many were really convicted, had a real old-fashioned conviction? I am glad you did. When the Lord saved me, I had it. For three days the arrow of conviction was left in my heart, but at last the Lord saved me. I love to talk to fishermen, and there was one in Florida who used to tell me about the sharks they used to catch. They used harpoons to catch the sharks, and he told me of how the sharks struggled, until at last they were worn out, and the men could bring them in. And the Lord is able to get the harpoon right down in our hearts. We may flounder in the water, but God has the harpoon in our hearts. You fight if you want too! Some of you are fighting now. Some folks are meek and mild as a little lamb, but when they are convicted, they say awful things. But, watch out, some of these days God is going to pull you in. Hallelujah!

Brother, if you go out, He has hold of you still. If His Word acts as a harpoon in your heart, you will be able to say, "Day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me." Those three days I battled with conviction, it seemed I could not give in, but I could not turn Him away. Coming home in a sleigh, I said, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." When I opened my mouth and spoke, thank God, something happened. David seemed to know something about that, "I acknowledged my

sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.” It was no good to cover it up, saying, “I am good enough. I don’t need salvation.”

“I acknowledged my sin.”

“Well, I have told my wife many a time.”

Yes, but isn’t it “I acknowledged my sin unto Thee.” He it is who will bring you that blessed peace.

“Mine iniquity have I not hid.” Don’t try to tell the Lord what street you live on, or how you have helped that widow, or about the good works you have done, but confess your transgressions unto the Lord. When you come to Him, give Him your body, soul, and spirit.” I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, “I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.” If you have not done this, may the Lord keep His hand on you heavily, may He so convict you that you will not get a bit of sleep. When you shut your eyes, may you hear the message ringing in your ears. God keep your hand heavy upon the sinner until he will say, “I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.”

The next words are, “And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”

“Sister, I don’t think He would ever forgive my sins. You don’t know how far I have wandered away.” Maybe not, but I know one thing. If you will say, “I will confess my transgressions,” the Lord will be right there to forgive your sins.

“For this shall everyone that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found.” Now is the time to pray. Tomorrow may be too late. Today is the day of salvation. Today, if we will open our hearts, He will come in and sup with us. “Oh, I’ll do that when I am older.” But this may be your last sermon. Take the opportunity now. Come to the altar, give Him your heart while He may be found. If the Lord is on your side, “in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him. Thou art my hiding place. Thou shalt preserve me from trouble. Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.” It is so wonderful to have a hiding place in time of storm when sickness, death, trouble come to your door. It is

wonderful to be able to say, “Thou art my hiding place. Thou shalt preserve me from trouble. Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.” Hallelujah! When everything seems to go wrong, He is there with songs of deliverance.

Then the Lord answers, “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye.” New converts, remember that the Lord will instruct you. He no longer imputeth to you iniquity, but he instructs you. You have a clean page with your name written at the top. You said, “I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord,” and He forgave you. If He did, say “Amen.” And now the Lord is with you. He is my hiding place. “I will instruct thee.”

“But, Sister, this is so new to me.” Take Captain Fitzgerald, who has jumped from aeroplane to aeroplane. To think of him being in Angelus Temple, giving his heart to Jesus Christ, and coming tonight to be baptized. Take this other dear boy who ran away from home, got in bad companionship, and drank some bootleg whiskey. He became blind from drinking this stuff, was taken to the hospital, and was afraid to write home. “Surely mother would not love me, and Daddy would not forgive me.” The parents found him, and the boy says, “I will never forget the feel of mother’s kiss on, my lips. You don’t know what it is to have mother kiss you when you are blind.” His daddy clasped his hand in his. They brought him to Sunday School, and they stayed to the morning service. It was Communion Sunday, and the subject was “What’s in the Cup.” The boy had to let the cup go by because he was a sinner. They came to the night meeting, and of all subjects to be preached, it was “Lost, Strayed, or Stolen.” Lost—one mother’s boy. “Ah, that is I.” Lost, the peace of one mother’s mind. “That’s my mother.”

When the altar call was given, thank God, the lost was found. The boy and his parents came to the altar. The boy was deaf in one ear as the eardrum had been broken in a football game. The worker did not know this and prayed for the boy in this ear. Instantly his

ear was opened. The next day, he and his mother came to the 500 Room to the preparation service, expecting to be prayed for about Saturday. They came the next day, and they were praying for a blind girl back east, when the boy's eyes were opened. He jumped to the platform and cried, "I can see. I can see."

"But, Sister, it is such a new life to me. I wouldn't bring discredit to you or the work. I am such a child." There, there, there, don't worry. The Lord says, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." I know a little girl who, if you say anything real cross to her, she will cry.

The other day I said, "Now if you don't do this, girlie, I will have to get a stick."

"Oh, Sister McPherson, you don't have to do that. Look at me, and just say one word, that will be enough."

"Darling, I didn't mean it that way."

"I know you didn't."

It is love that brought us to this. We don't need a club and a whipping. He says, "I will guide thee with mine eye." No one could make me do anything I didn't want to, but love would win my heart. I would do anything for my Lord because of His love for me. "I will guide thee with mine eye." You can tell as you look into His eyes whether there is a cloud between you. If there is, don't get discouraged. Come back to Him, and He will save you.

I have this last thought to share. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." Do you know anybody who is like a mule? You couldn't pull him, nor you couldn't push him. Come to Jesus. But he wouldn't come, so I thought I would push him. But you couldn't do that. The only thing to do is to build a fire under him—a Holy Ghost revival. The Lord doesn't want us to be pushed. He wants us to be pliable, sensible, so that He can guide us with His eyes. Lord, have your way."

"Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Wherever you go, you are compassed round about. Thank God for the Christ. I feel that His mercy compasseth me about. I feel it here in Angelus Temple, and in Los Angeles. You will feel it in your shop, in your work, in your home. "But, Sister McPherson, you should hear the remarks they make to me about being a Christian. Any other time, I would have trimmed them all, but now I can't do anything." Brother, the Lord will take you through. "Mercy shall compass you about." If temptations come, they are good for you, He is going to make you an overcomer.

I don't like California apples. Back in Canada, we have the best apples. Out here, they don't get enough cold. In Canada, the leaves fall off the trees, bitten by Jack Frost. The winds come, the snow falls, and by and by, you will see that tree covered with ice. You think the tree could never bloom again, but wait until spring. There comes the green leaves, the flowers, and when the apples come, they are better than California apples. Now, you know I like California, but Canada's apples are better. I think it is because we have the cold, the ice, and the sleet. Dear ones, you don't want to be a Christian without some tests. You want the winds and darts of the enemy to come. And remember, when they come, every arrow from the enemy's camp must come through the walls of God's camp first.

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous. And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." Everybody shout now! Say, "Praise the Lord!" And those coming for baptism, we pray the glory of the Lord to fall upon you.

The Battle of the Air



Angelus Temple
November 11, 1923



HIS EVENING, WE are speaking, asking humbly, the blessing of the Lord upon us, upon a subject which the Word of the Lord teaches very clearly. I have preached to you nearly eleven months. The Temple has been open ten months, eleven days to be exact. I have said very little to you about Satan. It has almost been entirely about the power of the Lord. That is my great hobby—to preach about Jesus Christ and Him crucified. But in my message, the Battle of the Air, I fear I must show you both sides. There is the power of the enemy seeking to hold back men and women from the Kingdom of God. But, praise the Lord, the devil is a defeated foe. God will give you all the victory if you only ask Him. In speaking on the battle of the air, I want you to pray for me. It is a subject that I have never heard anyone preach or read anything about it.

The battle of the air! Great statesmen, military leaders, journalists, and inventors the world over tell us that the next great battle is to be a battle of the air. We read in our magazines, journals, newspapers, thoughts of many people along this line. Some say that we will never have to go in trenches again, that it is a thing of the past. That I do not know. They say aeroplanes are equipped to destroy every town. A great city like New York could be sent down in ashes in a short time. These earthly battles, I do not know about. We know that they have explosives and deadly gasses. That we know. But of this I am sure, that at present there is a battle going on that could be termed the battle of the air.

This Armistice Day, our heads have been bowed reverently, and our eyes have been lifted to the Stars and Stripes, the most beautiful flag that flies today, with liberty for all and protection for all. We have been praising the Lord for peace and rest, that we may preach the Word of God. Nevertheless, there is a battle going on, even though it is Armistice Day, even though you cannot hear the boom of the cannon, the thunder of the artillery. It is a battle of the air. It is going on in Angelus Temple now. You may feel its effects before this service is over. This battle is not only in Angelus Temple, but is going on around the world. The battle of the air! When the aeroplanes used to come over to London and Paris, carrying explosives, people were terrified and digged for themselves cellars. But how weird it must have been to know that a battle was going on! At last, the whistle would blow, or there would be a cry, "It is all right now. You can come out, because our friends, the British Fleet, the American Fleet, have come and driven the enemies away."

"Our enemies were trying to get us, but our strong leaders drove them away. We have conquered, and it is safe to come out." What a weird thing it must have been! Yet the idea is not a new one. There has been a battle in the air going on for almost six thousand years.

In the Garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve were there, Satan entered and began to battle with the woman, "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" She answered, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." It was the Battle of the Air. Something was saying, "Disobey God. Take it if you want it. You will never get caught. He isn't looking." And the woman was tempted and yielded. She went to the tree and saw that it was good for food and ate of it, and later she gave some to Adam. It seemed that the first round of the battle was won by the enemy, but the Lord was right there. He sent down His angel hosts, and He has been fighting in

our behalf ever since. If we are on the Lord's side, there is sure to be victory.

The Battle of the Air in the Day of Cain and Abel

It was the enemy that made Cain lift his hand and strike that blow. Have you ever felt that power? Sinners, I believe you have. I talked to a man who did an awful deed. "What in the world made you do a thing like that, brother?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know why I did it. Something took hold of me like anger, and I struck that blow. I don't know why I did it." What was that "something" that laid hold of that man? It was the Battle of the Air. Satan tried to conquer that man, but Jesus Christ won and the man is on the victory side. Hallelujah.

It is an invisible battle, but before I finish this service you are going to feel it. "Sinner, don't you go up there. You don't believe the Bible is true. You don't need to believe it, there is nothing in it. Don't go to the altar, don't put your hand up. You are good enough." Ah, what is that? That is the power of the enemy trying to keep you back from Jesus Christ. But, thank God, there is another force the power of the Lord Himself. Put your fingers in your ears, and don't listen to any other suggestion. Arise, steal away home to Jesus.

Which are you going to listen to tonight, for it is your will that will decide the battle tonight? If you will say, "Yes" to Jesus, His legion of angels will bring you tonight. Ah, if our eyes could be opened, there is a great battle on. A battle between visible armies. Plumes are waving, banners flying, shields glistening in the sun. The armies of darkness battling against the armies of light. The kingdom of Satan versus the kingdom of God. But we know who is going to be triumphant. The Lord Jesus and His people. Hallelujah. The armies above against the armies below. The Lord spoke, "You are from beneath; I am from above. You are of this world; I am not of this world." A battle is going on. What were we singing tonight? "See the glorious banner waving?"

Hear the bugle blow! In our Leader's name, we'll triumph over every foe." What are these foes? The Battle of the Air! But I believe the Lord is encamping about this place waiting to bring you home. You cannot see. I would that you could. Angels are ready to write your name in the Lamb's Book of Life, if you will but say, "Yes," to Jesus Christ.

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And Jesus Christ is the Victor. He is far above all principalities, might, dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but in the world to come. Since we have given our hearts to Jesus Christ, we are raised up together and made to sit in heavenly places with our Lord.

"Sister McPherson, I didn't read anything about this battle. I didn't read anything in the papers. When did it begin?" It began when the devil was cast out of heaven way back yonder. The Lord tells us in Luke 10:18, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." That is when it began. Satan was cast out of the Glory Land because of his pride. "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." And instead of repenting, he has been raging a warfare against the Lord ever since. It isn't that he cares to make you a sinner, that he cares to keep you from the glory. He isn't interested in you, but he is fighting against the Lord Jesus Christ. But, thank God, he can't do it here, for I believe you are going to give your hearts to Jesus tonight. I believe the Lord will win the battle tonight.

That is where it begins, but where does it end? In the twentieth chapter of Revelation. But in this interval between his being cast out and finally overthrown, there is certainly upon us a battle of the air. "Sister, tell me something about it. How does the enemy fight?"

Let us turn to the story of Jesus Christ. He had been born a babe in the manger and now grown to the age of manhood. He stepped into Jordan and was baptized. He was filled with the Spirit, then led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil tempted forty days. I am so glad that He was, for now He has been tempted on all points, like

we, and when we are tempted, He understands and is able to deliver us. Tempted forty days. Here was the Lord Jesus, and here was Satan tempting Him. First, "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Then, he took Him into the city and put Him on a pinnacle of the temple, saying, "If Thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." And then, the devil took Him up into a mountain, showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and said, "All these things will I give thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." But instead of Jesus Christ bowing His knee, He overcame Satan by the power of the Word and said, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt Thou serve.'"

That was a battle in the air, but there came angels and ministered unto Christ. I believe that the angels gave Him to eat and drink, and that He went out in the strength of the meat He received. I wonder how many of us have been tempted? If we have courage to say "No," the Lord will come and encourage us.

In the story of Peter, in Luke 22:31, we read of the Battle of the Air. The Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." That is the other force fighting for Peter. "But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." That is true of you as it was of Peter. Won't he be happy when I give the altar call, and he can make you keep your hand down. "Don't you do it. You know tomorrow morning, you wouldn't live it. You are too bad, or you are good enough." If he can glue you boys to the chair, won't he be happy? "Satan hath desired to have you." But, on the other hand, thank God, the Lord is saying, "But I have prayed for thee."

"Why, Sister, is He praying for me?" Of course He is, just as much as He prayed for Peter, for He now stands at the right hand of God as High Priest making intercession without ceasing. "Satan hath desired to have you, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

The Battle of the Air! We read a wonderful case of this in Zechariah 3. And he shewed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, "The Lord rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire." Ah, I believe some of you are standing before the angel of the Lord tonight. The Lord is here, but you cannot see Him. "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, there I am in the midst." Here are over five thousand three hundred gathered together in the name of the Lord. Oh, He is here!

"Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments and stood before the angel." Here was a man wanting to pray, of unclean garments and wanting clean ones, he wanted to get through with God. But Satan was there to resist him. But the Lord was there to rebuke him. There is a battle in the air. Here you are in the presence of the Lord. On the one hand, Satan is there to resist you, "Boy, don't go. Girl, don't go. You know you couldn't live it. You know the Lord can't keep you. Don't go." But the Lord is on the other side saying, "The Lord rebuke thee, oh Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire." If some of you get saved tonight, you will be "a brand plucked out of the fire."

"Joshua was clothed with filthy garments," and we are too, if we are sinners. "Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, 'Behold, I have caused Thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.'" That is what the Lord is saying to you, "I will clothe thee with change of raiment," the robes of salvation. "And I said, 'Let them set a fair mitre upon his head.' So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments." But, ah, listen you, who think you could not stick to it. "And the angel of the Lord stood by."

"Sister McPherson, is that in the Bible." It certainly is in the third chapter of Zechariah. A man was trying to come to the Lord, but Satan was resisting him. However, the Lord was on the other side to

rebuke Satan, saying, "Let him alone. This is a man plucked out of the fire. Take away his filthy garments, and put upon him the beautiful robes of salvation. Set a crown upon his head." And it was done, and the angel of the Lord stood by. It is a wonderful thing to have a guard of Navy boys, or Marines, or Legion boys, but, ah, there is someone you can all have to guard you, if you will trust in the Lord. "The angel of the Lord stood by." He will never leave you; he will never fail you.

"Sister, I am such a sinner. Is He able to take away my filthy robes?" Yes, praise the Lord, for He has done it. There is a young man who ran away from home. He got into bad company, began to gamble and went down. He drank some bootleg whiskey. (It is easy to get it in this country, but, thank God, prohibition is a success just the same. My little girl and boy have never seen a saloon. In Australia, there are far more drunken people than here. We had seen very little of it here, but no sooner had we gotten off of the boat than I saw men staggering in the streets of Australia. God grant that it will never come back here).

To get back to my story, the boy drank bootleg whiskey. Boys don't touch it, not one of you. He was taken to the hospital, but in this suffering condition, he did not dare write home. He became blind. "I have disgraced myself and my family." The nurse asked, "How are you?"

"Fine," he replied, but he didn't feel fine. The next thing he knew someone kissed him and said, "Do you know me?"

"Mother, mother. Oh mother." His arms went around her, and hers around him. A big hand crushed his, and that was Daddy. They brought him to Los Angeles and to Angelus Temple. He heard me preach the Communion sermon, "What's in the Cup?" He said, "Oh that I could take it, but I am a sinner and can't." They came back to the meeting that night, and of all the themes that might have been mine, the theme was "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen." Lost, one mother's boy. Last seen going to the dance hall, the pool room. Lost, peace of mind of one mother.

The boy said, "That is I. That's my mother." And then when the call was given, he got up and his mother and daddy led him, and they came to the altar. The daddy was converted, the mother reclaimed, and the boy saved. He went to Polytechnic High School, and while playing football two years ago, the left ear drum was broken. The worker who prayed with him didn't know that he was deaf but prayed right in that ear, and the next thing the boy knew his ear was opened. On Monday he came to the 500 Room with his mother, thinking that he would attend the preparation service and, by Saturday, be prayed for. Again he came on Tuesday, and they began to pray for a blind girl back east. Suddenly, this boy received his sight. He leaped to his feet, jumped to the platform and said, "Folks, I can see." He was so happy. And last Thursday, I baptized the three of them together. How Satan tries to oppose, but the Lord will win the day.

"Sister, I don't think He can save me." Of course He can. There is a man here who was an aerial police, jumping from aeroplane wing to aeroplane wing. He took the championship for high diving, going seventy miles an hour and diving some two hundred feet. And, praise God, the Lord saved him. There is one thing that he wants to do in his aeroplane, and that is write "Jesus saves" in the air. And, if the Lord could save Captain Fitzgerald, I believe he could save anybody. "Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, 'The Lord rebuke thee, oh Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, 'Take away the filthy garments from him.' And unto him he said, 'Behold, I have caused Thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.'"

"But, Sister McPherson, do you really think there is a personal devil?"

"I know it."

"Well, give me proof of it."

All right, let's turn to the tenth chapter of Daniel. Daniel had been praying earnestly and humbling himself before God. He says, "I lifted up mine eyes and looked, and behold a certain man, clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in color to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude. And I, Daniel, alone saw the vision, for the men that were with me saw not the vision, but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves. Therefore, I was left alone and saw this great vision, and there remained no strength in me, for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength. Yet heard I the voice of his words. And when I heard the voice of his words, then was I in a deep sleep on my face, and my face toward the ground. And, behold, a hand touched me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands. And he said unto me, 'Oh Daniel, a man greatly beloved, understand the words that I speak unto thee and stand upright, for unto thee am I now sent.' And when he had spoken this word unto me, I stood trembling. Then said he unto me, 'Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words.' But the prince of the kingdom of Persia (which shows the devil has thoroughly organized working forces) withstood me one and twenty days, but, lo, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me, and I remained there with the kings of Persia. Now I am come to make thee understand what shall befall thy people." Here was a man praying, and wondering why he didn't get the answer. Satan tried to stop that man from getting his blessing.

There is a battle in the air. Shield against shield, but the Lord conquered as He always does. "Then there came again and touched me [Daniel] one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened

me, and said, 'Oh man greatly beloved, fear not. Peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong.' And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened, and said, 'Let my Lord speak, for thou hast strengthened me.' Then said he, 'Knowest thou wherefore I come unto thee?' And now will I return to fight with the prince of Persia, and when I am gone forth, lo, the prince of Grecia shall come. But I will shew thee that which is noted in the scripture of truth. And there is none that holdeth with me in these things but Michael, your prince." There is a battle going on between the angels and the hosts of the enemy. "When I am gone forth, lo, the prince of Grecia shall come." Praise God. He won the battle.

In the sixth chapter of 2 Kings, we read of Elisha, in the Battle of the Air. The king in the midst of the battle told him every maneuver the enemy was to make. The king of Syria was troubled about this, and he called his servants unto him, saying, "Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?" One of his servants answered, "None, my Lord, oh king, but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." And so the king of Syria said, "We will send horses and chariots and take this Elisha captive."

"Therefore sent he thither horses and chariots and a great host, and they came by night and compassed the city about. And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto Him, 'Alas, my master! How shall we do?' And he answered, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man. And He saw. And, behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha. And when they came down to him, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and said, 'Smite this people, I pray Thee, with blindness.' And he smote them with blindness, according to the word of Elisha."

Do you see the Battle of the Air? Here was the enemy with all his hosts.

"What are we going to do?"

"We are going to backslide, and they will take us captive."

You cheer up. The Lord saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire. I believe, if we live for the Lord who died for us, he will protect us like that too. If you give your heart to God, don't be afraid of backsliding. "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Pray, "Lord open my eyes," and you will see, and the Lord will deliver you.

In Philadelphia, I was holding a camp meeting. Our meetings have always been marked with order. They wanted to know if I wanted special policemen to protect. I said, "I never have had. The Lord takes care of me. He details a special heavenly police force." We pitched our tent in a Catholic playground. It didn't belong to them, but they used it, but I didn't know it. The boys didn't like our interruption. We had rented the ground, and people from all over the country attended the meetings. As I preached, the multitude came, but standing outside, there was a hosts of boys. One night, I heard they were going to get gasoline and burn the tents, but I said, "Let us trust God. I am afraid the Lord would not help me if I lean on earthly things." The boys hid something. The tent was full of fine people, but the boys stayed around. Several men were giving talks, but we could not hear them on account of the boys. We had to sing. The time came to preach. "Lord, what shall I do?" He said, "Praise me."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength." Lord, I don't feel like praising you. I closed my eyes, and I seemed to see a legion of devils around saying, "We have you whipped now." When I closed my eyes, I saw the enemies; when I opened my eyes, I saw the boys. Lord, what shall I do? "I told you, Praise the Lord." Very faintly I said, "Praise the Lord." I seemed to see a start in the armies of the enemies. Again I said, "Praise the Lord," and they were moving. "Praise the Lord,

and they were taking a backward step. Every time I said, "Praise the Lord," they seemed to step back. "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" until they seemed to disappear through the doors. I kept on praising the Lord, it was easy now. "Praise the Lord." To my amazement, with my eyes closed, it seemed that I could see angels, and every time I said "Praise the Lord," they stepped forward with wings out. It so impresses me that I had it designed all along these walls. "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" And I couldn't stop it once I got started. I opened my eyes, but the boys were still there. But you never saw such quiet people. "What is she doing?" They never heard anybody praise the Lord like that. I said, "Praise the Lord." Did they leave? They did not. But I walked that platform and preached a sermon I don't think I have preached before or since. We had an altar call, and there was a revival among those boys. They came to the altar in hundreds, and they brought sick Catholic friends at two o'clock in the morning for me to pray for. Praise the Lord! Lord, open young men's eyes tonight.

You need not fight in this battle. "Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord. Fear not, for the Lord will be with you." In other words, when the enemy marches upon you, the Lord will be there, and there will be victory because the Lord is with you. "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle. Set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, oh Judah and Jerusalem. Fear not, nor be dismayed. Tomorrow go out against them, for the Lord will be with you."

"And they rose early in the morning and went forth into the wilderness of Tekoa. And as they went forth, Jehoshaphat stood and said, 'Hear me, oh Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem. Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established. Believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper.' And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord."

This is what he did he just took the choir with him, singers not fighters. And he told them that "they should praise the beauty of

holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, 'Praise the Lord,' for His mercy endureth forever." Funny people to put at the front! "And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, which were come against Judah, and they were smitten." Who is this King of glory? "In our Leader's name, we'll triumph over every foe. Fierce and long the battle rages, but our help is near. Onward comes our great Commander. Cheer, my comrades, cheer." All you need to do is to do the shouting, and He will do the fighting. Do not be afraid to trust Him.

"Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

"Thou hast covered my head in battle. And, thank God, the doom of Satan, his downfall is assured. "But, Sister McPherson, if you say the devil is trying to hold me back, how am I going to fight Him? He will get me down." Oh, no, he won't. the Lord will help you. I would like to tell you how big the devil is. He is bigger than you or I, but compared with the Lord, he is just so high.

Won't you trust the Lord? Won't you make Him yours? There is a battle in the air. "But, Sister, why doesn't the Lord just stop it?" I wish I had a piece of rope here. Well, here you are in the middle of the rope. On this end, Satan is pulling, and on this end, the Lord is pulling. And you are in the middle.

Satan is saying, "Boy, I want you. Come on, let's go. You know tomorrow is Monday, and you have to go to work."

"I feel I must go to Jesus. I feel the Saviour calling."

"Ah, come on," Satan is pulling. On the other hand, the Lord is pulling, "Come on home, child. I love you. I will freely forgive you. I will keep you in every test. I will send an invisible army to fight for you."

"Yield not to temptation." What is going to settle it? Your will. If you say, "I will," it is done. The enemy lets go his end of the rope. If you say, "No, some other day," you are going his way. But the Lord

won't let go His end; he keeps calling you. Won't you come over on the Lord's side? Give Him your will. You say, "Yes," and he will fix the rest.

How does Satan hinder? First, "Don't go up to that altar. There is no God." You will know this is the power of the enemy. Besides that, he says, "The Bible isn't true." But it is true, praise God. If the enemy can't get you there because you say, "I had a praying mother, Mr. Satan, and don't you try to tell me the Bible isn't true," well then he will say, "There's time enough. You are young. You have time ahead of you. Don't go tonight. Wait until you are older. Put it off until some other day." That is the Battle of the Air. Joshua was trying to come to the Lord, but the enemy stood there to resist him. But, praise God, the Lord was there to rebuke him.

Are you afraid of ridicule? No, you are going to say, "I care not what people think, I am not a coward. If it is right, it is right. I am going to stand for it like I stood for my colors five years ago." If you say that the shackles fall off, and the enemy lets go. "I can't hold out." Haven't I proved to you that the Lord is with you. He is greater than all who can be against you. Satan says, "I tell you, boy, there are too many hypocrites, claiming to be Christians, but they're worse than you." Never mind the counterfeit. If it is counterfeited, it must be good. "You are all right." No, you must be born again. "You have too much to give up."

No, the Lord will give you more than you ever give up. "If you lose your soul, you will have lots of company." That will not help you. "Sister, I guess I will. I don't want to be whipped. There is a battle in the air, and I want to be on the victory side." Of course you do. And the thing to do is to get up and come to Jesus. "I believe I will, but do you mind if I stay in my seat and pray." Don't do it that way. When the Lord took a stand for you he took a public stand. Would you like to sneak into heaven. "I hope nobody sees me. I didn't like to take a public stand." Oh, no, boys and girls, men and women, you will be glad to say, "I took a public stand for you, Jesus. The night I was

saved there were over five thousand people. I got down on my knees and began to pray, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And I tell you, I think He will give you an extra pat on the back. It takes courage, but haven't you courage. Of course you have. And the Lord is with you. "Sister, I have been in misery since I heard you preach "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," and I have acted so mean." You are under conviction. "I have acted worse this week than ever before." That shows you are under conviction.

A man told me about catching whales. When they sent the harpoon into the water, they went through the whale. They would pull on one end and the whale on the other. The whale floundered and floundered. I tell you the Lord has the harpoon in your heart. You flounder and say you don't care. You just come here because you like to hear a woman preach. Praise God. When you do come, you are caught. Captain Fitzgerald started to go out when the altar call was given, but his feet came this way, and he had to go with his feet. God, get hold of men and women here tonight.

The battle is on in the air. Remember, Satan makes you do things you don't want to do. Temper, swearing, smoking, etc. "I don't know why I did it." It was the power of the prince of darkness that made you do it. "Satan hast desired thee, Peter, but I have prayed for thee."

Boys, in closing (I am thinking of our guests today), you want to be on the winning side. It must have been awful to see Germany going home whipped, empty-handed, broken, defeated. Ah, that is the defeated one that is the sinner going home. "Why didn't I go." You are defeated, now it is too late. But picture the return of the victor. When you came home, the folks were there to meet you. The whistles blew, the bells rang. You marched down Fifth Avenue, New York. The aeroplanes dropped down confetti. The people all cheered. That is the way it is going to be when we get home with Jesus.

Are you going sweeping through the gates shouting, "Hallelujah! It is done. Victory for me."

The Church and Civil Government



*Angelus Temple
November 18, 1923*



HIS MORNING, WE are speaking about the Church and Civil Government. I know that hundreds of you are going right straight through this doctrinal course we have been studying on Sunday mornings. From the very beginning, we have been following closely, and we are now nearing the conclusion.

What should the church's attitude be toward civil government? "Tell us, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar or not? Jesus perceived their wickedness and said, 'Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money.' And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, 'Whose is this image and superscription?' They say unto him, 'Caesar's.' Then saith he unto them, 'Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.'"

"We ought to obey God rather than men."

"One is your Master, even Christ."

"Remember them which have the rule over you." That is, pray for the rulers of the country that God may keep them steady and true.

The church and its relationship to civil government. Have you ever stopped to consider it? If you have, you found yourself asking, "What would our country be without the Bible, without the church?" Truly, I don't think it would be of much good. I believe that the church is a greater power in the country than all the courts, the jails, judges, and juries put together. The church of the Lord Jesus Christ

is a greater force even than our guns, armories, and arsenals. I hope to prove it to you this morning.

The church is the greatest power in our country or any country where it is enthroned, where religious freedom has right of way. It is of greater power than schools, education. Yes, we know these things are necessary, but nevertheless the church is the greatest power for good, civilization, culture, refinement than anything else in the whole wide world. Think for a moment of the countries that don't have the churches and the preaching of the gospel! Look for a moment at their benighted condition! Look at the countries that have backslidden! Not only at heathen countries, but at Germany. Luther was the means of bringing the Word of God in a mighty way to that country. How many there were who gave their lives to the Lord! But when they began to let down on the Bible and say that it is not all true, there are so many mistakes. This is right, but this is wrong. This should be in the Bible, but this shouldn't. Higher criticism and agnosticism took its stand—you know what happened. It seemed that the bottom fell out of everything.

Just look at the people who have forgotten God and wandered away from him. Look at India, Africa, where the Lord Jesus Christ has not the right of way! Have you ever traveled in Africa or talked with people who have? Have they told you of the darkened, sin, benighted condition of that country. They are seeking to find rest, peace, and comfort but are finding none. They have told you of the places where the name of Christ is not mentioned. People kill their fellowmen, their children, burn their babies before gods, thinking this will bring peace and thus appease the wrath and anger of God. Oh, yes, you have heard of them, but these are the conditions of countries that know not God. India! Our dear sister, Colonel Cox, could tell us of India. They know not our true God. They think of doing penance to atone for sin. They stick pins in their bodies, lie on beds of spikes. But that is a deplorable condition and is not found where people worship the true God and the Lord Jesus Christ. When I was

in India, I saw people roasting pigs before their gods. In China, as we traveled, we have seen the awful conditions there. You know the conditions, not only of the city itself, but also the civic conditions.

But Jesus Christ is like a lighted Lamp to morality as well as spirituality. A nation that progresses in refinement, talent, skill believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and the people who have the Bible in their hearts press forward. Lord, teach us to love you and to see the importance of having the Lord Jesus Christ in our hearts and lands. Surely Great Britain realizes this. We saw the work in one country, but it was not progressing. In another country it was progressing more. Their houses, streets, and living conditions were habitable. A mayor told us that it was necessary for Great Britain and other countries to keep a force of soldiers ready at all times. There must be bullets, swords ready because the people of the South Sea islands were so warlike. But since the Bible had come, and the chapels had been opened, peace reigned in the hearts of these people. This Bible had done more good than the cannon, ammunition, and the gunships in the harbor, Praise the Lord!

The church is a mighty force in the community. The greatest force, the most to be desired of anything in our lands. Think of the lands where the Bible is preached in its fullness! How beautiful is our land as compared with those who do not have it! Think of the condition of the women in foreign lands, they are slaves! The more the Bible comes forward, the more people talk about the Lord Jesus Christ, the more they love and respect their womenfolk. They are given the privilege to tell the story too. I thank God for the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, for it is the greatest power for good in the community.

“But, Sister McPherson, do you think the church and the government should work together?” Yes, the church should work with the civil government hand in hand. Surely this was the original plan of our Lord, rather than kings, lords, dukes, rulers. “Is that in the Bible?” Yes, indeed. It was a man of God who led the children of

Israel from darkness into light. A man of God who told the story of the great I Am and led the children out of their bondage into the land of liberty. Thousands upon thousands led by the Spirit of God through the courage which He had given one holy man. What was God's plan of government at that time. One man of God went into the mountain and brought back the laws upon which practically all the laws are based today. It was not a circle of men, but it was a man of God who mounted into the hills, into Mount Sinai, and there received upon the tables of stone the Commandments and brought them back to the people. And nobody is able to improve on those laws today. They hold good and are the foundation of our government and the protection of our homes. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." My! That is a great message from the Lord. A message of love to Him and a message of love to the people. If that could only be incorporated into our everyday life!

Last Thursday, I had the pleasure of speaking at the Los Angeles City Club. There were doctors, professors, the people who built Los Angeles. I had been invited to speak on the Solution of Crime. Mother went with me, and when we came home, I said, "Mother, did I talk too much about the Lord?"

"Of course not, because the Lord is the only solution to crime." I got to talking and exhorting the people to get back to the old-time gospel. Forgetting that I wasn't in Angelus Temple, I said, "Everybody who believes this say 'Amen.'" They gasped, then said "Amen." The chairman, in summing up the talk, said that he believed that, if every man in the room and in the city would do at all times just what they knew God wanted them to do, there would be no crime. There would be no need for prison cells. Yes, what we need is getting back to God, the old-time power, and His will.

We find the church cooperating more favorably with civic government, for the church are a law abiding people. Is the church merely a band of people who just have their names on the church roll? No.

We all belong to the church of our Lord Jesus Christ; we are only one of the members of the Body. Not Methodists, Baptist, Presbyterians, but one Body. God speed the day when we shall meet in a great interdenominational body, when we will be on a common level, when we shall all be filled with the Spirit and enter into the Pentecostal flame and fire. That doesn't mean that we have to drop being this, that, or the other. We will be one army, but the Lord has appointed many captains. God accepts things as they are, though I don't believe He meant for us to be divided into denominations at first. If each captain can be faithful, we will all look up to one general, General Jesus, and we will fight in one battle for the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was a man of God who led the children of Israel from darkness into light, a man of God who brought the law by which every Christian government is governed today. "Thou shalt not steal," and any man who steals is arrested. All the laws are worked down to the present time. Dear Lord, we thank you that it come through these men who dared walk with Thee.

You remember Joseph's experience when he was down in the Egyptian land. He told the king there was going to be a famine. And instead of the king saying, "We must get our parliament together," it was laid upon a man of God to get in the food-stuffs.

Through the ages, it seems it was God's plan that the church should be the power, the force, and blessing in every community. It was a child of God, even David, who led the armies against Saul. Though outnumbered, though giants were before them, this little boy won out. It is one thing to cow people down to do a thing, but another thing to put love in their hearts, and they want to do it. Here was a little object lesson of what the church could be. David was small, but strong in the Lord. He picked up his sling, power of the Holy Spirit, went out with praise, faith, courage, and the stones with which he fought and slew the giant. Saul asked, "Whose son is this?"

Oh, it was the people of God who were the leaders in the olden days. It was Daniel, a man of God, who interpreted the handwriting

on the wall. A wicked king used the vessels from out of the temple of the house of God to drink out of, and God's anger was stirred. In the same hour, there came a hand that wrote on the wall, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." What did it mean? Belshazzar sent for the wise men and sooth-sayers, but none of them could interpret it for him. Then, who did he send for? He called for the men of God, and it was the man of God who interpreted the handwriting on the wall. Surely the church and children of God are meant to be the greatest force in the whole community and country today.

What is the church composed of? Generals, captains, evangelists, pastors? Not mostly, but mostly of individuals. If everybody in this church should ask themselves the question, "If everybody did what I did, what would the church be? If everybody in the collection gave what I did, how much would there be? If everybody talked like I do, what would the conversation be?" Everyone working for the Lord Jesus Christ, I trust.

Do you remember the story of Naaman? His wife had in her home a little captive maid who had every reason to be bitter. But seeing that Naaman was a leper, unable to help himself, although a king with armies, and chariots. It was a little child who stepped forward, and her cry was this, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! For he would recover him of his leprosy." Yes, I think that every one of us can say that today, "Oh that our rulers only knew the power of the Lord."

Some people say, "I don't mix up in politics because there is so much corruption." Well, why don't you pray. The trouble is lots of us don't do that. Who is the one standing for prohibition, for clean living?" I don't take interest in anything but that pertaining to the church." Yes, but if we don't take hold of them, the world will. It is not politics, but the Lord Jesus Christ. There is coming a day when there is going to be opposition, difficulty, to preach the Word of God with boldness, difficulty to stand with open Bible, for the powers of might and darkness are going to close in on us. But, never

mind, keep on fighting, praying, and work while it is yet day. When there comes a day, when there is only one way out, we are going out UP, praise God. We are going up some of these days. Hallelujah! But, in the meantime, may we as a church of the Lord Jesus Christ be a blessing to everyone with whom we come in contact.

Yes, during the olden days, it must have been the plan of God that godly people should walk with Him. But there came a time when the people demanded a king. They chose Saul because he was so tall and good looking. I think that is the way some people are picked out today. "He is a fine-looking fellow for mayor." How many are figure-heads, because of appearance? Saul was a fine-looking man, but you know he brought heartaches and sorrow.

Then there came David. I don't think he was very tall, because when he went out to fight the giant, he was just a stripling. But he was a man of God, he brought forth the harp to sing praises unto God. He was a man of God with courage and strength to lead people to victory. Solomon was a king and priest who could stand in the Temple and administer to the Lord. Wouldn't it be wonderful if our kings and presidents were holy priests of the Lord? If they would say, "Come on, let's pray about this first. Lord, what do you want us to do?" That is the sort of rulers they had in the Bible days. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the mayor and the chief of police had a prayer meeting every morning? I think that is what heaven is going to be like. Praise God for the glorious hope! Oh that we might walk with Him and know Him and keep in the center of His will.

Paul, when he was here, stood before Agrippa and reasoned with him. He was able to say, "Oh King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Here was a man short in stature, a man bowed with the yoke of years, but he had courage that could bring blessing.

Truly, the more the Bible is quoted, the gospel preached, the more prosperous is going to be the nation. "But, Sister McPherson, is the Christian important to the government? Have we anything to do with it?"

“Yes, I believe every one of us should be a citizen of the United States and keep its laws. This is the greatest country in the world. Yes, ours is the finest flag and the most open-hearted people. Praise the Lord! I think this is the place to shine for the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Let us realize that the Christians are the really important people. It is not the card-playing people, the dancing people, the worldly people that are the backbone of this country. They are not the people who brought it to its blessedness since our forefathers in the Mayflower. It is the people who take the Lord at His Word and dare to preach the Word. The Lord has made our country what it is today. This is one place where we have right of way. It seems that almost everything that could be done by the city officials has been done.

“Is there anything that we can do for you?”

“Yes, we want a few more lights near the Temple.”

“All right, we’ll put them there.”

“Anything else?”

“Well, there is some water standing in front of the Temple.”

“All right, we’ll dig a hole so it can drain out.”

“I wish we could have some special cars.”

“All right, we will have special cars.”

“How are we going to know that the cars will be here in time?”

“We will have a man telephone when the service is over.”

“Is there anything else we could do for you?”

“Yes, you might use the streetcars to advertise the meetings, because the streetcars will go all over the city.”

“All right, how many do you want?”

“About three hundred and fifty.”

“Anything else, we can do for you?”

“Yes, the signs are cloth, and they will turn up. We would like to put a frame around them. You fix them up, and we will put them on the cars.”

“Is there anything else we can do?”

“Yes, we would like a permit to hold a street meeting.”

“Here is one giving permission to hold seven street meetings a day.”

“We would like to visit in the county jail, the city jail.”

“All right, send your workers”

“Anything else?”

“Yes, we would like to have permission to have the chapel at the poor Farm.”

“All right, here is your chapel. We are glad to have you. Is there anything else?”

The newspapers ask, “Is there anything you want a story about?” Out come the beautiful stories in the newspapers.

The police say, “Have you all the protection you need? Are you sure you have everything you want?”

“Yes, thank you.”

The fireman offer their assistance. The Mayor of the city came and thanked God for the work. The judge from the bench, “Little Sister, don’t forget if there is anything you want call on us.” The people of the clubs, “Sister, we feel the influence of this meeting. If there is anything we can do, you just let us know.” Even the Ku Klux Klan says, “We want you to know that we appreciate the work here. If anybody bothers you, let us know.” It seems that everybody has been so good. Businessmen, business firms say, “What can we do?” Hospitals say, “The doors are open.”

A little lady was sick at the hospital, and I called up, “Would you mind my coming out and staying with her?”

The nurse asked the doctor, “Sister McPherson would like to come out and stay with this lady.”

“Does she want to come and stay with her at this time?”

“Yes, she is her pastor.”

“That’s the kind of a pastor to have.” And so I had the privilege of staying with the lady until all was over. Praise the Lord! Once I tried to go out, but the doctor told me to stay right there.

I believe the Lord wants the church to have its finger on the community. Lord, we thank you for the place we can take in the land and nation. Keep us faithful and true to our trust.

The Park Commissioner said, "If you want Echo Park, let us know, and we will fix things for you. Or, let us know if there is anything else we can do."

"I think we would like to have a parade."

"All right, take your permit."

Glory to God! I think Los Angeles is a wonderful place to preach the gospel. Remember, as we speak of the church, we should not think of it as a whole, but as a body of individuals. Politics are made up of individuals. In our audience we have had senators, governors, judges, politicians, people of thought and standing. Who knows, but somebody here might grow up and be a Christian president. Our late President Harding was able to recall the church at Marion, Ohio. People not afraid to love the Lord, not afraid to say, "Hold on, men, let's have a word of prayer for that has conquered more than guns ever have."

The church is made up of individuals. Angelus Temple is made up of individuals. Strangers come in and say, "What a beautiful temple. Did you ever see such a fine dome and organ? Sister, you are doing a wonderful work." But, ah, they don't know it is not made up of one woman but of many individuals. I wish I could tell you a little bit of the individuality of this work, and how each one of you stands at his post. If you stand by the window, you might see such a sight as was here last Sunday. The ushers hardly have time to eat, so they bring a sandwich and tuck it away somewhere. When they have everything ready, they get their little cold sandwich and eat it. By that time the crowd is at the door, ready to get in. I don't know if there is anything on earth like this. As the people wait, they sing. As the ushers wait, they gather out in the lobby (I didn't tell them to), get in a circle, bow their heads, and one after the other prays. "Lord, give

us wisdom. Help us to keep sweet. Don't let us say a word that will be discourteous. Make us quick. And may we be doorkeepers in the house of the Lord." Then another steps in the circle and prays.

In another moment you notice a Women's Committee. They get together. Their business is to care for the babies and many other duties. "Mother, your baby is a little fretful. Would you like to let us take him? What temperature do you like his bottle. Where are his clothes?" The women have a prayer meeting. One steps in the circle, "Lord, make us patient." These are the things that hold up my hands, that make Angelus Temple a success. Not one, but all individuals.

Folks, there are thirty-three sailors. They are going to stay over. How many folks will take some home to dinner? "I will. I will. I will." Folks, we want a praying band here. Professor Carpenter is helping to organize that. "Sister McPherson, I think you need a guard, one thousand intercessors who are to pray. Day and night, they are to guard you and Angelus Temple. Sister, you have one thousand people, five hundred men, five hundred women, standing shoulder to shoulder." So that is being formed. You don't need to be members of Angelus Temple to be on the guard. Any member of any church is eligible. It is these things that make success.

There are our ladies in the 500 Room. Last month there were forty-two hundred people at the one o'clock meetings. No matter what comes or goes, you will find these ladies at their post. People with cancer, tuberculosis, etc., come. Do those ladies shrink? They do not. They say, "Come on, let me help you. We will tell you about Jesus. We will pray for you." In a moment, they have their arms around that little lady, and she may be a foreigner. Then comes an old man, "There grandpa, let me help you."

Pretty soon, it is a deaf man. "Huh?" He would like to hear what it is all about. We will give you a chair near the front. And so there are those beautiful women working. There have been more people

converted than you would dreamt and more people prayed for than I pray for on the platform.

Then there are the shop meetings. Our training school students are called upon. "Look here students, I know you are not expected to do it, but I am afraid I have to put you to work now. It is like this, we have practically forty factory meetings going on every week. I want bands of students or members who will go to these shops." All right, they form in groups or bands, and all I have to say is, "Band #5, you are wanted to hold a meeting at the S. P. Shops." They never stop a second; they are up and off. "Band #4, I want you for a street meeting in Hollywood." That band must be people converted from the stage or moving picture. "Band #8, I want you to go to Pomona."

"Band #9, will you please go out to West Adam Street to the Bungalow Church." All right, Sister McPherson, I am off.

It isn't one person who makes the church but individuals. There is work for everyone to do. And so it goes. It comes time for the altar workers to meet. In how many churches it is difficult to find an altar worker! The first day, I hold a meeting in a church, and the first service always sees an altar call. Usually people are not prepared for that. The people are coming down the aisles.

"Pastor, where are your workers?"

"Beg your pardon?"

"Where are your altar workers?"

"I don't know. It is the hardest job to find a church that can turn out altar workers."

"Oh that is easy work."

Not exactly. They are praying, studying the Bible, helping the man who cannot believe, they want to be prepared to help every individual. The people are on their knees, "Oh Lord, help me to lead them today."

This is just a little glimpse of the work that is being done. The Sunday School teachers meet, the Children's Evangelistic meeting,

the church board. Ah, beloved, are you working for Jesus Christ? Here is the church; here is the civic government. Can't you see that the church should be doing the greatest work? Let us all have a part in this great work that shall be the means of sweeping out and bringing thousands into the work of the community.

Divine Healing Service



*Angelus Temple
November 28, 1923*

“**B**ELOVED, I WISH above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth” (3 John 2). That was John’s message as he wrote to the elder unto the well-beloved Gaius. “Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul [not business] prospereth.”

Is it the will of the Lord Jesus Christ to make His people to have health, happiness, and salvation—that they may serve Him? Absolutely. If you are in need of any of these things, all you have to do is come to Jesus’ feet and get them this afternoon. There is health for you.

“Is it God’s will,” some may ask, “that I be healed?” Yes.

“And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word, Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, Saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.” (Acts 28:24-27)

People can be in a meeting like this and not believe it. It means nothing to them. They hear testimonies, but say, “I don’t believe

it.” They see that little lady who was paralyzed running around and marching on the street in Ventura, yet there are some people the Lord says who “seeing ye shall see and not perceive,” for the heart of these people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed.” If you make up your mind that you are not going to believe, you can easily do it. “Lest they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their heart and should be converted, and I should heal them.”

There is conversion and healing, salvation and health, coupled side by side. But the Lord says, “Some have closed their eyes and stopped their ears, lest seeing with their eyes and hearing with their ears they should be converted, and I should heal them.”

Conversion should go first. He is just as willing to heal your body as He is to touch your sin-sick soul. Lift up your eyes to Him, look to Him, lift up your hand, and touch His seamless dress, and He can make you whole. Is He willing? Yes.

In the fifth chapter of Mark, we read of Christ’s willingness to heal the sick and afflicted, but in the sixth chapter, we find that His willingness and power was thwarted. He had gone back home, and “when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue. And many hearing Him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things. And what wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon! And are not His sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him. But Jesus said unto them, ‘A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.’ And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid His hands upon a few sick folk and healed them.”

This proves to me that the Lord wanted to heal the people, He wanted to do wonderful works, He wanted to stretch out His arms and bring the sick to His heart, he wanted to save, heal, and send,

them away rejoicing, but He could not. It says, “He could there do no mighty work.” That is a big statement to make of the Lord. “He could not.” The Lord who is able to make the world, to say, “Sun be created,” and the sun is there to cause the stars to spring forth in the heavens to say, “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.”

But “He could not.” Why not? Because of unbelief. What hindered His work? Unbelief. What hinders it today? Unbelief. The chains are so strong that they hinder the work of the Lord. But, praise the Lord, He is willing that you should have health, happiness, salvation that you might serve Him. But “He could not.”

I wonder if He has ever been hindered and thwarted in your life. He is here, you know. Right here by the power of the Holy Spirit. He is walking up and down the aisles, between the seats. “Come, child, believe in me.” If you have the faith as a grain of mustard seed, your mountain of sin and sickness can be removed. A man came to my door and said, “Sister McPherson, I was at the altar Sunday afternoon. That was the first time I had been in a church for a long time. I am a drug addict and have been for two years.” He was of a fine family, beautifully tailored in his clothing, but there he was. He got in it through the war. Supposing I had said, “Young man, I am sorry, but I will have to show you the door. You will have to find a doctor. The church can do nothing. The Lord has no power or willingness to deliver you. I am sorry, but He can do nothing for you. He could if He wanted to, but He doesn’t want to. Therefore, you must bear your burdens or else go to other powers.”

But, no, I was able to say, “God bless you. Have you touched it since?”

“No, Sister.”

“Well, the Lord is going to save you and make you every whit whole.” Hallelujah!

Here is a brother with the same story, and another brother with epilepsy. Supposing I had said, “I am sorry brother, but heaven’s doors are closed. You can get your sins forgiven, but there God’s

power ends. As far as your physical condition is concerned, you must be subject to falling in the street as long as you live, because the Lord doesn't want to touch your body. He will save your heart but not your body." Supposing I had said that. I wonder where that brother would have been. However, he is here today, and the Lord healed him. I didn't. I wish I could. If I could heal, I would heal everybody. I can't heal anybody, but bless God, I know somebody who can. If you will meet conditions, come believing, He is able to make you whole. He is able to heal sin and sickness.

"Whether it is easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise, and walk'?" One is as easy as the other.

Take the case of our Sister Jacobs. With a cancer eating over her heart, she sat here suffering excruciating pain. One cancer was cut out and tubes of radium were inserted. She had to be put off in a room by herself because she cried day and night with pain. Her lung was burned through, then she learned that another cancer had grown. When the doctor told her that it had grown again, it shocked her so that she fell to the floor.

But, here she sat in Angelus Temple. I didn't pray for her. You can be healed now by Jesus Christ even while I am talking. You can be absolutely delivered. I asked those to stand who were sick and wanted to be healed. I said, "Folks, I can't have you all come to the altar, but we will pray for you all out there. If you will stand up and lift your hands, we will pray for you. Sister Jacobs stood to her feet. But how could she get her hand up? Her arm was cold and so swollen, she couldn't lift it. Finally she took her good hand and lifted her arm so high. "Lord, can you see it? Sister McPherson says you are in the midst, and she says that you are the same, yesterday, today, and forever. Perhaps you would put your hand on my head and heal me. Lord, touch me if you are passing by." Instantly she felt the touch. She felt pricks going through her arm. She turned to the lady next to her and asked, "Is my arm falling off?"

"No, it's all right."

"Praise the Lord; I believe He is healing me." She put her arm up, up, up. She could bend it. The next morning, she examined the spot where the cancer had been, and it was gone. Supposing we had said, "Little sister, we can't help you." Oh, it seems to me that salvation is practical. The church doors should always be open and ready to help folks.

We sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear." Is it real, or are the words a mockery? "Oh, what peace we often forfeit, oh, what needless pain we bear." We have been singing it for years, but do we believe it or not? "Oh, I know, but I am afraid it will lead to some fanaticism or quackery." No, it won't. It is possible to keep in the middle of the King's highway and not be carried away by fanaticism. He is able to keep us in the middle of the road.

In Acts 10:34, we read of Peter preaching at Caesarea, "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ, that word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea and began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached, how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good and healing all that was oppressed of the devil, for God was with him."

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

God didn't have something for the people nineteen hundred years ago and something different today. "In every nation that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." You have heard about "how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that was oppressed of the devil."

"Oppressed of the devil," that is a stronger statement than I would like to make of my own authority. I don't believe that everybody who is sick is necessarily a sinner. Lots of the best people have

been sick, but we could not get victory for them, and the Lord took them home to glory. But I know that lots of sickness is of the devil. That drug addict condition is of the devil, but certainly not of God. Those poor people with epilepsy and cancer, surely that is not of the Lord. The Lord healed all who were oppressed of the devil, Praise God! Our Lord is the victor, and the devil is a defeated foe!

“God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.” Are we a nation, or aren’t we? Of course, we are the United States of America, the finest nation of today. And David’s prayer is “Thy saving health among all nations.”

“Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.”

Is He the health of your countenance? He is of mine. Praise His name. When I am weak and have given all, I say, “Lord, if you please, I have another meeting. May I be filled with your strength.” I go up to His cupboard and get His strength. He pours His strength into this cup, my body, and I feel I could do anything at all if it was for the Lord Jesus Christ. I feel I could take down a skyscraper building and put it up again. You can’t explain it; it is past human knowledge. Glory to His Name!

So many have said, “Sister McPherson, you can’t keep this up!”

Ministers have said, “Sister McPherson, hold on. You can’t do it.”

Well, if every church would help, I wouldn’t have to. But the trouble is that so many of the churches are only open on Sunday and one night a week. But, praise God, the Lord gives me strength for it. It is the most wonderful thing. I feel it now. Oh glory!

But, beloved, I couldn’t ask that healing unless I did the will of God. If I went on a vacation, I couldn’t ask Him for healing and strength. But, while I am in the center of His will, seeking to lead sinners to Jesus Christ and to help lift up poor bodies, why, all I have to do is write a check and get it cashed at the bank of heaven. My Lord

has strength, salvation, happiness, and blessing for me. “Lord, if you please, I am your traveling salesman, I am representing you to these people, and I want to practice what I preach.” If I was representing a tailor shop and said, “This man makes the best clothes,” yet I came with seedy clothes, the people would say, “Well, why don’t you get one?”

I feel that way about salvation. If it is health, I myself must have the health of my Lord. “Lord, if you please, I have a Wednesday afternoon meeting, and I will have to cash a check at the bank of heaven. Lord, we had a big meeting Saturday night, a full day Sunday, went to Ventura on Monday, and have been working on the Bridal Call. I am a little tired, Lord, may I cash this check please. I would like some strength, some oil to make my face shine, and a perfectly well body. Then, I would like also to have a service to win souls.” If I have the endorsement of Jesus Christ on my checks, they will be cashed. I send it up to heaven, and in a minute down comes blessings. Oh glory! I get so happy that I almost forget that we are not all Methodists. Amen!

But I must be in God’s will if I am going to cash this check. I can’t say, “Lord, I don’t care anything about you, the Sunday School, or church. I want to go to Ventura to the dance hall. I want to eat a good Thanksgiving dinner. I want better eyes to see the moving pictures. Lord, please heal me and strengthen me, so I can serve the devil. Lord, please heal me, so I can live a selfish life.” But no answer comes. I can’t ask that because it isn’t for His glory.

Closing with these words, “that you may prosper.” That is, in your home, business, shop. I believe Christians should be prosperous. Praise the Lord! Not rolling in wealth, but prosperous. “Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.” There is your balance “even as thy soul prospereth.”

What about this end of the balance? Is your soul prospering? Are you a Christian? Have you been washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

Have you victory in your heart this afternoon? Do you love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself? Is your soul prospering? How long is it since you said, "Hallelujah. Amen!" out loud. How long since you gave a good testimony? How long since you had a cottage prayer meeting in your home? If you want your body to prosper, get your soul to prosper. How long since you held a shop meeting or gave out Temple cards? Have you ever talked to your milkman about his soul? The newsboy? Have you a temper? Are you snappy and mean? Is there anybody you haven't forgiven? What about your mother-in-law! "Even as thy soul prospereth." Is your soul prospering?

Remember, my dear, it is pretty hard to ask me to pray for you. I will do it, but I can't see your heart. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." Before coming for bodily healing, be washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Glory to God!

Unto Us a Child is Born, Unto

Us a Son is Given



December, 1923

WAS THE GLADDEST day the world has ever known when Christ the Lord was given. Leaden darkness of sins ugly night had veiled the sky, obscured the sun, and hidden the face of God.

His coming rent that veil, swept back the curtains of the night, and paved with flashing jewels of love a path from earth to heaven.

Heavy with slumber, saturated with revelry, dull with selfish cares and burdens, the sleeping world lay stretched out under the starry mantle of the night.

O'er hill and plain, within the city and without, candles had long since been extinguished. Windows everywhere lay darkened like black and sightless orbs from which the light of life had faded.

Darkness ruled the earth with heavy hand. Wait! Oh, Wait! There was a light, a light that burned steadily, not from the tiled entrance of the pretentious hostel nor from the marble cloisters of the Temple, but from the window of an humble stable on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

Stars seemed to bend the closer. Leaves hushed their whispering to listen. Were those strange shapes above but silvery, moon-kissed clouds, or were they angels, hovering near and tensely waiting for some signal from that rude, thatched outhouse, that they might, with swift and joy-spiced wings, bear the momentous tidings to some waiting ears?

On and on, feebly yet steadily on, burned that one Light in the world of darkness!

But hold! There was another light! As shepherds on Judean hills caring for their flocks by night drew closer to the fire's glow, a soft radiance was upon their rugged faces. They were speaking of the Messiah who, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of a virgin, was to lead His people from darkness unto light, from defeat unto victory, and rid their necks of an insufferable yoke of bondage.

The soft murmur of their voices, the bleating of a lamb, the tinkle of a bell, the crackle of a sweet-scented bough, then a silence, an increasing feeling of awe!

"Solemn night. Holy night!"

Something was about to happen, something momentous, affecting heaven and earth and hell beneath.

Hark! Was a cry heard through the night? 'Twas as the voice of a newborn babe. The stars were tremulous with it. And listen! Were the shepherds dreaming, or did they hear faint and distant music floating on the breeze? Was it the singing of the stars or of an angel band from Glory?

Suddenly the field was as light as day. The glory of the Lord shone round about, and the shepherds were sore afraid. From the midst of the light stepped forth an angel of the Lord, and as though His heart were bursting with the good news and rejoicing upon having found someone awake to listen to it, He spoke.

The sound of His voice was as the tinkling of a waterfall, the chiming of heavenly bells, the rushing of angels' wings that thrilled through the hearts of the hearers and set their entire beings to tingling with its import.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be the sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

No sooner had this voice stirred its vibrant melody than the earth seemed filled with angels. A heavenly host stood upon the pasture lands and rose tier upon tier on the dew-tipped clovered hills, radiant, flashing, glowing with the light of Eternity, singing, chanting, swaying to the music of it,

Glory to God in the Highest

And on earth peace, good will toward men

At the fading of this heavenly glory, the shepherds gazed deeply into each other's eyes a moment, then rising to their feet, said, "Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us"

And they went with haste, a strange company, groping their way with tapping shepherd's crooks through the darkened streets of Bethlehem, until they too saw the light in the window of the humble stable.

But what was this? Strange things were happening. A star, breaking loose from the others, fell not to the earth itself, but hung large and luminous above the stable roof!

Down the street leading from palatial walls three Wise Men, gorgeous robes strangely contrasting with the rugged simplicity of the shepherds' garb, were making their way also to the stable with its one clear light.

For, at its door and before the tiny infant who lay within yon manger, the poor and the rich were to find a common meeting place, a common fount of blessing, a common path that leads from sin-benighted lowlands to celestial heights of love-lit godliness.

Pushing ajar the door they entered, Wise Men and Shepherds, vast knowledge and simplicity, bejeweled satin robes and coarse homespun, simple coverings, the one with gifts of gold, frankincense,

and myrrh, the other with but a tiny lamp to lay at the Saviour's feet. But on one common level, they met before Him who judges the heart and the motive, not the earthly status of men.

Oh! The glorious radiance! The soft, warm glow suffusing that stable rude, changing it into an earthly heaven because the Lord was there!

AH! 'Twas the gladdest day the world has ever known when Christ, the Son, was given!

Leaden darkness pierced by His flaming sword hath given place to light of day, sorrow hath given place to joy, unrest to blessed peacefulness, despair to glowing hope, unclean garments to robes of righteousness, because the Lord hath come!

And now to every remorse-ridden Jacob, with heavy head upon the stone of sorrow, He hath revealed a ladder of His own handiwork, a ladder of grace and pardon, each shining rung of His own making, rising from the Valley of Despair to the mountain peaks of Eternal Blessing, from the Slough of Despond to the Palace of the King, from the pits of sin, from the dens of iniquity, from the abyss of sorrow and bereavement, to the soft flowing rivers of life in a Land where cometh neither sickness nor sorrow, tribulation nor parting, death nor tears, a Land of Eternal Day, whose light shall never fade, and whose Sun shall never set.

Rise up, oh sleeping Jacobs! There's a light in the window for you! That beckoning light—The Light of the World—is Jesus!

“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, Counsellor, 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.”

The Triumph of the Spirit and the Word



December, 1923



OD'S WORD AND promises must be fulfilled to the letter. Many have declared all through the ages that His word was not true and should be overthrown. Great infidels have prophesied through the past centuries that, within one hundred years from the date of their prophecy, the Bible would be in the mausoleum, but while these prophets themselves are in the tomb today, there are more Bibles in the world than ever before, and the promised outpouring of His Holy Spirit is being fulfilled, as are all other prophesies therein contained. Hallelujah!

I once heard of a man plowing in the fields of Kentucky, whose plowshare continually struck upon the stones which filled the field. Bruised and shaken, the man at last gave up, called Pat, his hired man, and said, “Pat, you take the stone lorry and the horse and draw all these stones to the four sides of the field, pile them up carefully, and I will show you how to build a stone fence. You see, you take a layer of stones, then cement, then another layer of stones, then cement, etc.”

And so, Pat began work upon the stone fence, and he toiled away industriously for many days. He was coming down the far side of the field, which ran parallel with the highway, when a traveling salesman, who was driving along, stopped his horse and thought to have some fun with Pat.

“Well, Pat, what are you doing?”

“Can't you see what I'm doing? I'm building a stone fence.”

“Well, Pat, you’re having all your labor for nothing. The first good wind that comes along will blow your old stone fence over, and then where will you be?”

“Don’t ye be worrying over that, sir,” Pat replied, “I have taken care of that already. This fence is built just two-foot high and three-foot wide, so that when the wind does blow it over, it will be just one foot higher than it was before.”

And so it is with the dear old Word of God and every one of His promises. Every time that they are overturned, or the winds of adversity and criticism blow upon them, they are higher and grander, stronger, truer, and greater than ever they were before.

The Triumph of the Word

Those who fought the Holy Spirit, barred their doors, or put up the umbrellas of unbelief began to dry up spiritually, immediately. Assemblies and churches that were once on fire for God and preaching the Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, the moment they rejected the Holy Spirit began to lose their power. Oh, why could they not see that this latter rain outpouring of Spirit was what they needed and had been pining for! Why could they not have simply humbled themselves and let the Holy Spirit, Who had been with them so closely, come in in His fullness and power.

To seek to stop the outpouring of the Holy Spirit is like a man with a broom in his hand endeavoring to sweep back the tidal waves of the Atlantic Ocean. While it is being swept out in one place, it will roll in in countless others. Moreover, if the man with the broom in his hands remains long where the full tides are rolling in and does not withdraw, the waves will soon flow over him, and he will begin to sing, “I am one of them, one of them, I am glad that I can say I am one of them.”

A broom cannot stop the tide of the ocean, neither can fighting stay the falling of the latter rain, for God hath spoken it, “In the last days I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.” This promise is not

entirely for the Jesus of some future age. It is for the blessed children of the Lord Jesus who are getting ready for the rapture of His blessed Second Coming. Oh, stop fighting God, and open your hearts to receive the welcome gift of the Holy Spirit. This is the dynamite of God. This is the power that we need. The church without the power and fullness of the Holy Spirit is like a beautiful automobile, with all the paint and varnish and machinery, that lacks gasoline in the tank. It is pretty hard pushing, especially up the revival hill. Why should we live without him, the fire, and the warmth of His presence, when we might just as well be enjoying the fullness, the overflowing portion.

The Comforter

Some years ago, Dr. Morrison, of Louisville, Kentucky, was preaching in a certain church. At the close of the services, an elderly lady—who always made it a point to keep a prophet’s chamber in her home, wherein she could entertain traveling ministers and evangelists—came to him and insisted upon him abiding in her home for the night. Accepting her hospitality, Dr. Morrison went with her to her home, and after a short talk and a prayer, the dear lady led him up the stairs, pointed out his door, gave him the lighted lamp in his hand, and said goodnight.

Dr. Morrison entered the room, set down the lamp upon the stand. It was a cold raw night, and he was chilled through and through. Upon examining the bed and turning back the covers gingerly, he found that there was only a thin spread and a sheet for a covering and said to himself, “Well, this is where I spend one night in suffering for the cause of my Lord, anyway!” Removing his shoes, he crept over and extinguished the light, then crept back to the bed and in under the sparse covering, curling up under his long tailored preacher’s coat as best he might. All through the night, he shivered and then with relief saw that the day was breaking. As the first rays of light came pouring in through the window and he was waiting

for the time that he could arise and move about, his eyes happened to fall upon a large chest which stood just at the foot of the bed. He blinked his eyes. He looked again and then realized that this great chest was literally full of, and overflowing, with comforters.

Here he had lain, shivering all through the night, when right at his very feet lay a chest of warm blankets and comforters.

Are not many of us in our relation to appropriating the promises and prophecies of God very much like this child of God on this particular night? Why should we, as a church or an individual, shiver in coldness, formality, and a lack of power all through the night? Arise, the morning light is streaming in. Just at your feet lies the great treasure chest of God's Word, filled with warmth and gladness. We all need the Comforter to make us warm for God. Call upon Him, and claim your promise just now.

During the past fourteen years, hundreds of thousands of hungry seekers have received the Holy Spirit and gone on their happy, testifying way, rejoicing. Why not you?

Counterfeit or Genuine?

You are afraid of counterfeits, you say? You have seen the enemy imitating the Holy Spirit's work and are therefore steering clear of the promise? Then yours shall be a very meagre and starved experience. For one might say the same thing about conversion, about being a church member, about any step in the Christian life, for the devil has always been an imitator and counterfeit.

But is it not new for him to imitate the miraculous power of God, you ask? No, indeed, think back for a moment. Remember the days of Moses and Aaron, how, when they stood before Pharaoh and were commanded to cast down their rod, it became a serpent. Did not the magicians who stood also before Pharaoh throw down their rods, and did they not become serpents too?

It was a clever imitation, by the magicians and the devil, of the miracle of Almighty God. What did Moses and Aaron do about it? Did they leave the palace in despair and say, "Because we have seen the enemy's imitation of the supernatural power of God, we will have no more to do with it."

No, indeed. They stood their ground firmly, believing and trusting the Word of the great I Am. Do you remember the result? It has been true all down through the ages. Moses' and Aaron's serpent opened up its big old mouth and just made one run after all those little old counterfeiting serpents and swallowed the whole lot of them up. So ever shall defeat be swallowed up in victory, the counterfeit by the genuine, the imitation by the sincere reality, if we but stand our ground and claim the promises of the Almighty.

True, the enemy has always imitated God's work, but what of it? Take the dear old Word of God as a pattern, cling to it, live by it, and in His Name you shall triumph gloriously.

What if other people have made a failure of their Christian and Spirit-filled experience? If you see their mistake, that is all the more reason why you should live the true and devoted life. If one received a counterfeit dollar, would he say that as long as he lived he would never again handle money for fear he might receive another counterfeit? He would be somewhat in the condition of the Southern farmer, of whom we recently read.

A motorist in the South once stopped for water at a dilapidated house where a barefooted man was gazing across a field that had grown up to weeds.

"How is your cotton this year?" the motorist asked.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I ain't got no cotton. I didn't plant none, 'cause I was afraid the boll weevil might be bad."

"How is your corn?"

"Well," came the reply, "I didn't plant no corn, neither, for I didn't know we'd git rain."

The motorist hesitated. “How are your sweet potatoes?” he asked at last.

“Well, now, stranger,” the man replied, “you see, it’s just this way. I didn’t plant no, sweet potatoes ’cause I was afraid the bugs might take them. No, sir, I didn’t plant nothin’, I just played safe.”

When Nehemiah rebuilt the wall and mended the breach, he had first of all to clear away rubbish. Wasn’t the work worthwhile? If anyone digs for gold, doesn’t he have to wash away the dross and the earth?

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, with all thy quickening power. Kindle a flame of heavenly love in these cold hearts of ours. But is this mighty promise for me? Yes, indeed. Listen to the words of Peter on the memorable day of Pentecost, “And be baptized, every one of you, unto the remission of your sins and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost for the promise is unto you and to your children and unto them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”

The Years of the Palmerworm Restored

Just as the Father had bestowed the gift of His only Son, Jesus, upon the world of sinners, and just as the Lord Jesus had bestowed the gift of the Holy Spirit, the promise of the Father upon the believer, so now in turn the Holy Spirit has gifts to bestow upon those who receive Him. The nine gifts and fruits of the Spirit which hung in such luscious, ripened splendor upon the early church tree, are again being restored. Many blessed children of the Lord stopped short when they left Egypt and crossed the Red Sea and wandered full forty years in the wilderness, failing to go up to the promised land and inherit the blessing, saying, “Oh, there are giants in the land that are too great for us.”

Nonsense, we are well able to possess it. The Lord is with us. Of whom shall we be afraid? Let us not stop short or fail. We are right at the gates of the land that flows with milk and honey. The land of

testimony, power, soul winning, enthusiasm. Let us now speak unto the people that they go forward.

Let not those who have received the Holy Spirit make the same mistake that others have, that of settling down and saying, “Now I have all that is for me. Here I shall ever abide.” Let us covet earnestly the best gifts, until again wisdom, knowledge, faith, prophecy, healing, miracles, discernment, tongues, and interpretation are manifested like sparkling gems and jewels in the diadem upon the brow of the Spirit-filled church.

In seeking more of God’s will to be wrought out in our lives, after having received the Holy Spirit, do not ask for more of the Spirit, because if you have received Him, you have received all of Him. He is not divisible. Either you have or have not been filled with the Spirit. Therefore, if He has come in and taken up his abode and manifested Himself through you, as He did through the hundred and twenty, and the believers of the Bible days, recognize Him who has come, and pray that you may be more yielded to Him who dwells within.

The Enduring Gifts

Someone may say, “Oh, do not seek the gifts. Seek the Giver.” But, beloved, if you have received the Spirit, you have received the Giver, and Paul says, “Covet earnestly the best gifts; seek that you may excel to the edifying of the church.”

But I thought the gifts of the Spirit had long since been recalled! Are they still to be had for the asking?

Yes, indeed, the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance. Were we to tell any minister in the world today that the first three mentioned gifts, namely wisdom, knowledge, and faith, were no longer to be bestowed, he would probably take it as a personal insult and affront. If the Lord would leave the first three, is it likely that he would take away the following six? No, God’s storehouse is still filled to the bursting. If we are empty and impoverished, it is

not his fault. It is because that unbelief is a strong key that locks the door and bars us out. But faith is a key which can open the door, swing it wide upon its heavenly hinges, and let us in to the heavenly treasure.

But are these gifts for me? For our church today? Were they not only for the people of yesteryear?

I once heard of a man who had been gold mining away up in far Alaska. For weary months his search had been unrewarded, and he had lived on canned goods, corn, salmon, sardines, etc., until his very heart was sick at the sight of a tin can, and he yearned for the time when he would get back to civilization and would have a square meal.

At last one day, his pick struck into something soft. Upon his knees he fell and discovered a gold vein. Nuggets and wealth undreamed of were his for the taking. He staked his claim, filled his belongings with all the gold that he could carry, then started for the nearest city, thinking all the way how loathsome the canned goods had become and how good a real meal would taste.

Upon coming to the city, he lifted his eyes and saw a welcome sign, "Restaurant," in electric letters. Upon entering, he saw the table still spread, though it was quite late in the evening. Shining silverware and an open menu card, beautifully held in a leather binding, were before him. Taking up the imposing looking bill of fare, his eyes ran eagerly down the list. Roast turkey, roast goose, roast chicken. His mouth was watering as he read.

"Waiter, waiter, here waiter!"

A dignified waiter in a long coat made his appearance.

"I will have some of the roast turkey, please, with cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes."

"Sorry, sir, but the turkey is not in season just now. Hasn't been for some months."

"Then I will have some roast goose or chicken."

"Sorry, sir, but it is late in the day now, and those were just on the special dinner orders. We have no more."

"Oh, well, let me see. Porterhouse steak, sirloin, T-bone. Waiter, bring me a thick Porterhouse, please, with mushroom sauce."

"Sorry, sir, but that fat drummer in the corner ate the last bit of steak. Pretty late in the evening now, you know."

"Well," cried, the exasperated man, "What have you, then?"

"Now, as I have said, it is sort of late, but I might open some canned goods for you."

"Ugh," the man rose, faint at the very thought, and made his way to the door to hunt a different sort of a restaurant.

God's Storehouse Still Full

Yet, how many of us as ministers of the gospel preach the message of the Lord in about the same way? Hungry and famished souls are coming to the church of the living God. Yes, there is the sign outside all right, and within, there is a table, and in the back of the pews lies the menu card, beautifully leather-bound and impressive in appearance—the dear old Bible.

Opening its pages, many of us would say, "Waiter-Minister, I read here of divine healing for sick and broken bodies. Please, may I have some of that?"

"Sorry, sir, but divine healing is all out of season now. Has been out for many years. The apostles Peter and Paul and the Apostolic folk ate all of that up," comes back the answer.

"Then I read of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit with wondrous power, blessings and fruits. May I have some of that?"

"Sorry, sir, but the dinner hour of Pentecostal glory is over now. It is a little late in the day, you know, but I can give you some canned goods. You can sign a card, make some New Year's resolutions, shake hands with the preacher, join the church, and try to believe that you have the Holy Spirit by faith, even though you do not feel His presence or see any real outward evidence in your life of His indwelling."

But no, no, this is not what the hungry soul desires. Hungering, thirsting, for the Word of, God and for the genuine Holy Spirit that can make the word alive and apply it to the needy heart.

Step in and claim the promises. Of course, they are for you and for the church of God today.

The gifts and fruits reappearing when our Lord Jesus comes, will not be for at cold, dead, backslidden, theater-going, dancing, card-playing, cigarette-smoking, smart-set church. He will come for a perfect church, clad in power and glory, for a perfect tree with every gift and fruit hung in luscious, mellow, developed perfection upon her branches.

Oh, let us wake up and press on to that perfection. The winter is over and gone. The spring, with its summer rain has passed. The summer is almost ended, and the latter rain is falling on the earth. The harvest is at hand, and the Master is searching for ripened, developed fruit.

Praise God for the roots and the trunk of justification by faith. Praise God for the firm, strong limbs and branches of holiness and consecration. Praise God for the Holy Spirit, but the Master demands fruit from His tree these last days before His coming, not just green, immature fruit, but perfect fruit.

The Spirit of Angelus Temple



December, 1923



WHAT IS IT that pervades this blessed Temple of the Lord? It is something that can be felt, something very tangible and real. Sinners feel it as soon as they enter the door and stand in waiting. Saints of the Lord feel it and its thrilling rapture. Businessmen and contractors coming in to make this or that addition suddenly bow their heads and speak in a subdued tone.

Paderewski's representative and his mother felt it and, without a word being spoken by any, said, "We have traveled the world over, have been in cathedrals and temples everywhere, but have never felt anything like the spirit of Angelus Temple. Why, you can just feel it!"

"Oh, zee boosiful!" exclaimed Nazimova, the well-known actress, clasping her hands in ecstasy under the spell of it.

"It's something that gets you, something that's just real!" said Lieutenant J. G. Holt, while speaking in Angelus Temple as a representative of the Pacific Fleet on Armistice Day.

"There's a spirit here that just takes hold of one and permeates the air," said Nick Harris, the famous detective, while speaking to the Crusaders and the young folks on "Why Crime Does Not Pay."

"You can feel the influence of it far beyond the outskirts of the city and through every walk of life," said Mayor Cryer, in an address of appreciation given from the Temple platform.

"I felt it the first time I entered the building. It is wonderful—the Spirit of God," exclaimed the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, in his opening remarks, while preaching on "Blind Bartimaeus" from the Angelus Temple pulpit.

“The spirit of this place just wraps itself around your heart and cannot help having an ever-widening influence for good through the nation,” said Judge Ben Lindsay, prefacing his address to the Temple congregation.

Men and women everywhere have exclaimed about it. Sinners have declared that, though they entered the doors for the first time, thinking to be amused, they were instantly sobered and felt the tears streaming down their cheeks. Strong men have sat trembling like aspen leaves in their seats, gripping the arms of the chairs till their fingers were white, so strong has been the urge of the Spirit to lead them to the altar.

Sinners have declared that, when they rose to their feet, determined to reject the pleading of the Spirit, and endeavored to turn themselves toward the exit, something like a strong hand took hold of them, turned them round about, and drew them to the altar.

What is this something that, like a magnet, has drawn thousands from the gallery, the balcony, the main floor, down the soft-carpeted aisles to kneel at the tear-stained altars? What is this spirit of Angelus Temple that has caused estranged brothers to clasp each other’s hands and be reconciled, that has opened the door for wandering girls to return to their mothers homes, that has lifted lives from the ashes of defeat to the pinnacles of victory, transformed the garments of sorrow into garments of joy, broken the fetters of the drug addict, loosed the chains of the epileptic, exchanged the crutches of the crippled for strong limbs and erect body, given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb, a purpose of life for those who were purposeless, something to live for to those who were on the verge of suicide? What is this spirit that sways and melts and moves the countless thousands thronging the majestic edifice? This spirit of Angelus Temple?

It is none other than the spirit of the Holy Ghost Himself, who has come to abide in the hearts of His believing children. Surely He is tabernacled with men in a very precious sense of the word. One must really enter the walls of the Temple to understand just how real

and tangible its spirit is. It is a spirit of holiness that even the army of cleaners, who keep the Temple immaculate and shining, feel, which subdues the voice and solemnizes the heart, even when the Temple is empty, even in the watches of the night.

What is the cause of this marvelously real presence of the Spirit? From whence does it emanate? In what deep flowing spring has it its source? Undoubtedly it comes from the fountain-head of unceasing prayer.

Recently, after the simple invitation to come to Christ, literally scores rose from all over the building, poured down the aisles, and filled the entire front of the Temple. First to lead the way were some sixty bluejackets from Uncle Sam’s battleships. Husbands, wives, families, sweethearts, and people alone and far from home, wept their way down the mezzanines and the aisles to join that praying throng. On and on, they came till there was not another foot of space left, and then they overflowed to the mezzanines that led from the balcony to the platform.

“How did you come to take the step?” these converts are often asked a few days later.

“Why, something just took hold of me, lifted me to my feet, and drew me irresistibly,” they oftentimes reply. “And oh! I am so happy! I have found the Saviour! After years of procrastination, I have taken the step, and He is mine.”

Shall I tell you what I think to be the secret of the spirit of Angelus Temple? When it was being built, thousands of the saints of God who assisted in its erection by the donating of a chair, pledged their daily and nightly prayers wherever they might be, that the Lord would convict, save, and bless whoever sat in their chair. For instance, while I am writing these words, a saint of God in Norway will be praying, “Oh Lord! I donated chair number 1236 to Angelus Temple at Echo Park. Lord, save whoever is sitting in that chair just now. Let thy Holy Spirit deal with him, melt that heart. Give Sister McPherson the right word to say to touch and bring them to thyself.”

Likewise a child of God in Sweden, another in Australia, still another in Canada, a dear old colored saint down in Alabama, a housewife in New Jersey, a farmer in Manitoba, each one is praying, "Lord, bless the one that is sitting in my chair tonight! It may be a motherless little girl, friendless, hopeless, forlorn. Draw her to thyself by Thy unwavering love. It may be a young man with all of life before him. Lord, save him! Do not let him get out of the Temple without surrendering to Thee. Make him a winner of souls. It may be a poor old man who has wasted his life in sin and selfishness. Lord, get hold of his heart, help him to surrender."

Those prayers going up from thousands of hearts all over the world are undoubtedly registered in heaven, and the cup of God's blessing is o'erturned.

Then, too, high up in the Watch Tower of the Temple, prayer has been made day and night without ceasing for some ten and a half months, women praying by day and men by night in two-hour shifts.

"Oh Lord! Bless Angelus Temple! Fill the building with Thy glory, fill it so full of Thy Holy Spirit, that sinners shall be instantly convicted the moment they take their seat in a chair. Lord, grant that not one shall be able to leave the Temple without settling for time and eternity his eternal salvation."

Oh, that blessed Watch Tower must certainly have a wire direct to the Father's Throne! Or is it a Radio Broadcasting Station that they have up there? At any rate, the effect of their fervent intercessory prayer is being felt about the whole country for thousands of miles.

Then, too, the spirit of Angelus Temple is the spirit of the Word which is being preached in its power and simplicity.

It is impossible to define it. But, oh, Lord, grant that Thy Spirit may ever abide!

The Bridge that Spans the Gulf



Angelus Temple
December 2, 1923



IT IS WITH reverent hearts, this morning, that we turn the pages of God's Holy Word thinking of the blessed Communion Service of which we are soon to be participants. I want to speak to you this morning about the "Bridge that Spans the Gulf" of sin bringing man, who was afar off, nigh unto God through the Blood of the Lamb. In Ephesians 2:13, we read, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. Having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in Himself of twain one new man, so making peace. And that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby. And came and preached peace to you which were afar off and to them that were nigh. For through Him, we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone, In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord. In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ." Oh Lord, give us a vision of the Bridge

this morning that brings us nigh! God grant that, if there is anyone afar off this morning, He may be brought nigh by the Blood of Christ.

We read of an awful gulf in the sixteenth Chapter of Luke, where Lazarus and the rich man have entered into eternity. The one has gone to Paradise, and the other to Hades. The rich man “lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, ‘Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.’ But Abraham said, ‘Son, remember that thou in thy life, time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus, evil things, but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you, there is a great gulf fixed. So that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.’”

This, of course, is speaking of the gulf between heaven and hell, life and death in eternity. But, once that gulf extended to earth, there was no way to get to God. But, praise the Lord, He prepared a Bridge through Jesus Christ. The bread and the cup are a symbol this morning.

In the beginning, we remember, there was no gulf. God could walk and talk with men face to face, openly, as friend communes with friend. It is thus that God would ever have talked, but sin entered, making the gulf. In the Garden of Eden, God was wont to come in the cool of the day and walk with that man whom He had formed. They walked and talked together, and Adam could look with a smile into the face of God. God, with loving eyes, could look into the heart of Adam and see that it was pure. Oh that it could have always been so! Oh that He could come down in body and appear to us! But, alas, sin entered when Satan came in the form of a serpent to tempt and deceive Eve, and later Adam. Oh what a gulf! Sin, unbelief, disobedience, selfishness made them take the fruit when God had provided

for them other things. The gulf was becoming wider and wider. They had lost the beautiful fellowship where God could talk to them without a blemish or cloud between. But God drove them out of the Garden and placed angels at the east of the garden, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

But, praise God, some of these days I expect we are going completely over that bridge and get into heaven, and we are going to find the tree of life blooming.

Who should bridge the gulf? The gulf was so deep that man was not able to drive piles deep enough into the earth to make a bridge. There was nothing mankind could do it. These two words stand out, “Afar off,” and the other, “nigh.” We read in Exodus 20 that the Lord wished to speak to His people but could not because of the gulf. However, He spoke to Moses, and as God spoke to Moses, “all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.”

That must be God’s attitude to man, yet once He could come with a face like lightning and walk with His people, and they with Him. But when sin came it was “afar off.” As the thunderings came, and the lightnings, and the mountain smoked, the people stood afar off and said unto Moses, “Speak thou with us, and we will hear. But let not God speak with us, lest we die.” Yes, there was that gulf. Man was so impure in his heart, so sinful that he could not talk face to face with Almighty God. I am so glad we can this morning we can draw into the Holy of Holies, because of what this table stand for the emblem of the bridge that is going to bring us all nigh.

“And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.” I believe that God is a thick darkness to many people today. They don’t understand His light. His light is like a sunbeam, but man seems to think of God as thick darkness. But Moses was able to talk with Him. Hallelujah! God grant that we too may be able to talk with Him.

In Exodus 24, we read, “And he said unto Moses, ‘Come up unto the Lord, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel, and worship ye afar off.’” The thought was, “Keep your distance, worship afar off. You have entered into sin; you have brought into your lives hay, wood, and stubble, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones.” Every bit of hay wood and stubble is going to be consumed. “I will talk to you, but stand at a distance stand afar off.”

Moses said to the Lord, “I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory. And He said, I will make all my goodness pass before Thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before Thee. And will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and, will show mercy on whom I will shew mercy. And He said, thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live. And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by. And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen.”

This morning, by coming through the Blood over the bridge of shed Blood of our Lord, we can enter into the Holy of Holies and see His beauty. Isn't it wonderful to have this bridge made? Someday, I expect to see Him face to face. Oh Lord, may I be found worthy. When one thinks of seeing God in His beauty, standing in the light of the snow-white throne, Him sitting thereon, brighter than the sapphire stone, one thinks of nothing but keeping unspotted from the world. Oh, do you not love Him!

What a feeling of awe and fear there must have been in the hearts of the people “Moses alone shall come near the Lord, but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him.”

“Moses, you can come to a certain distance, but the people shall not come nigh.” I am so glad that today it is not only the priests, but the people, who can come nigh. Hallelujah! We can all have access.

How glorious this Lord must be! Moses only saw the hinder parts, yet his face shone until the people were afraid of him, and they could not come nigh, but they stood afar off.

That is a great key word, “Afar off.” I was amazed when I looked down “far” in the concordance and found so many in the Old Testament. In the New Testament, you should count the “nigh” there. The Old Testament is “Far,” and the key word of the New Testament is “Nigh.” Praise the Lord! May He bring every one of us nigh this morning.

Looking up from the strings of his harp, David asked a puzzling question of the Lord in Psalm 10, “Why standest Thou afar off, oh Lord? Why hidest Thou thyself in times of trouble?” Yes, it was because of the gulf of sin that He had to stand afar off. In Isaiah, we read, “Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear.”

Is there anyone separated from God this morning? Anyone afraid to die? Afraid to walk in the sunlight of God? How many of us could walk in the ray of light and into the sun! Not many of us, yet the light of God is going to be more blinding than the ray of sun. “Lord, let me stand afar off; don't let me come too near. I am a sinner.” But, my dear sinner, backslider, let me show you the bridge that will lead you, who are now afar off, and bring you nigh to Jesus Christ. “Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you that he will not hear.”

But in Jeremiah 30:30, He speaks to us and says, “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 shall be in rest and be quiet, and none shall make him afraid.”

Just when it seemed the gulf was greatest, deepest, and widest, Jesus Christ came. The Lord had tried man in every way, but now He was going to bring grace. Bless His dear Name. Failure after failure had been made by mankind. The Lord had sent the flood to

cover the earth, fire upon Sodom and Gomorrah, flames threatened upon Nineveh, but still the gulf grew wider and wider. It seemed man would never get near to God. People were shedding the blood of goats and lambs, which was a symbol of the blood of Jesus Christ. When night seemed darkest and most unfathomable, our Lord came. He was born as a babe in the manger, baptized by John in the Jordan, had power to still the tempestuous billows of the sea, heal the sick, and forgive sin.

At last He came to the place where He was to make the bridge. "Children, I am going to die. I am going to Calvary. This body shall be broken, and I shall be crucified and slain. The Shepherd shall be killed and the sheep scattered."

"Lord, let this be far from you." But the Lord made answer, "For this cause came I for." Oh Lord, your beautiful hands, they must not pierce them. Those feet must not be pierced. Your side must not be pierced with a spear. Your beautiful brow must not be pierced with a thorny diadem. No, Lord, be this far from you. The Master quoted Isaiah and said, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me. In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do Thy will, oh God."

This body has been prepared for a purpose, and it must be broken. It is going to become the bridge and everything you need. It is going to cover the gap of sin. "My body shall become bread to you. It shall be like manna in the wilderness. Eat my body, it is bread and life to you. My Blood shall be shed for the cleansing of the nations, sins shall be washed away. Everything my Blood touches is going to bring deliverance." Glory to God.

I was thinking of what Dr. Alexander Martin told me about the injurious particles in the blood. He told of how vinegar destroys the blood. I know something more powerful than that. If you take the precious Blood of Jesus Christ and touch it to sin, sin is gone. Praise the Lord! Isn't it true. Take the story of Johnny Walker. He took the

precious Blood of Jesus Christ and touched it to the drug habit, and it has gone. Touch it to the tobacco habit, and it is gone. Touch it to sin, and it is gone. Touch it to asthma, and it is gone. Beloved, I am so proud of my Lord Jesus Christ. It seems I could preach on the precious Blood of Jesus from now to midnight. No matter how far off you may be, you can be brought nigh through the precious Blood of Jesus.

When our Lord came, He appeared in the Garden of Gethsemane, and a cup was brought to Him. He prayed for grace that He might drink it, and He took the bitterness and pain out of sin and death. They brought Him to the Cross. There is a fountain open in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. Beloved, He died for you and for me. He came that He might make a bridge that would lead us into the presence of God. Up to this time had been "afar off" keep your distance. The high priests serving in the Holy of Holies had a curtain between them and the people.

Stand back, keep your distance. If you come near you will die. But, glory to God, while Jesus hung on the Cross of Calvary, the curtain was rent. The wrath of God came upon Him, and He said, "It is finished." Then things began to happen, the earth rocked and swayed, graves were opened, and something else happened that I am so happy about. Away back in the temple, the veil began to do the strangest thing there was a ripping sound, and the veil was rent. Man did not tear it, but God did. It was torn from the top down. What did it mean? It means that those who are afar off may be brought nigh to Jesus Christ. The veil is torn away. Come, oh ye ends of the earth, for there is a new and living way. The bridge is finished.

When there is a washout along the road, the first thing to do is to hang up a red lantern and say, "Keep back." But, praise the Lord, as soon as it is fixed, they take away the trestles and red lantern and say, "Go ahead. It is finished." Oh beloved, it is finished the bridge is finished. Glory to God! We who were once afar off are now brought nigh through the Blood of Jesus Christ.

The bridge has a great deal to do with the cup. Before our Saviour went to the Cross, He took the cup and blest it, then gave it to the disciples saying, "This is my Blood. Drink ye all of this. I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come."

Not only a cup here, but on the other side of the bridge. They took the cup which the Lord had blest. It is wonderful to take the cup that the Lord has blest. Jesus Christ died, but on the other side was another cup, "This do until I come." Here is the upright for the bridge; He gave the cup. Here is another upright, which is in the heavenly land. When He comes, we are going to drink the cup anew in our Father's Kingdom. There are three uprights to the bridge here. He gave the cup to the disciples, and they drank it. Then He died. Over here is the other upright, "This do in remembrance of me until I come. I will drink the wine no more until I drink it anew in my Father's Kingdom."

Brother, sister, the bridge is finished. Will you travel over it this morning into the glory land?

God as a School Master



*Angelus Temple
December 2, 1923*



HIS AFTERNOON, WE are speaking upon "God as a School Master" or, in other words, "How the Lord prepared the Men of the Bible for Service." We wish to speak of His preparation of several men. The Bible is so full of the theme of God's School. The few that I jotted down today to speak upon are Moses, Samuel, Gideon, Elijah, Elisha, David, Jonah, Peter, and the hundred and twenty.

There is a great similarity in His training, yet each one received their diplomas for various work they had to do.

First, we will take the training of Moses. We read of his training in the second and third chapters of Exodus, but his training ran on through the school for he, indeed, took degree after degree in God's college. He was a man called of God to do a great work, called to lead thousands from darkness into light, to lead people from captivity into freedom, from the flesh pots of Egypt to the fruits of Canaan.

I believe God wants to call people in Angelus Temple to similar work. There is the cry, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." Oh, that we might be trained! As we notice in Moses' training, he was born for a purpose. We cannot read the second chapter of Exodus without realizing that God's hand was upon that child from the day of his birth. Yes, and years before his birth. I believe that the Lord has a plan for each one of us. He is no respecter of persons. He had a special work for Moses that none else could do. But brother, sister, he has a special work for you that none else can do. I could never

do the work that you can do. There is work in your home, factory, shop, community, that only you can do. Oh Lord, turn everybody in Angelus Temple into evangelists, who will work for you in the school, shop, home, or wherever they may be.

Moses was protected by God, though the enemy was anxious to get him. He was schooled, you remember, in the schools of Pharaoh. He received a splendid education. So many say, "If I could only have a Bible training." It is a pity that every college isn't full of the glory of the Lord, yet Moses was not trained in a religious college, but received his education in Pharaoh's school. And God used every bit of his education. My son, don't despise wisdom. Girlie, study. Every day I went to school has helped me, every day has been a blessing. I only wish I had more training. Indeed, I am going to college all the time.

"Sister McPherson, have you been through a seminary?"

"Oh, yes, the Trinity College. The faculty is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Wonderful training. If you can get all the others, so much to the good. If not, be sure not to miss Trinity College."

God was to train Moses. God's hand had been upon him for years. He had been living in Pharaoh's home, but now identified himself with the children of Israel. He saw two men striving with each other—a Hebrew and an Egyptian. He looked this way and that way (stealthily), and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. When Pharaoh heard about this, he sought to slay Moses, but Moses fled.

There was a man God was going to make a mighty evangelist, a mighty deliverer of the people, but yet there he was schooled in Pharaoh's school, not taught of God. Here he was with such a temper that he slew a man and did it stealthily, looking first to see if anyone would see him, then he covered up the body and ran away like a coward. That would seem rather a peculiar mixture for God to start with, but, praise the Lord, if you will give yourself into His hands, he as a School Master will be able to mold your life.

Moses fled to the desert, and there kept sheep and was very faithful to his task. Keeping sheep for forty years is good schooling. The Lord is so like a lamb, and He wants his people to be like lambs, and He our Shepherd. A change came into Moses life, which was brought about by the power of God. One day, he saw a strange sight—a bush all ablaze in the desert. Moses drew near to the bush, and as he came near the bush, the Lord said, "Moses."

"Here am I, Lord." And the Lord said, "Draw not nigh hither. Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Then Moses looked and said, "Lord, who is it? Who is speaking to me out of the bush?" And the Lord gave him His great commission, "Moses, over in Egypt there live people who are dying for light, food, blessing, and deliverance that I alone can give. Go to them, and say, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters, for I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver you."

That is something every servant of God must know, that the Lord has seen the affliction of His people, heard their cry, knows their sorrow, and has come to deliver them. When Moses heard these words, he looked up and said, "Lord, you say I am to go to them, to become a preacher. But, Lord, here I am in the desert, a countryman. Why, Master, how can go down to tell those people that I am sent to be their leader?"

He need not to have worried about that. The people would know whether he had a message. "Lord, if I go, the first question they will ask me will be, "From whence did you come? Who sent you, and what is his name?" Yes, in God's college that is what everyone would know. I can picture Moses coming from the desert to the children of Israel to tell them the story of life and blessing. And I can hear the question, "Moses, who sent you? What is his name?" Moses asked the Lord, "What shall I say?" And if you are to become an evangelist or preacher, ask that same question of the Lord. "Lord, when I begin to preach the gospel, who shall I say sent me? The Methodist Church,

the Baptist Church, the Salvation Army, the Christian Alliance, or who shall I say sent me?” And God said, “Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I am hath sent me unto you.”

It is wonderful to have the backing of a church, but it is more important to have the backing of “I Am.” If He sent you, you are bound to conquer. “Who sent me, and what is His name?” Lord, shall I tell them that a great I WAS sent me, the God who used to have power, who used to do great things? Who shall I say? I don’t believe Moses would ever have had that revelation if he had preached the great I WAS. There are so many men of God today who are preaching the great “I WAS.” They don’t know it, and they would be offended if they knew I intimated it. But, it is true. The Christ who used to live, who used to perform mighty deeds. The great I WAS has sent me. But, they are not getting very far with that. You cannot get a revival with a great I WAS. You must preach the great I AM if you want a revival of the old time religion.

“Whom shall I say sent me?”

“Thus shalt thou say I am hath sent me unto you. Moreover, this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.” Just to think, I am sent me, and He wants to send you too. It is the grandest thing when I am sent you.

If I WAS sent you, your shoulders are stooped, you are apologetic.

“Folks, you must not expect so much of the Lord; He lived nineteen hundred years ago and is a long way off. You must excuse this lack of power. If any is sick among you, let him go to the doctor and take a bottle of medicine. You must not expect an “Amen” corner because the great I Was is far away.” Oh, I couldn’t preach like that! When you have the great I am, you can square back your shoulders, throw out your chest, and say, “I am hath sent me. Folks, He lives, and He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. The Miracle Working Lord, the saving Lord, the healing Lord, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, has never lost His power. His touch has never lost its

healing. His ear has not become heavy that He cannot hear. His arm is not shortened.”

“Who sent you, and what is his name?”

I am hath sent me. Glory to God!

Moses said, “Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?”

There, there he is going to get a diploma. When a man begins to say, “Lord, who am I?” they are getting near. Moses would not have said that forty years ago. But forty years in God’s school has changed him. The capital “I” is all melted.

“Who am I?”

The Lord said, “Certainly I will be with you. Moses, you are nobody. You are a little yielded instrument in my hand. It is not you, but myself who is going to lead them out. Do my will.”

“Lord, I can’t speak, and I am not able to work.”

Do you feel that way. You would give anything in the world to be able to give the reason for the hope that is within you and to tell the story. Cheer up, the Lord took Moses though he felt the same way and made him a blessing. When we are weak, then are we strong. Oh, what a training Moses had! The Lord trained him as He talked to him on the mountainside and on the mountain peak. Moses’ training was done in private, then, when he stood among the people, God was able to use him.

The training of Gideon was a wonderful training much on the same line. An angel appeared to this man just a farmer. The angel said to him, “The Lord is with thee thou mighty man of valour.”

Gideon lived in a time when someone was needed to preach the good news, someone needed to lead the people out of bondage into liberty. I think it is wonderful how the Lord takes a humble man to do this. I would have expected the Lord to raise up a king to take the message, or a pompous ruler, or a college professor, or some great and learned man. Instead of that, the Lord picked up a farmer who

was thrashing. Brother, He may be picking out you. Sister, maybe you, for special work that only you can do. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

What a strange salutation came to Gideon!

"The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor."

A farmer, a mighty man! Yes, you may be an automobile mechanic, but you can be a mighty man. You may be working in the shop, but a mighty man. Mother, washing dishes, but a mighty woman of God. Why was Gideon mighty! Because the Lord was with him. Have you ever felt the Lord with you? Have you ever felt His power going over you in waves from head to foot, and has it thrilled you and filled you? Have you ever had Him pick you out of self?

I feel that way now. I am trembling with the power of the Spirit. I am not nervous, but the power of God is upon me. I am nothing, not even as much as the man who was thrashing wheat. If the Lord is with you, you are a mighty man. If you want to be a servant of the Lord, be sure the Lord is with you. Be sure you are filled with the Holy Spirit.

"Oh, my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? And where be all His miracles which our fathers told us of saying. Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt?" That was the very question Moses asked, only Gideon asked it in another way.

The Lord sent Gideon out, "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites. Have not I sent thee?" You remember the great blessing and glory that crowned His works.

Samuel was in God's training school and was called for a glorious work. God had had His hand upon Samuel as a child. Indeed, he was interested in him before his birth. Samuel had a Christian mother. I wonder how many here had a Christian mother, one who prayed before you were born that you might become a Christian. Perhaps everybody has not had that privilege. Thank God, I had that privilege. My mother prayed for me a year and a half before I was born. Praise God, even if you are a girl, the Lord can use you. There

is neither male nor female when it comes to preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. Neither Jew nor Gentile.

It isn't what kind of a cup, but what's in the cup. Have the spirit in the cup. Glory to God!

Samuel had been set apart for the work of the Lord, dedicated to the Lord. I was dedicated to God when I was six weeks old. Mother gave me to the Lord and brought me up for Him. Samuel was brought up in the house of God. Parents, teach your children to love and revere the house of God.

One night the Lord spoke to Samuel and said, "Samuel, Samuel." Oh, how God prepared His servants! Samuel thought that a man had called him, so he went to Eli and said, "Here am I, for thou called me. Eli said, "I called not. Lie down again." Samuel went back to bed, and again God called him, "Samuel." And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." Eli said, "I called not, my son. Lie down again. The Lord called Samuel again, "Samuel." Samuel went to Eli the third time and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." Eli perceived that the Lord had called Samuel and said, "Samuel, go, lie down. And it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord,' for Thy servant heareth."

God knows how to call His people. In a moment the Lord came and stood and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Oh God, I pray that you will call men and women this afternoon.

I remember when you called, "Aimee, Aimee," and I said, "Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth." It seems to be too wonderful to be true that you ever called me. If there is anything I can do for you, here am I. "Samuel. Willie. Esther. Robert." He is calling. Will you answer back, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth?" That is God's school answer.

God told Samuel His will, and, praise God, Samuel became a great man of God. God kept him in His college until he graduated.

God's school for David was a wonderful school. He began with David when he was a little child. I know God loves to begin with you

when you are children. Mother, father, don't think that your child is too small to give his heart to the Lord. David, as a child, had the hand of God upon him, he was sent out to keep his father's sheep, then he was in God's college.

Some of us who expect to be Christian workers do not realize that God is our teacher in the office, factory, in the kitchen, or at the typewriter. That is God's school. He wants to make you a victor in your own home. David was called of God to lead the army of Israel, but God doesn't begin his training with great battles. He begins behind the scene. Moses was in the wilderness, Gideon at thrashing, Samuel in the temple, and David in the fields, keeping his father's sheep.

I see some people who think they are going to be a preacher or an evangelist, who have never made a success of anything in life. I wonder if they are going to be a success as an evangelist. Most of these people have been a success at something. Learn to do little things, then God will give you big things to do. I believe that God wants us to wash the handle of the cup, to sweep the corners clean. Everything that we do at home should be done in the Spirit of the Lord, much like we mean to preach the gospel.

One day, while David was keeping his father's sheep, there came a bear, and another day a lion came and took a little lamb and bore it away. The devil is just like a roaring lion and wants to take the lamb out of our heart. They say, in the world, "trying to get your goat," but in the gospel, it is trying to get the lamb. Praise the Lord!

When that lion took the lamb, David caught the lion by the beard and slew it. The same did he with the bear. Sister, what about those bears? Don't you ever have any in your home? Your tongue, your heart, your hands, your voice, your thoughts are like sheep. Keep your father's sheep. Don't you find that bear comes around once in a while? Lots of folks have bears in the home. It means a lot to get victory. If you have overcome in your own home, kept your temper, and been able to hit your thumb and say "Hallelujah," then God is

going to make you a victor. If you are sharp, I am afraid you are not ready for your diploma. God is a School Master, and He wants every one of us to be a victor in our home life.

"Well, Sister, that is all right, theoretically, but you don't know how hard it is to be a Christian where I work. You don't know how people make fun of me. They say, 'You went to Angelus Temple. You've quit smoking. You're going to be good.' A month ago I would have well, I can't say what I would have done. But now I grit my teeth and bear it."

Don't you realize that that is your school. God has put you there to make you a victor in testing places. If you are a victor there, He will send you out to a conquest in His Name. "All things work together for God."

Because David was victor among the sheep and killed the lion and the bear, he was able to triumph over the giant. David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

"I will go out and overcome the giant of worldliness and unbelief."

"Child, what are you talking about? You have never been through colleges; you have no letters after your name. What makes you think you can kill that fellow?" David said, "I will give you my recommendations, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep." That is all the recommendation you need. Get victory at home. Get the power of the Holy Ghost, and you can go against the enemy.

Saul said, "If you are going out against the giant, all right. The Lord go with you. But I will dress you up in my clothes. You should go in an orthodox way. Wait until I put my hat on you." He put his helmet on David's head, but it was too big, and he didn't know how he was going to go in it. "I will give you my coat," but it was so long that the tails came to the ground. David could not go in it. And that wasn't the way David was meant to fight.

Some of us would like to cast people after our mould. You can't find one rose like another, or one lily of the valley like another, or

one blade of grass like another, or two people alike. God lets one go out with a helmet and sword, but he sends another with a sling and stones. Haven't we a wonderful Lord?" God hath chosen the foolish things to confound the wise. And God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things which are mighty." Lord, use every one of us, we pray.

God is a School Master. How he prepared Elijah? He prepared him first in the field and by the brook taught him to trust for food and raiment. You must trust the Lord for money and clothes, as well as spiritual blessings. That is one thing the Lord taught me. "Lord, I am not going for a salary, but how about my clothes and food."

"Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Elijah had a mighty training, then the Lord used him. He got victory when staying in the widow's home, then the Lord sent him out to call down fire from heaven. If Elijah had not been true in God's school in private, he would never have gotten victory in public life. He called down fire from heaven! What a mighty man? He was able to pray down rain and defy multitudes of unbelievers. Isn't it wonderful to go through God's school and get a diploma?

"We don't need anything like that, if we finish college."

No, but we never finish until we are called to the other shore, and I doubt if we finish it then. God has new lessons to teach you. Elijah had called down fire from heaven, rain from above, then he heard that Jezebel, a woman, was talking about him. She was out to get him and put him to death. And that man, who stood before the multitudes preaching and called down fire from heaven, did the most surprising thing, he ran away from a woman's tongue. He sat under a juniper tree sobbing. You can't imagine a preacher doing a thing like that. Why, he has gone through God's college and couldn't get discouraged.

But it seems like preachers, too, are like common clay. Elijah lay and slept under a juniper tree and an angel brought food to him,

woke him up, and said, "Arise and eat." Elijah looked and "behold, there was a cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again." Poor tired out preacher! I don't suppose anybody would think of a preacher getting tired. Elijah had called down fire from heaven and rain from above, is it possible that the same man is under a juniper tree, his eyes red with weeping, hungry, discouraged, needing someone to bring him food? He arose and did eat and drink, then hid himself in a cave, because people were not doing things to suit him. The Lord came to him and asked him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

"Well, Lord, they are not doing things to suit me. I, even I, only, am left. And they seek my life to take it away." But the Lord said, "Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Elisha was a precious one. One day Elisha was plowing in the field—just a farmer—when a man passed him by. I will never forget, when on the farm in Canada, and a man passed me by—Jesus Christ. As the man passed by Elisha, he dropped his mantle over Elisha's shoulder. It was so the Lord dropped a mantle over my shoulder. Bless his Name. That mantle of love, mercy, and compassion. When Elisha felt the mantle, he left the oxen and ran after Elijah, saying, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mothers, and then I will follow thee." But Elijah said, "Go back again, for what have I done to thee?"

What have you done to me? Just one look at your face and this whole world is changed! Just one sound of your beautiful voice and earthly voices have lost their attraction. You have changed the whole world for me, and now it is a place to win souls for you. Elisha kissed his father and mother "Goodbye," came back, and finished in God's school of training. "He 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. Then he arose and went after Elijah and ministered unto him."

I know some folks who think they are going to be servants of God, but they haven't killed their oxen yet. "I want to give the thing a trial, and if I don't succeed I will go back and take up the plow." I doubt if Elisha would have gotten along that way. He boiled the flesh of the oxen and gave the people something to eat. Would you like to have something to give people to eat? Think of the thousands who are hungry. There are people right here who are delegates from twenty-eight states, besides Canada and Mexico. Would you like something to give the people? Folks, I will tell you how to get something to give the people to eat through God's school. Be willing to kill the oxen, make a clean sweep, then you will have something to give. You will never have a thousand-dollar blessing on a ten-cent consecration.

You remember how Elisha followed Elijah, and when Elijah left Gilgal, he said to Elisha, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel. You have enough now; you are good enough." But Elisha said, "No, I will not let you go. Wherever you go I am going." And Elisha followed Elijah. If you want to be a real worker, follow God until you get a blessing. Keep seeking, panting after God, until you have the fullness of His love, and you are a winner of many souls.

The pupils of the school at Bethel said to Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today?" he replied, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." I know some people who talk their blessings out between meetings, either in the park or in the lobby. They get so full in the meeting, but waste it all by talking, and come to the next meeting so empty. Don't talk so much. Talk to God more, and people less.

He said, "Hinder me not," and he went on with the prophet from Jericho to the Jordan.

"Oh Master, there is something that I am longing for."

"What is it, Elisha?"

"Let, I pray thee, a double portion of thy spirit fall on me."

Before you leave God's school, be sure you get that double portion.

Elijah said, "Thou hast asked a hard thing. 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."

Lots of folks have never seen the Lord go. They have seen a dead Christ. Those who have seen Him go on high, can have the Holy Spirit right now. Elisha watched Elisha go, and as he went up his garment fell on Elisha. I am so glad the Lord sent the garment of power back. "The works that I do, I do not of myself, but He that dwelleth in me doeth the works." Lord, let a double portion of thy spirit fall on the church.

Ten days after our Lord left, He sent the mantle of the Holy Spirit. Pick it up, and put it on. Will you do it? Before Elisha put it on, he rent his old garments, and then put on the mantle of the Holy Ghost and old-time religion. Elisha was able to part the river and to bring down blessings from God.

Oh beloved, we are in God's school. Jonah was one of the best types of stubborn folks. I haven't been able to tell about him or Peter and the hundred and twenty. But, beloved, God is the School Master calling you to His work. Will you come? Enter the field, and take up the work. "Samuel. Samuel."

"Speak Lord, Thy servant heareth."

Moses said, "Here am I, Lord. Who is sending me?"

Gideon said, "The Lord is with thee."

Are you ready to answer? Here am I. Send me! Have you victory in the shop, in the home, over little things? If so, then you will be conqueror in the big things. Follow on like Elisha did, until you get the mantle of the Holy Spirit.

Heaven—Where, What, and How to Get There



*Angelus Temple
December 9, 1923*

WE ARE TO speak on the subject “Heaven.” Surely one could not find a more delightful subject for a minister of the gospel or an evangelist to preach upon. “Heaven” or “The End of the Road: the end of the way for the Christian heart.”

Life after death, light after the drab dawn for the Christian washed in the Blood of Jesus. Health and strength after weakness and affliction. Glory! Hallelujah! Heaven after our labors for Jesus Christ down here. Heaven. It will be sight after faith. We will be able to see the face of our Redeemer. Heaven! Heaven!

The moment we speak that word, several things are called to our mind. There comes into all eyes a soft little glow. Heaven! When we think of it, we seem to see a city that lieth Foursquare. We think of the walls around that city made of precious stones jasper, emeralds, diamonds, rubies—the most beautiful gems that man has ever dreamed of. When the Lord built the walls of heaven and the angels chipped off chips, a few of the chips came down to earth. We pick them up and call them diamonds, emeralds, but truly they are just little chips that fell off while the wall was being built up there.

Heaven! We think not only of a city having walls, but of a city having gates. And the gates shall not be shut at all by day, and there will be no night there. Gates—not the little narrow gate which we speak of when we enter salvation, meaning we must leave the world behind with its sins—but a gate that is wide. Someone has figured

that the city is going to be 375 miles square, and that the gates must be fifty miles wide.

I know not, but I know it is going to be wide and beautiful. I can picture the redeemed of the Lord passing through, and the Lord Himself coming to meet us. Heaven! The gates of heaven are made of pearl. Not little pearls as we have here, but solid pearl. We think we know what pearls are. Some of us (I mean some of you) pay hundreds of dollars for a little pearl. Yet it is just a little reminder of the gates of pearl up there, which are so exquisite that mortal mind has never fathomed or dreamed of their beauty.

We think of gold being precious, of our money and our currency, but up in heaven gold is so common and so beautiful also, that they pave the streets with it. The gold in heaven is much finer than any we have down here. We read in Revelation 21 that the gold is as clear as glass.

Heaven! Looking away this morning, we not only see the Four Square City, the walls of jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst, the gates of pearl, the streets of gold, but we think of the beautiful homes in heaven.

The Lord has said to us in John 14, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." So in this city there are going to be homes. I believe the Lord is building one for you. Perhaps your name is now being chiseled over the door.

"But, Sister, I have sent so little material to build a home out of."

It is the little things you do here, the little deeds of love, the little promptings of the Holy Spirit, like this little girl who perhaps had some money set aside for Christmas. She heard Brother Norton talking about the work in India, and she said, "Mamma, may I give him my money?" Without waiting for others to come up and shake hands with him, she comes and says, "This is for Brother Norton."

Everybody forgets it, but the Lord doesn't. It has gone down in the book of heaven, and in the mansion is set another ruby or another pearl. Little unselfish deeds, the forgiving spirit are adorning our mansions over there.

I will never forget when first I drove down Wilshire Boulevard and West Adams Street. I think the homes here look more beautiful than any others I have seen. I have been in England, Canada, The States, but I have never seen such beautiful homes. As I drove down West Adams Street, I would look at those houses and say, "Why, mother, this is something like I always thought heaven would be." There were the palms growing, the green lawns throughout the winter, the roses blooming, and beautiful mansions of white. I wondered what was inside. Perhaps card tables, sinfulness. I knew of one that had liquor in the cellar.

Then I thought, "That isn't just like heavenly homes." The homes are going to be so beautiful that no mortal architect has thought of their beauty. Not a line or color that will jar. The stones think of their colors, every one melting and blending in the other, like the rainbow. Heaven! Its mansions, its homes, its colorings. We think we know something about colorings.

When making the Temple, I said, "Don't give us anything that will be earthbound." In planning the angels to go around the top, the designer planned earth for them to stand on.

I said, "No, let them be free. Don't put any earth."

"Shall we put a painting of earth?"

"No, keep it free. Make outdoor scenes."

We think we know about interior decorating. I said that I wanted nothing loud. Make the decorations of bells...And Angelus Temple is a work of art and beautiful. The walls blend with the cornice. We think we know about decorations, but wait until we get to heaven! Up there they are able to pick roses without thorns, and they toss the roses against the wall, and they stay there.

What a marvelous thing it will be to get to heaven. When we think of it, we think of a fountain that will be flowing. Perhaps it will be at the gate leading toward the Throne of God. When I go to San Diego, I like to watch the fountain. But, Hallelujah, up there there will be a fountain ever flowing. Crystal waters will gleam like diamonds and gems.

When we think of heaven, we think of a tree by the river for, yes, there is a tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruit, bearing fruit every month of the year. We were shut out of the tree of life because Adam and Eve took the tree of knowledge. If they had eaten of the tree of life, they would have lived forever. But, Hallelujah, we will be able to eat of it in heaven.

When we think of heaven, we think of a throne in the middle of it. I wonder if heaven will be anything like Washington, DC, with the Capitol in the center, and you can see it from every street. I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised. I don't think I will want to spend much time in my mansion, but I will want to be right at the throne, worshipping and adoring the King. I wonder if He will let me get real close to His precious feet, as He did Mary! I wonder if I can reach out my hand and touch His hands! I wonder if there will be time for every one of us to press our lips against His pierced feet and praise Him!

Oh those adorable feet! They walked the sands of Palestine, came over mountains, into valleys, and into the water. I wonder if there will be time for us all to take His hand in ours and for Him to touch our heads with that hand and say, "Well done, my blessed child!"

Oh those are such wonderful hands! When I get to heaven, I want to see the hands of my Saviour. I would love to press my cheeks against those precious hands, those hands that carried the Cross, those hands that were nailed to the Cross, those hands that were laid on the sick, picked up babies, and blest them, those hands that reached down from heaven and set a ladder here at our feet, like

they did at Jacob's. If we will only open our eyes, we will see the ladder of salvation, and its rungs of faith, hope, and mercy straight to the Throne of God. It was His hands that placed the ladder for us. Glory! Glory! Glory!

Heaven! Heaven! Praise the Lord! The most beautiful thing in heaven will be Jesus Christ. It will not be the walls set with jasper stones, emeralds, chalcedony, or the gates of pearl that will attract our attention the longest. It will not be the marvelous streets of gold, not the mansions that will rivet our thoughts, not the fountain of life, unless He Himself be that fountain, neither the tree with its glorious fruit. But the glory will be the Lamb Himself. There are marvelous things in heaven.

When we get there, we are going to see them. Yes, there will be the Throne.

Ezekiel had a vision of that Throne. He spoke of the glory of the throne, but it was the One who sat on it whom he could not describe. He said, "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake."

There are going to be some rivers. How marvelous it is going to be near the river of life. Angel bands on either side of the river. Their voices will be going over the silver water, one saying, "Glory to the Lamb of God. Dominion and might both now and forever."

Across the water I expect to be coming the sound of other angel voices, "Amen. Amen. He, alone, is worthy, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. None else is worthy of honour, praise, majesty, and might forever and forever."

Hallelujah! I not only expect to see angels up there, but I expect to see saints of God there. Peter will be there. Paul will be there. I am sure Stephen will be there, for when he was being stoned, he looked

up and “saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God and said, ‘Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.’”

Won’t it be marvelous to see the saints up there?

One wonderful thing about heaven that all Angelus Temple people will like will be that we won’t have to go home between meetings. There will be no night there. Oh the glory of it! If His blessings have become so sweet on earth, what will it be when, before His sacred throne, we meet up yonder? Here we almost feel that Angelus Temple is our home, and where we eat and sleep is our house. This is home where we come to sing praises unto the King, work together, win souls, lift up the fallen, point the weary to the Lamb. Oh this is home! But up there it is going to be a permanent home. This is the temporary habitation. We are as men and women waiting for the Lord, as virgins with oil in our lamps, listening for the sound of the silver trumpet when the Lord shall descend and say, “Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”

I am giving you these Sunday mornings a series of doctrinal messages. I have two more to give. I wish next Sunday’s was heaven too, but it is going to be the opposite, hell, the place of sorrow. None of us want to go there. I want to go to heaven, don’t you? I want to meet my Lord up there in the beautiful City of gold, to see Him face to face.

Heaven! Heaven! How can I describe it! “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” Can you say that this morning? Can you say with the Psalmist, “One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His temple.”

Can you say, “I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness”? For that indeed is another thing of heaven. With what body shall we come? What form shall be ours? We shall awake in His

likeness. This body, which has sowed in dishonour will be raised in honour. Sowed in the mortal body, will be raised in the immortal body.

“Sister McPherson, if I died today would I see my Lord?”

“I believe you would. Where is Paul, and Peter, and Stephen?”

“Oh, I guess they are in the grave.”

“I doubt it, for if that be true Paul would never have said, ‘Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. But to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.’ I don’t believe your sainted mother is in the grave. I believe she is in glory. True, the body is going to be raised to see the Lord; we shall be raised to worship Him in glory.”

“To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.” There we will behold Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob before the Throne.

In the story of Lazarus, there was Abraham in Paradise. When our Lord died on the Cross, graves opened, and many who were asleep arose. To the dying thief, the Lord said, “Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”

Stephen, when he was passing away, said, “Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.” Surely that vision was not plotted out, but the Lord had risen up to say, “Welcome!” I want to see my Lord. I believe there are going to be people there looking for you, and for me. Some of us have loved ones up there. God grant that we may all be ready.

Heaven! Is it a state or a place? Some people think it is just a state of bliss and happiness. They think it is air or vapor, but nothing real or definite. I doubt if it is just a state, for the Lord said, “I go to prepare a state? for you.” No, “I go to prepare a place for you,” a city that lieth four square.

Where is heaven? Well, it is begun within my soul just a little taste. Where is heaven? None of us know that. When we look at the stars, we wonder if the Lord is beyond the stars. We don’t know. But one thing we do know, when our Lord comes, he will draw us like

a magnet out of self into Christ, into glory. We don't hardly have to take the third step, for to be out of self is to be in Christ. It doesn't matter about glory or heaven because, if Jesus Christ was in the midst of the Sahara Desert, no streets of gold, no walls of jasper, no gates of pearl, no fountain of life, no magnificent mansions, all sand and barrenness, it would be heaven because He was there. Oh to see Him in His glory, what a day that is going to be!

What are we going to do in heaven? Are we going to sit around and play harps? I don't know, but every moment is going to be busy. There is going to be the Reward Seat for the faithful, where every man is rewarded according to his deeds. Not according to the money we have given because, if we have given it to honour man, it is wood, hay, and stubble. Everything we have done effectively for God, that is gold, silver, and precious stones, and we are going to get our reward.

There are going to be lots of things to do in heaven. The Book is to be opened, and there is to be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. The Marriage of the Lamb! What a wonderful day! There have been wonderful weddings; the church has been made a rose bower, bridesmaids in glorious robes, soldiers outside with crossed bayonets. Yes, there have been marvelous weddings of pomp, but there has never been a wedding, and never will be, like when the church of God is wedded to the Bridegroom. The veil shall be parted, and we shall see Him in His glory. "Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face."

Oh, Hallelujah, it makes us happy, eyes full of tears, our voices husky. It seems we could dance up to glory. Yet, we are seeing Him only now through a glass, darkly, but then we shall see Him face to face. When He comes we shall see Him as He is, and we shall be like Him.

This brings us to the question, "Shall we know each other in heaven?" Why, of course we will. Praise the Lord! I expect to know

Paul, Peter, Stephen, John. And I do want to talk with Jonah; I want to ask Moses some questions. Of course we will know as we are known.

Was not Abraham able to be distinguished? The Lord says, "I will not blot their names out of the Lamb's Book of Life." We shall know as we are known. Glory to Jesus! Some of you will see Baby Ethel, little Willie, who went away and left an empty place in the home. Some of you have mothers on the heavenly shore, they are watching beneath waving palms and waiting for you. Glory to God. "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

There will be no sickness. The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick. People down here may get old and wrinkled, bent and stooped, hands twisted with rheumatism; we will all be straight when we get up there. No more blind eyes, deaf ears, lame limbs. Glory to God! We shall all be able to leap with joy. There will be no funerals there. You will never lose your loved ones, and those whom we have lost, we are going to find up there, if they are washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

The thing is, are we ready? A slave down south was told that his master had gone to heaven. He said, "I don't know about that. I doubt it. Because, when he was going up north or any place else, we talked about it then packed his suitcase. I never heard Him talk about heaven and I doubt if he has gone there."

Ah, yes, if we are going there we want to talk about it. Already our faces are catching the gleam, we are on tiptoe, ready for the flight. Already our ears are listening for the sound of His voice with the accompaniment of angels and harps. It is a wonderful thing to be ready to go. It takes away all fear of death to be Christ's; it takes away all fear of entering into eternity.

A girl was being brought home from a revival meeting with her father. It was dark, and, while waiting for the ferryman to carry them across the river, the daughter said, "It is so dark, I cannot see the other shore."

The father replied, "The ferryman will be here soon. He knows the way."

"I wish he was here now."

The ferryman came and soon they reached the other shore. During the revival meeting, the girl was converted, and soon after that, she died. The father stood at the bedside, and the girl said, "Father, I have come to the river again, and I am waiting for the ferryman to take me to the other side."

"Daughter," asked the father, "is it dark? Are you afraid? Can you see the other shore?"

"Father, I am not afraid. It is light, and I can see the other shore. And, Father, the ferryman is coming, and I know who it is; it is Jesus. He is coming after me."

In a moment she was gone. There is no fear it is merely a promotion to higher service. It is like being promoted from a lieutenant to a general. We are going to be with God.

Heaven! What sort of people will we move among? The aristocracy of heaven. We may not be in the Four Hundred, or in Who's Who in America. A man came to the house the other day and said he wanted to put my name in Who's Who. I told him I didn't want to be in it, but he said they had my name in anyway. I don't care about that, but I do want to know that my name is in Who's Who in heaven. We are going to move among the aristocrats up there. There will be kings, queens, princes, princesses. And it will be a beautiful thing to walk and talk with the Lord.

Some people down here look so humble, so modest, and folks say, "I don't think she is going to be much of a Christian worker."

Yes, but the Lord sees things differently. He sees the heart of gold, love, sacrifice, service. Up there, these are to be among the aristocracy of heaven the dukes, the duchesses. Will you be among them in that Beautiful City of God?

Who is going to be in heaven?

Those who have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. Are your robes washed white? Have you been made ready? If the Lord should call now, could you answer, "Here am I, oh Lord, send me."

We read in Galatians of those who are going to heaven. It is not those who walk in the flesh, "for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. And these are contrary the one to the other. So that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these! Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, reveling, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another."

Heaven! Who is going there? John said, "I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, 'Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.' And one of the elders answered saying unto me, 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?'

And I said unto him, 'Sir, thou knowest.' And he said to me, '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."

Why, this is just the dressing room to get ready for heaven in the anteroom. We talk of divine healing, yet I realize that the important thing is salvation of the soul. None of us know how long the Lord wants us here. There is coming a day when we are going home to glory. It matters not how long we live, but it does matter if we are ready for eternity and the beautiful land over there.

"Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

Now, when our loved ones die, it is not with awful heartbreak or a cloud of darkness or beating upon our breasts. But we look at them, and we hardly know ourselves. It seems we have lost them for a while, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. We look over the river and say, "Darling, you have gone a little while before, but I am coming. When you see the Lord, tell Him I love Him and that I am on my way." As the lid comes over the casket we bend over, plant a kiss on the cold brow, but we realize that is not the person. It is just the casket that once held the jewel, once the lamp that held the light, the room that held the occupant. "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." And touching that cold hand once more, we say, "Darling, I will meet you over there. It will not be long."

Oh beloved, are you ready if the Lord should call you? He loves you so!

*What Does the Birth of Our Lord,
Mean to the World Today?*



*Angelus Temple
December 23, 1923*



READING FROM THE second chapter of Luke, beginning with the seventh verse.

Praise the Lord for the story of Jesus Christ, who was born in a manger in Bethlehem! We will take the message of the angels first this morning. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great sadness, oh, no, of great joy, which shall be to all people." Some people have the erroneous idea that the gospel, salvation, and service of the Master is one of sadness, and they will not accept it until they have gotten along in years. This is the greatest mistake, for these are good tidings of great joy. Oh, I pray that the joy of the Lord may fill your hearts this morning.

Up yonder, the angels are praising Him. It seems that heaven is not a far off place. It seems we could look through the dome and see our Master there making intercession for us our great High Priest. It seems as if we could see Him with the scars in His hands, eternally holding them out to the Father and pleading for our forgiveness and pardon through His precious blood. Oh, yes, and as though before Him we could see the angels. Can't you see them now? You can almost hear the flutter of their wings. Tier upon tier, legions of angels in robes of spotless white. Up there they are praising Him too. The

angels are falling prostrate before the throne, and they are singing “Holy, Holy, Holy.”

Among themselves, the angels are talking this morning, I believe. They are saying, “Isn’t it a strange thing how the Lord, the King of Glory, the Lord of hosts, why the glorious Son of the Omnipotent Father, went down from heaven to earth to die for those little people down there. They look so little. There are some in Angelus Temple, in the theaters, on their way to dances, clubs. All they are thinking about is their Christmas party, turkey, tree, and they have forgotten Christ. To think that our Lord loved them so that He gave Himself to them. He let them beat Him, crucify Him, spit upon Him, pluck the beard from His face, and kill Him, the Holy One of Israel.” It is too great for the angels to comprehend. But, up there, they are praising Him and sweeping their harps of gold.

But beloved, we have real cause for joy. More cause than the angels have, more reason to shout, more reason to fall prostrate and cry “Holy, Holy, Holy” than the archangels and seraphim, because they have never been redeemed. But, thank God, we have been redeemed. We have been redeemed, not with silver or gold, but with the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. Oh, do you love Him this morning. “Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.”

For a few moments, we are going to talk about what the birth of Jesus Christ means to the world. I would like to speak on this subject from a positive and negative standpoint, taking the negative first. What would have happened if Christ had never come, had never been born in a manger, if the star had not broken loose and announced His birth, if the wise men had not come? There would have been no occasion for the angels to come and bring the message of great joy. What would have happened? What a disastrous thing it would have been.

First, prophecies would have been unfulfilled. The prophecy to Eve in Genesis 3:15 would have been unfulfilled. The prophecies to Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, Nahum would have been unfulfilled.

Oh, what a mighty blank void there would have been. If Jesus had not come, what darkness there would have been. Instead of the light of salvation, joy, gladness and peace of God, there would have been blank darkness. There would be no church bells, no organs pealing out “Hosanna to the King.” If Christ had not come, Angelus Temple would not have been builded, we would not be sitting here looking up with thankful hearts and praising the King of Glory. If Christ had not come, we would be in heathen darkness, we would be worshipping idols and false gods, as they do in India and other foreign lands. I will never forget the sights I saw on my way to Africa and India of people worshipping false gods. In one temple, they were burning hundreds of dollars’ worth of paper before awful looking gods, and in another place, they were offering little children, casting them into the fire. It is a cruel thing to worship heathen gods.

Sister Norton has told you how men worship heathen gods by sticking pins in themselves, trying to do penance. Others walk over spikes, others hang swinging over fire with their heads down until they are unconscious. If Jesus had not come, that might have been the condition in America. If Christ had not come, what would have happened to the poor old world? If Jesus had not come, there would have been no bridge across the gulf of sin. Once, man walked and talked with God in the Garden of Eden, face to face, but because of sin, there was a gulf, which widened and deepened, between God and man. If Jesus had not come, there would never have been a bridge.

But, Hallelujah, He did come, and He gave Himself a ransom, just because He loved us so. From His birth in the manger to His death on the Cross, He was building the bridge. When they drove

nails into His hands and the wood of the cross, they were driving down the last boards of the bridge that leads from darkness to light, from earth to glory, from dying to living. Oh Jesus, if you had not come, what hopeless people we would be.

If Jesus had not come, we would not have had any Saviour, no altar calls in Angelus Temple, no men and women weeping their way down the aisles. We would not hear the sweet music of praying voices, "God be merciful to me a sinner." No Deliverer, no one to break the chains and set us free. Take for instance the brothers who were bound by the tobacco habit, the dope habit, but who are free now. Hallelujah! They would not have been free if Jesus had not come. There would have been no Lion of Judah to break the chains. If Jesus had not come, there would have been no tidings of great joy. The angels never would have been able to say, "Unto you is born a Saviour." There would have been no praying mothers, no family altars.

Think of it. If there was no Christ, there would be no family worship, no Bible, no getting down to pray through to victory! You could never tiptoe in and hear mother praying, "God bless my boy. God bless my girl." If Jesus had not come, we would not have had love in our homes. The heathen don't have it. Theirs is a life of fear and hardness. Praise God! Ours is a life of love. I am so thankful to my Saviour for love. If Jesus had not come, I could not reach the gospel of love. It would be a gospel of hardness. Indeed, not a gospel at all because gospel means "good news." I believe that every child of God has a ministry of some sort. Some have a whip and get after folks. I don't know, but if the Lord has given me a ministry, He has given me one of love.

The other might be good. "Well, Sister, folks need it." Maybe they do, but I am so glad for the gospel of love. I have found that having love as the shining bait catches more fish for Jesus Christ than a club. You may catch one with a club, but you drive so many others away. This is tidings of great joy a gospel of love, of blessing. I believe

that is what the old world needs. It is hungry for a vision of Jesus, for the message of His love.

The Lord didn't say, "Beat my sheep." He said, "Feed my sheep."

He didn't say, "Beat my lambs." He said, "Feed my lambs."

"But, Sister, if we sin!" It is an awful thing to sin, and the gospel of love does not glaze things over. It doesn't tell you there is no sorrow, no hell. But, above all else, it points to the Saviour, to Calvary. "Unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

If Christ had not come, we never would have had the message of love. What brought you to Jesus? Love brought me to Him. I heard many sermons trying to drive people to Jesus, but they didn't bring me. "You are not going to scare me into anything."

But when I heard the message, "Child, Jesus loves you. You are grieving His heart. He died for you. Though you have been untrue to Him, He has been true to you. Jesus loves you just as you are with all your foolishness, pride, and unbelief. He loves you so." That won me. I could have stood all the clubbing, but Oh the love of Jesus melted me, until I was down in a tearful lump at His feet, crying "Lord, save me," and He did. Hallelujah!

If Jesus had not come, there would be no Christmas, no beautiful trees, not a Christmas sermon preached, no Christmas bells. Beloved, has He come to your heart, to your life? Have you enthroned Him there? If Christ had not come, one of the most terrible things would be no hope beyond the grave. Hearts would break when loved ones die. But now it is different, we sorrow not as others who have no hope when loved ones are laid away. We can say, "Never mind, darling, we will meet in the morning. I will see you on the other shore because Christ has come."

Because He lives, we too shall live. If Christ had not come, there would be no hope, no heaven, no belief in eternity. But, glory to God, He has come. Hallelujah? He has come, and this morning the angels would fain proclaim the message, "Unto you is born a Saviour."

They preached it the first time, but beloved, it is for us to preach now. The angels are anxious to get down to the Angelus Temple pulpit and say, "Oh people, don't you realize that unto you is born a Saviour?" They would love to do it, but they are not going to do it for the Lord said that we could, and we are not going to give it up. The angels would fain have it, but it has been entrusted to you and me. Let us tell the story! Christ has come.

Glory to God, He has come! What does His birth mean? It means that every prophecy has been fulfilled. We have light, salvation, joy, and blessed peace. We have light. Have you light? Oh, I feel it streaming into my soul! Look at that sunbeam. I love to watch sunbeams. Just as you see, the sunlight coming in, so the light of His love comes streaming into our hearts. Why, praise the Lord, the light has come! Are you in darkness, in sin, unbelief, despair, don't know where you are? If so, come into the light for Christ has come. Hallelujah! Glory to His Name! Because He has come, we have a Saviour. Have you this Saviour?

"I haven't Sister, but I wish I had."

"Darling, why don't you let Him come into your heart?"

"I am too great a sinner."

"I don't think so, if you have the desire in your heart. If you had been too great a sinner, you would have no desire to be a Christian. But the fact that you are in Angelus Temple shows that He is seeking you. Too great a sinner? My dear, look at this one and that one."

"But, Sister they sinned against themselves, but I have sinned against others," said a young girl to me.

"What is the trouble, dear?" She had sold dope and passed along the needle.

"He will never forgive me. I have wrecked so many lives. It is too awful to think about. I wouldn't tell anybody but you."

That is the advantage of being a woman preacher, women can shine with girls. I said to her, "Do you think to go on as you are is going to make it better? What is the thing to do? The only thing is to

come to Jesus Christ and weep it out. Get saved, get right with God. Try to undo the wrong you have done. You have pushed people off the deck, and the least thing you can do is to throw them a life line."

Oh beloved, we have a Saviour this morning He is our Deliverer. Because Jesus Christ has come, He will save you. No matter who you are, or how far you have wandered, He loves you. It is hard to believe anyone else would give you up, but not the Lord.

Because Jesus has come, we have a Healer, a Great Physician. Not only for our bodies, but, thank God, healing for our poor souls. There are such sore spots in some people's hearts. "I can't forgive that man or that woman." But, because Christ has come, there is forgiveness, there is a balm in Gilead. There is healing for that hard heart of yours. Jesus Christ will help you to forgive and to forget. Christ has come, and because He has come, there is healing for the hard heart, healing for the deep wounds. And there is healing for your body, if you but claim the blessing.

Because Jesus Christ has come, the Comforter has come. Praise the Lord. If Christ had not come, the Holy Ghost could not have come. The Blood must be applied before the oil. First salvation, then the Holy Spirit. There are three stories, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. There is no way to get into the first story except through the second story, and there is no way to the third story without coming through the second story. Because Jesus Christ has come, the Comforter has come.

Because He has come, we have a Shepherd for the sheep. We have a great Consoler. Because He has come, dying people's visions have been smoothed out. Suffering people have looked through their pain and said, "I have no fear. It is only a little way to go now until I am with my Lord."

"I see the city now, the lights of that beautiful place. Beautiful, beautiful lights. I hear the singing of the angels, the sweeping of their harps. I see Jesus coming in a beautiful silver boat of salvation, and love to meet me and carry me home." Because Jesus has come,

dear Catherine Booth was able to say, "The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under but over." Praise the Lord!

Christ has come. And because of His coming, we have good tidings of great joy. Oh, I love to tell the story of Jesus. When I am telling it, I feel like there is honey to my lips. Some people only seem to see bitterness and hardness. Well, it is there if we reject Jesus Christ. But, to me, it seems like a gospel of glory and love. Oh, such wonderful tidings, brother, sister! I feel like I have spread sticky fly paper all around, only it is honey. If you get your foot stuck in it, you are going to be caught. Some use the poisoned kind, but I am going to use the sticky kind the honey of love. You are going to be caught at Jesus' feet, your hands, heart, head, and all. Glory to God! In the service of the Master.

Because Christ has come, we have a Captain of our souls. A Deliverer who leads us through every battle. We don't need to fight. The beauty of it is that Christ does the fighting for us. "Sister McPherson, you ought not let that go on."

"He that taketh up the sword shall perish." While I keep on preaching with the love of God, that Captain of my soul will fight for me. "But, Sister, you don't know this." I don't need to. All I need to do is to preach the gospel of love, and the Captain of my soul is standing with His sword, and He mows them down. Have you this Captain, Deliverer, mighty Ruler? You may have Him because Christ has come.

Christ's coming means something to everybody. It means something to the little wee baby, because mothers can tell them, "Jesus Christ was once a baby just like you. He had no soft downy pillow for His head, only straw." His coming means something to the growing child because He was a lad. When twelve years of age, He was in the Temple, asking and answering questions. Daddy can put his hands on his son's shoulders and say, "Be good, my boy. You are not too young to let Jesus into your heart because, listen son, Christ Himself was a boy." The birth of Christ means something to the adult because

Christ Himself was a man. He lived in this world and was tempted like we are. Bless His precious and holy name! The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ means something to the living people because our Lord lived and did things. He fed the hungry. So shall we feed them with the Bread of Life. Everything about our Lord means something to you and to me.

Christ's coming means something to the dying. He went ahead and rent the veil for you and me, that we might follow after into Gloryland. His coming means something to the well people work while it is yet day. And it means so much to the sick and suffering "Child, if you don't get healed down here, up there, there is no more sickness." The coming of Jesus Christ means so much to the poor people; Christ Himself was poor. If He had come in riches, His appeal would never have been to the poor people. But he ate at another man's table, rode upon another man's beast of burden, laid His head on another man's pillow, died on another man's cross, and laid in another man's tomb.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." And His coming means so much to the rich people because He is the Lord of Glory. If He gave so freely, so should we give freely.

The birth of Jesus means much to the toiler. Christ Himself was a toiler. Some people think that, when they become Christians, they are to become lazy and let other people support them. That was not the Lord's idea at all. Everyone should be a businessman or woman and should also work for the Lord. Christ was a toiler. Up to the age of thirty, He was in the carpenter shop. He was scarce three years in the ministry, but oh, what years they were.

There should be a great deal of encouragement to the carpenter because Christ was a carpenter. "My Lord held a hammer like this. He had a saw and knew how to make beautiful things. He had a level and plane, and He was able to do fine work." A carpenter sanctified

and blessed honest toil. His coming means a great deal to fishermen because He went out in boats and loved the sea. He was a fisher of men. The birth of Christ appeals to farmers because He spoke to them of the seed that was sown. Your life must fall into the ground too and die to sin. Then you are to be buried with your Lord in baptism, and, praise the Lord, you shall come up on the resurrection side to live for God. Some will bring forth thirty, sixty, a hundred fold. Which are you going to bring forth? I hope it will be something worthwhile for the Master.

The birth of Christ means something to the jeweler. He is the Pearl of Great Price. If you are a real estate man, the birth of Christ means something to you. It will profit you nothing if you have the whole earth down here and nothing up there. Be sure you have riches in glory.

If you are a mother, the birth of Christ means much to you. I will never forget when my little girl and boy began to talk. How eager I was that the first word they should speak would be "Jesus." And how happy I was when their little voices tried to say "Jesus." Oh, Hallelujah, Christ has come!

Because Christ has come, it is peace and goodwill toward men. Not the sword, not malice, and hatred, but love, gentleness, and yieldedness. Christ has come! Because He is come, we have the oil of His love to soften hearts, the balm of Gilead to heal wounded hearts. We have the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of Valley, whose fragrance fills our lives. We have the Bread of Life no longer hungry. We have a Pilot who will take us through.

Oh, Hallelujah! "I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The Light of the World



*Angelus Temple
December 30, 1923*



HE LIGHT OF the world. Our text tonight—two texts—one is found in John the ninth chapter and the fifth verse, "As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world."

Our other text, when our Lord was to go away, Matthew the fifth chapter, the fourteenth verse, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."

"As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." "I am the light." "Ye are the light."

Among the first recorded words that we read of as being spoken by our God are those never to be forgotten words, "Let there be light." Turn to the first chapter of your Bible, the first words you find God speaking are "LET—THERE—BE—LIGHT, and there was light."

The Spirit of God moved on the surface of the water, and there was light. A little further along in that first chapter of Genesis, we read that God made two great lights, the sun and the moon, the moon known as the great light, even though it is smaller than the stars, because it appears the largest to us. He said, "Let there be two great lights," the sun was to rule the day, the moon to rule the night.

And so has He spiritually made two great lights. The sun is Jesus Christ in type, "I am the Light of the world," the moon, a beautiful type of the church. "Ye are the light of the world."

The sun radiates its own light upon the earth. The moon cannot do that, the moon can only radiate borrowed or reflected light on the earth. The moon has no light in herself; neither has the church of Jesus Christ any light in herself. It is only as the Son of Righteousness shines upon us that we can in turn shine out upon the earth, with its sinners and with its hungry hearts. Oh God, grant that there never will be an eclipse or anything come between to shut off the light of the world.

“I am the Light of the world; ye are the Light of the world,” come these messages. The two great lights, the Lord and His church.

I want to speak to you tonight for a little about the various people who have shone as lights in a dark world, a world steeped in iniquity. One of the first whose light shone was Abel. Ah, yes, Abel, over yonder, just outside that blessed Paradise and the Garden of Eden. He was one who worshipped the Lord. And over here, he builded his altar and upon that altar he offered his sacrifice, and as a sweet smelling savor, it arose to God on His throne. But that light did not last long because Cain, that wicked brother, slew Abel, and his light was extinguished. But there were other lights to come.

The next great light that shone in the earth was Enoch. He was a man of God who walked and talked with Jehovah. As he walked with Him, testifying, witnessing, speaking of the Christ, he is a beautiful type of the church bride who walks and talks with God. At last, the light from Enoch’s face could not be seen. He was not, for the Lord took him Home. So today, the church is walking and talking with God, but someday, if we’re faithful, we will be not, because the Lord will take us Home to be with Himself.

The next light that shone (for there was light after light shining) was Noah. Oh, he loved God. We read of Noah, also around this same part of the country, that he loved God. He was a just man, a devout and a holy man. And when sin was rampant round about (even as it must have been in Japan, according to Brother Moore’s

talk this morning—the Lord sent the earthquake there instead), the Lord sent a flood, and Noah’s light did not go out, but it shone on and on and on, the light through the window of the ark as the Lord protected, blessed, and saved him.

One of the next lights that shone, also in the same part of the country, was Abraham. He walked and talked with God, was known as the Man of Faith, the man who prayed through.

Another light about that same time was Lot, who also walked with God, was a just man, living in the midst of a worldly community and a people who had forgotten God. When the fire of God’s judgment fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah, Lot was saved because of his faith in God.

Yes, but, oh! His light was fading now. Who would be the Light of the World. The Children of Israel had left this land, and they had wandered away into Egypt. The Lord was to bring them out, and who would be the Light? Who would reflect the Light of God and lead them out?

To this end He called Moses down in Egypt. Planned for his birth there that he should lead those children who had wandered from the land of promise down into Egypt, back from darkness into light, from bondage into liberty, from the leeks and garlic and the flesh pots of Egypt to “the land that flowed with milk and honey, where the vines hung low with abundance of fruitage—all these being beautiful types of the love and the power of God. As He led his people, He led them out of Egypt, and before them He caused to go the pillar of fire. He led them day and night, and we read of them, “They had light in their camps. Thank God for that Light of the World. It was God then leading His people by the pillar of fire by night, and they glory of the cloud of His presence upon the tabernacle.

I believe tonight the glory of His presence is here and that every one of us is going to feel it before this meeting is over.

Joshua, in this same country, was a light leading his people on to the Promised Land. Samuel, there was a light. And then again there was a light—as one went out another came on.

One thing that impressed me so mightily the other day as I was reading about John the Baptist was that, in his message, he said “There cometh one after me.” I don’t know when anything ever impressed me so as those words. I never thought of it before. “There cometh one after me.” And right straight through from Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Lot, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, on up to the days of David and Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, each of these that came, as lights it could be said, “There cometh one after me.” When the light would die out from one hand, the Lord would raise up another to carry it on.

Oh Lord, grant that we may help carry the light tonight before I finish with this message!

After the light had gone out, another picked it up. This time, Elijah. He was a man who might indeed be likened to a light in a darkened land. Springing out from the midst of the heathendom and the darkness and the idolatry, he lifted his hand, and his voice rang out as he said, “The God that answers by fire, let Him be God.” As he was called home in the chariot of fire, “another cometh after me.”

The next was Elisha, and he took up the work. Oh, Elijah is such a beautiful type of Christ, and Elisha of the church who carries the work on!

The days of David and of Solomon, the days of Isaiah, the prophet—Oh, what a light he was, as he told of the Christ who would come? He was an evangelist, this Isaiah, and he preached the Word of God just like we preach it in evangelism today. “Come, come,” was the message, “let us reason together. Though your sins be as crimson, though they be as scarlet, they shall be like snow, they shall be as wool.” Yes, he was a light in a dark land.

No sooner had the torch fallen for a moment from his hand than, again, a light sprang up. This time it was Jeremiah, and he witnessed with the force and power the Lord had given him, and as he preached, there were times that light seemed to flicker, for the people hated Jeremiah. They knew him as the “Weeping Prophet.” He was always telling them the sorrow that would come upon them unless they would repent of their sin. They put him one time down in a pit, buried him to his armpits in slime and horrible earth and filthiness, until at last they had to draw him up by ropes with bedding round about him, and again the light shone out brightly.

But God was not left without a witness. We might mention so many that we will not stop to mention. But among them, Jonah was a light that shone. The Lord said to him, “Jonah, I want you to get ready and go to witness for me, go speak my Word and tell those people of Nineveh that they must repent.”

He said, “Oh, Lord, I cannot do that. Why, they wouldn’t believe me. You say that, unless they repent, there is an awful judgment coming as came upon Sodom. Lord, I could not preach it.”

And so the light went out for a little, and Jonah became a backslider. And, oh, how straitened the Lord is if His people fail to preach the gospel. He doesn’t want to send angels to preach it; He wants men and women to be the Light of the world, with His reflected glory, telling the story of His love. But when the preacher backslides, His light has gone out. Backslider, your light’s gone out. Poor Jonah had a hard time of it. He went away down yonder into a ship, and we read, “He went down into a ship.” From that time, you ought to count the number of downs there are in the chapter, “Went down to the sea, went down to the ship, went down into the ship,” and by and by, when the storm came, he went on down into the whale, and the whale went on down into the sea.

Oh, yes, His light had gone out! But, thank God, while he was there in the whale, he began to pray and repent, and because he

repented the whale could not hold him. Praise God. If people would do the will of God, nothing can hold you. And the whale made his way to the shore and threw up Jonah on the shore, and the light sprang up again. And he said, "Lord, I will be the light if you want me to in that city." And he made his way back with the message to tell the story of God, and the city was turned to the Light.

On through the Old Testament—Daniel was a light. The three Hebrew children shone, not only as one, but the three of them shone like lights, witnessing for Jehovah. On down to Malachi, the last of the prophets, there were lights. But, ah! Instead of growing brighter as it had been, as people were witnessing, the lights grew dim, dim, dim. It seemed there were no more Isaiahs, nor Jeremiahs, and at last there came four hundred years when it seemed the world was in darkness. No evangelist, no mighty ministers to preach the message of Jehovah.

When, one day, a light sprang up. It sprang up right around this same part of the country. It sprang up in the wilderness. And, this time, it was John the Baptist, witnessing of the Greater Light that was to come. There he began to preach of the Christ. They said, "John, you have a light that is shining. Are you he?" And he said, "No, there cometh one after me who is mightier than I. The latchets of his shoes, I am not worthy to loose. When He is come, He will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire."

But John was a light. He was a witness in a dark and a worldly land.

Then one day, thank God! The Saviour came, and as He stepped down to the Jordan, the light of His presence was beautiful. There He shone out as the first and the last, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the Bright and Morning Star, the fairest of ten thousand to the souls of His people.

And yet we read by John, in the first chapter, of that Light "He shone in the darkness and the dark comprehended it not." Oh, that they could have known Him, could have walked into the brilliant, blazing light of Him who said, "I—I am the Light of the World." He

would have banished every cloud. He would have rolled back every sorrow, He could forgive sin, could heal sickness, He could redeem the backslider; He could bring joy and peace and comfort and glory into every heart. The Light of the World is Jesus. As He shone the people came into His light, and they said, "Oh, Saviour, your light is growing more and more bright. Let us walk with Thee."

And as they walked and talked with Him, He healed their sick, those that for years had been confined to couches of pain rose, leaping and shouting, and carried their beds away home over their shoulders. Ah, He was a wonderful Saviour! Wherever He moved, He left a trail of light behind Him. When Jesus Christ passed through a city, He left behind Him those that were healed and blessed. There were eyes that saw Jesus the first thing they had ever seen in the world, for they had been born blind. There were ears that were opened, and the first word they ever heard was Jesus. There were dumb lips that were unstopped, and the first word they ever spoke was Jesus, Jesus. Everywhere He went, oh, bless Him! This Light of the World left happiness and joy and peace and contentment.

But now they said, "What is the meaning of these words, 'While I am in the World, I am the Light of the World.' But Master, oh Master. Will you not always be in the World so we can see you and touch you?"

"No, my Children, I am to make my way to Calvary to die for the sins of the World. I will there be nailed to the rugged Cross, shed my blood that you may be redeemed."

"Oh, Master, will there be darkness then?"

"No, my Children, while I am in the World, I am the Light of the World, but when I go away, just as the sun shines on the moon and the moon shines on the earth at night, so during the night of my absence, I will shine upon you, my Children, and you shall shine out reflected light upon the world of lost sinners."

So He began to call to Him His people. First He called His disciples. Twelve of them came to stand by His side. Then not only did

He call the twelve to Him, but He called the Seventy, and they began to follow Him and to do His bidding. Multitudes were surging round Him then. Yes, yes! But they led Him, the Light of the World, to Calvary. They nailed Him to the Cross, for He was the light that shone in the darkness, the darkness comprehending it not. And as His life went out, the sun grew dark with mystery. Cold that afternoon grew, and chill. The shadow of the Cross arose upon a lonely hill. The light was fading.

“Je—sus, Jesus, are you dying?”

“Yes, my Child, for you,” He answers back.

And then the light was flickering and at last He said, “It-is—finished.”

But why the light flickering? There were the twelve disciples. Ah, yes! But they were pretty wobbly, wavering disciples. Some of them were communing to themselves, “Why, he’s dead! He’s dead! I thought He said He was the Light of the World. I thought He’d always burn so brightly! But He’s gone! Oh, Jesus you’re dead!”

And they laid Him away in the sepulcher, and the disciples, with drooping, heavy hearts, went back to their homes. Some of the followers of the Lord were on their way, back on the Emmaus Road, and as they walked and were sad, they said, “We thought He had been the Christ, we thought—”

But, Ah! Glory to God. This Saviour not only died and was buried for us, but He rose again? He rose again, and because He lives, we’re going to live with Him. Hallelujah! And the light began to spring up in their hearts again. He appeared to those people on Emmaus Road, and when He went into the house to break bread, He revealed Himself to them. Oh, their hearts opened with joy, and they ran to tell others of it, and as the message spread around, “The Saviour has come!” hearts were gladdened.

For forty days the Lord walked and talked with His children, and then He blessed them and departed from their midst, up, up, up into heaven. But before He went, He reminded them, “Children,

while I was in the world, I was the Light of the World, but now I am going away to my Father to make intercession for you.”

“Ye are the Light of the World, Children. I’m leaving it in your hands now to spread the gospel. I am leaving it to you now to tell the Story of the Saviour and His love. Ye are the Light of the World, and your church should be as a city set upon a hill whose light cannot be hidden.”

“Ah, yes, but, Lord, we haven’t very much light. We’re poor, miserable fellows. Don’t you know that Peter denied you? Don’t you realize that Thomas doubted you, Judas betrayed you?”

“Yes, Children, I know, but I want you to make your way to the upper room and there I will light your lamps for you. I will fill them with the oil of the Holy Spirit and set you ablaze with my power.”

And so the 120 made their way to the upper room in Jerusalem, and they tarried until the Day of Pentecost was fully come.

Have you ever done that? If you haven’t, tarry, tarry!

And when that day was fully come, the fire and the light of the Holy Ghost came down upon them, and the 120 went out to tell the Story of what the Lord had done, and as Peter preached a sermon that day, oh, how light sprang up! Three thousand souls were added to the Lord, and they were added to the church—repented, baptized, filled with the Holy Spirit.

It looked for a while as though this wave of revival was going to sweep the whole world, and it would be lighted from center to circumference, with the glory that was shining out from this land. They all huddled together in Jerusalem. But the Lord wanted this light to spread. He didn’t want it only to be here in the Holy Land. He wanted it to spread to all the heathen lands and the darkened countries. Persecution was allowed to come to these who were to be the Light of the World. And as persecution came, they were killed, killed in scores, yes, hundreds, and then in thousands.

The first martyr of the Disciples to give his life for the Lord Jesus Christ, the first to lay down his life, was Stephen. Yes, that was a sad

day, when they took away from him his life, but a glad day for him. He knelt while they stoned him, and as the stones were raining upon him, who was the light shining in a dark land, he lifted up his face, and he said, "Oh, I see! I see heaven opened and Christ standing at the right hand of the Father." So one of these lights went out as they stoned Stephen.

The next to lay down his life was James. He was beheaded with a sword in the day of Herod Agrippa, about the year 44. The next to lay down his life was Philip. He was scourged for the Lord's sake, and after he was scourged, they crucified him, eight years after the death of Philip.

The next one to lay down his life was Matthew, for the gospel's sake. He was slain with a sword. An ancient historian tells us that someone accused him falsely, and when on trial he spoke so sweetly, his face so calm and radiant and filled with glory, that the man who accused him was convicted, and as he walked along the road toward the place of execution, he confessed Christ as his Saviour and was slain with this dear follower of the Lord.

The next to lay down his life for the gospel was Mark. His feet were tied together. He was dragged through the streets till he was beaten and bruised and sore, and after being dragged up one street and down another, historians tell us, he was cast into a dungeon to lie till morning, and then in the morning was burned.

The next to give his life was James the Less, so known because he was not one of the disciples, but one who followed right on in the work of the Lord. He was stoned to death, but saw the glory of the Lord and praised him through it all.

The next to die is said to be Matthias, who filled the place of Judas when on the Day of Pentecost they cast lots and made another disciple. He was stoned and beheaded.

And the next was Andrew, who loved the Lord dearly. Andrew, Saint Andrew, was crucified, and his light went out. As he was to be crucified, they built the cross, crossing it like this, but his face never

paled, neither did he flinch. He is said then to have been tied with cords to this cross in this awful manner and left, not with nails, so that he died quickly, but just with cords, three days, suffering most awful pain, and yet he just praised the Lord and preached the gospel as long as he had breath. When at last the people complained, and they said, "Oh, cut him down!" they loosed the ropes, but he fell dead.

Ah! What do we know about suffering for Jesus? We are the Light of the World today. Have we the same spirit that these people had in the days gone by?

The next to lay down his life was Peter. He was scourged, and then he was crucified. We read that he asked to be crucified head downward, because he felt he was not worthy to be crucified as the Lord.

The next to lay down his life was Paul, that beloved child of the Lord. He was beheaded with a sword in the day of Nero. "Oh!" the devil said, "I am going to get this light out. I am not going to have the Light of the World here shining. I'll kill them all, stone them, crucify them, burn them, till there will be no light left shining."

Next Jude, the brother of James, was crucified seventy-two years after the birth of Christ. Then Bartholomew—some say he was pierced through with a sword, others that he was beaten to death with clubs, it is not just known.

Then Thomas, who was thrust through with a spear and laid down his life. Then Simon, who was crucified. And at last John, the Beloved, who is said to have died a natural death, a hundred years old.

Now the lights are going out. Why, no! There is a little light left. What is it? It is the Christians who are going through with God. "Oh, no! not when they are stoning and scourging and persecuting, not when they have to run away from their enemies!"

Ah, yes! "Ye are the Light of the World." Thank God, persecution cannot stop the work of God. Satan cannot put it out with his

burnings and scourgings and his rebukes. It seems to me, if we had a little more persecution, we would have better Christians today. In those days, how they served and loved Him, and their lights sprang up as in a darkened land!

Satan said, "I am going to put that light out. It shall not go on." Nero was raised up by the enemy, wicked and cruel, and he saw the light and said, "I am going to put the light out. It is spreading again now, there are more Christians being born again."

So one day Nero arranged what was known as "Nero's Torches," and he had all the Christians he could lay hold of tied to poles, wrapped in tar and in oil, ready for his torches. That night they would have a dance, that night they would have music, and everybody would dance, and instead of having candlelight, they would use the light of the burning Christians.

And so these heroes of the gospel were tied to the funeral piers, lifted high for torches, the lamplighter came along, touching each one with a burning torch, and the flames leaped up, and the Christians, praying, speaking, pleading with sinners till they could speak no longer, bravely gave their lives.

"Ye are the Light of the World." Oh, Yes! All that was left of their poor bodies was destroyed, but their souls went winging, singing, right up through the stars of glory and were received at the portals over yonder.

"Ye are the Light of the World."

They were persecuted so in those days. The devil said, "I am going to put this light out. I won't have these people shining like this."

But when he persecuted them they went down in the catacombs, burrowed their way along, and dug out underground churches. There the people worshipped God far under the earth. They would testify and encourage each other. The wealthy lady, who was a Christian, would sit beside her slave, and they would both praise the Lord together.

Lord, give us a love like that!

But in spite of all persecutions, the light would spring up and glow again. Just when the old devil thought he had it out, the light would gain and spring gloriously forth. Yes, it was going to shine now in Rome, all throughout Rome as it was spreading. The people of Rome said, "We will not have it," and in the great Coliseum, there they were going to kill the Christians wholesale. There was a cry that went forth everywhere. "To the lions with the Christians!"

And so the gates of the Coliseum were opened, and hundreds and hundreds of the Christians were taken in. Would the lights die down for a while? Ah, what a great place was this Coliseum! It seated, we are told, one hundred thousand spectators. We think our great stadium here is a wonderful place, but think of a place seating a hundred thousand spectators, who meet again and again to see Christians devoured by the lions and by wild cattle and animals. The height of that coliseum was 160 feet. Tier upon tier, bank upon bank rose the sinful people to see the light of the world put out. The length of the coliseum was 612 feet and the width of it, 515 feet. And here, with those thousands upon thousands of spectators, the Christians would be led in to die.

Ah, yes! The number that are said to have given their lives there is almost unbelievable, torn, driven, persecuted, mothers with their children clutched to their breast. It was said to them, "Now, won't you turn from Jesus? Will you not turn back to the world and to unbelief?"

She said, "No, I will die."

They said, "If you will turn away, we will save you; we will save your baby."

But, no, though it meant taking the little children and sacrificing them before their eyes, those brave, trembling women said, "I will be true to Him who is the Light of the world."

Oh, sister! could you do it? Brother, would you do it for Jesus Christ, the Son of God?

The light is spreading now, spreading over into Africa, and the glory of the Lord was going to be known as it was shining there,

coming down the line, shining for God, and down into Egypt, the message was being carried. In the northern part of Egypt, as the light was shining again, persecution arose. In Utica, the largest then of the Egyptian cities outside of Carthage, three hundred Christians were one day cornered, and to them it was said, "You will give up your Christian faith, or we will cast you bodily into a burning lime kiln," which was just before them.

The Christians, with one consent, threw back their heads and straightened their shoulders, and the whole three hundred rushed and plunged into that burning lime kiln and gave their lives gladly for Jesus Christ.

Oh, surely the devil will get the light out! Surely Christianity could never, never prosper when persecuted like that. But, thank God! The light shone on and on.

As a sample of those who lived in the northern part of Africa at that time was a lady by the name of Perpetua, a beautiful Christian character, who was the mother of a little babe. Her husband had given his life for Christ, and she was now to give hers. She was locked up in prison. Her father visited her and said, "Oh! Won't you renounce this Christian faith? Will you not go back to a life in the world and save your baby?"

She said, "No, I will stand for God and for his Christ."

They took her baby from her, but permitted her an hour or so a day to have the baby, and every time that she held it, they said, "Now, if you will just give up this faith in Christ, you can have your baby and go to your home."

But no! They took the child away and put the mother down in a dungeon for a week at a time. When she came back, almost blind to the light, they said, "Will you renounce Him now?" She said, "No! I will live and die for the faith of Jesus Christ!"

She gave the baby finally to her mother, and when she stood in the courtroom on trial, the judge, touched by the pleadings of the father, said to her, "Won't you renounce it? Why will you die?" And

they held the baby out to her hungry mother arms. But squaring her shoulders and looking up, she said, "I will not deny my Christ; I will die for Him!"

And so they burned her. And as the flame went leaping up, the "lights" were springing up everywhere.

Then as the years went by, in Spain, there came the tortures of the Inquisition. The light was going out it seems now, in Palestine, that wonderful light which was known, for there had come a scattering of the Jews. The great persecution was on. They were now getting their just deserts. They had crucified Christ and many of His people. But still the light was springing up. In Africa, it was shining; Spain now saw the light. Yes, but the devil said, "I will not have it here. I am going to get it out and squelch it in Spain." And so there came the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, tortures that make our blood run cold and make our faces blanch even to think of.

In the year twelve hundred, only have we to mention the ropes, the pulleys, the racks, the torture wheel and the fire to know what those people suffered. But, praise God, the light could not be put out. The light shone more and more brightly, for they were the Light of the World.

As the persecution came, historians declare to us, and I am quoting from them, 31,912 persons were burned during that Spanish Inquisition and reign of terror. The devil said, "I'll see whether I will get this light out or not. I will not have these people shining for Christ." Oh, Satan, you will never Put It Out! Never till we see Jesus Christ in His glory, and then we will shine forever as the stars up there. Two hundred ninety-one thousand four hundred fifty people were imprisoned during that time and cast into dungeons, we read, during that wicked reign of Isabella and those of that day.

Oh, Lord, make us trust with a light like that!

Then the message was spread over into Germany. And again we heard the glorious story ringing out. All throughout Germany, people were beginning to hear the message. Those were the days of

Huss, the days of Jerome. Yes, they burned Huss, and Jerome they hung in stocks by his feet, with his head hanging down, and at last took him out and burned him. But then there came along Wycliffe, and then came along Martin Luther, and as fast as they got one light out in Germany, another light sprang up. Praise the Lord!

And then the first Bible was to be printed there. You remember that dear man of God, Tyndale, and others who were planning on getting out the Bible, working down in the cellars, working in the basement. They said, "This is the light of the world. We must get the gospel message out." And it was there the Word of God was printed. But, oh! It was persecuted! Men were burned, gave their lives for Jesus, but as they died. They died singing, and the light went gleaming on.

We come down the lines. The light sprang up in France, and there came hot persecution. "Well, what do you think about that! These Christians are getting all round the world. If we don't stop them, they are going to have the whole thing lighted up." And the devil said, "I am going to put this light out in France. We've got to stop, and it's got to stop now." So they stirred up wicked kings and rulers, and there came what was known as the wicked French Revolution. On the guillotine, head after head dropped off. But, praise God! The light could not be put out.

Then there came the days of the Huguenots. Oh! They hoped again and again that the light might spring up and burn, without being blown by the winds of persecution. But the persecution continued. But, thank God! The winds of persecution only fanned the flames and fire was set everywhere for the glory of the Lord. There came the night of that awful general massacre in France, when the light was shining. That wicked ruler, Charles IX, and his mother, Catherine, were planning the overthrow of the lamps, the Light of the Christians.

"Sh! Don't tell anyone! We have got all our soldiers ready; we are going to get them. And the Christians are unsuspecting. Now, just

let them go till we find out who they are. Let them come out, and show themselves."

"All right, Christians! We have stopped persecuting you now. Come right on out, and hold your meetings in the open."

They counted them. They knew who they were. Sh! All the soldiers were ready, their knives were ground, their swords were sharpened steadily, softly, and the king was planning. Some of his own dearest friends in the country were Christians. At last came the night the awful massacre was to take place. The king pled with one of his friends to stay in the tower that night, but he said no, he was going to his home, and after he had gone the wicked king said, "Oh, well, I guess it's God's will for him to die!" and the man was slain.

Another, the king's physician, he said, "You stay in my rim and don't budge out tonight." Because he was too valuable a man to die, as he was the king's physician, he was saved. Then came the last hour. The innocent Christians were meeting and worshipping, when suddenly there came the clash of armor. The king had stirred up the soldiers, saying, these Christians were planning their overthrow and the king's overthrow. So they drew their swords, and the men and women and children lay dead.

The devil said, "Oh, I am going to get the light out now!" But still it grew and persisted, till it was said in those days there were two hundred million Christians and Huguenots, living and praising and serving the Lord. What is anybody going to do with people like that? There is no killing them; there is no getting rid of them. Shed their blood, and from the earth springs up a hundred in the place of one. Burn them at the stake, and the sparks set fire a hundred lives around about for the glory of Jesus Christ.

Now the light is spreading to England. Those were the days of the Angles and the Saxons, and as the light began to shine, very, very feebly and dimly for a while, the Bible was translated first into the Anglo-Saxon, but it was the labor of a lifetime. England must get the gospel; the Anglo-Saxon races must hear it. So night after

night, he dictated to his secretary, who was writing down the words as he translated the Bible. One night, he was just about to pass away, and the man writing said, "There is just one more sentence to be set down. Have you strength?"

"Yes," he said, "I have strength," and the dying man dictated the sentence, the man wrote it down, then he said, "It is finished!" Bede said, "Yes, thank God, it is finished!" England didn't know what was coming. "It is finished. Lift me up," and the old man tottered to the window of his cell, sat down, looked out upon the peoples of the earth, folded his hands, closed his eyes, and was gone.

But the light was springing up in England. Soon the Bible was translated into English by Wycliffe, and the message was going on. They didn't get a chance to kill him. They were planning to, but he dropped dead, just after serving communion, with paralysis. But they soon found a way, they thought. They dug up his bones and burned them and cast them into the River Swift. "We will show these people! We will not have it!"

Yes, but then there sprang up a light called Cranmer. Persecution arose. Then such well-known names, all down the line, as Jerome, and those splendid children of the Lord. Light, light was shining! They would only put it out and it shone again. Thank God for the Light of the World!

One day, a ship went sailing, sailing. The people said, "We're going to find a new land. We have been persecuted, we have been driven long enough. We are going to find a place where we can worship God after the dictates of our own hearts."

And so a ship went sailing across and across and across the sea to a new land that had been discovered by Christopher Columbus. A light was going to shine. And as this light came, thank the Lord, it sprang up away over yonder in America on that glorious continent that we have learned to love. The boat came sailing across the sea, and it landed here at Plymouth, and, oh, as those blessed Christians came we read, "They landed first on their knees and then on the

Aborigines." As they landed, it was in prayer and in the worship of the Lord. The Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans—the light springing up in a new world.

"Well, here, here! What's this?" said the devil. "I will not have this." And so he stirred up the Indians, the redskins. Who would think of anybody out here going to persecute the Light? But again and again, Christians laid down their lives. But, thank God, they had a footing in a new world, where they were going to shine as they had never shone in the old, for the gospel and for the power of Christ. Lights are shining for the Lord. Now we are to shine for the Lord in this blessed land.

The Light began to spread and as it spread it came all through New England, growing more and more bright. Ah, America soon came to be known then as the land of the Stars and Stripes, the USA, which has the greatest religious liberty of any country under God's heaven today to preach the gospel in. And the Light grew and grew and grew in brightness and in intensity, till in this new world, the light of the gospel was shining and being proclaimed. One revival would die out, another revival would spring up.

We came on down to the days of Wesley, the days of Booth, the days of Finney, the days of the glorious outpouring of the Spirit. There came about this time a glorious revival in Ireland and in Wales, the Welsh revival, then an outpouring of the Spirit, praise God! But the Light was ever moving across the American continent, and the glorious gospel of Christ was being preached in its power and in its beauty through these passing years. I have heard my father tell of the Methodist revivals, how people there would hear the gospel preached, and the power would fall on them until people would shake, until they used to call them the "shakers," and they would get up and testify until they called them the "ranters," they talked so long.

The glory of God was spreading. Solid, substantial Christian people were becoming the backbone of the country, and I believe

they are today. It isn't the homes of jazz music and dancing and card playing and worldliness that are the backbone and the substance of America; it is the homes of the family altar, the places where the Bible is read, that make the sterling, solid Christian characters that make America the finest land under any flag in the world today.

We have only to think of some of our presidents who know the Lord. Abraham Lincoln, for instance, who thought it no dishonour to read the Holy Book, to meditate upon it, and to pray before making any great action. We have only to think of as recent a president as our beloved late President Harding, who was practically an evangelist for the gospel of Christ. During his meetings everywhere, he told our country that what they needed was to let the Light of the gospel spread, that it was the most blessed thing for our land.

"Ye are the Light of the World!" Oh, Saviour, Saviour, look down tonight. Can you see a light shining in America? There's lots of worldliness, we know; there are lots of dance halls and theaters and joy-rides and houses of sin and shame, but Lord, here in Angelus Temple. At least there are fifty-five hundred men and women tonight who love you better than anything in all the world! "Ye are the Light of the World."

About this time the Lord was pleased to call a little girl from Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada, to tell the story of the Saviour's love. Her name was Aimee. The Lord was so good to love her—I don't know how He ever did, but He did love her. He saw that she was there, just a high school student, thinking of idle, vain things—the dance, the theater, the novel reading, the worldliness. But Glory to Jesus, He shed His light abroad in her heart, He saved her, he washed her in His precious blood, He filled her with the Holy Spirit, and then He said, "Child, I want you to go out and tell the blessed story of Jesus, the Light of the World."

He called this girl to leave her home and her land and go to tell the story. He led her to Chicago, and there in some meetings He blessed her and then called her to travel far away across the sea

to a distant place called China. And they sailed around the world with the message, coming down through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, first stopping in England and Ireland and then sailing for China. It was there a great sorrow came to her in the death of her husband. It was there a great joy came in the birth of her daughter, Roberta; the Lord had given her another light, praise God, that someday was to shine for Him.

Then, from China, He called us back to America, back with the message of the Word of God. And He let us preach across the Continent, to and fro, telling the story of what the Lord had done for us. Then, praise the dear Lord, after calling us there, He gave me the message, traveling to and fro, that I was to go to Australia with the Word of the Lord. So, again, we set sail and made our way clear over to Australia, telling the story of the Saviour and His love, and we found people there, loving the Lord, that had the Light of the gospel in their hearts.

And then one day, after we had been preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to and fro, the Master laid it upon our hearts most plainly that we were to go to California. I'll never forget when the call came. My little daughter had been lying at death's door, about to pass away. I was kneeling, weeping, in my own room, and I said, "Oh, Lord Jesus, you took Robert, but don't take Roberta! Please don't take her! Dear Jesus, I am willing to do anything, you know I am. It seems that everybody I have ever leaned on, you have taken away, but, oh, don't take the little girl! I don't think I could stand that."

And the Lord spoke to me so beautifully, and He said, "Don't cry! Your little girl will live and not die. And moreover, I will give you a bungalow for her in sunny Los Angeles, California, where she will go to school and have a home."

I said, "Thank you, Lord!"

The little girl was healed and raised up, and with my mother, my two children I started across the Continent. He wanted even me in a little measure to be a Light in a dark land, such as He has called you

to be. So we drove our car across the Continent holding meetings, preaching the gospel as we went.

Now, He called us to come to Los Angeles, California, and there He gave us a blessed revival in the work. True to His promise, He gave us the little bungalow. Then the Lord spoke, and He said, "Daughter, I didn't take you to California merely for a bungalow. I have a different plan. You are to build a Temple, a house unto the Lord, in Los Angeles, California, where hundreds of thousands will come, pouring in from all over the world, and where thousands are going to hear the gospel and go out and become a light in their part of the world."

Back east, I told them what the Lord had told me to do. They said, "Why, Sister, don't you do anything like that! Why, nobody knows you in California. You stay back east where you have friends."

"I tell you, Sister," several people told me, "if you will stay here, we will build a temple here and give you the key to it."

I said, "No, Brother. The Lord said Los Angeles—not Ohio and not Chicago."

They said, "Little Sister, you are foolish to go out there. The middle west is the only place. Here you are in the center of everything to have the campaigns."

I said, "Brothers, the Lord said California and Los Angeles."

And they said, "Sister, if you will stay, have, and listen to reason, we will build you a place and give it to you."

I said, "No. When I do get it, I want to be free to preach the gospel in it without fear or favor. But the Lord said Los Angeles."

In San Francisco, they wanted us to build it there. The Lord said Los Angeles. When we went to San Diego for a campaign—

[The end of this sermon has not survived.]



Aimee Semple McPherson, founder of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, was the early twentieth century's most influential Pentecostal evangelist. Millions followed her on the radio, through syndicated newspaper sermons, and at revivals. The church she founded has an international congregation numbering in the millions. But despite this, her powerful, thought-provoking sermons have, until now, remained unpublished.

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